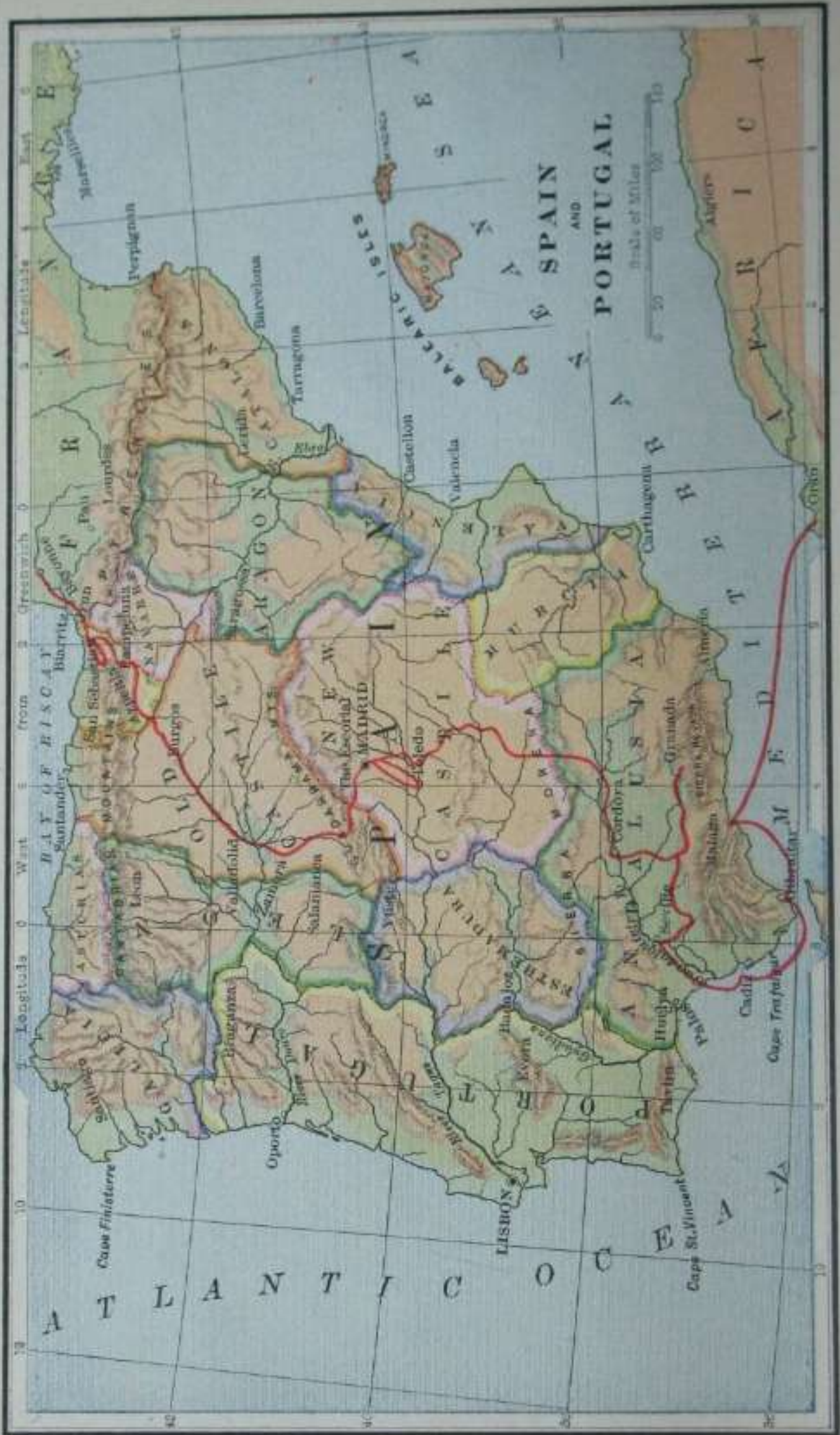


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OLD SPAIN AND NEW SPAIN

BY HENRY M. FIELD, D.D.

AUTHOR OF "FROM THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY TO THE GOLDEN HORN,"
"FROM EGYPT TO JAPAN," "ON THE DESERT," "AMONG THE HOLY HILLS,"
AND "THE GREEK ISLANDS AND TURKEY AFTER THE WAR."

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TO EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

There is a luck in being born. It must have been a good star that shone upon the day of my birth, since it was the same in which you came into the world, for which you are sometimes pleased to speak of me as a twin-brother. But I can only think of you as an elder brother, conceding to you the precedence by which you got the start of me at the very beginning of life, and have kept it ever since. I have always looked up to you as both an older and a wiser man, and have been content to follow in your steps. One of the good ways in which you have gone before, and I have followed after, has led me to the pleasant land of Spain, of which you have written in such a delightful manner as almost to discourage further description, except that the field is so rich that there is always something for the latest gleaner. As you look back lingeringly to those receding shores, you may welcome even these light sketches of a land that is dear to us both. And now, as we began the race of life together, let us keep on with even pace to the end, to lie down at last on the warm breast of the same grand old Commonwealth, you by the sea and I among the hills, content if it may be truly said that we were not unworthy sons of such a mother.

HENRY M. FIELD.

PREFACE.

On the night of the 14th of December, 1886, the Cortes in Madrid was crowded to hear Castelar. It was a critical moment. There had just been an insurrection, which had nearly proved a revolution. This sinister event led some to take gloomy views of the future of the country. Castelar was more hopeful, and to justify his confidence he reviewed the history of Spain since he had been on the stage, in the course of which he recalled this startling reminiscence : that less than twenty years ago Senor Sagasta, the Prime Minister, to whom he pointed sitting at the head of the ministerial bench ; and Senor Martos, the President of the chamber ; and himself—*were all under sentence of death !* To-day these proscribed men, condemned for no crime but that of loving their country too well, are the leaders of Spain. Sagasta is the head of the government ; Martos is the first man of the chamber ; and Castelar, though in the opposition, as he is a Republican, is the great orator and tribune of the people. This single fact shows how wide is the gulf that separates Old Spain from New Spain—the land of tyrants, of Charles V. and Philip II., from the land of freedom. To set these contrasts in sharp relief, and thus place the Dead Past alongside of the Living Present, is the object of this little volume, by which the writer hopes to engage the interest of his American readers for a country which has had a great history, and which may have a not less glorious future.

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CHAPTER I.

IN SIGHT OF THE PYRENEES—PAU AND LOURDES.

Spain may be said to begin as soon as we come in sight of the Pyrenees; and no sooner did that chain of mountains show itself above the horizon, than I felt that I was coming into a presence which should not be too suddenly approached. I do not like to rush into a new country, but would linger on its borders, taking a distant view, before entering on the unknown: especially with a country like Spain, which (strangely as it may sound) *begins in France*. For, though the Pyrenees divide the two countries, and he who stands on their ridge can look down into both, yet the mountains are more Spanish than French. The tide of invasion and conquest has flowed and reflowed through their passes from Hannibal to Napoleon, so that their populations have become intermingled; and to this day the Basques, the most ancient people of Spain, are numerous in the French province of the Lower Pyrenees as well as along the shores of the Bay of Biscay.

The Autumn of 1886 had nearly gone: it was almost the very last day, that I came from Paris to Bordeaux, from which I might have gone on directly to Bayonne, and in a few hours been in Spain. But I could not pass

the fourth city in France—Bordeaux ranking next to Paris, Lyons, and Marseilles. We did not arrive till after sunset, but as we rode across the long bridge which spans the Garonne, and saw the lights reaching far up and down the river, and afterwards rode through the streets and squares, we saw enough to show us how large and beautiful it was. As a port it has not the same advantage as Havre, in being directly on the sea. It is approached by a river, but so is New Orleans, so is Liverpool, so is London itself. The Garonne broadens as it approaches the sea, and forms a basin in which a whole navy might find shelter. It was crowded with ships from every part of the world, including steamers from almost every European, and from some transatlantic ports. Bordeaux has always had a close connection with America. Here Franklin landed more than a hundred years ago, when he came to seek the aid of France in our War of Independence—a pleasant memory to an American that evening, as he walked about the brilliantly lighted city. The next morning, as the train left very early, I had to rise while it was yet dark. The lamps were still burning as I rode through the silent streets; but the dawn was beginning to appear, with the promise of a beautiful day, and the masts of the shipping stood up tall and clear against the sky.

For an hour or two, as we keep southward, the landscape is cheerless almost to desolation. No part of France is more dreary than the Landes—those long stretches of unbroken plain, grown up with pines. But as you turn eastward, and bear away from the coast, the change is complete. The monotonous landscape gives place to an undulating region, where pleasant villages, with their thatched roofs, and the one church tower rising out from among the trees, indicate that we are entering that beau-

tiful portion of Southern France which lies along the slopes of the Pyrenees. As we advance nearer to the mountains, we come into their very shadows, which the southern sun casts northward into the valleys of France. Under those mighty shadows we feel that we are indeed in the presence of a new country and a new people.

One o'clock brought us to Pau. The train stops beside the Gave, a river issuing from the mountains, which, when swollen by the melting snows, becomes a torrent that carries destruction in its path. Above the river-bed rises a hill a hundred feet high, that furnishes the magnificent site of the town. Here it stands on a broad terrace looking southward, so that it at once faces the mountains, and gets the full force of the Winter sun. Climbing the steep ascent, I was soon installed in the Hotel de France, in a room which took in the whole view, embracing the valley bounded by the *Coteaux* (or as we should say, the Foot Hills), beyond which rose the long line of the Pyrenees. What a vision! I had not seen such a sight since that day, never to be forgotten, when I stood on the lower range of the Himalayas at sunrise, and looked away a hundred miles to the awful heights which form the backbone of Asia. A comparison which will be familiar to a greater number of my readers who have travelled in Switzerland, is the view from Berne of the Bernese Oberland. But there is no need of comparison. That glittering chain of snow-covered peaks instantly fascinates the eye—a fascination which I enjoyed without an interruption. For three days that I was in Pau, the view was not once obscured. I had it by sunrise and sunset—I cannot say by moonlight (for it was not the time of the full moon), when the effect must be still greater, as the silent peaks stand like sentinels keeping their midnight watch along the heavenly battlements.

Besides its picturesque situation, Pau is a place of great historical interest. It has one of the grandest castles in France, five centuries old, in which Henry IV. was born, and where they still show his cradle. It is hard to think of a King, whose figure we are accustomed to see on monuments and statues, clad in mail, as a baby that was rocked in this pretty shell! But here he was carried about in his nurse's arms, and played under the trees, and grew to boyhood and manhood, till he became the great "Henry of Navarre," whose "white plume" was always in the front of battle.

The grounds about the castle are laid out in pretty walks, which in the season are thronged with strangers from many countries, most of all by the English, who are attracted by the climate, which is as soft as at any place on the Riviera. Every Winter there is a large English colony, with its English church and its English club; with the usual accompaniment of parties and balls and races; by which those who cannot exist without such excitement, keep up a perpetual round of gaiety. Happily the place is not confined to them. Others of a more quiet turn can enjoy the delicious climate, and the excursions through the valleys and over the hills, and even (if they so incline) to the tops of the mountains. How beautiful all this country is, I too felt one soft, summery afternoon, when I took a ride across the river to the top of the neighboring hills. These *Coteaux* lie not parallel to the river, but at right angles to it, and in ridges, up which the carriage climbed slowly, winding hither and thither to gain the ascent, from which we looked down into deep valleys on either side, richly cultivated; while in every direction were seen the chateaux of wealthy Frenchmen or Englishmen (one was pointed out to me that had been recently purchased by an American lady), who make it their retreat

for the Winter. The pleasure of the excursion was greatly increased by the company of the daughter of the pastor of the French church, with her sister-in-law, the wife of another pastor of an ancient church in the Pyrenees, which, in spite of all trials and persecutions, has kept its faith unstained for hundreds of years.

This southern part of France has a history which ought to be known by every Protestant. We are now in ancient Languedoc, which, with Provence farther to the east, formed the country of the Albigenses, who were Reformers before the Reformation, holding that faith hundreds of years before Luther was born. They were a people refined and cultivated, having made great progress in science and learning and the arts. Says Macaulay in his famous review of Ranke's History of the Popes :

"This country, singularly favored by nature, was in the twelfth century the most flourishing and civilized portion of Western Europe. It was in no wise a part of France. It had a distinct political existence, a distinct national character, distinct usages, and a distinct speech. The soil was fruitful and well cultivated, and amidst the cornfields and vineyards arose many rich cities, each of which was a little republic; and many stately castles, each of which contained a miniature of an Imperial Court. It was there that the spirit of chivalry first laid aside its terrors, first took a humane and graceful form, first appeared as the inseparable associate of art and literature, of courage and love. . . .

"The language of Provence was already the language of the learned and polite, and was employed by numerous writers, studious of all the arts of composition and versification. A literature rich in ballads, in war-songs, in satire, and above all in amatory poetry, amused the leisure of the knights and ladies whose fortified mansions adorned the banks of the Rhone and Garonne. With civilization had come freedom of thought. . . .

"The danger to the hierarchy was indeed formidable. Only one transalpine nation had emerged from barbarism, and that nation had thrown off all respect for Rome. Only one of the

vernacular languages of Europe had yet been extensively employed for literary purposes, and that language was a machine in the hands of heretics. The geographical position of the sectaries made the danger peculiarly formidable. They occupied a central region communicating directly with France, with Italy, and with Spain. The provinces which were still untainted, were separated from each other by this infected district. Under these circumstances, it seemed probable that a single generation would suffice to spread the reformed doctrine to Lisbon, to London, and to Naples. But this was not to be. Rome cried for help to the warriors of Northern France. She appealed at once to their superstition and their cupidity. . . . A war, distinguished even among wars of religion by its merciless atrocity, destroyed the Albigensian heresy, and with that heresy the prosperity, the civilization, the literature, the national existence, of what was once the most opulent and enlightened part of the great European family."

This was one of the greatest calamities recorded in the annals of Europe. Those students of history who see everything through a veil of optimism, may argue, by some mysterious process of reasoning which they do not explain, that such reverses are in the end for the good of mankind. I cannot see it so. To me the crushing out of the Albigenses, their faith and their civilization, was an unspeakable calamity to France and to the world. It was so much lost in the influences which lift up a nation—a set-back in the advance of humanity which is only recovered in the lapse of ages.

What sort of faith was substituted for that which was destroyed, one has a good opportunity to see here, as it is but a two-hours' ride from Pau to Lourdes, the most famous place of pilgrimage in Europe. I gave up a forenoon to pay it a visit. As an excursion it was delightful. The morning was cool; a hoar-frost lay on the ground, which slowly dissolved with the rising of the sun; and the air grew warmer till we had a perfect Indian-Summer

day. Though it was near the beginning of Winter, the men, and the women also, were at work in the fields. As the peasants universally wear the flat caps worn by the Scotch, they might be taken for Highlanders.

The position of Lourdes is one of the most picturesque that can be imagined. It lies in a deep valley, nestled at the foot of the mountains, at one end of which is the famous grotto, in which a young girl of the village is said to have received some years ago a visit from the Virgin Mary! She told her story to her family and neighbors, who went to see the heavenly visitant, but saw nothing. Nevertheless, the girl, when she went alone, was favored with repeated interviews. Such was her story, to which she adhered till she died. For a time it passed as a child's tale. But at length it dawned on the minds of some priests—whether cunning or credulous I will not presume to say—that here was the nucleus for a great revival of faith; and accordingly the miraculous visitation was declared to be authentic, and the devout flocked to the spot in great numbers. In the first six months there were a hundred and fifty thousand pilgrims. In a few years there rose over the grotto a stately church, which, large as it is, was all too small for the multitudes who came from all parts of Europe to obtain, not only spiritual grace, but “gifts of healing.” The grounds about it were laid out like those of a large watering-place, which must provide for the influx of a multitude without number. When there is a great pilgrimage, the enthusiasm rises to a pitch of wild excitement. The church is crowded at all hours of the day, and far into the night. All the approaches are blocked up, and not unfrequently the hillside is covered with a dense mass of kneeling pilgrims. The scene is very impressive, especially at night, when a vast procession moves up the hill, bearing lights and singing hymns

with a spirit that is thrilling. Dr. Vincent, in his charming volume "In the Shadow of the Pyrenees," says that he was himself so moved that he joined the swelling chorus that waked the echoes of the hills.

Of all this I saw nothing, for "the season" was over, the pilgrims had come and gone; but the church was there, a visible sign of the devotion that "the visitation" has inspired. As I approached the door, a couple of women dressed in black (who seemed to disguise their occupation as beggars by assuming the dress of a Sisterhood) appealed in a whining tone for alms, offering "to light a candle for me" (of which they had a dozen in their hands) "before the shrine of the Virgin." Preferring to get whatever spiritual benefit there might be for myself, I entered and found the large church richly decorated, its arches hung with banners, and its walls literally covered with inscriptions of gratitude for miraculous deliverances. When the flood-tide of pilgrims is at its height, the press is relieved in part by an overflow from the church into the crypt below, where there are numerous altars at which masses are being constantly said, and confessionals at which priests are hearing penitents and giving absolution. But with all this squeezing together of compact masses of humanity, the space is so utterly inadequate that the faithful are now building another church, not in place of the old, but in addition to it. It stands in front of the former, but as it is on a lower level, does not hide it from view. Circular in shape, it is set within the wide-embracing arms of two immense flights of steps that sweep round the hill, leading to the church above. The walls are of great thickness, which, with the massive pillars, will support a dome like that of the Pantheon in Rome, through which the dim light will fall on thousands of pilgrims kneeling on the ample pavement, and making the arches ring with their Ave Marias.

After seeing the church, I asked the way to the grotto, when a young priest who was about to visit it offered to conduct me. As we passed the door, he dipped his hand in the holy water and extended it to me. I awkwardly gave him the back of my hand, but he still held his hand suspended, when I turned to him an open palm, and received the sacred touch upon one of my finger-tips. I hope it did me good. In the grotto only a few were kneeling, but evidently with the most fervent devotion. It was hung with crutches cast away by the cripples, whose limbs had been miraculously restored. I looked on, of course, with proper respect, and as I turned away took one of the tin cups that are placed below the fountain for the service of pilgrims, and drank of the water. It was pure and sweet, like that of one of our New England springs "that run among the hills," though I did not detect in it any miraculous virtue, nor feel made in any wise stronger or better by it. Nor could I discover why anybody should drink it so eagerly, or carry it away, as having an efficacy which no other "waters of Israel" could supply. And yet it is regularly bottled up like any mineral water, Vichy or Apollinaris, and sent to all parts of the world. Evidently "the business" is "worked for all it is worth."

Looking at it as religious worship, one is struck with the way in which all homage and adoration, as well as thanksgiving, is made to centre, not in God nor in Christ, but in the Virgin Mary, to whom every inscription is addressed, with thanks for spiritual grace, or for restoration from some incurable malady. The repetition of this form of pious devotion strikes a Protestant painfully, as if she were the only source through which blessings from God could be obtained. He who is the everlasting Son of the Father, is put quite in the background, if not entirely for-

gotten, in the chorus of supplication and of thanksgiving to His human mother. After reading these inscriptions to satiety, it was a relief to leave the church, and climb the neighboring hill, which is surmounted by a colossal crucifix, on which appears the body of our Lord. Here at least was something which spoke, not of Mary, but of her greater Son; and looking up to that Divine Sufferer, I found myself repeating with an energy made more intense by the contrast with the Ave Marias in the church below:

“ Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly ! ”

I have no wish to speak lightly of the faith of any of my fellow-beings. So long as it gives comfort to any poor, stricken human heart, let them keep it and enjoy it. Yet if asked what I think of all this, I must say in all frankness that it seems to me the extreme of superstition, founded on a tale as absurd as ever imposed on the credulity of mankind. Yet as Macaulay well argues, beliefs in the supernatural are not subject to the ordinary rules of evidence, and men of intelligence who use their understanding in their business affairs, will accept without question the most childish tales, and proceed to construct on them a system of religious faith.

“ But the bodily healings, the wonderful cures, what have you to say to these ? ” I have nothing to say to them until I know more about them, or can know without some personal investigation. I certainly do not accept the stories told by the invalids themselves, for there is nothing on which men and women are more liable to be deceived than their own bodily condition. It is hard to set limits to the power of the mind over the body. A sudden emotion of fear may stop the action of the heart so as to cause instant death without a blow, or any apparent cause, external or internal. So a powerful action of the mind,

a strong hope of relief, may produce such a reaction upon the system as shall have a restoring power that might almost bring the dead to life. All this is familiar to physicians, and involves no miracle whatever.

Further, there is something very revolting in the way in which the whole thing is turned into a speculation. It has become the business of the town. It brings pilgrims by tens of thousands into the little place every year, who depart leaving large sums of money behind them. And the priests who flock to the scene, find it a convenient means of restoring the faith that was growing weaker and weaker. Thus the whole affair is managed apparently with a double purpose : with the cool calculation of business, and all the resources of superstition.

On the whole, the impression was very painful. Not only did it *not* strengthen my religious faith, but it provoked a reaction, which tended strongly to throw me into a state of unbelief. If anything could make me a skeptic, it would be to witness such scenes as this. As I turned away, I had to struggle anew against doubts, from which I could recover only by confessing : "Lord, I believe : help Thou mine unbelief" ; and as I rode back to Pau, wondering at all that I had seen, I could but fear that it should make me a worse rather than a better man ; and again and again did I whisper to myself : "O my God ! in this darkness and tumult of the mind ; and in all the doubts and fears that beset this mortal state ; let me never fall from Thee !"

CHAPTER II.

BIARRITZ—CROSSING THE BORDER.

“In that sunny corner where the waves of the Bay of Biscay wash over a sandy barrier, and mingle with the waters of the Bidassoa stream” (so begins a recent novel, the scene of which is laid in Pau), “they tell the ancient story that a favored mortal won from the gods permission to ask three blessings for Spain. He asked that her sons should be brave, her daughters beautiful, and her government good. The first two were granted, but the third refused : for,” said the answer, “already she is an earthly paradise, and were this last blessing hers, the very gods themselves would desert Elysium, and go down to dwell in Spain.”

Leaving this pretty fancy to take care of itself, I was content, having left Pau in the morning, to find myself in the afternoon “in that sunny corner of the Bay of Biscay,” which seems to unite all the charms of land and sea. Having to wait some hours at Bayonne for the train which was to bring me into Spain, I took a carriage and drove out five miles on a long, straight avenue to Biarritz—a sheltered nook, that looks out upon a horizon partly of mountains and partly of the sea. To the south is the long

line of the Spanish coast, piled with mountains as far as the eye can reach, while in front "the watery plain" fills up the foreground of the picture. It is a rugged coast, even here where we stand in France, against which the waves have been beating for thousands of years, till the very rocks are honeycombed with arches and caverns, into which the waters rush and roar.

The Bay of Biscay has an ill reputation among mariners as well as landsmen. If it be not quite so vicious as the British Channel, yet as there is more of it, the agonies it produces are longer; so that it has had, and still has, the maledictions of the tens of thousands who are compelled to pass over it on their way to the Mediterranean. The cause of this is apparent at a glance on the map. The "Bay" of Biscay is not a land-locked harbor like the Bay of Naples or of New York, but is only partly enclosed by two enormous projections of the Continent, terminating at Brest in France and Cape Finisterre in Spain (the very name of which imports that it was once looked upon as the end of the habitable globe), into which powerful currents and the western gales drive the waters of the Atlantic till they seethe and whirl like one vast maelstrom.

And yet this tempestuous Bay, which is the very home of storms and wrecks, was to-day as calm as any Summer sea, and as I looked out upon it from the cliffs, it seemed tranquil enough to tempt the most timid voyager, and as I went down to the beach, and walked along the sands, its waves came rippling gently to my feet.

With such natural sublimity and beauty all round it, and the sunshine that even in mid-Winter lingers in this "sunny corner of the Bay of Biscay," near the very spot where "its waves mingle with the waters of the Bidassoa stream," I do not wonder that Biarritz should have become a favorite resort for English families fleeing from the rigors

of their northern climate. The great hotels perched on the bluff, with their many windows open to the south, drink in all the sunshine of the short Winter day, and the shivering Britons feel a warmth which they could not find in their own beloved but stormy islands.

Biarritz acquired its greatest celebrity a few years since, as a favorite retreat of the Emperor Napoleon, who was wont to come here at the beginning of Autumn and spend the month of September, during which time the little town was the seat of the French Government, when the spectacle of Ministers and Ambassadors arriving and departing gave animation to its streets.

Of course the Villa Eugénie, which bears the name of her for whose pleasure it was built, is the point of greatest interest, as it was for the time the centre of the Imperial court. Then the place was very animated and gay: now it is tenantless and desolate. The Empress has recently sold it to a French company, which proposes to turn it into a grand Casino, and its extensive grounds into a pleasure garden. Entering the open gateway, I walked along the drive, and round to the sea wall in front. Leaning against the parapet, one could not but recall the figure of the Emperor, as he stood often on this very spot, looking off upon the sea and musing over his own strange destiny, the curtain from which was but half raised, for if no man then living had had so sudden and so great an exaltation, no man was to have a more tremendous fall.

Except some workmen, there was no one whom I could find about the place but a withered old woman, sitting inside the glass enclosure which curtained the front, turning it into a kind of conservatory. Inquiring if one might penetrate within, she answered quickly "Oui, oui, Monsieur," and rising from her chair, ran as fast as her tottering frame could carry her, calling for her son, who directly

appeared and took me in charge. I counted it a piece of special good fortune that he had nobody else, and therefore did not rattle off the set speech of a guide, but gave me full opportunity to indulge my propensity for asking questions, as we walked deliberately from room to room. This large apartment was the grand salon : of course but a miniature of those in the great palaces of France, but still of interest from the crowd of courtiers and princes it had once contained. In this smaller room the Emperor took his morning cup of coffee ; and here is the dining-hall, very small compared with the magnificence of those at the Tuileries or Versailles, but yet one into which the first statesmen in Europe would have counted it an honor to be invited. Next the guide led the way into the rooms set apart for the high personages of the Imperial household, after which came the ante-rooms occupied by the officers of the guard. All, though on a diminished scale, was a miniature of the Court in Paris. More interesting still was the private Cabinet of the Emperor. It is but a small apartment on the ground floor, but what a tale its walls could tell ! Here he received the representatives of all the crowned heads of Europe. Here Bismarck came, it is said, to whisper soft flatteries in the Imperial ear, to propitiate the favor of the master of France, and especially to sound him as to the course he would be likely to take in the event, which the great Minister saw to be coming, of war between Prussia and Austria. Once again he came in 1869, perhaps with a presentiment of another struggle nearer and deadlier than the former. Never was an Emperor more completely deceived. At that time he felt that he was master of the destinies of Europe. Little did he dream that the very next year—in 1870—the battle of Sedan would throw him into the hands of the very power that now courted him, and that he would need to ask of

this Prussian Minister to make terms for his own surrender!

Did he have any presentiment of his fall? Did such a thought ever trouble him in his dreams? Such questions suggest themselves as we enter his sleeping apartment. Did he rest in tranquil security, or did he sometimes rise from a troubled sleep, go to the window and look out upon the sea, and see in it the type of his own stormy life that was to end in shipwreck and disaster greater than he could have imagined in his gloomiest hours?

Surely no such forebodings entered the private apartments of the Empress, who at Biarritz as at Paris drew all eyes by her queenly presence and marvellous beauty, while the air of graciousness which seemed natural to the perfect Spanish lady that she was, captivated all hearts.

But here is something of still more tender interest, the suite of rooms set apart for the Prince Imperial. This was his private cabinet, the furniture of which is unchanged. These are the very chairs on which he sat. On this long divan against the wall, no doubt he threw himself down a hundred times as he came in from his rides, his studies, or his amusements, a tired but happy boy. On that pillow he rested his head, sleeping the sound sleep of youth and health, of innocence and peace. To him the world of care was as yet all unknown. What were his boyish dreams? Of home and love and happiness. Did any shapes ever arise out of the sea to affright him with horror? Certainly none which could have pictured him in far-off Africa, dying, not even on a field of battle, but speared to death by the assegais of Zulus!

If one is seeking for a place to moralize, it would be hard to find one more sadly suggestive than this Villa Eugénie, standing on the seashore, once so brilliant with the gaieties of a court, but now deserted. Its silent walls

preach a sermon more eloquent than ever was heard from the pulpit on the emptiness of human hopes and ambitions. Vanity of vanities! all is vanity!

Returning to Bayonne, I found at the station waiting for me, Rev. William H. Gulick of San Sebastian. The name of Gulick is an honored one in the annals of American missions. His father was a missionary before him, and he was born in the Sandwich Islands, where he was a companion in boyhood, a playmate and schoolmate of my friend General Armstrong of Hampton, Va. Several of his brothers are now engaged in missionary work in Japan, while he, having spent some time in South America, where he acquired the Spanish language, was chosen for similar work in Spain. Here he has been for fifteen years. Speaking the language like a Spaniard, he has kindly consented to accompany me in my wanderings through the Peninsula.

An hour from Bayonne brings us to the Bidassoa, which is but a narrow stream; indeed we hardly know when we pass over it, so quickly is it crossed, and we are in Spain!

I did not need anybody to tell me this, as I perceived it instantly by the new language that greeted my ears. How strange it seems, in crossing an invisible line, to lose one's power of speech, by losing his power of making himself understood. An hour ago I was a man among men: I looked in the face of a stranger, and asked him a civil question, and received a polite answer. But now I ask a railway official when the train goes, and he looks at me blankly, as if I had dropped down from the moon. Alas, I am no longer in mine own country, nor in any that I have visited before. One thing I have discovered already—that Spaniards do not know how to pronounce their own language. For instance, there is the grand old historic city of Saragossa—what Englishman or American does not know how it *ought* to be pronounced, viz: as it is written!

But here they must needs pucker up their lips into a lisp and say "Tharagotha"! The very letters of the alphabet are twisted out of the natural pronounciation, *g* being pronounced as if it were *h*, while *h* in most words is not pronounced at all! I will have nothing to do with such a perversion of human speech. Give me good, honest English, which no doubt Adam and Eve spoke in Paradise, and which is to this day sufficient for the intercourse of mankind. But if I can neither speak nor understand this very sonorous but to me unintelligible language, I have an excellent interpreter at my side, who will be both ears and mouth to me while I am in this land of the Moors and the Visigoths, until I cross over into Africa, where with English and French I can once more make myself understood.

The first town of Spain which we enter as we cross the Bidassoa, is Irun, where the train comes to a halt, and we "disembark" and are ushered into the inevitable Custom House, the first sign of civilization, or the want of it, in every European country. Our baggage is taken into the station, and laid out on long counters, to be opened for inspection. We could not complain of any want of courtesy on the part of the officials: on the contrary, they were very polite. It was only the detention which was trying, for we were very weary. But at length all was ended, and our baggage was replaced on the train. But now came our first experience of the Spaniards. We soon found that they were unlike Americans, in having no sense whatever of the value of time. The inspection over, we were at liberty to proceed, but nobody seemed to be in a hurry. We took our seats in the railway carriage, but the train did not stir. After long waiting, an attendant appeared, but only to shut the door. After this manifestation of energy, there was another long pause. Thus we were detained a full hour for an examination which need not

have occupied more than fifteen minutes. However, as we did not mean to be fretted by anything, we kept our good humor ; but it did seem a little absurd that an hour later, on arriving at San Sebastian, *the very same ceremony should be gone through with again!* Once more we were all marched into the station ; once more all the trunks, portmanteaus, and hand-bags were spread out on the long counter, the trunks were unlocked, and the officials with unmoved faces went through the solemn farce of a second examination. I inquired the object of this singular performance : if there were any *octroi*—a special municipal tariff—to be paid on coming into the city of San Sebastian. But the answer was “No ; it was only a precaution, to make assurance doubly sure.” When I smiled at this, I was comforted by hearing that it was probably the last time I should have such an experience in Spain.

And now, after these long delays, there came a pleasant change, as Mr. Gulick took me directly to his home. It was delightful to be ushered into a pleasantly-lighted room, where a cheerful fire was blazing, and to sit down to a cup of tea with those whom I had never seen before, but who now showed themselves such kind friends. When at last (weary, but warmed and fed, and more than all, cheered by the presence of those who spoke “the tongue wherein I was born”) I lay down to sleep, it was with a grateful sense of all the goodness that had followed me hitherto, and that here, thousands of miles away, I had found the sweet security, the peace and comfort, of an American home.

CHAPTER III.

ROUND ABOUT SAN SEBASTIAN.

The treacherous Bay of Biscay! that lay so fair beneath the sun, tranquil and smiling, as we looked out upon it from the cliffs of Biarritz! But scarcely had we turned away before it showed itself in another mood, as if angry that we should escape; heaving and moaning and muttering, with all the signs of a coming tempest. No sooner were we under shelter at San Sebastian, than the rain began to fall—first to patter, and then to pour—accompanied by the deep soughing of the wind; and in waking moments all night long, I heard the incessant dashing of the waves. Morning came, but the storm did not abate. On the contrary, it increased: to the rain was added hail, which beat upon the window-panes. There was an end to the projected excursion of that day.

But he is a poor traveller who is disturbed by such an interruption as this. On the contrary, he ought to welcome it as a grateful interval of rest from his daily fatigues. A rainy day gives him sufficient excuse (if he needs any) for staying indoors, "writing letters home"—the pleasant duty that comes so naturally when in "a home," with kindly faces passing in and out, and a hum of friendly

voices, like an undertone of music, giving a sense of quiet happiness to one's thoughts, while not disturbing their even flow.

In the afternoon the storm lulled so that Mr. Gulick took me out for a walk round the bay. The rain had ceased, but the wind still "blew great guns," and one or two small vessels, which had tried to enter the harbor, were now apparently trying to work off from it, as it is too open to the sea to furnish a sure anchorage, so that not infrequently ships are wrecked where they had seemed to be quite safe. But the sea was magnificent, dashing high on the rocks, and the air was fresh and bracing as we strode along the shore. And now I perceived, as I had not before, the exquisite beauty of this little bay, to which they give the name of the "Concha" (or shell), so perfect is the arc which curves round it, the two outer points of which, towards the sea, are marked, one by a small island on which stands the lighthouse, and the other by a hill five hundred feet high, which is crowned by an ancient Castle. The beach is perfect for bathing, as the water is not deep and the sand soft to the feet. This, with its other attractions, has made San Sebastian the chief watering-place for the North of Spain; and here in the heat of Summer may be seen a large representation of the fashionable world of Madrid—"grandees" and *grandes dames*, on the sands, getting health from the salt sea and the bracing air.

In the good old days of the late Queen Isabella, this was her favorite Summer resort, to which she came for the benefit of the sea-air and sea-bathing. Nor was it any drawback to her royal pleasure that in taking her sea-baths she was sometimes exposed "in the dazzling light of publicity" to the curious gaze of her faithful people. To tell the truth, she was never "backward in coming for-

ward," but was ready to exhibit herself at all sorts of places, at all sorts of times, and in all sorts of costumes. One who saw her often at Santander, where she spent a Summer, described to me the public way in which she took her baths. At a certain hour every morning she rode down to the shore, where a crowd was assembled to see her. When she put on her bathing suit, as she is very stout, the costume which clung to her portly person did not show her to the best advantage, and she did not look exactly like a sea-nymph. But undismayed at her appearance, she marched bravely to the water, her physician at her side to feel of her pulse before she took her first dip, and then, like Cassius,

"Accoutred as she was, she plunged in."

As she was a good swimmer, her very size perhaps aiding her to float more easily, she disported herself in the surf like a mermaid. After a sufficient time she came out, and extending her arm to the physician, who felt of her pulse and pronounced her all right, walked majestically through the crowd and departed. This does not seem to republicans like a very dignified exhibition of royalty; and yet, after all, it is only a reproduction in modern times of what was considered quite the proper thing two hundred years ago, when Louis XIV. at Versailles not only ate his breakfast, but took his medicine, in public, in the presence of his wondering, if not always admiring, people. In the present case, no doubt the exhibition delighted the exhibitor as much as it entertained the spectators. So much was Isabella accustomed to this display of herself, that she would probably have been very much chagrined if she had been obliged to take her daily bath in private. A queen—at least such a queen—must always be on exhibition on land or sea, in the water or out of it.

In another walk at San Sebastian, we climbed the Castle hill, ascending by a zigzag road which winds round and round till it ends on the highest plateau, from which we ascend to the very roof of the castle, that commands a view of land and sea quite equal to that from Biarritz. The whole line of the horizon is piled with mountains, from the Pyrenees on the east, till the mighty chain sinks away in a blaze of glory against the golden sky where the sun is going down. The castle, which is many centuries old, has borne its part in many wars. As San Sebastian is so near the frontier of France, it comes in the track of contending armies, forcing their way northward or southward. In 1813, when Wellington had driven the French to the very border, they still held this town and the castle above it, which from its great height seemed to defy assault. But the English were not to be daunted by any obstacle; they were ready to attack any position, even though it were almost in the clouds; and so they climbed the heights in face of the fire from above, bayoneting the men at the guns, and carried the castle by storm. Of course many fell in the desperate charge, and were buried on the green hillside, where their graves may still be seen. Standing on that dizzy eminence and looking down to the depth below, it seemed utterly impossible that flesh and blood could surmount such barriers held by a garrison of three thousand men, and I could only explain it by the fact that the English commander had gained a series of victories which inflamed the courage of his men to such a pitch that they would have stormed the Alps, while successive defeats had disheartened their adversaries. There are no braver troops in the world than the French, and yet none are more easily demoralized when they see that the battle is going against them. In the late German war they were so dispirited by the first defeats that they never

recovered from them. They were no longer the soldiers that under the First Napoleon had overrun Europe, and towards the last it seemed as if, when drawn up in martial array, they were ready to surrender before the battle was begun. The same demoralization overtook them near the close of the Peninsular war, or surely they would not have yielded a position which by nature is as strong as Quebec.

It is a pity that the glory won by the British on that day, should have been tarnished by their conduct in the hour of victory. But the fact remains that they got so drunk (not with glory, but with rum), that they set fire to the town, and the greater part of it was burned to the ground. This was such a mortification to their proud commander, as to take away much of the satisfaction which he derived from the great military achievement.

All this seems very, very far away, almost like ancient history, although a gentleman of this place who is eighty years old, tells me that he remembers distinctly, when a boy, seeing the French soldiers in a town not far from San Sebastian, to which his father had taken his family that they might be in a place of safety out of the track of war.

More than half a century after Waterloo, indeed less than twenty years ago, in 1868, San Sebastian saw the end of a revolution, when Queen Isabella, who was taking her royal pleasure at this sea-side resort, received a message from Madrid that she need not return to her capital. The Spanish people had had enough of her : they were scandalized by her immoral life, while she left the country to be ruled by the worst of Ministers ; and they thought they could dispense with her presence, and gave her perpetual leave of absence. Her last night in Spain was spent in the large house on the corner opposite our windows, and the next morning she was politely escorted down this very street to the station, weeping bitterly over the sad fate

which had overtaken her. Thence it is but an hour's ride to the frontier, where she was delivered to the hospitable attentions of the French authorities. The house has since been turned into a hotel, at which many of our American friends have stayed when in San Sebastian, among others Dr. and Mrs. R. D. Hitchcock, who slept more tranquilly than the haughty Queen the night before she left her kingdom.

Since the accession of her son Alfonso, the poor old Queen has been considered harmless, and been allowed to return, and the very parties that sent her away, go down to the station to bid her welcome to the kingdom which is no longer hers.

But the most interesting study in this part of Spain, is the people. We are now in the Basque Provinces, among those who are not Spaniards in race nor in language. Who are they? And where did they come from? These are questions that many books have been written to determine. The Romans found them here; and nowhere in all their marches into new countries, not even in the forests of Germany, did they find a people whom it was harder to fight, or more impossible to subdue. From that day to this they have clung, like the Swiss, to their mountains with an unconquerable love of liberty. Their country is a portion of Spain, and yet they have preserved a greater degree of independence than any other part of the kingdom. They have always enjoyed peculiar privileges, and even to this day, under a monarchy, the Basque Provinces form what is virtually a little republic, managing their own affairs in their own way. This right is secured to them by a compromise with the general government, by which they pay, what in England would be called "a lump sum," \$300,000, as an equivalent for all taxation, in consideration of which they are allowed to govern them-

selves. They have complete civil and municipal administration, and are free from the intrusions that vex the souls of other Spaniards. No public tax-gatherer darkens their doors. Whatever revenue is to be raised, is collected by themselves, and I am assured by the leading banker of San Sebastian, that this is managed with such true political economy, by a system of indirect taxation, that the people do not feel it. Thus the burden of government rests very lightly on the shoulders of these brave mountaineers.

We cannot but feel admiration for such a people, even though their manners may not be highly polished, and the cabins in which they live in the mountains may not be equal to the comfortable dwellings of our American farmers. Their agricultural implements are of the most primitive character. My good neighbors in the country would stand agape with wonder to see their teams of "oxen," in which half the oxen are cows! This is hard on the poor "mooleys," that, after doing duty over the milk-pail, they should be put to this further service. Yet so it is that a cow and an ox are often harnessed together: I say harnessed, not yoked, for they are not yoked at all, this extraordinary team being lashed to the cart by ropes wound about their horns and heads, the whole capped with a red cloth, which, if flourished in a bull-ring, would make the bulls paw the dust and rush madly at the sign of blood. In keeping with the teams are the carts, which are so rudely constructed that the wheels make a fearful squeaking as they go toiling up the mountains. But this has its domestic use, for it is said that every cart has its own peculiar squeak, so that the good housewife knows when her "gude mon" is coming home!

It seems strange that a people so fond of liberty, and so jealous of their independence, should be arrayed in politics and in war on the side of despotism. And yet the

Basques were the chief supporters of Don Carlos in the late civil war, the theatre of which was chiefly in this Northern part of Spain. The explanation is, that he was the representative of the Ultramontane party, and as they are devout Catholics, they were easily stirred up by the priests to take the side of a Pretender, who was at once the champion of their Church and their rightful King. He could not have had better soldiers. If not trained to bear arms, yet they are all practised marksmen, having been accustomed from boyhood to the use of firearms; and when fighting in their own country, where they know all the paths of the mountains, they are almost invincible. Operating as guerillas, they could hang on the skirts of an army, and harass its movements, and thus slowly wear out its strength. Armed with such irregulars, besides his more disciplined troops, Don Carlos fought over all this country. He did not take San Sebastian, though he was a long time in sight of it, encamped on the hills around, and now and then sent his shells into the streets. Hernani, which is almost in the suburbs of the city, was more severely treated. Mounting a battery on a neighboring hill, the Carlists opened fire on the town, to which the inhabitants replied by dragging a cannon to the top of the church tower, and firing from the belfry! But the Town Hall was destroyed. For these ten years it has lain in ruins, and as we drove through the place, we saw workmen tearing down the ruined walls, to clear away the rubbish and build anew.

The injury inflicted upon the country by this civil war, was beyond calculation. Business was at a standstill; communications were interrupted, railroads torn up and stations burned, till we are told, what seems almost incredible, that for nearly three years there was no communication between Spain and France except by sea. A traveller

wishing to go from Madrid to Paris, must needs proceed to Santander on the coast, and take a steamer for Bayonne. That a country could survive such a continued strain as this, shows that it has a prodigious vitality, in spite of the misgovernment of centuries, of the wreck and ruin of innumerable wars.

But times have changed, and changed for the better :

“ Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front.”

We can well spare some picturesque scenes for the sake of public tranquillity. If to-day, in passing through the country, we do not see tents pitched on all these hills, and the soldiers of two hostile armies in their respective camps, we see what is far better—a whole people pursuing their occupations, tending their flocks and ploughing their lands. I had rather see the little donkeys with their heavy-laden paniers, than the proudest war-horses that ever bore Spanish cavaliers to battle. Better the song of the reapers than the ear-piercing fife and the stirring drum ; better the squeak of the ox-cart than the rumble of caissons of artillery ! Yes, and there is even a humbler exhibition which is not ungrateful to my peace-loving eye. Every Monday morning the women of the country round come into San Sebastian with their little donkeys to get the week's washing, which, after undergoing its purification, is hung out to dry on yonder hillside, and those nether garments floating in the wind are better than all the ensigns of war ever flung to the breeze ! Happy the land that is at peace !

But leaving these grave subjects of peace and war, it will be a pleasant change, before we bid farewell to the Basque Provinces, to take one more drive over the surrounding hills. San Sebastian is a very convenient place from which to make excursions. Go in any direction, you will find bold scenery, with quaint old towns nestled in deep valleys.

Pasajes, less than an hour's drive, is interesting to us as the little port from which Lafayette embarked for America. Perhaps he found it not so easy to embark from the French coast, and so took his departure from the nearest port in Spain.

A little farther away is the old hamlet of Fontarabia, situated on a neck of land running out to the sea, and terminating in a low hill, which is crowned, as such positions were apt to be in feudal times, by a castle and a church. The town, such as it is, lies along one narrow street, over which the projecting eaves of the houses almost touch each other. It does not seem a place for much of pride and splendor. But almost every house has its coat-of-arms, as a sign that the place has seen better days, and on extraordinary occasions it can get itself up in very effective style. Father Hyacinthe happened to be here on the anniversary of the day on which the siege of the place by Don Carlos was raised, which (miraculous combination!) happened to be on the day of the fête of the Virgin of Guadalupe, the patron saint of the place (who, then, could doubt that it owed its deliverance to her intercession?), and common gratitude as well as religious fervor demanded that the event should be duly celebrated, as it was with three days of rejoicing. The people flocked in from all the country round. On the last great day of the feast, a procession with waving banners crowded the little street, and marched to the church, where it paid due honors to the deliverer of the place from siege; after which all mustered in the Plaza, or public square, and continued the fête with dancing and firing of guns, as if a feeling so intense could not be uttered by human voices, but must find vent in sharp explosions; and they even dragged out a little cannon, and banged away to the glory of the Virgin of Guadalupe! And then, to crown all, as the

highest expression of Spanish joy, they wound up the day with a bull-fight! Surely human gratitude for divine mercies could no further go.

The castle, I grieve to say, is in a very tumble-down state, and, though it bears the name of the great Emperor Charles V., is *for sale!* This I mention privately for the information of any enterprising American who may wish to buy. To be more precise, I can give the very notice painted on a board and hung on the wall. Here it is in its exact type and spelling :

FOR SALE
THIS ROYAL PALACE AND
CASTLE OF THE EMPEROR
CHARLES V. APPLI. FOR IMFORMATIONS, &C.

But one thing neither time nor decay can destroy—the wide expanse of view from the top of the castle. From the roof one takes in the border-land of France and Spain. Below us is the “sandy barrier” over which “the waves of the Bay of Biscay mingle with the waters of the Bidasoa stream” : for there is the stream itself winding its way amid the sands to find its path to the sea. Yonder pillar on a sand-bank which divides the stream, marks the exact boundary between the two countries—a line which it needs no Colossus of Rhodes to bestride, for any French or Spanish boy may stretch his little legs across the space which divides country from country, on the two sides of which lie two great nations, “enemies in war, in peace friends.”

CHAPTER IV.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF IGNATIUS LOYOLA.

In coming to Spain, one spot which I desired to visit was that where Ignatius Loyola was born. I am not a hero-worshipper, and yet I cannot repress a strong feeling in coming to a place associated with one who has acted a great part in history; and surely few men—priests or kings or conquerors—have had a mightier influence in shaping the course of human affairs than the Founder of the Order of Jesuits. Born eight years after Luther, he was the chief antagonist of the Great Reformer, and did more than any other man to prevent the religious movement which had swept over the North of Europe, from sweeping over the South also.

Many years ago I read in the Reviews of Sir James Stephens, which are, like those of Macaulay, a series of splendid Historical and Biographical Sketches, one on "Ignatius Loyola and his Associates," which took strong hold of my imagination. I read it over and over again, and was enchained by the story of one who combined in himself the Spanish knight and the spiritual crusader, and would have gone far to see the spot where he began his wonderful career.

Ignatius Loyola was born in Azpeitia, a little village in the North of Spain, twenty-five miles from San Sebastian, making it a long day's journey (as it is over a mountain road) to go and return. The weather did not look promising for the excursion. The day before it had rained in torrents, and the prospect was of a like experience on the morrow. But I took heart from the good old saying :

“When it rains, you must do as they do in Spain.”

“And how is that ?” “Why, let it rain !”

I did my best to guard against contingencies by engaging a carriage, the top of which might be opened or shut as the skies shone or lowered, and—as I had the promise of good company in Mr. and Mrs. Gulick, and Miss Richards, a teacher in their school—resolved in my secret mind not to be kept back by the elements from what I had so much at heart.

The morning opened dark and cold, and the clouds swept over the hills. But we did not mind it ; indeed our spirits rose as we faced the angry sky. Our three stout horses, harnessed abreast, started off at full speed, their bells jingling merrily as we swept round the bay and began to climb the hills. As we get farther into the mountains, the roadway has in many places to be cut into their steep sides, or supported on embankments ; but for all that, it is so hard and smooth that our horses trotted at a brisk pace, and we had the full enjoyment of the changing views, as now we looked down into a deep valley among the hills, and now rounded some projecting point from which we took in a wide sweep of the Bay of Biscay. Though the Winter had but just begun (it was the second of December), the mountain tops were covered with snow. Now and then the driving rain dashed in our faces. But what cared we ? We only crouched under our canopy, which, as soon as the clouds broke and the sun shone out,

the driver threw back, and opened before us the whole glorious panorama of mountain and sea.

Four hours' drive brought us to Azpeitia—a village with one long street, at the end of which rises a majestic pile, worthy of the name it bears, and to perpetuate to all generations the fame of Ignatius Loyola. In the open plaza before it stands a statue of the saint—a grand figure, which is an object of special homage at the time of the year when the place is thronged with pilgrims. But to-day, as we approach the great building, and ascend the steps, we find them thronged, not with pilgrims, but with beggars of the true Spanish sort, squalid and importunate, who swarm upon us with piteous moans, asking for alms; but a few pence quiet them, and we are left to make our observations in peace.

Turning to the massive structure before us, we find that it serves a double purpose, including both a church and a monastery. The former merits little attention, although it is vast in size, and of somewhat pretentious architecture. It is round in shape, following in this its model, the Pantheon at Rome; and its lofty dome rests on enormous pillars of many-colored marbles, with chapels on every side, at which "in the season" masses are daily, almost hourly, said for the innumerable worshippers.

But the chief interest of the place is in the *santa casa*, or holy house, in which Loyola was born. This remains intact, as it is infused through and through with the odor of sanctity, which renders it too precious to be destroyed. It is therefore preserved with religious care, like one of the holy places in Jerusalem, the monastery being built over it and around it, to protect it with its mighty walls.

Observing that the latter was entered by a door at the end of the long vestibule, we rang the bell, which was answered by the opening of an aperture no larger than

a pane of glass; and to our request for admission, a voice replied that, as it was the hour of noon, the fathers were in the refectory at their mid-day meal, and the convent could not be opened to visitors till one o'clock.

At that hour we rang again, and were rewarded by the appearance of a priest, perhaps sixty years of age, who, with the proverbial politeness of the Jesuit, took us in charge, and conducted us first through the house of Loyola, which remains just as it was four hundred years ago, when Ignatius was born. It is a baronial mansion of the Middle Ages, whose dimensions show that it was built for a Spanish grandee. The family of Loyola was one of high rank in Spain, and this house of his father was not only a home, but a castle, its walls being four or five feet thick, and loopholed for the firing of cross-bows or musketry, so that in case of need its lord might gather his retainers within the walls, and stand a siege. But whatever military purpose it may once have had, is now entirely superseded by its sacred character, as appears by the inscription in Spanish over the door:

CASA SOLAR DE LOYOLA.
AQUI NACIO S. IGNACIO EN 1491.
AQUI VISITADO POR S. PEDRO Y LA S.S. VIRGEN,
SE ENTREJO A DIOS EN 1521.

FAMILY HOUSE OF LOYOLA.
HERE ST. IGNATIUS WAS BORN IN 1491.
HERE, HAVING BEEN VISITED BY ST. PETER AND BY THE
MOST HOLY VIRGIN,
HE GAVE HIMSELF TO GOD IN 1521.

Mounting the great oaken staircase, we come at the first landing to a wide hall, which is furnished with confessional-boxes, where at the time of the annual pilgrimage priests are busy hearing confessions and giving absolutions. Doors open into several rooms, in one of which is

a bust of Loyola, that shows as grand a head as ever wore a crown of temporal or spiritual dominion.

The interest increases as we ascend to the next story, in which are the "living rooms" of the family. In one of these is an altar, screened from approach by an iron grating, which marks the very spot in which the Founder of the Order of Jesuits was born. In front of this were several women kneeling in silent devotion, which would have affected us the more if their prayers had not been united with something else, as appeared by their outstretched palms.

The good priest was intent on gratifying our curiosity, and thinking in the kindness of his heart that what interested him must interest us, he took us by a private passage into a room where are kept, as sacred treasures of the place, a choice collection of the bones of saints, exposed to view in glass cases, which, as they are bedecked with flowers, have but a tawdry appearance. Among these is solemnly pointed out, as the most precious relic of the saintly museum, a bone of St. Cecilia! Such exhibitions of course could excite no feeling but one of pity at the superstition which could attach a virtue to such mouldy relics of decay. From these we turned to the personal associations of the house as alone having a real interest, and were all attention when taken into the private chapel of the Loyola family, where we stood by the altar at which no doubt the child Ignatius had knelt a thousand times beside his father and mother. Still closer do we come to him at a later period of his life, as we are shown the couch on which he lay after he was wounded at the siege of Pampeluna, and the canopy which hung over him. The priest took us behind the scene which excluded ordinary pilgrims, where under the altar is a full-length figure of the young soldier stretched upon his bed of pain, his leg ban-

daged for his wound, and with one hand raised, holding a book, in which he read and read till his dreams of ambition faded away, and he saw a far higher sphere open before him, and rose up at last to enter upon his marvellous career.

From the house we passed into the Monastery. Here our party had to be divided: for the ladies were not allowed to accompany us, their sex not being permitted to pass the doors of so sacred a place. They could only saunter in the outer courts. But from us men-folks the Jesuit father kept back nothing, but led us on and on, through court after court and along corridor after corridor, till we could not repress our amazement at the vast extent of a structure begun two hundred years ago, and *not yet completed*. There is still an unfinished wing, and we found to our surprise that the holy place was filled with the sound of workmen in wood and stone and iron. A large number of men were thus employed. These, as I learned, were not outsiders, brought in for the purpose, but lay-brothers—masons, carpenters, and blacksmiths—who, having been seized with a spirit of devotion, take a sort of vow which constitutes them partners (humble partners, it may be, but partners still) in the illustrious Order; and if they have not learning or eloquence to give, they can at least devote themselves, with their handicrafts, to the service of religion.

The general arrangement of this mass of buildings is not unlike that of the vast quadrangle of an English university. Just now we might be in one of the colleges of Oxford or Cambridge. Indeed this Monastery is (or at least includes) a College or Seminary for the training of candidates for the Order of Jesuits, and in its interior does not differ very much from other institutions of learning, being provided with ample class-rooms, dormitories,

and refectory. Peeping into the latter, we found it neatly arranged with tables running along the sides of a large oblong room, and furnishing seats sufficient for the nearly two hundred pupils. That they may not be too light-hearted even at their simple meal, they have before them, in a painting hung on the walls, the grand figure of Ignatius writing his "Spiritual Exercises." Yet his face is not bent upon a written page, but turned upward as if he were listening to the voice of One Unseen; while a scroll in his hand with the inscription,

" Dictante Deipara,
Scribit et docet,"

tells that he wrote, not from his own wisdom or learning, but by the dictation of the Virgin Mother of God.

The army of young collegians had just finished their light repast, and were enjoying an hour of recreation in the courts and corridors, and it was pleasant to see that their gloomy surroundings had not killed out all the youth that was in them, for they seemed to have the freedom and hilarity of other college boys. Even their teachers unbent themselves for the time, and were walking about with their pupils, whom for the moment at least they did not try to overawe with a sombre gravity. It should be said, however, that these students are not yet members of the Order, to which they cannot be admitted till they have pursued their studies for two years. If at the end of that time they are ready to take the vows, they are accepted as novitiates (of which there are already eighty here out of the two hundred), and remain for two years longer before they receive their commands, appointing their place of service, from the General of the Order at Rome.

But while the young men in this institution are like young men all over the world, the training and discipline to which they are subjected is very different. I was curi-

ous to know whether the course of study pursued was like that in a college or university in England or Germany, and asked "if they taught any of the modern sciences"? to which my guide was obliged to reply in the negative. The education is wholly scholastic—Greek and Latin, and Christian (that is, Roman Catholic) dogmatics. Anything beyond this it is not for them to know. The world may move on; vast discoveries may be made in the realm of nature; but no ray of light from without is allowed to penetrate within these walls, and banish this monastic gloom.

All this oppressed me with a weight which I could not shake off. To the simple-minded father who had become used to this narrow round, as the prisoner becomes used to his cell, it may not have been a burden greater than he could bear. But to one coming from the outer world, from the fresh air of the hills, the place seemed like a prison. With its massive walls; with arches of stone over our heads, and pavements of stone under our feet; with the thick-ribbed doors and grated windows—I felt as if I were shut up within some mighty Bastille, a place of confinement not only of bodies, but of souls, where men wasted their lives in darkness, never to come forth to see the light of day or breathe the air of heaven.

Perhaps the place would not have looked so cheerless had it been in the heat of Summer, when the coolness might have been grateful, and the murmur of the fountains in the courts have been a pleasant sound in our ears. But it was Winter, and looking out of the windows, I saw the snow resting on the mountains, and nature in its Winter dress seemed the fitting symbol of the icy and freezing system that was here carved in stone.

With this feeling weighing on me like a nightmare, it was a relief to have at last made the round of the Monas-

tery, and to retire ; though the good monk would have us see everything, and stopped us in the last corridor to call our attention to the little cannon standing on its head, which is brought out on fête days, that the fathers may blaze away to the glory of all the saints !

And so we took our leave of the kind old man, thanking him again and again for his courtesy to strangers (he would receive nothing but thanks). It was not without sadness and pity that we said good-bye, knowing that while we came out into the living world again, he, as soon as he had shut the door behind us, would go back to his solitary cell.

As we came out from that Convent door, and stood once more upon the broad steps of the church, we were in a very reflective turn of mind, and the scene around us took a new interest from its association with the great life that was here begun. The statue of Loyola in the plaza seemed more majestic as we passed it now, and a new light rested on the hills. Azpeitia is set in the lap of mountains. Before us was the scene on which the eyes of Ignatius rested when first they were opened on this world. In yonder parish church he was baptized, at the font which still serves the Spanish mothers, who come in great numbers, with their infants in their arms, feeling that its waters have a special grace. When a boy, he roamed among these hills, perhaps even then dreaming of greatness, but with no possible dream which could approach the stupendous reality. Before we vanish from the scene, I cannot but add some reflections on the life and character of one who was in some respects the greatest man that Spain has given to the world.

Ignatius Loyola was thirty years old when, in the words inscribed over the door of his house, he "gave himself to God." Beneath the same roof under which he was born,

he was born again. The story of his conversion is as strange as anything in his wonderful history.

When in that old castle in the Pyrenees it was told in chamber and hall that a man-child was born into the world, no seer or diviner could forecast what his future was to be. As a child he was of a singular beauty, which no doubt, combined with his rank, led to his being chosen as a page in the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella, in which his grace of person and gaiety of manners made him an universal favorite. But he soon developed higher qualities. Those were the days when every man of position in Spain was trained as a soldier. The war of the Spaniard and the Moor, which had lasted for nearly eight hundred years, was but just coming to an end : for it was only the very year after Ignatius was born that Granada was taken, and the Cross floated in place of the Crescent above the towers of the Alhambra. But Spain had other enemies at home and abroad, and the profession of arms was still the pathway to glory. Into this path entered the young Ignatius, and soon showed a courage and skill beyond his years, which might in time have made him the "Grand Captain" of Spain, if the course of events had not turned him into a far different career. But while he was a soldier, such was the confidence in his military ability that he was chosen for the defence of Pampeluna—a city in the North of Spain which was besieged by the French. He defended it bravely, but without success, and was taken prisoner. To the chagrin felt at the loss of the city, was added a mortifying disaster to himself : for he was wounded, and though he might not die, the mark of his wound would remain. So keenly did he feel the injury to his handsome person, that he had himself stretched upon the rack that his shapely limbs might be restored to their former proportions. But this heroic treatment was not more successful

than his defence of Pampeluna, and the dashing Spanish soldier, whose manly physique had made him an object of admiration in camp and court, had before him the prospect of being a cripple for life. Thus deformed as well as stung by defeat, he was carried back to the old baronial mansion which we have visited to-day.

Man proposes, but God disposes. The disaster which seemed to put a sudden end to a brilliant career, only turned the young soldier into one that was far greater. For months he lay upon his couch. The time was long. To beguile the weary hours, he took to the reading of books of knight-errantry, which were for the most part harrowing tales of ladies shut up by Bluebeards in grim castles, from which they were rescued by the prowess of gallant knights—tales which, however childish they may seem to us, formed no small part of the literature of that day, and took the fancy of many a youth whose highest ambition was to be a hero of romance.

At length these were exhausted, and as in those days the library even of a Spanish castle was somewhat meagre, nothing could be found to entertain the wounded soldier but the dullest of all reading, the Lives of the Saints! Ignatius, we can imagine, took them in hand with but a languid interest; but as he turned the pages, something caught his eye, which began to brighten, and he soon found in these "Acta Sanctorum" a fascination greater than in all the tales of chivalry. Knights gave place to saints and martyrs, who in their lives of self-denial had given proof of a far more splendid courage than was ever shown by a soldier on the field of battle. Often, as he read, his hand dropped by his side, and as he leaned back upon his pillow, and looked up at the canopy over his couch (the same which is still shown in the ancient house), he saw things in a new light: the life of a soldier, which

he had wished to live, seemed poor and pitiful in a world where there was so much serious work to be done, and where it was a thousand times better to be saving men than to be killing them. Besides, if he would still be a warrior, there were other fields of conflict and victory. Those were days in which there were wars in the Church as well as in the State ; and not only Spain, but Rome, had need of brave defenders. So ran his thoughts. While he was musing the fire burned, and he dreamed of what might be wrought for the Faith. With such an inspiration of hope, he renounced his former life, and chose a religious in place of a military career.

Having thus taken a new field for his activity, he set himself to prepare for it by a rigid course of discipline. He who would conquer others must first conquer himself. In a Spaniard the last thing to be subdued is "Castilian pride," and of this no man had more than Loyola, which he now set himself to "bring under" in the same heroic temper with which he had once had his body stretched upon the rack. He subjected himself to all sorts of humiliations : he wore the vilest raiment, changing clothes with a beggar ; and ate the most loathsome food, and even this he, the proud Spaniard that he was, did not shrink from begging from door to door.

When he had so far subdued his pride that he could stoop to any depth of humiliation, he made a pilgrimage to Monserrat, a serrated ridge of mountains near Barcelona, where on a dizzy height stands a convent built in honor of a famous image of the Virgin. Within sight of this he lived for a year in a cave, where he lay upon the ground, as if he were indeed but a worm of the dust, that could not be too abject before his Maker. It was during this long period of solitary meditation that he wrote the "Spiritual Exercises," which were at once the reflection of

his own experience, and were to be the guide to his followers to all generations.

Having thus prepared himself for the vows which he wished to take, he repaired to the shrine of the Virgin at Monserrat, before which he spent a whole night in prayer. Here he placed his sword reverently upon the altar, in token that he laid aside all his military dreams and ambitions. And then, not only bending on his knees and bowing his head, but casting himself with his face to the earth, he devoted himself to the service of the Blessed Virgin. This is something which a Protestant (who knows nothing of the feeling of a devout Catholic) cannot understand. He cannot help a suspicion that in this devotion there was a little of the same feeling which entered into the heart of a Spanish knight for the high-born lady who was the object of his adoration. It was devotion to a woman, which always kindles a certain ardor in a manly breast. This may be true, but beyond this there was something more. The Virgin was not only a woman, but the type of womanhood, the emblem of all purity and spiritual grace, the one perfect being to be presented to human devotion. And further still, she was the link between divinity and humanity—the mother of God, and yet a human mother, with all the tenderness that is locked up in the maternal breast. A suffering mother, too, she had been, the Mater Dolorosa, and was therefore the most sympathetic of all that ever bent over suffering childhood, or any form of human weakness, on which she looked down with her great, tender eyes, in whose depths there was an infinite love, an infinite pity. And yet she who was so human, was enthroned above, the Queen of Heaven. To this exalted being, *purissima, sanctissima*, Ignatius, bending in lowly prostration, offered all that he had to give—the devotion of his heart and life. As he laid his sword upon her altar, he vowed to be a sol-

dier in her cause, her champion and defender. However the feeling may be analyzed, it was most real and powerful, and never was there a more determined act of the human will. Loyola was a man of iron, yet this awful vow ruled him with absolute dominion through the whole of life, to its very last hour.

That this act of devotion might not be mere sentiment, but serve in an effective way, Ignatius had been meditating great projects. He had conceived the idea of a new Order that should be more efficient than any ever before enlisted in the service of the Church, composed of men who should be trained by the severest discipline, till there was nothing which they could not attempt or endure. While brooding over his plans, he made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and there, says Stephens, they "assumed a coherent form as he knelt on the Mount of Olives, and traced the last indelible imprint of the ascending Redeemer of Mankind. At that hallowed spot had ended the weary way of Him who had bowed the heavens, and come down to execute on earth a mission of unutterable love and matchless self-denial; and there was revealed to the prophetic gaze of the future Founder of the Order of Jesus the long line of missionaries who, animated by his example and guided by his instructions, should proclaim that holy name from the rising to the setting sun."

It was in the design of Loyola to establish his new Order at Jerusalem, that its members might go forth from the same spot from which our Lord sent forth His disciples; but to this he found unexpected obstacles, not so much in Moslem fanaticism, in the intolerance of the Turk, as in the jealousy of his own brethren, the Franciscan monks, who, being already in the Holy City, assumed the right, by priority of possession, to exclude all rivals or intruders. He therefore returned to Spain, and began his

studies in the University of Alcala, near Madrid, where the singularity of his opinions and the rigidness of his discipline subjected him to a suspicion of heresy. In those days it was not a light thing in Spain to be suspected, for suspicion was quickly followed by arrest. The accused, whether guilty or innocent, might be seized at midnight and thrown into a dungeon, from which to pass to the stake. This would have been a strange reversion of the course of things, which might have changed the history of Europe, if the man to whom the Church of Rome was to owe its deliverance from the dangers which threatened it in the middle of the sixteenth century, had himself perished by the Inquisition! Such might have been the case had he not left Alcala for Paris, the city which is hospitable to men of all countries and all opinions, where he pursued his studies unmolested, and was brought in contact with the men whom he was to recruit as the first members of his Order. It was here that he met Francis Xavier, a young and brilliant scholar, who, though a Spaniard by birth, was a Frenchman in his love of gaiety and pleasure, which he could not willingly surrender to the solicitations of his stern and almost gloomy countryman. But gradually this gay scholar, a lover of letters and yet a lover of the world, began to feel the power of "impressions which he could neither welcome nor avoid." The issue is thus told :

"Whether he partook of the frivolities in which he delighted, or in the disquisitions in which he excelled, or traced the windings of the Seine through the forests which then lined its banks, Ignatius was still at hand to discuss with him the charms of society, of learning, or of nature; but whatever had been the theme, it was still closed by the awful inquiry, 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' . . . 'In the unrelaxing grasp of the strong man, Xavier gradually yielded to the fascination.' "

The same influence drew to Loyola a few other kindred spirits, not more than half a dozen in all, who bound themselves by vows to devote their lives to the service of the Church, though it was not till 1537 that either he or Xavier received priest's orders. Even then their little company had increased to but thirteen, when they went to Rome to ask permission of the Holy Father to found a new Order for the defence of the Church and the propagation of the faith. The petition was for a long time refused. But the dangers of the Church were pressing; the Reformation had spread over one-half of Europe, and might soon sweep over the other; and at last, in 1541, the bull was issued which authorized the establishment of the most powerful religious Order that has ever existed on the earth.

Loyola was now fifty years old. Three-fourths of his life was gone, but the object for which he had wrought for twenty years was attained: he had founded an Order which should be a power in the world for more than twenty generations. And now as he stood on life's summit, he might well feel that his work was done. But it was only begun: all the past was but the preparation for that which was to come. No sooner was the Order established than he was chosen its General. Twice he refused, but was at last compelled to accept the place of which no one else was worthy. From that moment he was an uncrowned king. And when he took the power, he took it with no trembling hand: he was as absolute as the Sultan or the Czar. For sixteen years he wrought in it with the tireless energy of Napoleon. Few kings had so wide a dominion: for as the Order spread rapidly, it soon had branches in every civilized, and in almost every uncivilized, country, with all which he was in constant correspondence; so that it might almost be said of him in his Monastery in Rome, as of Philip II. in the Escorial, that from it he ruled two

hemispheres, and ruled them not in name, but in reality, for of all that vast organization he was the centre and the soul. There was not a Jesuit missionary, however far away—in India or China or Thibet, among the mountains of Asia or on the Eastern or Western Coast of South America—who did not feel the impress of that powerful hand.

In laying the foundation of the Society of Jesus, Loyola found the invaluable benefit of his military education. To men of high spirit, impatient of control, there is no training so effective as that of the profession of arms. It curbs the most fiery energy, as it bids even courage wait upon the word of command, and thus compresses the explosive power of human passion, making it all the more terrible and destructive when it bursts forth. What Ignatius had learned as a Spanish soldier, he introduced as the first principle of a religious Order. Though its object was religious, its organization was military, as much as that of any regiment in the armies of the King of Spain. Its head was not a mere priest who gave fatherly counsel, but a General, who issued his commands, and the first duty of every member of the Order was absolute obedience. A body organized on this principle had in it all the elements of tremendous power. It was an absolute despotism, directed by one imperious will.

By reason of this military organization, there was an *esprit de corps* running through it as through the rank and file of an army. This kindled the enthusiasm of those who had been trained to arms, who saw that in it there was room for feats of daring as stirring as those in war. Europe was already plunged in a great conflict of religions. A movement from the North, which was likened to that of the barbarians who overwhelmed the Roman Empire, threatened to sweep away the ancient faith. Not in hundreds of years had the Church been in such danger.

A cry of alarm rose from the foot of the Apennines, which was echoed back from the Alps and the Pyrenees, and roused every loyal Catholic to arms. Such men found in the Order of Jesuits the organization in which they could unite their ardor with the greatest effect. It drew into it men of all ranks, from princes and nobles to the men of the middle class; and even peasants, with the smallest possible education, were admitted to serve as lay brothers, and thus help to rally the common people to allegiance to the faith.

While thus efficient at home, the Order of Jesuits was to be a vast Propaganda abroad. It was to furnish the apostles that should carry the banner of the Cross to the ends of the earth. Here again the military discipline was the secret of power. It anticipated the hesitation which paralyzes great designs. If a member received orders to start to-morrow morning for the most distant part of the globe, he had not to deliberate a moment:

“ Not his to ask the reason why;
His but to do or die.”

This giving up of one's self to such extent as forbade even clinging to his home or country, was the nurse of all the virtues that are born of self-denial. The love that was shut up in one direction, flowed in another; and he who seemed almost without natural affection, might prove the truest and tenderest of friends and brothers. Never was there a deeper well-spring of goodness than in the heart of Francis Xavier, of whom Sir James Stephens says:

“ No man, however abject his condition, disgusting his maladies, or hateful his crimes, ever turned to Xavier without learning that there was at least one human heart on which he could repose with all the confidence of a brother's love. To his eye the meanest and the lowest reflected the image of Him whom he followed and adored; nor did he suppose that he could ever serve

the Saviour of Mankind so acceptably as by ministering to their sorrows, and recalling them into the way of peace."

While these virtues of individuals are fully recognized, yet to the Order itself its very success was its peril, as it nursed a passion for power, which quickly became unscrupulous in the means to its end. Assuming as a first principle that its object was holy, it reasoned that every means to carry it out was legitimate. From being a power in the Church, it aspired to be a power in the State, in political affairs; and while it sent out missionaries to preach the Gospel, it sent agents of a very different character to every court in Europe, where they were deep in plotting, intriguing, and persecuting. The zeal of the Order was greatest in the extermination of heretics. It lighted the fires of the *autos-da-fé*, and was the main support of the Inquisition. It soon became recognized as the most deadly enemy of liberty. Not content to oppose it by priestly influence, it did not hesitate to take part in conspiracies, in massacres and assassinations. If it did not instigate, there is every reason to believe that it connived at, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew; while the evidence is still stronger that it aimed the dagger at the heart of Henry IV., the best of the kings of France, and fired the shot that ended the life of William of Orange.

What the Order of Jesuits was in the Sixteenth Century, it was in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth. It is but little more than a hundred years ago that a Pope—Clement XIV.—who issued a bull to suppress it, perished by poison. With such a record of crime, we can hardly condemn as too strong the language of Castelar, when, standing before the house in which Ignatius Loyola was born, he said that "beneath that roof had come into existence the man whose influence had been more fatal (*funesta*) than that of any other man who had ever lived on the earth!"

But influence is one thing, and character is another. The motive may be good, even though the result be evil. In many of the elements of greatness, Ignatius Loyola was one of the greatest of men. His commanding presence was but the outward indication of a nature that was born to rule mankind. His power came in part from his unquestioning faith. The Spaniards are strong believers, and he was of the strongest. The greatest mysteries did not perplex him. Even the doctrine of Transubstantiation was made clear to him, not only by faith, but by sight, for in one of his ecstasies of devotion he *saw* the change of the bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ! After this nothing could stagger him. The mystery of the Trinity was as clear as any mathematical proposition. Indeed the greater the natural improbability of any article of the creed, the greater the exercise of faith, and the more undoubtingly he believed.

However unreasonable may be such a faith, no one can fail to see with what prodigious "motive power" such a man is endowed. Instead of living in an atmosphere of vagueness and uncertainty, he has solid ground under his feet, and moves forward with the firm tread of a soldier. Such was the power of Loyola over those around him, who, whatever degree of ability or learning they possessed, were over-borne by his unquestioning faith and his tremendous will.

Another element of power was the self-discipline which he never relaxed. However rigid was that which he exacted of others, to the same he subjected himself. Like a true soldier, he led the way where he wished them to follow, and thus gave them not only the authority of his command, but the inspiration of his example.

These self denials he carried (as we believe) beyond the bounds alike of reason and religion. He denied himself

not only every indulgence, but even the ordinary pleasures of human society. It is affirmed—incredible as it may seem—that “for thirty years he never once looked upon the female countenance.” A man thus deprived of every form of domestic life, never looking in the face of mother or sister, must become to some extent dehumanized. Not so did our Divine Master, who—lonely as He was, apart from other men as He was above them—still felt all the sweet tenderness of home, which drew Him to Bethany to comfort Mary and Martha concerning their brother; and who, so far from shrinking from the face of woman, did not turn away from her in any depth of sorrow or of sin; who suffered the penitent Magdalen to kneel at His feet; and, instead of crushing her, raised her up with the words, “Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more.”

And so the rule of implicit obedience, which is the cornerstone of the Order, may be carried to an extent that destroys a man's individuality, till he is no longer a separate being, with the power of free will and free action, but is simply an infinitesimal part of a tremendous machine, which goes on with its terrible work, grinding and crushing at once human intellect and human affection. So much as this indeed is avowed in the famous maxim “*Perinde ac cadaver*” [that one may become like a dead body], a principle which reverses the order of nature and of God, who “is not the God of the dead but of the living,” and demands for His service not dead bodies but living souls.

While we thus dissent from the principles of the Order of Jesuits, we have no wish to detract from the real greatness of its founder, or to cast a shadow on his immortal name. Never do we visit Rome without going to the Church of the Gesù, built in his honor, where his bones rest under an altar with the simple inscription *Ad majoram Dei gloriam*—words which express with simple majesty the

one object for which he lived and died. A noble epitaph indeed, but one which belongs not to him alone, but which might be inscribed with equal fitness on the tablet in Westminster Abbey which rests above all that is mortal of David Livingstone; or on the headstone that marks the grave of many a humble missionary, who has chosen the part of an exile that he might do good to his poor and suffering fellow-beings whom he never knew. All these, and thousands of others, seen only by the Omniscient eye, are truly devoting their lives "to the greater glory of God."

And so we turn away from this majestic figure of the Sixteenth Century, with admiration for all that was heroic in that life and character, yet feeling that, after all, the Order founded by Ignatius Loyola is based on false principles, which make it far more potent for evil than for good. The Jesuit system is founded on the Jesuit creed, both of which are, we will not say inhuman, but certainly *unhuman* without being divine. From this soldier-priest we turn to the Man of Galilee, "who went about doing good," as the true type of that moral greatness to which all, from the highest to the humblest, may aspire.

When we left Azpeitia, it was the middle of the afternoon of the short Winter day, and we had yet a four hours' drive before us. The darkness fell as we were crossing the mountains. We stopped but once, in a little Spanish village, for a change of horses, and it was far in the evening when we saw the lights of San Sebastian.

A long day's work to see the spot in which a man was born nearly four hundred years ago! And yet I have seldom made a pilgrimage to any shrine of saint or martyr which left on me a deeper impression. The end of the Fifteenth century, and the beginning of the Sixteenth, was a period of great events, marked by many illustrious char-

acters ; but among them all there appeared no grander figure than this. Loyola was born in 1491, and the very next year Columbus discovered America. Among the actors in history, few have a higher place than the discoverer of the New World. And yet even the brief review here given of a life as different from that of the great navigator as any two lives could be, may lead us to doubt which of these two men—Columbus or Loyola—had the greater influence on the destinies of mankind.

CHAPTER V.

BURGOS—THE CATHEDRAL AND MONASTERY.

Although we had had our first glimpses of Spain, it was only just enough to excite our appetites for more. We had ridden a few miles along the coast, but the vast interior was still an undiscovered country, hidden from us by a wall of mountains that lay along the southern horizon. We were now to pass the barrier, and penetrate into the heart of the kingdom.

It was two o'clock in the afternoon that the train from Paris, having crossed the border at Irun, thundered into the station at San Sebastian, where I had been walking up and down for half an hour with the grandest old Spaniard whom I met in all Spain, who had come to meet his friend Castelar, who had been spending some weeks in Paris (where of course he was a great lion), and was now on his return. As he spends his Summers at San Sebastian, his face is familiar to everybody, and the family whose guest he is were there to welcome their beloved "Don Emilio." But he did not come till the next day. I shared their disappointment, for there was nobody in Spain whom I so much wished to see. However, it was all made right when we got to Madrid, where I saw him many times, both in

the Cortes and in his own house. And just now we were to have occupation for our eyes, which would make it almost "a sinful diversion" to turn them aside even to gaze at the greatest of living orators.

The ride of this afternoon was a disappointment, but a disappointment of the right kind. Somehow I had got it into my head that the scenery of Spain was very monotonous, and so in many places it is; there are vast treeless plains, which are wastes of desolation; but to-day we were to cross the mountains, in which I was constantly reminded of the passage of the Alps. In all my experience as a traveller, I find nothing so fascinating as to have the exhilaration of an Alpine climb, without the fatigue. If the ascent be gradual, so much the greater is the enjoyment, as both the eye and the mind are "keyed up" to it. When I see a train preparing to storm a mountain pass, it seems as if the huge monster of an engine were a living thing, which knew what was before it, and was snorting like a war-horse that smells the battle from afar; that "paweth the ground as he goeth forth to meet the armed men." The traveller who comes across the continent feels this keenly as he climbs the Sierra Nevada, and sweeps round "Cape Horn," and passes through the cañons of the Rocky Mountains. And now watch our iron steed as the engineer "lets her go"; how gracefully she moves, with the long train behind her, gliding like a serpent in constant curves; now winding along the green banks of rivers, hearing the voice of streams; mounting by slow degrees till we get *where we look down*. In the Spanish mountains man has fought against nature: every spot of earth is cultivated, and vines are trailed along the sides of the hills. As we climb higher and higher, we feel at every moment the exhilaration of being raised up to a greater altitude, of breathing a purer air, and looking round on a wider

horizon. Of course the ascent is full of difficulties, to overcome which calls for all the resources of modern engineering. The road, which has been built by a French company, is constructed with the same thoroughness and skill which distinguish the great roads of France. But it has to make innumerable twists and turns to find the easiest path, and even then is often driven to bay, to escape from which it has to plunge into the bowels of the earth. Near the top we pass through a great number of tunnels—fourteen between two stations—some of them very long. These times of darkness interfere sadly with our sight-seeing; but as we rush through them into light, we turn this way and that, enraptured with the views that are opened into the gorges beneath, and over the mountaintops, which take on such rosy tints as they catch the last rays of the setting sun, that they seem “glorious as the gates of heaven,” and then turn to glittering white as the moonlight streams down their breasts of snow.

After a seven hours' ride, we drew into the station of the old city of Burgos, and bundling into a rickety carriage, rattled away over a bridge, and under the arch of Santa Maria, built in honor of the Emperor Charles V., to the Hotel del Norte, which, though put down in all the guide-books as the best in the place, had a cheerless look without, and was not more attractive within. The floors were of brick, and when we were taken up two or three flights of stairs, and through narrow passages, into small and stuffy rooms, we had to confess that this was not altogether home-like. My companion, who was used to the Spanish ways, took his little den without a word. But not so with the newly-imported American, to whom the rooms had a mouldy air, as if they had been inhabited by generations of Spaniards, whose ghosts were even now fluttering in the dingy curtains and counterpanes; and who,

alike for his rest of body and peace of mind, would fain have something better. The resources of Spanish inns are not great, but at least the people are polite to those who recognize the Castilian pride, and address them with proper respect. Therefore I made my humble petition to the landlady (who seemed really desirous to make us comfortable, if she only knew how), as if she were a Serene Highness, to give me a larger room, whereupon she led the way to one, which, if not exactly in the style of a baronial hall, was at least a great improvement on the first, and which, best of all, had an open fire-place, in which (as the small boys were sent to bring wood) I soon had a blazing fire, the most potent means to brighten dull surroundings. Having made a clean and wholesome atmosphere, I asked for but one thing more, *a cot*, for I could not go back to the close, narrow bedroom; and the good people hunted about till they found a small iron bedstead, that had perhaps done duty in the old Spanish wars, on which I could lie down "like a warrior taking his rest" before his camp-fire.

Having thus provided for a comfortable night, I threw open the shutters of a large window, and stepped out upon a little balcony. Although it was but eleven o'clock, the streets were quiet, save the watchman calling the hour, with the invocation "Ave Maria sanctissima," and the moonlight rested on a silent, sleeping city. Close to us was one of the greatest cathedrals in Spain, and, as it stood on the slope of a hill, and was below us, I was on a level with the roof, which was pinnacled with spires and arches, so airy and delicate that it all seemed like some heavenly vision that would float away in the moonlight. Farther away rose a hill hundreds of feet high, crowned with a castle a thousand years old, once the city's glory and defence, which had borne its part in innumerable wars, down

to the last siege by Wellington. These two ancient piles, the Castle and the Cathedral, standing over against each other, are types of the Gothic civilization. Such an hour in the heart of Old Spain pays for a long journey, and put me in a pleasant mood for the night ; so that when at last I lay down on my little cot, and the light of the dying embers cast shadows on the walls, I sank into a half-slumber through which floated dreams of a past in which history was romance and romance became history.

The next morning, as soon as we had time to look about us, we found that we were in one of the historic cities of Spain. Burgos lies on a broad plain nearly three thousand feet above the level of the sea, and has been a notable city from the earliest days of the Spanish monarchy. Indeed before there was any United Spain, it was the capital of Old Castile, the very name of which in Spanish (*Castilla*) indicates that it was full of castles, held by brave warrior-knights, whose prowess in those days was the wonder of Christendom. Castile was the first part of Spain which shook off the yoke of the Moors, against whom it was led by the Cid, who was a native of Burgos. Here he was born in 1026, and was married in the old Castle ; and though he died in Valencia, it was his wish that he should be brought back to his birthplace to be buried. At that time Castile was a separate kingdom, and so remained until it was united with Leon, and afterwards with Arragon, which was accomplished only by the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella.

How real and true a hero the Cid was, it would be difficult to say, as his deeds have been so magnified that he appears more like a god of mythology than a man of woman born. How much of this grand figure really belonged to the original, nobody knows. As Achilles and Agamemnon are known to us, not by authentic history,

but by the Iliad of Homer, so this Spanish Achilles is known chiefly through the Poem of the Cid, published in 1200, and the Chronicle of the Cid, in the century after—a Chronicle filled with traditions of his valor in songs and ballads, many of which Southey has rendered into English verse. No doubt he was a brave soldier, and fought stoutly in the war against the Moors, whom he hated with perfect hatred, if that be a virtue. But it is not necessary to believe that he rode into Burgos on his favorite horse, and clad in a full suit of mail, *after he was dead*; nor that, when a Jew approached his dead body to offer it some indignity, it lifted a mailed hand and felled him to the earth!

If all the stories they tell of him were true, they would not be much to his honor. In the Cathedral is suspended on the wall a coffer which served him as a camp-chest, and of which it is said that, when his finances were at a low ebb, he filled it with stones, representing the heavy weight as concealed treasure, and on this security borrowed money of a Jew, exacting a promise that the chest should not be opened till the debt was paid, as in due time it was, when the lid was raised and the deceit exposed. This story is gravely told by the Spanish historians, as if it were a proof of the marvellous shrewdness of their hero, seeming not to reflect that they exalt his cunning at the expense of his truth and honor.

However, we must not sit in critical judgment on a hero of romance, whose deeds have been chronicled in song, and whose valor has been a national tradition for seven centuries. Let Spain have her idols, as we keep ours.

All that Burgos now has to show of the Cid are his bones, which are kept in the Town Hall, in a chest under glass, with a partition to separate them from the bones of his wife, over which a traveller may moralize after the style of the grave-digger in Hamlet. These bones have partly

crumbled into dust. The conqueror Time has ground the Cid, as he grinds ordinary human beings, very small; and he who made the infidels to tremble as he rode his war-horse over the field of battle, trampling them down, is but a soft, fine powder, which would be blown away if it were not kept in a bottle! Such is the end of all human glory:

“Cæsar dead and turned to clay
May stop a hole to keep the wind away.”

But the great attraction of this old Spanish city is the Cathedral. Some travellers would say it is the *only* attraction, so much does it overshadow all others. Indeed we might almost describe Burgos as a Cathedral with a town thrown in, so completely is the latter dwarfed and dwindled by that central mass of towers that rises above it, and draws the eyes of all beholders to its glorious self. To me it had a special interest as being the first of those great Spanish Cathedrals, to see which had been one chief object of my visit to Spain. These have a character of their own, different from those of France, Italy, or Germany. Before I left America, Chief Justice Daly prepared for me an *itineraire*, in which he spoke of the Cathedrals of Burgos, Toledo, and Seville, as “the three finest in Spain, and therefore the three finest *Gothic* Cathedrals in Europe.” To the first of these we were now to be introduced.

Before entering, let us take a walk around it: for it would be almost irreverent to rush into such a presence without some preparation both of the eye and the mind. In approaching it, we observe (as we have often had occasion to observe elsewhere on the Continent) how much the impression of the most magnificent architecture is impaired by the want of proper position. To the grandest effect of a building designed to endure for ages, it ought to stand on a hill, like the Parthenon; or in large grounds, which give it the presence and the dignity that become a king.

It should have ample space around it, as we give space to a mighty elm or oak, the glory of the forest, that it may spread its arms abroad "to all the winds that blow."

The position of Burgos did not admit of much, unless the Cathedral were placed outside of the town. Although the country round is a plain, the city is built on sloping ground, between the river which flows on one side of it, and the hill on which stands the old Castle on the other. Here the space is necessarily somewhat confined, so that the Cathedral is hemmed in by narrow streets, and is on such a slope that while its front opens on a little plaza above their level, the rear actually abuts against a hill; so that in entering from that side, one has to descend a staircase to the pavement. Such infelicities of position would be quite enough to *kill* any ordinary structure. And yet—and yet—the Cathedral of Burgos is so vast in its proportions, that *it can stand anything*. No matter though the bustling streets come up to its very doors, like the waves of the sea to the foot of a mighty cliff, still it lifts its head unmoved by the tumult and raging below, while it soars and soars to the sky. And so, as we stand at the foot of the towers and look up, we feel very, very small, and they seem very, very high.

But with all this, the greatest impression is not from without, but from within. In this respect the Spanish cathedrals differ from the Italian, at least from those in Florence, where the famous Duomo, the unveiling of whose new façade has excited such enthusiasm in Italy, has one great defect. Externally it is one of the grandest Cathedrals in Europe. As you stand in front of it, with the Campanile at its side, or walk round it, and measure its walls—how far they reach and how high they rise!—and look up to the dome of Brunelleschi, more vast than that which Michael Angelo built over St. Peter's at Rome, you

are quite overwhelmed. And yet this great building, the pride of Florence, in its interior is so badly cut up in its arrangement of pillars and arches, that it looks smaller than from without and is far less imposing. And even Santa Croce,

" Within whose holy precincts lie
Ashes that make it holier,"

depends for its interest chiefly on its monuments. Travellers visit it, not to see one of the ecclesiastical wonders of Italy, but chiefly to look upon the tombs of Dante and Michael Angelo.

To all this the Spanish Cathedrals offer a striking contrast. Their interiors are perfect. Vast as they are, they are so admirably proportioned that immensity never becomes monstrosity. "The length, the breadth, and the height" are, if not "equal," yet perfectly measured the one to the other. To this should be added the effect of color: for while the Florentine churches have interiors as bare and cold as those of a monastery, the Spanish Cathedrals are all aglow with the light of stained-glass windows, while the numerous altars are illumined and glorified by paintings of the old Spanish masters. With the architecture and the color together, the effect is of a majesty that can hardly be described. When Edward Everett Hale had spent an hour or two in the Cathedral of Burgos, he could only say, "It is wonderful: I have seen nothing like it." He adds indeed, "It is not so large as Cologne, but the finish is perfect." In his mind the greater vastness of the one was more than balanced by the exquisite beauty of the other.

As we entered, the morning service was begun, and worshippers were kneeling between the choir and the high altar. This open space, where the transept crosses the nave, is directly under the dome, which rises above it to a

height of nearly two hundred feet. It was a very striking scene, in which the lights and shadows seemed to be responsive to the rising and falling of the voices, and the hearts even of strangers rose and fell as they turned their eyes, now to the dim vault above, and now to the kneeling worshippers below.

Here for the first time I observed what is peculiar to the Spanish Cathedrals, the introduction of the choir, or "coro," in the centre of the church, which mars greatly the architectural effect. Yet it has its compensation: for as the worship is in the centre, the circling waves of sound roll into every side chapel (there are fourteen of them); so that not only the crowd that kneels before the high altar, but the poorest and humblest worshipper who may seek a refuge from every eye, that he may pour out his heart before God, may still hear the words of faith and hope to bear up his soul to heaven.

When the service was ended, we turned from listening to seeing, and tried to take in the majesty that was around us in the stately columns which stood like a grove of the cedars of Lebanon, whose branches touching overhead made the lofty arches that bore up the mighty roof of this forest of stone.

After this general survey, we made the round of the side chapels, each of which deserves a separate study, as they are not only rich in precious marbles and other costly decorations, but many of them have a historical interest, as connected with old Castilian families, whose names and deeds live in Spanish song and story. Every Spanish Cathedral is a kind of Westminster Abbey—a place of burial for the great of former generations. Here they lie—the sculptured forms that rest above their sepulchres representing them as they were in the days of life: the bishop in his robes, with his hands folded on his breast;

and the knight in his armor, but who will never go forth to battle again. In these memorials of the past, one may read the history of Spain. An illustration of this we have in the Chapel of the Constable of Castile, which, though not one of the side chapels, is a part of the Cathedral. He was a warrior of the time of Ferdinand and Isabella, and entered Granada at their side. As in all these old Spanish heroes war was always mingled with religion, we have here not only his sword and helmet and coat-of-mail, but the ivory crucifix which he bore with him on his campaigns, and the sacramental vessels with which he had mass celebrated on the field of battle. His wars are over now, and here, with his beloved wife by his side, he has slept the long sleep of four hundred years. With the Catholic idea in regard to the state of the dead, it seemed fitting that they should rest in the place of constant prayer: for I found that worship was going on in some part of the Cathedral almost without ceasing; that while the high altar was vacant and the choir was empty, in some of the chapels masses were being said by the side of the tombs, and "the daily sacrifice" was offered for the quick and dead.

Next to the Cathedral, the object of greatest interest in Burgos is a Carthusian Monastery a couple of miles from the city, which was founded four hundred years ago by Queen Isabella. Taking a carriage with two strapping mules, we crossed the river, on the other side of which is the Alameda, a park planted with elms, which furnishes a delightful retreat for the people of the city in the heat of Summer. It is a pretty drive through the long avenue lined with trees. On the right are large barracks, with quarters for six regiments of mounted artillery. As we were enjoying the beauty of this rural suburb of Burgos, we perceived that we were an object of attention to a

swarm of beggars, who had fixed their hungry eyes upon us. One burly fellow trotted beside the carriage for a mile, determined to be "in at the death" whenever we should come to a halt. As we rode up to the Monastery (which stands in a noble position on the top of a hill, commanding an extensive view of the country) we found the outer court filled with another troop of the noble army of beggars, lying in wait for the coming of the foreigner, the only escape from whom was to get inside as quickly as possible.

Ringing at the gate for admission, a small grated window was drawn aside, revealing the cowed face of a monk, who, to our request for admission, replied by asking "If there were any ladies in the party?" as if the presence of one of the sex would be dangerous to his soul. Being assured that there were none, the key was turned, and the heavy door swung open, and we found ourselves in a long corridor, through which we followed our guide, who was habited in the Carthusian dress, a frock of coarse white flannel, with a cowl over his closely shaven head, although the rules of his order did not forbid him to wear a very respectable and rather handsome beard. Otherwise he was a plain-looking friar (he told us he was but a lay-brother), who, if he had been put to work at some humble industry, might have made an honest living. These lay-brothers perform the menial offices of the place. One of them we saw, with a cowl over his head, sweeping out the corridor! Our conductor was not much above the same level. However, humble as he was, he had sufficient intelligence to serve as a guide.

The Monastery was begun by the father of Isabella, King John II., in 1442, and after his death was completed in his honor by his illustrious daughter, and here both father and mother are buried in the church before the

high altar, in a tomb of which Hare says : " Their gorgeous alabaster monument is perhaps the most perfectly glorious tomb in the world." I observed that the monk, whether awed by its magnificence or by the sacredness of the place, spoke in a whisper. On one side of this pompous sepulchre is one of less pretension, to their son Alfonso, whose early death left open to his sister Isabella the pathway to a throne. These tender memories of course made the place very sacred to the gentle and devout Queen, who came here often to pray at the tombs of her beloved dead.

In another room hangs on the wall a painting of scenes in the life of our Lord, which is made with leaves to fold up like a screen, and is the veritable one that was carried by Ferdinand and Isabella in their wars, and placed on an altar in the camp when they would celebrate military mass in the midst of their armies.

All this was exceedingly interesting, but I began to grow curious about the Monastery, not as it was four hundred years ago, but as it is to-day ; and with American inquisitiveness, ventured to ask :

" How many brothers are here now ? "

The answer was made plain to the eye as well as to the ear, when the monk took us to what was the oldest part of the building which had been the chapel, but as the Monastery grew in size, had been turned into a refectory. This was on a scale that indicated a large number of inmates ; it might have served for two hundred ; but the poor monk sadly confessed that their numbers were now reduced to twenty-seven !

Next I advanced to more direct inquiries :

" What do you *do* here, good father ? " " How do you spend your time ? " and " What supports the Monastery ? " For I remembered that the Carthusian Order, founded by Saint Bruno in 1086, was one of the strictest Orders in the

Church, subject to stern rules of labor, requiring them to *work* as well as to pray; so that the Carthusian monks were famous agriculturists. Hence I thought it not intrusive to inquire if this rigid discipline were still kept up; if this Monastery were conducted according to the original rules of the Order.

The answer said nothing of agriculture or any other industry. As to their means of support, the monk confessed that their supplies were rather low; but such as they were, they were derived from two sources—gifts, which were few, and masses for the dead, which were *paid for*, that the souls of the dead might be delivered from purgatory!

“And what are your hours of devotion?”

“From eight o'clock in the morning to nine, and from three to four in the afternoon”; besides which they are roused from their slumbers at night to pray, which they begin at half past ten, and continue till half past two: thus making two hours in the day-time and four at night, six in all, just one-fourth of the twenty-four hours!

What a volume of prayer is this to be going up without ceasing, day and night, like a cloud of incense, before God! Such is our first thought, but I fear that, if we could be present at these nightly vigils, we should be disenchanted; that, instead of a company of worshippers rapt in devotion, we should find only a couple of dozen tired, sleepy monks, droning out their prayers to the echo of the walls of stone. So I found it at Mount Sinai, and I have no reason to think it different here.

“Might we be permitted to see the rooms of the monks?” He hesitated a little at this, but finally showed us one which was probably of the better class, as he said “it would be for a priest who performed mass.” But it was as naked and cheerless as a prison cell, with stone

floor and bare walls. In the corner was a little opening in which the wretched occupant could light a few coals to keep himself from perishing with the Winter's cold. Here he lived apart from his brethren, not even taking his meals in the refectory, but alone, his scanty portion being brought to him by one of the servants of the convent, and placed at a hole in the wall, through which it was drawn in as it might be by a convict behind the bars. Overhead was a niche in which he slept, where was a piece of coarse sacking filled with straw, and a low shelf of stone on which he might place a crucifix and a candle, and a stone step on which he could kneel and say his prayers. Here lived the Carthusian monk, immured as in a dungeon, thinking to gain heaven by making earth a hell!

As we came out we met a young brother with a pleasant face, who had a basket of bread which he had cut in pieces, to serve to the poor, who were already gathered round the door waiting for their daily dole. This office of charity is the only one which redeems the monastery from the just reproach of utter uselessness, and even this is a very doubtful good, as the giving of alms to the beggars at their gates only increases the hungry horde, and thus swells to vaster proportions the pauperism which already rests as a terrible incubus on the life of Spain.

Making our acknowledgments to our conductor, and slipping a coin into his hand (which he did not refuse, like the brother in the monastery at the house of Ignatius Loyola), we took our leave. As the door opened, the beggars made a rush, not for the door or the basket of bread, but for us, whining and moaning and begging pitifully for alms. So combined was the attack, that it required some effort to make our way to the carriage. Once in our seats, I tossed a handful of coppers to the crowd, at which one and all, men and women and little children,

made a dive, tumbling over one another in their eagerness for a few pennies.

Such is the great Carthusian Monastery of Burgos, founded by Queen Isabella, and which to her was sacred as a family mausoleum. But when she died she was not buried here beside her father and mother, but in Granada, which had witnessed the conquest of the Moors. Since her day it has no longer served as a royal burying place. The Spanish Kings will not have it even as a sepulchre. Its occupation is gone, so that we can but ask, as we take our departure, What is it good for *now*? Of what use is it to any human being?

These Carthusians are not like the brave monks who keep guard at the Hospices on the summits of the Simplon and the Great Saint Bernard to succor lost travellers: nor even like the Brothers of the Miserecordia, who may be seen in the streets of Florence, or Naples, with covered faces, making visits to the sick, or burying the dead: they only exist to keep up an old shrine of devotion. Such a system is out of place in the nineteenth century: it has served its purpose, and now its last and best use is to die. The life of solitude and seclusion, even if it be a life of prayer, is not that which best fulfils the purpose for which we were sent into the world. The cell and the dungeon are the work of men; the sunshine, the light and the air, are the gift of God.

CHAPTER VI

INTRODUCTION TO THE CAPITAL.

The traveller who comes to Spain to see the country at its best—to enjoy both the scenery and the climate in perfection—should defer his coming till the Spring. Or if he comes in Winter, let him begin in the South, for which he might sail from New York directly to the Mediterranean, and land at Gibraltar. He will then enter by Andalusia, where the climate differs little from that of the African coast on the other side of the Straits. In Seville the air is as soft and balmy as on the Riviera, and palms are growing in the open air; and in the early Spring he will find the nightingales singing in the woods of the Alhambra. Thence he can move northward by easy stages to Cordova, Toledo, and Madrid, where he will find the capital in its glory in the month of May, and some time in June he may cross the Pyrenees.

But if his object be not so much to see beautiful landscapes and bask in the southern sun, as to study the government and people, he may find it as well to come, as I have done, in Winter. For Madrid especially, this is in some respects the best season: for if the trees are not in full leaf, and the parks look bare and desolate, it has other

attractions as the capital of the country. The Queen is here; the Court is here; the Cabinet is here; the Cortes is in session; and this is the centre of the political life of the nation. Nor of that only: it is the time of the year when all the schools have resumed their course, and students throng the streets; when the University is open, and the professors are in their studies and their laboratories. Thus all that is most distinguished in the literary and scientific, as well as the political, world of Spain is now gathered within its capital.

I have been here a fortnight, and have come to feel quite at home. I have become accustomed to the Spanish ways, even to the ringing of bells, by which I am awakened every morning, which reminds me that I am in a Catholic country. The streets have grown familiar. We are in the centre of everything on the Puerta del Sol, on which fronts the Hotel de la Paix. This is the heart of Madrid, the central point of the spider's web, from which radiate all the principal streets, and the tramways (!)—that American invention which has made its way into every capital in Europe. The Puerta del Sol is not only the geographical centre of the city, but the centre of its life, the place where its heart beats, into which all streams pour and from which they flow. Hither flock the gossip-loving Madrilenos on Summer nights to exchange the news of the day by the pale light of the moon; to talk over the political situation; to discuss with the same eagerness the last bull-fight or the last *émeute*, or the prospect of another. And hither too they flock on Winter days as well as on Summer nights, though now they wrap their cloaks about them to protect them against the cold, and also as a costume peculiarly befitting their Spanish dignity. Mingling in this bustling crowd, or even looking down upon it from our windows, we begin to feel as if we were a part of it:

for even though we may not understand the language, we can catch a few words, and perceive in some degree the peculiar temper of this people, so full of pride, in which they overtop any other in Europe ; haughty and reserved, and yet all aglow with a suppressed fire, which may flame out at any moment in a duel or an insurrection.

An American ought to feel at home in Spain, as it is the country to which is due the discovery of his own, and as from the earliest date the relations of the two have been most intimate. I have had a new sense of this, since I spent an hour with Christopher Columbus, the lineal descendant of the great discoverer, and who inherits his title with his immortal name. The late Secretary of Legation, to whom I am indebted, as are many of my countrymen, for courtesies in Madrid, took me to see the Duke of Veragua, for that is the title which he bears. As he entered the room, he saluted us with great warmth, and at once seized my hat!—a motion which I gently resisted ; but as he still held it, I had to submit. My friend told me afterwards that this was a mark of Spanish courtesy : for had my host permitted me to sit hat in hand, it would seem to imply that he regarded me as a stranger, who had come to make a brief and formal call ; whereas when he took it from me, and laid it aside with due Castilian gravity, it signified that he wished me to regard myself as at home, and that (to use the Spanish phrase) “his house was mine.” I am sorry to say that it was not much of a hat : for it had been sadly battered out of shape in knocking about on land and sea ; but I thought it acquired a certain dignity from having been held in the hands of Christopher Columbus, and would have kept it as an heirloom in the family, had not a higher authority than mine condemned it as unworthy to cover my poor head, so that it had to go to the bourne from which no hat returns.

With this cordial welcome, one could not indeed but feel at home; and as we sat on the sofa side by side, the conversation naturally turned to subjects in which we had a common interest. Every American is, of course, interested in the discoverer of America, and would pause long before what might claim to be a portrait of the great navigator. Our host had found what he regarded as the best one in existence in an old monastery, from which he obtained it, and it was now hanging on the wall. It is a noble countenance, some features of which have been perpetuated in his descendants, and may be recognized in the possessor of the name at the present day. One cannot look at it without thinking what a life of care and struggle had left its traces on that rugged face during the long and weary years that he sought for royal patronage, and sought in vain. It is no common feeling which rises in you at the moment that you have looking down upon you the eyes that first saw the shores of the New World.

Knowing that there had been some question as to the burial-place of Columbus, I was glad to be able to make inquiry of one who, of all men living, was most likely to be rightly informed, and to hear him say that he thought there could be no doubt that the remains of his ancestor were in the Cathedral of Havana. This is as it ought to be: for though he died in Spain (in Valladolid, May 20, 1506), the country to which he had given a hemisphere, and yet to which he was once brought back in chains, was not worthy to keep his bones; and it was most fitting that they should be carried across the ocean, to rest forever in the New World which he had discovered.

The mention of Havana led us to speak of Cuba—a subject on which every Spaniard is sensitive, and to which the present Columbus clings with Spanish pride as the last and greatest possession which Spain holds in that far-

distant land which his forefather was the first to see. He said that Spain would never give up Cuba ; that no power should take it from her, and no money could buy it ; that she would hold it if it took her last dollar and her last drop of blood !

Turning the conversation to the projected celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America, I told him that he ought on that occasion to pay us a visit, and to see for himself how great was that Western Hemisphere which his ancestor had brought to the knowledge of mankind. But he has all a Spaniard's disinclination to leave his own country, and thinks that the celebration should be *in Spain*, from which Columbus sailed, rather than in the islands or the continent that he discovered beyond the sea. I could not but feel that there was a good deal of reason in what he said. If there is to be indeed a grand Festival of the Nations—a sort of Thanksgiving in which two Hemispheres unite—is it not fitting that the children should go back to the old home and the old hearthstone, rather than that the mother country should come to the new ? However it may be arranged, every one of us must desire that Spain should know that America (which ought to have been called Columbia in honor of Columbus) does not forget what it owes to the great navigator who sailed from her shores, or to the Ferdinand and Isabella who sent him forth on his voyage of discovery.

It is a pleasant reflection to an American coming to Spain, that the relations of the two countries have always been friendly. We have had two wars with England—that of Independence and that of 1812 (so sad it is that those of the same kindred and blood will sometimes quarrel)—but with Spain, while our relations have been far less close and intimate, our mutual good understanding

has never been interrupted. Perhaps it has been in part for the very reason that we have *not* been in such close proximity and such constant intercourse, which might have caused difficult questions to arise, but I must think it is also partly due to the wisdom of our government in selecting its representatives. In this respect our country has been singularly fortunate from the days of Alexander Everett (chosen for this post by John Quincy Adams) and Washington Irving. Of late Ministers, Mr. Lowell was honored in Madrid, as he was afterwards in London, both by the government to which he came and by scholars and literary men. Hannibal Hamlin, who was here but a few months, was looked up to with the veneration due to an old man of noble presence, who had been Vice-President of the United States when Mr. Lincoln was President. Our late Minister, Mr. Foster, I hear spoken of everywhere with a degree of respect united with a personal regard, which is very gratifying. It is only necessary to mention his name as that of a friend, to be introduced at once to the courtesies of the best people in Madrid.

This honorable line of diplomatic representatives has a worthy successor in our present Minister, Hon. J. L. M. Curry, of Richmond, Virginia. To me it is no objection that he was on the other side in our late civil war. I think the time has come when leading men of the Southern States should have their place in the general government, if the South is to be, not a detached fragment of our country, lately broken off from it, and with the rent but partially restored, but a constituent part of an indissoluble Union. I have found by personal observation that many of the very best men in the South were those who fought the hardest against us; and having been among them, having eaten of their bread and drunk of their cup, God forbid that I should say one word against them. When

our bravest leaders, when Grant and Sherman and Sheridan, accept the loyalty of Southern men and Southern soldiers, as offered in perfect good faith, it ill becomes us to revive bitter hatreds, or even painful memories. Mr. Curry is not only a man of the highest character, but a most efficient administrator. For five years before he resigned to accept a foreign post, he was the manager of the great trust left by the late George Peabody for the promotion of education in the Southern States; and with what signal ability he fulfilled its responsibilities, all who were associated with him in the Board (which includes such men as Ex-President Hayes, Mr. Evarts, and Robert C. Winthrop) will testify. A man of such proved capacity for public affairs, was just the one to be entrusted with a diplomatic position, the duties of which are often of the most delicate kind, requiring not only a thorough mastery of public questions, but tact and judgment, wisdom and discretion.

Added to all this is the social influence which our new Minister has acquired. He is a great favorite, not only in official circles, but in Spanish society, in which he is aided by his admirable wife. Living in very handsome style (far beyond what his salary affords, but the deficiency of which he supplies from his private means), he entertains generously. At his table I have met Members of the Cabinet, Foreign Ministers, and officials of the Palace, while his weekly receptions bring together a large representation of the best circles in Madrid.

Some may think this going beyond the letter of his instructions or the sphere of his duties, but such hasty critics understand but little the country with which he has to do. No people in the world are more influenced than the Spaniards by such courtesies, which often smooth the way to the successful negotiation of public affairs. Even a stranger can see this. One day Mr. Curry took me to

the Foreign Office, to introduce me to Senor Moret, the Secretary of State, who is one of the first men in Spain, and it was easy to see at a glance that the two men were in relations, not only of business, but of personal friendship; and after a half-hour of conversation, I could not help saying to the distinguished Secretary, "So long as you are in charge of the Foreign Affairs of Spain, and we are so fortunate as to have such a Minister as we have now, I am sure there can be no difference between our two countries"—a sentiment to which he responded very warmly, so far as it expressed what he felt to be no undue praise to the American Minister.

And here I must add my personal acknowledgment for all the courtesies which I received from the same source. Although I had seen Mr. Curry but once in my life (and that was ten years ago in Cairo, when he was going to Jerusalem and I to India), he has been as thoughtful and as kind as if I had been an old friend; and to him and his wife, and I must not forget to add, to the accomplished Secretary of Legation, Mr. Stroebel, I owe very much of the pleasure of my visit to Madrid, for which I shall always hold them in grateful remembrance.

Next to them in kindness has been the British Minister, Sir Clare Ford, who inherits a distinguished name. He is a son of the man who wrote the famous Handbook of Spain, which though it appeared a generation ago, is to this day the best authority. Some months since my friend, Rev. J. C. Fletcher of Naples, learning that I was coming to Spain, wrote to me that Prescott, the historian, once said to him that "the only man whose criticisms he feared was Ford, inasmuch as he was of all men living the most thorough master of Spanish history." His son inherits his knowledge of Spain and of the language, with which he became familiar long since in South America, in Buenos

Ayres and Brazil. He is one of those Englishmen who have been trained to diplomacy as a profession, as a graduate of Oxford is trained for holy orders or to the bar, and whom their government, wiser than ours, retains in office under all changes of administration at home, and by whom therefore England is so admirably served. As he had received a letter from the British Secretary for Foreign Affairs, introducing me, he seemed to consider me as "committed to his care," and was indeed most kind in every way; getting me tickets to go everywhere, and coming in his own carriage to take me to the Museum, which contains one of the most celebrated picture galleries in Europe (some think it surpasses any in Rome or Florence); conducting me from room to room, and pointing out (as he is a connoisseur and indeed somewhat of an artist himself) the most notable pictures. I was always welcome at the Legation, and we came to be such friends that I felt quite at liberty to accuse him gently of the only ill turn he had ever done to my country. As he had been in Washington, and was familiar with transatlantic affairs, he was chosen by his government to argue its case before the Board of Arbitration which sat at Halifax to consider its claims for damages in the matter of the fisheries, a Board which decided against us, and adjudged the United States to pay five millions of dollars! This was rather a bitter pill for us, elated as we had been with the result of the Arbitration at Geneva of the claims for losses by the Alabama. We had many a joke about it. "If we had only had you for our counsel," I said, "we should not have had to pay that money." However, I forgave him, seeing that he was one of the kindest men in the world, telling him "After all, it was no matter: it was all in the family"; and that "if *we* had to pay *five* millions, *they* had to pay *fifteen* for the damages caused by the Alabama!" all which

he took in the best part. No one could be more cordial than this noble-hearted Englishman, and not content with my having a good time in Madrid, he proposed when I should go away to pass me on to the Governor of Gibraltar, and the British Consuls along the Mediterranean.

To these kind American and English ministers must be added one of another country, who also understands in perfection the fine art of courtesy. A year ago my friend, Mr. Elie Charlier of New York, spent a part of the Winter in Algiers and Tunis, where he found some old friends and made many new ones. The Resident of Tunis was particularly kind to him, so that an intimacy and friendship grew up between the two families; and when I was about to depart for the same quarter of the world, he gave me a letter of introduction. But on arriving in Paris, I learned from the public journals that the Resident of Tunis had been summoned home, and a few days later his name was gazetted as the French Ambassador to Spain. He passed through Pau at the very moment I was there, and we reached Madrid about the same time. I saw him at a distance on the day that he went for the first time to be presented to the Queen, when he was conveyed with his suite from the Embassy to the Palace and back again in three royal coaches, such as were used in the time of Louis XIV., of enormous size, covered with gold, each drawn by six horses richly caparisoned, led by men on foot dressed in the fantastic style of a former century. Truly, "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these" Ambassadors. But his glory did not make the new Ambassador forget his old friends, and my letter of introduction brought an immediate invitation to the Embassy where he received me with true French warmth, which was followed by still further courtesies; and then, since he could not be in Africa to receive me, he sent me letters of intro-

duction to the Governor of Algeria, to the Prefect of Constantine, to his own successor in Tunis, and to others still who could be of service to me on the Barbary coast. Thus "the lines have fallen unto me in pleasant places," nothing in life being more pleasant than to meet with such unexpected kindness in a land of strangers.

Outside of these official and diplomatic circles, the foreign community in Madrid is not large, but it includes some men who are well worth knowing. Mr. Houghton, the correspondent of the London "Standard" and of the Paris "Temps," is one of those trained journalists sent by the London press to all the capitals of Europe to collect the news of current events, and to furnish the fullest and most accurate reports not only to England, but to the whole English-reading world. During the Carlist War he was in camp with the Spanish army, since which (that is, for the last ten years) he has lived in Madrid, where, speaking Spanish like a Spaniard, he is perfectly at home; and being personally acquainted with almost every public man in Spain, and familiar with the whole course of Spanish politics, he is probably as good an authority as any man living on the affairs of the Peninsula.

Nor will I forget my own profession, as represented in an Englishman, a Scotchman, and a German: The Rev. Mr. Whereat, the Chaplain of the British Embassy; the Rev. Mr. Jameson, a fine specimen of the Scotchman, who has lived here so many years that he is "as good as a native," though his heart clings to the stern faith and simple worship of his fathers; and Pastor Fliedner, the Chaplain of the German Embassy, who speaks half a dozen languages, and carries in his head so much historical lore, both of Germany and of Spain, and so much varied information of all kinds, that it is a perpetual delight to listen to his conversation.

It is often said that there is no society in Madrid. This may be true in the sense that there is not so much giving of dinners and parties as in Paris or London. But there are certainly, if I may judge by my own experience, men and women who draw around them circles of intelligence and refinement, which are the delight of a scholar or a literary man. One charming interior I have now in mind, in which Mr. Lowell was wont to find himself more at home than in any other in Madrid, where books piled to the ceiling (as one might have seen them in the library of Dean Stanley) attest the tastes of the occupants; and where, privileged as I have been to sit in the same room, and, looking out upon the same Park, to listen to the conversation of the gifted lady who presides over the place, I have felt that I was in the same atmosphere that pervades the most refined and cultivated homes of England.

Another influence which affects powerfully the intellectual life of Madrid, is that of the University. I am ashamed to say how ignorant I was of the state of learning in Spain. Of course it is not what it once was. The day has long gone by when scholars from beyond the Apennines, having exhausted the resources of their own countries, had to complete their studies in the Universities of Cordova or Salamanca. To-day the thing is reversed, and Spain is far behind France and Germany. And yet Madrid has its University, which, with its ninety professors and its five or six thousand students, holds no mean place among the Universities of the Continent. Here were educated a large proportion of those who are to-day the leaders in Spain, where many of them obtained not only their knowledge of science, but their liberal political opinions. Castelar was a Professor of History here; so was Moret, now Secretary of State, and others, whose names still stand on the rolls of the University, where they are retained as a

matter of pride, even though they may be no longer able to undertake the duties of instruction.

Still another element of the growing intellectual life of the capital, is furnished by its literary club, the Atheneum, to which Mr. Jameson took me one evening ; where I was surprised at the size of the building and the completeness of its appointments ; with its spacious reading-room, in which one may find all the leading journals of Europe ; and more than all, at the character of those of whom it is composed. It has eight hundred members, among whom are most of the men who are eminent in any department of public life—Cabinet ministers, Senators and Deputies, advocates and journalists, authors and artists. This tall, spare man to whom my friend introduces me, is Figuerola, who was once Prime Minister ; and this the leader of the Free Trade party in Spain—both of whom spoke with a very warm feeling of America. Thus men of opposite parties in politics and religion, come together under one roof ; they meet on common ground, and enjoy equal freedom in the expression of their opinions, in which Spaniards exercise to the full their new-found liberty. One feature it has which I have not seen in any club elsewhere, viz : a hall for discussion, where once or twice in the week there are regular debates. The evening that I was present the subject was Parliamentary Government—a topic which opened a wide field, and on which Republicans and Monarchists spoke with equal boldness.

CHAPTER VII.

THE QUEEN REGENT AND THE LITTLE KING.

In the gay Spanish capital, the most important personage, the centre of all eyes and all hearts, is of course the widowed Queen, the mother of the future King of Spain. In all the royal houses of Europe there is not a more touching figure than that of this young mother, clad in deep mourning, holding in her arms a child that was not yet born when the father was laid in the grave. It is little more than a year since King Alfonso died : the anniversary occurred a few weeks since, and it recalled sad and painful memories. He was by no means a great King, nor altogether a good King : how could he be, of such a royal race, and coming to the throne when he was a boy of seventeen? But considering all that was against him, he did not only as well as could be expected, but a great deal better ; so that he made himself beloved while he lived, and was sincerely mourned when he died.

Nor was he by any means a pattern in his domestic life. Like many other royal husbands, he was inconstant in his devotion, and gave too much of his time, if not of his heart, to ladies of his court or capital. There was a time when Madrid was full of the scandals of his amours, by

which the Queen was so outraged that she took the two little princesses, as a mother-eagle snatches up her young under her wings, and indignantly left Spain, and fled back to her own country, to the protection of her father, a brother of the Emperor of Austria. But a few months of this voluntary exile brought the King to his knees, and the cruel wrongs that he had done to the heart that loved him were repented of and forgiven, and the later life of the royal couple was most affectionate and happy; so that when he was on his death-bed, and she bent over him, knowing that it was for the last time, all her woman's heart gushed forth in tenderness and tears.

Alfonso was dead! The officials of the Palace gathered round him, and after the ancient Spanish custom, called *Senor! Senor!* but he gave no answer; and so they bore him away with funereal pomp to the Escorial, on the side of the Guadarrama Mountains, to sleep in the sepulchre of kings.

When all was over, the Queen found herself alone, and never was human being more desolate. Her position was truly pitiful. It was nothing that she was in a Palace, surrounded by the pomp of a court. She was not among her own kindred, in her father's house, nor even in her own country. The companions of her early life, who would have loved her and cherished her, were far away beyond the Pyrenees and beyond the Alps. Accustomed to speak another language, it would have been a solace in those hours of sadness if, instead of Spanish maids of honor, she could have had nearest to her those who spoke her own native tongue. But in all around her she had none to lean upon, and almost none to love.

Besides, her own position was as yet undefined. Though a Queen, she was not the sovereign: she was only the widow of the King. The interregnum was one of great

anxiety to the Government, which was in fear of a revolution. The country that had been loyal to a Spanish King might not be so ready to submit to an Austrian Queen. But at this moment of painful suspense (such are the surprises of history), weakness itself became a source of strength, as feminine helplessness appealed to manly courage and strength, and the widow of Alfonso was chosen Queen Regent of Spain.

Mr. Curry tells me that he was present in the Cortes when she appeared to take the oath, and he never witnessed a more touching scene. The Chamber was crowded with all that was greatest in Spain—the high officers of Government, Senators and Deputies, and the defenders of the country, her military chieftains, some of them bronzed and scarred from many wars. It was a moment of intense emotion when the door opened and a figure in deep mourning entered and stood in the midst of this brilliant assemblage. There was a stillness as of death as she answered in a low voice to the oath which bound her to protect sacredly the rights and the liberties of Spain. Then truly weakness proved strength. It had seemed as if Spain were leaning on a slender reed; but such is the chivalrous feeling of this people that the sight of that young and widowed Queen at once took them captive. When she withdrew, she had gained the victory. The woman had proved stronger than a man, for she had conquered the hearts of the people. From that moment she was a sovereign indeed, with a brave and loyal nation around her.

This action of the Government, as it fixed the position of the Queen in the State, gave her a place in the royal house of Spain which could not be disputed, and made her, with her preceding sorrow, softened in manner, in disposition, and in character. Her private secretary,

Count Morphy, whom I met at Sir Clare Ford's, told me that since the King's death, the Queen had changed very much; that there was in her manner a peculiar gentleness such as those about her had not known before. In her first years in Madrid she had seemed cold and distant, and many of those who were presented at the Palace, thought her very ungracious. When there were guests at the royal table, instead of trying to entertain them, she would converse apart in German, as if she preferred that language and people to those of her adopted country, and indeed it was said she sometimes made fun of the grave Spanish hidalgos—which was of course a mortal offence to Castilian pride. In those days it could not be said that the Queen was much loved.

But this irritability was partly explained by the fact that she was not happy, the reasons for which were manifold. Besides the conduct of the King, which gave her so much pain, it was said that the King's sisters did not like her: she was a foreigner; she had not the blue Spanish blood in her veins; and so the daughters of Isabella took a certain pleasure in making her feel that she was not one of them. All this was changed by the King's death, when instead of standing in his shadow, she stepped to the front, and as Queen Regent became the first personage in the realm. Then if she had given way to her natural resentments, she had full opportunity for that which a woman of rank sometimes feels to be the greatest pleasure in life—to snub those who have snubbed her! It is to her honor that she forebore indulging in this sweet revenge, but returned good for evil, kindness for coldness; while in her intercourse with others she won all hearts by an expression of countenance that was better than beauty, in which a natural grace and dignity took on that tender and appealing look which comes only from a great sorrow.

And now was coming into her life something that was to change her still more. In the oath which she took before the Cortes as Queen Regent, there was one very singular clause, which pledged her to guard sacredly the rights of her own child (what an oath for a mother!) *as yet unborn!* This recognized what had been whispered in Madrid, that she might yet give birth to one who, if a son, would be the rightful heir to the throne of Spain. What the child should prove, was a subject of great anxiety to all connected with the Government, as the event might have an important bearing on the future of the kingdom.

As the time approached, all the members of the Diplomatic Corps in Madrid were notified to hold themselves in readiness to be summoned to the Palace at a moment's notice. The hour arrived, and they came in a body in full court dress, brilliant with stars and decorations, and were introduced into an apartment adjoining the royal bed-chamber, which *had but a single door* for entrance or egress, so that there could be no possibility of introducing a supposititious child.

Here they waited until at length a faint cry was heard, and instantly the Prime Minister, Sagasta, emerged with a beaming countenance, exclaiming "Viva el Rey!" [Long live the King!], followed a moment after by an official, bringing, as John the Baptist's head was brought, "on a charger" the little morsel of humanity that was such an object of interest to a whole kingdom. This was passed round the circle to be inspected, like some curious specimen in natural history, by every foreign representative: from the Papal Nuncio and the French Ambassador to the Ministers of England, Germany, Austria, Italy, Russia, and the United States; and even from the Spanish-speaking countries of South America; that all might be able henceforth to bear witness that a man-child had been

born into the world, and that he was of the blood-royal of Spain!

Of course, with our American ideas, all this seems very childish and absurd, and yet it is not so in a country where there is a hereditary monarchy: for if there is to be a King at all, there must be some way of deciding who is the rightful heir to the throne. If it is left to the officials of the Palace, there is room for fraud and imposture. Even in sober England representatives of the Government, we believe, have always been present at the birth of the children of Queen Victoria. The elder ones had their royal lineage attested by the Duke of Wellington. Such precautions must be taken; otherwise there may arise a War of Succession, such as has disturbed the peace of almost every kingdom in Europe. The Spanish War of Succession was one of the most terrible in her history.

Hardly had this little creature crept into existence, even while his half-opened eyes were blinking in the light that streamed through the Palace windows, before he became the leading figure in the State. From the very instant that the thunder of cannon announced to the expectant capital the birth of an heir to the throne, he was the King, and his royal mother ruled only in his name. In a few days came the august ceremony of baptism, when the Archbishop of Toledo, the Primate of all Spain, in presence of a great assemblage of civil and ecclesiastical dignitaries, gave him the holy chrism; anointing him with oil, touching his eyes that he might see, and the tips of his ears that he might hear, and his lips that he might speak only words of truth and wisdom; and, calling over him the name of the Trinity, received him into the bosom of the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church.

Of course from the hour that he was born, the King was an object of immense interest to the Spanish people.

All his little ailments were subjects of animated conversation, not only among the ladies of the Court, but in the fashionable circles of Madrid; and a friend tells me how at a brilliant reception an official of the Palace appeared with a joy in his countenance that could hardly be expressed, as he exclaimed aloud to the astonished company, "The King has a tooth!" This of course provokes a smile; and yet, after all, more than one prince has died from teething, and a people may well be anxious when an attack of the measles may decide the fate of the monarchy.

The little scion of royalty had not attained many months before he was presented in public: was brought out on the balcony of the Palace, not only that he might hear the military bands playing in the court below, but that the army might pass before him, horse, foot, and dragoons, sometimes to the number of ten thousand men, going through all their military evolutions, infantry marching and cavalry prancing—all which the King surveyed with a military eye; while the high officers of the Government kept their gravity, and looked on with unmoved countenance.

But the attempt to have the little King give audiences, was not always successful. Not long since the Queen made a pilgrimage to one of the shrines of the Virgin which are so numerous in Spain, where she was received with the honors becoming her royal state. A Duke, who was the great man of the Province, met her at the door of the church, armed with an address, which he proceeded to deliver in the most sonorous Castilian, when the King, who did not always observe the laws of propriety, set up a cry which quite drowned the voice of the orator, to the confusion of his royal mother, who possibly at that moment wished her *enfant terrible* in his nurse's arms, out of sight and hearing. However, the Duke was equal to the

occasion, and extricated her from embarrassment in the most gallant way, saying, like the true courtier that he was, "When the King speaks, his subjects must keep silence," at which happy sally the Queen laughed, and all was smooth again.

But while such *contretemps* must occur now and then, still it cannot be doubted that the little Alfonso is an element in the State which strengthens the monarchy. When the Queen presents herself with the King in her arms, the sight appeals to the Spanish people, as the sight of Maria Theresa, holding up her boy in her arms, appealed to the loyalty of the magnates of Hungary. Even Castelar, Republican as he is, feels the universal impulse, which he expresses in his hearty and generous way in saying: "I cannot fight against a woman, nor against a child in its cradle."

So strict are the traditions of royalty in Spain that the King, though but a baby-in-arms, must be treated with the ceremony that befits a sovereign. The national pride would be offended if a single detail of royal etiquette were omitted, and the little Alfonso is approached with almost as much deference as would be accorded to the Emperor of Germany. As a King, he has to be maintained in regal state. The Cortes voted him one million four hundred thousand dollars a year—rather a liberal allowance for his *nourriture*; but this includes of course the maintenance of the Palace and all the expenses of the royal household, in which there is an army of officials large enough to dispose of the most princely revenue.

Of course the Queen Regent, as the principal figure in every Court ceremonial, has to go through with a great deal of posing in public, giving audiences, and receiving the representatives of foreign governments, who, if they do not always come in such magnificence as the French

Ambassador with his gilded coaches, must at least be received with a degree of state that shall give them a proper sense of the greatness of Spain. All this must be very irksome to her simple German tastes, and she must long to escape from the burdens of a Palace to the freedom of a more quiet life, her fondness for which she shows in many ways.

The first time that I saw the Queen, she was walking in the street. Mrs. Curry had taken me in her carriage to the Prado, the fashionable drive of Madrid, which was crowded with handsome equipages, in which were the principal personages of the gay capital, when suddenly her attention was attracted by the appearance of a lady on the sidewalk, very plainly dressed, who, to judge from anything in her appearance, might have been a governess. She had no attendant but an old Dowager Duchess, with whom she was walking very slowly to enjoy the brief sunshine of the short Winter afternoon. It was the Queen of Spain!

After this I saw her but once, and, as it happened, on the very day that she had given that first audience to the French Ambassador, when the Court ceremony was revived in all the splendor of the time of Charles V. or Philip II. It was the hour that Mr. Curry had appointed to take me to call upon Senor Moret, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, whose office is in a wing of the Palace. As we came out, we had stopped for a moment in an archway waiting for our carriage, when a modest coupé passed us, and a lady leaning forward made a very low bow. It was the Queen, who was so smiling and gracious that, although her bow was intended for Mr. Curry, I could not help taking a part of it to myself. No contrast could be more striking than that of her plain carriage with the gorgeous coaches drawn by six horses apiece, all spangled with gold, that had just

rumbled away from the gates of the Palace. She seemed like a person who had got through with a pompous and burdensome ceremony, and was but too glad to throw off her royal robes, and regain her freedom by a return to her natural simplicity.

Such is the Queen of Spain, simple and gentle, kind in heart and gracious in manner, and tranquilly yet profoundly happy. That which gave her the supreme joy was not that a Prince was born, but a child—a second Alfonso, as a perpetual reminder of the first. The appearance of that little being changed life for her. From that hour she was a different woman: no longer lonely, sitting at the Palace windows, looking out on the dreary landscape, across the barren plain to the bleak Guadarrama Mountains, and thinking of the blue Danube. At once the great halls of the Palace, that were so empty before, were filled with a new presence. The frigid atmosphere of the Spanish Court became soft and warm with an infant's breath. Something was singing in her heart all day long. It is very sweet to think of this deep joy that has come at last to one who has been so sorely stricken. In the hour of her bitterest grief God has given her an unspeakable consolation, to which she clings with all the love that is in a woman's heart. In the photographs of her seen in Madrid, she appears almost always with the little Alfonso in her arms, as if he were all that was left to her out of the wreck of her happiness. So the cloud is slowly lifting, and all who look upon that widowed Queen in those mourning robes which she still wears, and will perhaps always wear, will rejoice to see coming into that sad face, and into those eyes that have shed such bitter tears, a new and softened light, like the clear shining after rain.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CORTES—DEBATE ON THE LATE INSURRECTION.

Ever since I crossed the frontier, I have observed with wonder and surprise that I was in a country as free as my own. With the history of Spain in mind, as having one of the most despotic of governments, I was prepared to conduct myself with all due prudence and discretion, as I should do in Russia. If I had been in St. Petersburg, and gone into a café to get a cup of coffee, and a stranger had come and sat down at the same table and commenced a conversation, I should instantly have suspected him to be a spy, and although I might have replied to his inquiries so far as to give an opinion about the weather, and whether there was likely to be a storm on the Baltic, yet as to the Czar or the government, I should have been as silent as if I did not know that they were in existence. And even in Berlin, as one sits under the trees in the Unter den Linden, he needs to be careful in his words if he has aught to say of the Emperor, or even of Prince Bismarck. But here all this is conspicuous by its absence; I am not "shadowed" by a detective in my goings out and comings in, but go where I will, and talk as I please. Of course it is more considerate for a traveller to reserve his opinions of

a country until he has seen something of it, but that is merely a matter of taste or of common sense ; as to *liberty*, he is as perfectly master of himself as if he were in America. And this in a country where twenty years ago Sagasta and Martos and Castelar, if the Government could have laid hands on them, would have been shot! Truly, the world does move, even in Spain.

How far it has moved within these years, may be judged by what has recently transpired in the Cortes, of which I speak from personal observation, as I have watched the proceedings from day to day. The Cortes had been called to meet two weeks before I reached Madrid, and came together in a state of unusual excitement from recent events. It was hardly a year since the King's death, during which the country had been under the government of the Queen Regent, whose gentle person seemed to unite all parties, and the year of mourning passed in quietness and peace until near its close, when on the 19th of September there was an *émeute* in one or two of the barracks of Madrid. It was not a great affair, including but a few hundred men. But that was no fault of those engaged in it, who conspired to effect a general rising that should culminate in a revolution. Mr. Houghton, the correspondent of the London Standard, tells me what was told him by an officer in one of the barracks. At night he heard in the street the voices of soldiers calling to some of their comrades within by name, "to get up and come out." Surprised at this, he went to the cot of one of those so addressed, and asked what it meant. The man mumbled an incoherent answer, feigning sleep ; but when the officer pulled off the coverlid, he found that the man was *dressed!* Turning to another, he found him in the same condition, at which he took alarm, and immediately summoned the guard, whom he posted

at the entrance of the corridor with loaded rifles, and then calling aloud that any man who stirred should be instantly shot, he went from cot to cot, and found that almost all were dressed, ready to spring up in an instant and seize their guns and join in the revolt. Those who had already gone into the streets were very turbulent, and three well known officers who tried to check them—General Velarde, Count Mirasol, and Captain Peralta—were shot down in cold blood. Hence it is quite probable that but for some unexpected delay or oversight leading to a want of combination at the proper moment, the rising might have become general, and ended in a revolution. As it was, it was put down in a few hours. But in this at least it succeeded, that the Government was terribly frightened. As soon as it recovered its composure, the chiefs of the insurgents were tried by court-martial. The leader was a General in the army, Villacampa, who was well known as a brave and daring officer, but also as a born conspirator and revolutionist. As the offence was not a mere matter of political opinion, but a clear case of mutiny and insurrection, which strikes at the very life of an army by striking at its discipline, they could not but be condemned, and accordingly some half-dozen officers were sentenced to be shot. The day of execution approached; it was within twenty-four hours of the fatal moment, and they had even been conducted to the chapel, according to the Spanish custom, to be prepared for death, when the last act was stopped by the hand, or rather by the heart, of a woman, whom love and agony made eloquent to save one of the condemned. It was the daughter of Villacampa, who, frenzied at the thought of the fate which awaited her father, flew from Deputy to Deputy, to get them to beg for his pardon; and from Minister to Minister, to throw herself at their feet to plead for the life so precious

to her. Before such entreaties they could not but be greatly moved. Villacampa was an old friend of Sagasta, the Prime Minister. But what could he do in a case so clear? At length the question was submitted to the Cabinet, of which there are nine members. Four voted inflexibly that the law should take its course, and the sentence of the court-martial be carried out; while four thought that the Queen Regent might exercise her prerogative of mercy without danger of encouraging further rebellion. Sagasta gave the casting vote in favor of pardon, and thus saved the life of his friend, who with his companions was immediately shipped off to Fernando Po, a Spanish island on the coast of Africa.

Of course all these things were the topics of universal discussion in the capital. For weeks nothing else was talked of, and in the midst of this excitement the Cortes was summoned to meet. For the enemies of the government, here was an opportunity not to be lost. What an occasion to charge it with want of foresight, that could allow such a conspiracy to come to a head; or with weakness and vacillation in passing sentence on men justly condemned, and then staying the hand of justice. No sooner were the Ministers brought face to face with the Cortes, than it was evident that there was to be a combined attack, and that they must expect a heavy assault all along the line. It began in a general discussion of the policy of the government. The aim of the opposition was to carry what in the English Parliament would be called "a vote of want of confidence." The debate had been going on for two weeks, and was at its hottest when I was first present at a sitting of the Cortes. Mr. Stroebel came for us and took us to the Parliament House in which the "Congreso" meets (the "Senado" meets elsewhere, near the British Embassy)—a large and handsome building,

fronting on a public square, in which there is a statue of Cervantes. Passing in by a side entrance, we went up to the Diplomatic box, from which we looked down on the whole assembly. It is composed of about four hundred members, the greater part of whom, to judge from their appearance, I should take to be men of position and education. Some bear names well known in the old Spanish nobility, but for the most part they belong to what in France would be called the *haute bourgeoisie*—the upper middle class. They have the air of being well-to-do, as indeed they must be to hold their places here at all: for in the Spanish Cortes, as in the English House of Commons, the members receive no pay, the honor itself being considered a sufficient reward; and indeed it is so highly prized that men are not only willing to take it without compensation, but to pay roundly, if not in money, yet in time and labor, for the distinction of belonging to the body which makes laws for Spain. Although for the most part men in middle life, yet they have the venerable look of a more advanced age, from the fact that so large a number of them are quite bald, having more hair on their faces and chins than on their heads. Indeed I never saw the light reflected from so many polished pates.

In the grouping of the members, one does not perceive any great difference between this and a legislative body in America. The seats are ranged in a semi-circle, as in our Senate Chamber in Washington, the desk of the President being in the centre, or focus, where his eye is on every one, and his ear can be reached by any voice. A stranger would hardly know that Spain is not still a Republic but for the emblem of a crown woven in the carpet—a crown resting on two globes, in token that the Spanish rule extends to both hemispheres. The only bit of brilliant color in the whole chamber is in the mace-

bearers, two gorgeous creatures in red velvet, covered with gold, with red velvet caps surmounted by tall white feathers, who stand behind the President's chair leaning against the curtain of the recess, silent emblems of power and glory!

Looking down on the body below us, it was apparent that it was in a state of unusual excitement. Members came rushing in to take their seats, while ex-members and Senators, who have the privilege of the floor, were standing wherever one could set his foot, near the entrances and round the desk of the President.

The bench of Ministers was full. Of the nine members of the Cabinet, every man was in his place. At the head sat the Prime Minister, Sagasta, a man whose bodily presence gives little indication of the power which he is said to possess. There is nothing in his appearance that would arrest attention. In this respect he is in striking contrast with his colleague, Senor Moret, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, who sits beside him, who is one of the handsomest men in Spain—tall, erect, with fine, open countenance, and winning style of address. He is a favorite not only in diplomatic circles, but in general society, as he well may be, for he is extremely courteous—a man to make many friends and no enemies. Near him is Leon y Castillo, Minister of the Interior, who has also a commanding presence, and is noted, among other things, for his stentorian voice.

This Cabinet, though holding power under a monarchy, is Liberal. The previous one, under the late King, was Conservative, although the Prime Minister, Canovas, was a man of large political wisdom. A gentleman who has lived long in Madrid said to me: "He is our only statesman." Perhaps he never showed his sagacity so much as by resigning power. When the King died, he felt that

there was great danger of a political upheaval ending in a revolution, and that it was all-important to rally to the Government the support of the Liberal party; and to that end he offered his own resignation, and advised the Queen to send for Sagasta, and give him authority to form a Liberal Ministry.

In this Cabinet of nine members there is *not a man with a title*. Every one has risen from the ranks—raising himself to his present position by his personal ability. Sagasta was an engineer, while Canovas was a schoolmaster! This is the stuff of which to make good citizens and good legislators. Could any fact show more clearly how the democratic spirit is creeping into the institutions of old Spain!

As we entered, the Minister of Finance was defending the policy of the government in regard to the late insurrection, and particularly in granting the “indulto,” or pardon of the officers engaged in it. He showed that the military insurrection was of but little significance, occurring as it did a year after the King’s death; whereas if it had taken place at that moment, when everybody was predicting a great catastrophe, it might have thrown the whole kingdom into confusion. Now, thanks to the wisdom and prudence of Senor Sagasta, he had gathered round him the best elements from all the political parties—from the Conservatives on the one hand, and from the *Posibilistas* (Castelar’s following) on the other—which showed the public confidence in the strength of the Government, and in its fidelity to its liberal professions, and fully justified its continuance in power.

But now rose up a man of military bearing, General Lopez Dominguez, a nephew of the late Marshal Serrano, who was formerly a supporter of Sagasta, but who, in the splitting up of parties into new divisions, now figures as the leader of the Dynastic Left—that is, he is a

Monarchist, while he dissents from the policy recently pursued. He was himself at one time Minister of War, and had proposed certain reforms in the army, which he thought of the greatest importance. He reminded the Government that he had warned them of the dangers to which they were exposed if these reforms were not carried out. But they had paid no heed to his remonstrance. To the neglect of those warnings; to the failure to carry out those reforms; he ascribed the late insurrection, for which he now proposed to call the Government to a strict account. He said that, "returning to Madrid shortly after that deplorable event, he did not find a single journal nor a single man in the cafés, in public gatherings, or in social circles, that did not think that it left the Ministry of Senor Sagasta in complete isolation, and that it was virtually *dead!*"

Here he was interrupted, and challenged to say who were the men with whom he had had interviews. He admitted that some of them were men who had been opposed to the Government, although others had been its supporters; but he denied that the conferences had been for the purpose of forming a new political party that should come into power. "I mention this," he said, "because I have been charged with being impatient and ambitious. The only impatience, the only ambition, that I feel, is to see grouped around the monarchy all the great forces of the country marching onward in the paths of liberty"—a sentiment that was received with much applause.

Then turning to the Republicans at his side, he charged them with giving encouragement and aid to the Socialists, "teaching as they did the right of insurrection"! "It is necessary," he said, "that you should be disarmed; that the revolution should be disarmed. You may discuss everything; you may display your programme; but you

have no right to break the laws, nor to be wanting in dutiful respect to the august lady who occupies the throne." (Cries of "Very good! Very good!")

In this strain the General spoke for an hour and a half, ending his vehement philippic by saying: "It only remains for me to add that everywhere and at all times my cry shall be 'Long live the country! [Viva la patria!] Long live the monarchy! Long live discipline in the army!' and that my only wish for the country is peace and loyalty at home, and strength, vigor, and freedom abroad!" With this he took his seat amid loud cheers from all sides of the chamber.

After this torrent of Spanish eloquence, it was a contrast to hear the Marquis de la Vega de Armijo—who, though not an orator, is a man of influence in Spanish politics—say, in a voice free from all excitement, yet clear and decided, that "while he belonged to the Liberal party, the Government party, he did not hold that a political party was a 'narrow religion' [religion estrecha]; and, without being a revolter or a dissenter from his party, he was free to say that he did not approve some of the late acts of the Government."

The debate, which had been in progress for three or four hours, was now at its height. The Cortes was in a state of excitement. Castelar rose from his seat and moved round to the chair of the President, and for the moment we thought he was watching for an opportunity to speak. But after a few minutes he returned to his place, leaving the debate to be ended by him to whom it rightly belonged, the Prime Minister, Sagasta.

All the evening I had been watching the face of this man, who holds in his hands at this moment the government of Spain. He has a Jewish cast of countenance, and perhaps has Jewish blood in his veins, as there is Jewish

blood everywhere in Spain. He is not tall, but lank, and, if it were not an uncourtly word to apply to a prime minister, we might almost say "raw-boned." His figure is so awkward and angular that he made me think of Abraham Lincoln, and he has a truly Lincolnian way of sprawling over the desk in front of him. He had a heavy, wearied look. Perhaps he was very, very tired, as he well might be. But when he rose to his feet, every trace of fatigue had vanished. Looking straight across the chamber, he met the enemy face to face. Straightening himself up, as Lincoln might have done, he stood with folded arms, looking at his assailants with an air of disdain. The lion was at bay. After pausing for a few moments, he unloosed his arms, and soon began to strike as the smith strikes the anvil, bringing his hands down with violence on the desk before him, as if to clench his argument. He made no weak apology for failures, but defended the action of the government as the only wise, and indeed the only possible, course for it to pursue. To show this, he drew a picture of the difficulties through which it had lately passed. One year ago the King had died, leaving the nation without a head. For months they knew not who was to be his successor, for the child that was to be heir to the throne, was not yet born. What a state of uncertainty and perplexity to tempt malcontents, in the State and the army, to seek some party or personal advantage from the calamities of their country! And yet, in spite of all this, the government had held on its way, maintaining peace at home and abroad—putting down insurrection when it showed its head, and was strong enough to pardon the miserable conspirators without danger to the State. He closed by a picture of the widowed Queen, drawing to her all hearts by the dignity with which she bore her great sorrow, and carrying in her arms the young life that was the hope of Spain.

This last allusion of course touched the Spanish heart in its tenderest point, and the house broke out into tumultuous applause, in which the Prime Minister resumed his seat. Immediately the Chamber rose, for anything would have seemed tame after such a display. An hour later, at a dinner at the American Legation, I met Leon y Castillo, to whom I spoke of what I had just heard from Sagasta. He replied "It was the greatest speech of his life; he was *inspired!*" Of course I felt it to be a piece of extraordinary good fortune to be present on such a memorable occasion, and to have seen the Prime Minister of Spain at the moment of his highest power.

This was my first visit to the Cortes, but not the last. I had heard one side, and now wished to hear the other. At the first sitting, those who spoke were Monarchists of one type or another. Even Lopez Dominguez, in his fierce assault on the Ministry, was at special pains to declare his allegiance to the throne, and, like all the rest, threw upon the Republicans the odium of being the instigators of the late insurrection. But the Monarchists were not to have it all their own way: there was another side to be heard. Right under the Diplomatic box sat the Left, or Republican wing of the Chamber, which, if not in the majority, still constituted a minority that would be very formidable if it were a compact body, and not split into half a dozen factions, but which even now, divided as it is, is a political force, strong in its energy and boldness, since it does not disguise its opinions on any floor or in any presence. If it kept silent the last evening, it was only biding its time: to-night it comes to the front, and will declare itself without any reserve.

Among its leaders is Salmeron, who, during the period of the Republic, was for a brief time its President. The Republic is gone, but his faith is not gone: he is still and

forever for "The Republic, one and indivisible!" He spoke, not in the way of apology, but of manly vindication. In his style of address, as in his personal appearance, he is the very opposite of Castelar. Tall and somewhat stately in figure, he speaks in measured sentences, waving his long arms in a way which appeared to me very studied, not to say affected. Indeed, as he was formerly a Professor in the University, I thought he spoke more like a Professor, or a teacher of elocution, than like a tribune of the people. His slightly pompous manner led me to look upon him as a graceful and ornamental, rather than powerful, orator. And yet he is not by any means a man of mere words, but of action. Indeed it is said that during the last Summer he made a political tour in Catalonia, in which he openly advocated armed rebellion—a fact which must make it somewhat difficult for him to free himself from all complicity with the late insurrection. And yet he seemed not in the slightest degree embarrassed, but rolled out his sounding periods as calmly as if he were delivering a lecture to the students in the University.

Beside him sat a deputy from Leon, Senor Alcárate, of the same Republican faith, but of more fiery temper, who spoke with great vehemence, pouring his hot words into the very faces of the Monarchists and Ministerialists, who sat on the opposite benches—a passionate outburst which seemed to exhaust him, so that at the close he almost fell into the arms of Salmeron, who hugged him with affectionate admiration.

These were bold words, indeed, to be spoken in such a place. Leaning over the box, and listening with close attention, I could hardly believe my ears as I heard this proud defiance of any sort of tyranny, and this demand for the widest liberty. And this was not in the American Congress, but in the Cortes of haughty old Spain!

In these visits to the Cortes, which were repeated many times, I was very much surprised at the Spanish eloquence. In the first debate there were a dozen, perhaps twenty, speakers, but not a man used notes of any kind ; and yet they spoke with a readiness and fluency in striking contrast to the halting and hemming and hawing in the English House of Commons. They have the animated gesticulation of the Southern races, and at the same time their words flow with an ease and grace for which I was wholly unprepared, and by which I was as much delighted as surprised.

But there was something still better than this : the Spaniards are not only good speakers, but, what is still more rare, they are good listeners, hearing their political opponents, not only with forbearance, but with attention and respect—a respect which might well be imitated by their neighbors on the other side of the Pyrenees. If a debate on a topic so exciting as a military insurrection had taken place in the Chamber of Deputies in Paris, it would have been interrupted a hundred times by angry charges hurled from one side to the other. But the Spaniards are a much graver people than the French ; they are less demonstrative. Exciting as the subject was, the Cortes listened for the most part in silent attention, only now and then breaking out into applause. Once or twice I observed a slight hiss, but this seemed to be directed not at the speakers, but at those who by any movement interrupted them. In such cases a touch of the bell brought them promptly to order. On the whole, no speakers could wish for a more respectful audience.

Indeed so punctilious are these Spaniards in their forms of politeness, that they seem to have a pride in outdoing one another in courtesy ; and sometimes when one is attacked with some degree of asperity, he will reply in the

blandest manner, taking good care to refer to his assailant as "*my personal friend, although my political opponent.*" Some of our American Congressmen might learn the fine art of courtesy from these high-bred Spaniards.

Another custom I was glad to observe, which shows the Spanish simplicity: they call each other by their proper names. Instead of the absurd way in the English Parliament of alluding to a preceding speaker as "the noble lord" or "the right honorable and gallant member," it is simply Senor Sagasta, or Senor Canovas, or Senor Castelar.

The excellent order is preserved by a rule which prevents the constant interruption of speakers by those who wish to get the floor, and which I think might well be adopted both in the American Congress and in the British Parliament. In the House of Representatives at Washington, if a member wishes to speak, he rises in his place and calls "Mr. Speaker!" If he is the *only* one, he has the floor; but if a dozen rise at the same instant, it depends on whom the Speaker sees, or wishes to see, and as he is sometimes affected with blindness when looking in one direction, while very sharp-sighted when looking in the other, those of his own party are placed at a great advantage, by which serious injustice may be done, and a fair debate be rendered impossible. So in the House of Commons I have seen ordinary speakers put to silence by the loud and repeated calls for "Bright," when (as I happened to know from having seen him a few hours before) he did not wish to speak, but would have much preferred to remain silent. Here is a case in which we may plead for the rights of those who are *not* eloquent. One who has no gift of speech may yet have a fact to state or an opinion to express which is worth being heard, and he ought to have a chance, and not to be choked down.

In this matter we might take a lesson from the Span-

iards. If a member of the Cortes wishes to speak, he has not to fight for the floor, but gives his name to the President, by whom it is called in its proper order, so that he shall have the same opportunity as others. Thus no member is defrauded of his rights, and perfect justice is united with perfect courtesy.

There is, however, one impediment, if not to the smooth flow of debate, yet to its speedy termination. By the rules of the Cortes, a member cannot speak more than once on the same question; but if another member refers to him, stating his views as he thinks unfairly, he has the privilege of reply to set himself right. These "allusiones" and "rectificaciones" often occupy more time than the original debate, which is thereby indefinitely prolonged. Thus the present discussion lasted *four weeks* (from the 18th of November to the 16th of December), which gave ample opportunity for all parties to be heard, and for every member of importance to define his position. The debate called out nearly a hundred speeches—to be exact, there were just ninety-eight!

Some will say that this was all wasted time and useless talk. I do not think so. When it is said that "Spaniards talk a great deal," I say "Let them talk; their mouths have been shut long enough. It is not strange if they should find a keen pleasure in the exercise of their new rights." The very fact that they *can* speak so freely in the face of the Government, is the healthful sign of liberty. Such prolonged discussion is not useless: it does great good. First of all, it is a relief to the speakers themselves: they have freed their minds. When a man is bursting with political excitement, he must have some vent for it, or he will explode. It is better that they should relieve themselves by talking than by fighting. This month of debate I look upon as the natural substi-

tute for a revolution. The Spaniards have let off steam, and are satisfied. The discussion has defined the position of individuals and of parties. It has cleared up the situation, and strengthened the present liberal Government.

And better still: this long "deliverance" is a political education for the Cortes and for the country. It is the sign and symbol of its growing freedom. As I looked down upon that assembly of four hundred men, so grave and calm, even while full of the grand excitement of liberty, I thought, "What would Charles V. or Philip II. say if they could come out of their coffins, and see a Spanish Parliament speaking so freely?" Thus it is that this people are taking lessons in the difficult art of self-control, and that one of the worst despotisms in Europe is being transformed into a liberal and constitutional government.

CHAPTER IX.

CASTELAR.

In coming to Spain, the man of all men whom I most desired to see was Don Emilio Castelar. He is the one Spaniard whose name is a household word in America. For twenty years he has been a great political figure in Spain, where he has been from the beginning the apostle of liberty. Such a man every American must be glad to look in the face, and to take by the hand.

When I was in Paris, Castelar was there, in a round of festivities given by the political chiefs of France, who were eager to do honor to one who was not only a leader in Spain, but one of the Republican leaders of Europe. His visit to Paris was brought to a close by the meeting of the Cortes in Madrid. His friends were looking for him at San Sebastian on the day we left, though he did not come till the day after ; but when we got aboard of the train at Burgos, he was in the sleeping-car, though we did not know it till the next morning, when, in coming into the station at Madrid, we observed a crowd collected as for a political demonstration, the object of which appeared as there stepped on the platform a short, stout man, who was welcomed not in the French way, by a general kissing on

both cheeks, but in the more grave Spanish mode, by all in turn placing the right arm over his shoulder, as if to fold him to their breasts.

The next time I saw him was in the Cortes, sitting in his seat, only rising now and then to move about the chamber and speak to his brother deputies. The first look at him was disappointing. He had not the physique of a man of whom we would make a hero. According to our idea of what *should* be, a commanding stature is the fit embodiment of the exalted mind. When an orator stands erect, he should show a majestic figure, like that of Chatham or Gladstone or Henry Clay. But here was a man rather undersized, thick-set, broad-shouldered, and broad-chested, with neck and breast like a bull. This was not a figure in which a man could pose, or strike attitudes; but it is a physique for the hard work of a public speaker, who, according to Cicero, should have robust sides (*bona latera*). Such was the figure of Mirabeau, as it was in later years of Gambetta.

Observing a little more closely (for, as I was in the diplomatic box, which was almost directly over Castelar's seat, I could literally look down upon him), I took the proportions of his head, which is of very uncommon size, and round, as if equally developed in every part, the top rising like a dome over the massive substructure. Like many of the Deputies around him, he is almost entirely bald. He must have received the tonsure early, as only a fringe (what the French would call a *souppçon*—a suspicion) of hair lingers on the back of his head. Seeing what a load the body had to carry, it seemed well that it should rest firmly on the shoulders; that there might be the closest possible connection between the vigorous body and the capacious brain.

As I had a letter of introduction to Castelar from Mr.

Foster, our late Minister to Spain (in which he had said some kind things of me, as his manner is), I sent it into the Cortes with my card, and presently received a reply, written in that sprawling hand which is familiar to all who know the Spanish orator, saying that if I would give him my address, he would call upon me ; or if I preferred to come and see him, he would be at home at such a time to receive me. As I did not care for the mere formality of a call at a hotel, where we might be interrupted, I returned answer that I would give myself the pleasure to call upon him, where I hoped (and found) that I could have him all to myself.

He lives in a pleasant part of the city (his address is Serrano, No. 40). As he is not married, an elder sister presides over his very simple domestic establishment. He has a suite of rooms, handsomely though not luxuriantly furnished. The walls are covered with pictures or with *plaques*—the gifts, I presume, for the most part, of admiring friends : for I am told that he is quite without fortune, a fact greatly to his honor, since he has had opportunities of enriching himself, having once been President of the Republic, with the whole power of the government in his hands—a temptation which not all Spanish statesmen would be strong enough to resist. But he is inexorably honest. No imputation upon his integrity has ever been made by his bitterest enemies. For years he lived on his modest salary as a Professor in the University, from which, I believe, he still receives a pension. He gets something also from his writings, and perhaps from his published speeches. But this is all, as members of the Cortes receive no pay ; so that his services to the State are rendered solely from love to his country.

Presently he came rushing into the room, with both hands extended to greet me, but evidently in fear lest we

might have no means of communication : for he does not speak a word of English, and as I do not speak a word of Spanish, our conversation might have been very brief, or only in the sign language, if we had been limited to the two. Hence his first word, after his salutation, was "Vous parlez Français?" "Oui, Senor," was the reply. And so we sat down on the sofa, and began our conversation. I call it conversation, although it was nearly all on one side. Mr. Foster had written to me that Castelar was a brilliant talker as well as orator, and I was too eager for the intellectual pleasure of hearing him, to allow myself to interrupt the flow of what was so delightful. So with an occasional inquiry to draw him on, I sat and listened. First, of course, he asked about Mr. Foster, of whom he spoke, as everybody does here in Madrid, very warmly ; from which he launched out into a eulogy of America as "the great New World," the world of liberty and of peace, with a longing, as if to realize the dream of his life, that he might yet set foot upon its blessed shores.

From the Republic on the other side of the ocean, it was a natural transition to the Republic on this, of which I wished to hear his opinion even more than to hear the praises of my own country. Castelar is an out-and-out Republican. His political principles he inherited from his father, who was so pronounced a Liberal that he was sentenced to death in those "good old times," half a century ago, when it was a crime for a Spaniard to love his country too well—a fate which he escaped only by taking refuge under the English flag at Gibraltar, where he spent seven years. This attempted extinguishment of the father did not moderate the zeal of the son, who brought to the support of the cause all the fire that was in his Southern blood (he is a native of the South of Spain). When he came to Madrid as a student, he so distinguished himself that in a

conours for the post of Professor of History and Philosophy in the University, he carried off the prize over all competitors. He delivered also in the Athenæum Club a series of lectures on the History of Civilization, in which his political sympathies were very manifest. Like many other men who have afterwards taken part in public affairs, he became a journalist, and in 1864 founded "La Democracia," which after two years' existence was suppressed, and Castelar, who was accused of being implicated in an insurrection, was condemned to death, like his father before him, and for the same crime—that of too much patriotism. But happily he escaped into Switzerland, from which he made his way into France, where he remained till the Revolution of 1868 made it possible for him to return to Spain. Here he became at once a political leader; was one of the founders of the Republic, and was for a few months its President. Now the Republic is gone, but he stands fast by his old political faith, not changing because the government of his choice is a thing of the past, and he is living under a monarchy.

"And so you still believe that the Republic will come in Spain?" I asked doubtingly. I can still hear his ringing voice as he answered "Oui, oui, oui!" with an air and tone as if he would put to scorn the doubts and fears of all wretched unbelievers. But then, having avowed the prime article of his political faith, he proceeded to explain. He is a Republican: a Republic is to him the ideal form of government, to which all nations must gravitate as they become more civilized and enlightened, and capable of governing themselves. This opinion he does not hold privately disclosing it only to his friends under pledge of secrecy; but avows it in his speeches in the Cortes, and defends it in the press, and thus proclaims it before all the world.

But—and here begin his reserves and explanations—while he is a Republican, he is not a Revolutionist, plotting secretly in dark rooms with low-browed conspirators, and sending secret agents to the barracks of soldiers to stir them up to mutiny. Against all this he sets his face. In this he differs from some of the Republican leaders, who accuse him of want of spirit, and almost of cowardice, because he is not ready to march into the streets, and take the chances of an armed insurrection. But as he has been a student and a teacher of history, he knows that victories so won are as quickly lost. His theory of political action he sums up in one word: "The Republic, not by revolution, but by evolution!"

"But this," I said, "is a slow process."

"Yes, it is slow, but sure."

"How will you prepare Spain for it?"

"Educate the people, and then give them universal suffrage, and let them decide for themselves."

"But would not the same reasoning apply to other countries?"

Again the loud, cheery voice answering "Oui, oui, oui!" and he burst out anew with "The Republic is coming, not only in Spain, but in all Europe." In France it had come already; it would come in Germany—yes, and in Russia also. Napoleon had predicted that Europe would be Republican or Cossack. *Which* it would be, would be settled when the Cossacks themselves were Republicans.

Such were in brief the points of a long and animated conversation, in which he did all the talking. After listening for an hour, I rose, and he said "Now you will come and dine with me on such an evening," to which I willingly consented; and then, as it was the hour for the Cortes to meet, he accompanied me on my way. As we walked

along the street, he stopped every few minutes, as some new idea came into his head, to be delivered of it then and there. It must have been a comical sight to passers-by to see Castelar standing in the middle of the sidewalk, making a speech to a solitary listener! Of course I enjoyed it immensely. He would have carried me off with him to the Cortes, but as there was no debate of special interest, I went on to the Museum, to calm my excited mind in the picture galleries. What a change as I passed along the great halls lined with paintings of Titian and Murillo and Velasquez! Here was Charles V. on horseback, as he appeared at the battle of Muhlberg (I had seen the same figure in the Armory, clad in the very coat-of-mail that he wore on that terrible day), and I could not but think how he would turn in his coffin to hear such revolutionary sentiments in the very streets of his capital. And here was Philip II., the bigot and the tyrant, as cold and sour as when he cursed his unhappy kingdom with his presence. Now he is dead and buried, and they keep him safe in his leaden coffin in the crypt of the Escorial. But in that hollow chamber underground, I hope he sometimes hears the rumbling overhead, the tramping of innumerable feet, which tells him that the descendants of the people whom he ruled with an iron hand, are on the march to liberty.

A few evenings after this, I was again at Castelar's to dinner. He likes to entertain his friends, but does it in a very simple way. His household is very small. Though his sister is much older than himself, he is extremely attached to her, as he well may be, since she is his only near relative, for he has no other sister and no brother; so that they are all in all to each other. As I was the only foreigner present in a company of Spaniards, he seemed to recognize me, with the instinctive courtesy of his coun-

trymen, as the guest of the evening, and asked me to take his sister out to dinner. I was very happy to be seated by this sweet Spanish lady, though our conversation was but limited, as she spoke neither English nor French. But there is a language without words, the language of courtesy (which no people understand better than Spaniards), which almost supplies the want of speech. With the same consideration for what might be agreeable to me, he had placed at my right a member of the Cortes, who had lived in England and spoke English well, with whom I could enjoy little "asides," when others were conversing in Spanish. Two or three young ladies, with half a dozen political friends, completed the group that gathered round the table. As I sat opposite Castelar, he directed a large part of his conversation to me, speaking in French. It took a wide range. For the time we almost forgot that we were in Spain, as he talked of other countries and peoples: of America, on which he is always eloquent; or of France and Italy—countries so like Spain in some respects, and so different in others. And when the conversation came back to Spain, it touched on almost everything Spanish *except politics*, which was thrown into the background, while he talked of books and men, of paintings and cathedrals. With just Spanish pride, he turned back to the great age of his country's literature, the age of Cervantes (which was also the age of Shakespeare in England—*Shakespeare and Cervantes died on the same day*), for whom he has an unbounded admiration. He thought Don Quixote was read more than the Bible, which I could well believe to be the case in Spain, where I fear the Bible is read but very little. In Cervantes as in Shakespeare, the chief element of power was of course the universal humanity: that the fiction, like the drama, held the mirror up to nature, so that man everywhere recognized

in it to some degree the reflection of himself. But Don Quixote was more than this: it was not only a faithful picture of human nature, but of Spanish nature, with graphic delineations, not only of Spanish life and manners, but of Spanish character. There were a thousand points which would be perceived by no one so quickly as a Spaniard, in which Cervantes hits off with a touch that is inimitable the old Castilian pride surviving every humiliation, and other Spanish traits, exaggerated of course, as is the license of the romancer, but still having the foundation in real character and life. And those traits still survive. The originals are gone, but the types remain. This very day, in the streets of Madrid and of Seville, may be seen figures that with a little touch of the artist would answer for Don Quixote himself and his faithful man-at-arms, Sancho Panza.

Turning from books to pictures, Castelar talked fondly of the Spanish school of painters, especially of Murillo, who seemed at once to touch divinity and humanity in his Madonnas soaring to heaven, and his beggars sitting on the ground, covered with rags, but looking up at you with those great Spanish eyes that after two centuries have not lost their fascination.

But Spaniard as he is, he does not approve all Spanish ways and customs. I touched him on the subject of bull-fights, and I might as well have touched a bull with a spear, for he hates the very word. That which to Spaniards generally is the most exciting of sports, is to him so brutal, so unworthy of a civilized people, that he has no words to express his indignation and disgust. "There are three things in Spain," he said, "which I detest—the wine, the bull-fights, and the pronunciamientos"!

Perhaps nothing takes hold of the imagination of Castelar so much as the Spanish cathedrals. He is not a man

given to religious emotion (though his sister is a devout Catholic), but there is something in the architecture of those great piles, in the lofty columns and soaring arches, through which float the vesper hymns at the evening hour when the sunset streams through the stained-glass windows, which touches all the poetry of his nature ; and to hear him describe them is almost worth a visit to Spain.

But much as I enjoyed this, I could not be so selfish as to engross his conversation, while his Spanish friends (who could not speak French, or spoke it but indifferently) were silent ; so dropping into a side-talk in English with my neighbor-at-table, I had the pleasure of seeing Castelar turn to his countrymen, and at once perceived that, however agreeable he could be in French, he was at his best only in his native tongue. Then he spoke with a rapidity which it was quite impossible for a stranger to follow. At such times it was a study to watch the play of his countenance, which changed every moment, its expression varying with every subject and every mood. Nor was it in his face alone that the intense vitality of the man showed itself, but in every muscle of his body. He shrugged his shoulders, and arched his eyebrows, with a comical expression of humor or contempt, at which all present burst into a laugh, in which he joined, as merry a boy as ever felt the warm Spanish blood dancing in his veins. Observing this, I whispered to my neighbor : "Senor Castelar talks not only with his lips, but with his eyes and with every feature." "What is that?" he said, hearing his name. I repeated the remark, to which he answered smiling : "Yes, one must make use of everything."

But delightful as Castelar is at home—in his library, discoursing of his favorite books, or at his table, in the unrestrained freedom of his familiar talk—it is as an orator that he is above all other men ; and to see him in his glory,

one must see him and hear him in the Cortes. For this we were now in expectation: for it had been whispered for some days in Madrid that he was preparing to speak on the state of the country—a subject which just then, in consequence of the recent insurrection, was agitating the public mind.

When the evening came, the Chamber presented a brilliant scene, for there was gathered an assembly such as might fire the breast of any orator. As in England the Lords will often forsake their own House, and rush to the Commons to hear Gladstone, so to-night the two Houses of the Spanish Parliament seemed joined in one: Senators left the "Senado," and crowded into the seats and aisles of the "Congreso," to hear the Great Commoner of Spain. Not only was every seat filled, but every standing-place, while the galleries were crowded with all that was most distinguished in the society of Madrid—"fair women and brave men." There was a large number of high officers of the army, as the late insurrection had raised the question of the loyalty of the troops, while between their glittering uniforms sat duchesses and countesses, all of course with the inevitable Spanish mantilla, and fan in hand, more coquettish even than the half-drawn veil, as it now hides the dark eyes, and now is suddenly withdrawn that they may flash forth with new splendor. These are the bright eyes which "rain sweet influences" on the nights of high debate. Such an array as shone in those galleries might quicken the coldest temperament: how must it thrill the warm Southern blood of the Spanish orator! In such a press it was not easy to find a single point of vantage to watch the scene. Castelar had given me a ticket to a private box reserved for his friends. But how could I plant myself there, where not only Spanish grandees, but ladies, were crowding, to whom my American politeness would

constrain me at once to resign my seat? Accordingly I retreated to my old place in the diplomatic box, from which (though not quite so good as the other) I could look down on the whole dramatic spectacle.

The Spanish Cortes, like other deliberative bodies, is slow in getting in motion. There was routine business to be despatched, and there were other speakers to be heard, to whom the Cortes listened, if not with marked interest at that moment (for all were eager for the great sensation of the evening), yet with attention and respect. This continued for several hours. While the slow debate dragged on, it was a study to watch Castelar, who was restless as a caged lion, moving about in his seat, taking up his hat and going out into the lobby, walking up and down, and then coming back again. It is said that at such moments he seems to himself to have forgotten what he had prepared, and to be in despair lest his attempt should end in utter failure. At length the other speakers had done, the deck was cleared, and there was a hush as the President in a low voice, but which was heard to the end of the Chamber, announced "Senor Castelar!" Instantly there was an eager movement of interest and attention. Senators and ex-members who had the privilege of the floor, pressed in in greater numbers. While they were crowding in, Castelar rose and stood for a few moments silent, with his hands clasped—an attitude that is peculiar to him. The throng in the galleries leaned over in breathless expectation, listening for the first word. Soon it came: "Senores!" That was all, but that was enough: for with the sound of his own voice, every trace of nervousness disappeared; he was master of himself, and once sure of that, he was master of his audience. He did not begin with a rush, but very deliberately, as if he were still the Professor in the University, unfolding the principles of

the Philosophy of History. His voice was low and sweet, to which you listened as to a strain of music. As the fire kindled within him, his voice rose. The words came faster and faster, till the stream became a torrent, and the breeze swelled to the roar of a tempest. Then his gestures answered to his voice. His hands were unclasped, and his right arm extended, quivering as with electricity, his finger pointing wherever he would that the lightning should strike. At times he used a gesture which I had never seen in any other speaker: he would clasp his hands, or even double his fists, and raise them above his head, and then throw them violently before him, as if he had taken a red-hot ball out of his fiery brain to dash it in the face of his enemies! Such a burst generally ended with a flash of lightning and a peal of thunder, at which he stopped exhausted, and turned to take a glass of water, while the great assembly drew a long breath, and prepared to have the onset renewed.

From this it must not be inferred that Castelar deals in personalities in an offensive way. On the contrary, he is a model of courtesy. It is said that he never attacks anybody with violence and bitterness. However much he may differ from his political opponents, his exposure of their principles is not coupled with taunts and sneers, that would rankle in their memories, and make them his personal enemies. If he sometimes turns to an old friend, who has gone over to the other side, it is not with a sharp spear, but with a gentle touch of humor or wit. In the previous debate Gen. Lopez Dominguez had led the attack on the government, even going so far as to say that the troops that had taken part in the late insurrection had been provoked to it because certain reforms which he had proposed when Minister of War had not been carried out! Now Castelar, Republican as he is, is not ready for

armed insurrection, and so without giving offence, he took down a little the formidable appearance of this man of war, as he turned round to him (they were both sitting on the Republican side of the Chamber), and gently reminded him that he owed his rank in the army to Castelar himself, who, when President of the Republic, gave him his command. A man is not apt to stand in awe of his own creations! This quiet hit was greatly enjoyed by the Cortes, which had been a good deal stirred by the domineering attitude of this military assailant.

Again the General in his fierce attack had pronounced the doom of the Ministry. He had said that, when he returned to Madrid after the insurrection, "everybody" whom he met had declared the government "dead"! "Indeed!" said Castelar; "and yet I see before me Senor Sagasta still living, and apparently in excellent health"—a sally which provoked mingled laughter and applause from all sides of the Chamber.

But the main object of Castelar's speech was to vindicate his own position in the very mixed condition of Spanish politics and parties. That position was unique, as he agreed fully neither with the one side nor the other. In fact, he stood almost alone, and had to defend himself against friends as well as foes. To justify the course of the Spanish Liberals, he reviewed the history of the country since the wars of Napoleon changed the face of Europe, and showed how, while other nations had been making progress, Spain had been isolated. Cut off by the Pyrenees from the rest of the Continent, she was still more cut off by her own stagnation. The only hope for her was to rouse her out of this lethargy, and bring her by slow degrees from a state of "semi-Asiatic despotism" to the enjoyment of "a free and constitutional government." The struggle for this had been long, and

the end seemed often doubtful. Members of the Cortes could recall the time when there was a reign of terror in the streets of Madrid; when the most patriotic men in Spain, if suspected of Liberal opinions, were in danger of arrest, of imprisonment, or worse. Not twenty years had passed since Senor Sagasta, to whom he pointed sitting on the Ministerial bench, as the head of the government; and Senor Martos, the President of the Cortes; and himself—were under sentence of death! This lurid picture of a despotism so lately overthrown, showed that Spain, in spite of all obstacles, had made great progress towards liberty.

After the Revolution there had been several experiments of government, one of which was the Republic, to which it was the fashion of the day to refer in terms of disparagement as an ignominious failure. They should remember, however, that it had been surrounded by great difficulties, foes without and foes within: the Carlist war raging in the North, and treason and rebellion conspiring in the capital. But in spite of all, it had left a record of patriotic devotion to the interests of the country, of which he was not ashamed.

This open defence of the Republic was very significant, as it showed how far liberty of thought and of speech had advanced in Spain; that it was greater in Madrid than in most of the capitals of Europe. What member of the German Parliament, even if he were in heart a Socialist or a Communist, would dare to stand up in the presence of Bismarck, and advocate the Republic? Yet here in old monarchical Spain there is a party, and a very large party, that openly declare their belief in the Republic as not only the ideal government, but the coming government, and that its appearance is only a question of time.

After Castelar had thus vindicated his position as

towards the monarchists, he had another task which, if not more difficult, must have been to him personally more disagreeable, to vindicate it from the reproach of the Republicans. He who makes a study of Spanish politics will soon find that there is a great number of parties, which are almost hopelessly divided. There is not only a Republican party, but half a dozen such parties. Some of these openly advocate insurrection as the readiest means—and, as they think, the only means—to inaugurate the Republic. Against these Castelar is utterly opposed. Ungracious as it might seem to part from those who had stood by him in the conflicts of a former day, yet he could not sacrifice his convictions of duty even at the call of friendship. As far as political action could accomplish the object, he was willing to go; but when it came to armed insurrection, with all it might include of misery to the country, he shrank from the abyss.

Some of the more ardent Republicans had taunted him with being "behind the age," because he was not as rash and reckless as they! Alas! he must confess he was growing old! It was a new experience for him, who had been not long ago denounced as the leader of the Radicals, now to be reproached as too conservative and reactionary! By-and-by these youthful champions of the Republic would leave him far behind, and look upon him as little more than an Egyptian mummy!

I observed that these retorts were more enjoyed on the other side of the Chamber than on his own, and that the Monarchists cheered loudly, while the Republicans were silent. Yet Castelar is not one to taunt his political friends, even though he may suffer from their unjust imputations. To differ from them was evidently a matter of pain. He regretted deeply to be separated from his old companions-in-arms. But painful as it was, he must

be true to his convictions of what was for the good of his country. What it needed was not revolution, but stability of some kind—order, industry, and peace. And so he concluded: "Above all political differences; above all parties; above the mere form of government, whether it shall be a Monarchy or a Republic—I prize the peace and tranquillity of my beloved Spain!"

Such were a few of the points of a speech which lasted for hours. Indeed it was not ended that day (the strain was too great for one sitting), but concluded only on the following afternoon, when, as before, he touched, as it were, every note in the scale of human feeling, moving his hearers at will to laughter or to tears; but above all minor emotions, inspiring in them a lofty political enthusiasm.

The effect of such eloquence it is impossible to describe. If we were to take this speech merely as we find it reported in the journals of the Cortes, and undertake to analyze it, we might find it difficult to explain the secret of its power: for while it was brilliant from beginning to end, full of poetry and imagination, its power was not in these alone; nor yet in its force of argument, or its patriotic appeals; but in all combined, and fused together by the heat that glowed in his own breast. It was the man behind the words that gave them their effect: it was a human finger that touched us, as well as a human voice that thrilled us. The impression of course could not be fully appreciated by a stranger. I could follow it but imperfectly, from my ignorance of the language; and yet, as the Spanish is largely derived from the Latin, I could understand half the words, so that I could keep the run of the speech, even if I had not had (as I did) Mr. Stroebel at my side, to whisper the points the speaker was making; added to which was the best possible commentary in the looks of

the audience. Taken altogether, it was as great an intellectual treat as I have ever enjoyed—as great, I believe, as can be enjoyed in any country in this generation.

Once more I went to see Castelar, when I was no longer a stranger, but I may almost say a friend. Again we sat on the same sofa, and again did his eyes look straight into mine; and as he warmed with the conversation, he kept unconsciously moving his seat closer to me till he took hold of both the lapels of my coat and shook them violently, as if by this personal contact he would infuse a little of his Spanish fire into my cold American breast. It must have been cold indeed if it did not catch some warmth from such magnetism. My heart was all aglow as I looked at him, and remembered that this was the man, so full of life and of all the impulses of a generous nature, who had once been condemned to death! Thank God he “still lives,” and Spain lives and will not die!

I had found at Laurent's, in Madrid, a photograph which it was said that Castelar preferred to any other that had been taken of him, and it occurred to me that it would have an additional value if it had his autograph, which he not only gave, but added such kind words for his “amigo,” and for the Great Republic from which I came, as made it still more precious; and then, as I rose to leave, he put his arm round me in the gentle Spanish way, that seemed to say that he should always think of me as a friend.

Such interviews, with such a parting, naturally left a very warm feeling in my heart. But some have said to me that, with all his eloquence, he is not to be relied on, for that he is so carried away by his imagination, and so ambitious of oratorical effect, that he cannot resist the temptation of saying a brilliant thing even though it be at the sacrifice of sound reasoning, or even of historical

truth. "He is an orator," they say, "but nothing more—a mere rhetorician, a poet, a dreamer, but with no practical wisdom for public affairs." But it was not thus that Senor Moret, the Secretary of State (in the only interview which I had with him), spoke of Castelar. Though himself, as a Monarchist, of the opposite party, he represented his great antagonist as a man, not only of strong political convictions, but of real administrative ability. Castelar was his old teacher at the University, and I thought there was a certain tenderness in the way the pupil spoke of one who had been his master. Salmeron, he thought, was more of a doctrinaire—a man of theories; but Castelar, he said, had shown a high degree of political wisdom, notably in the affair of the ship *Virginus*, which was taken off the island of Cuba, with her decks crowded with American filibusters, some of whom were shot, an affair which caused great excitement at the time in the United States (Sickles, our Minister at Madrid, was ready to demand his passports), and might have involved us in a war with Spain but for the prompt action of Castelar, who was then President, and who instantly disavowed the act of the Spanish commander, and ordered full reparation. This decided action at a critical moment, Moret thought, showed a degree of sagacity, together with a courage and firmness (for every one of his Ministers was against him), which entitled him to an honorable place among the political leaders of Spain.

"An orator! Only an orator!" Even if it were so, yet "every man hath his proper gift of God," and one of the greatest is that of stirring men to high enthusiasms and resolves by patriotic sentiments, uttered with a mighty voice, and with that fervid imagination which captivates a people. He deserves well of his country who, gifted with an eloquence little short of inspiration, has never used it

but in the cause of liberty. Nor has he desired it for his country only, but has been just as ardent for the abolition of slavery in the Spanish colonies, in Cuba and in Porto Rico, as for liberty at home. He has been the advocate of the cause of the enslaved and the oppressed of every country and clime. Thus he has proved himself a lover of his race, of whom it may be said as truly as of Ben Adhem :

"Write him as one that loves his fellow-men."

And so I give my hand and praise to the illustrious Spaniard whose great heart beats in unison with the heart of humanity, and whose voice is always the voice of liberty.

CHAPTER X.

THE DECADENCE OF SPAIN.

"Whoever wishes to be well acquainted with the morbid-anatomy of governments; whoever wishes to know how great States may be made feeble and wretched; should study the history of Spain."—MACAULAY.

Gibbon begins his *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* with one of his majestic sentences, which seems to strike the keynote of the grand yet melancholy tale which he has to tell: "In the second century of the Christian era the Empire of Rome comprehended the fairest part of the earth, and the most civilized portion of mankind." Since the fall of the Roman Empire no power on earth has attained, we might almost say aspired, to universal dominion; but of the States of Europe, none has come nearer to it than Spain in the sixteenth century. "The Empire of Philip the Second," says Macaulay, "was undoubtedly one of the most powerful and splendid that ever existed in the world. . . . It is no exaggeration to say that during several years his power over Europe was greater than even that of Napoleon. . . . In America his dominions extended on both sides of the Equator into the

temperate zone. There is reason to believe that his annual revenue amounted, in the season of his greatest power, to a sum ten times as large as that which England yielded to Elizabeth. He had a standing army of fifty thousand excellent troops, when England had not a single battalion in constant pay. . . . He held, what no other prince in modern times has held, the dominion both of the land and of the sea. During the greater part of his reign, he was supreme on both elements. His soldiers marched up to the capital of France; his ships menaced the shores of England. . . . Spain had what Napoleon desired in vain—ships, colonies, and commerce. She long monopolized the trade of America and of the Indian Ocean. All the gold of the West and all the spices of the East, were received and distributed by her. Even after the defeat of the Armada, English statesmen continued to look with great dread on the maritime power of Philip.”*

How that which was the first power in Europe in the sixteenth century lost its preëminence; how from the highest position it sank to the lowest, till that which had been the greatest became the meanest of kingdoms; is a study in history which is full of interest and instruction. Perhaps its very greatness was one cause of its fall: States, like individuals, sometimes grow dizzy when elevated to too great a height, from which they are precipitated to their ruin. The moment of the culmination of a great power may be the moment at which its decline begins; the seeds of its growth may prove also the seeds of its decay. The discovery of America, which came in the very same year with the expulsion of the Moors, completed the glory of the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, as it extended their dominion to another hemisphere; but it had its dangers also. It awakened a

* Review of Lord Mahon's War of the Spanish Succession.

spirit of enterprise that sent Spanish ships on voyages of discovery over all the seas and oceans of the world, which brought back riches to swell the national pride. But this very influx of gold was a doubtful good, for while it added to the magnificence of princes, it introduced a luxury which, too long indulged, saps the vigor of the most stalwart races. The mines of Mexico and Peru, which enriched the grandees of Spain, did not in the same degree add to the permanent wealth of the country or its military power.

But a still greater calamity was the destruction of the old liberties of Spain; for in its earlier and better days the air of freedom blew fresh and strong over the Spanish mountains. There is a common impression that Spain is so thoroughly monarchical, and so used to a strong government, that she rather likes it, preferring an iron rule to greater liberty. That this impression is not just, is proved by many tragic and many pathetic incidents in her eventful history.

At the dinner at Senor Castelar's, I was expressing to a member of the Cortes my surprise at the bold spirit shown in the debates to which I had listened. He answered (smiling a little at my discovery) that this ardor for liberty was no new thing here, but a legacy from former centuries; that Spain was free before England was; that a hundred and fifty years before the Revolution of 1688 (of which English historians make so much, as if it were the very birth of liberty), the same spirit showed itself here; in proof of which he related the following passage in Spanish history, which, as it was new to me, may be new to others: that when Charles V. summoned a Parliament to meet at Valladolid to vote fresh supplies for his wars in Germany, the city of Toledo sent two delegates, giving them positive and explicit instructions not

to comply with the royal demand, saying "What do we care about the Emperor's wars in Germany? They are nothing to us. Have we not paid enough already? We will pay no more." Thus instructed, the delegates departed, but when they reached Valladolid, and found themselves within the atmosphere of a court, subdued perhaps by flatteries, or by more substantial means of persuasion, they voted *for* the supplies which they had been instructed to oppose. Having performed this act of servility, they returned to give an account of their stewardship. But the bold burghers of Toledo were not to be appeased by lame excuses, and without more ado took these unfaithful servants *and hanged them at the gates of the city!*

Nor was this a solitary instance of resistance to royal power. Centuries before the time of Charles V., the Spaniards were noted for their sturdy independence. The people of one kingdom for a long time would not accept a king without conditions. "Law first and kings afterwards!" was the proud device of Aragon. From time immemorial they had enjoyed certain rights of local government, called *fueros*, which they stubbornly refused to yield; and when they took a king, they made their allegiance, such as it was, in this rather brusque and uncourtly fashion: "We, every one of whom is as good as you, and who all together are a great deal better than you, make you our king so long as you shall keep our *fueros*: OTHERWISE NOT."

Such was the inheritance of liberty which the Spaniards received three centuries ago. But their spirits were broken by a system of oppression the most cruel that ever crushed the life out of any people. That very Charles V., who had been supported so loyally by his people in all his foreign wars, was the great instrument of their subjugation.

tion, putting down the *Comuneros*, the advocates of municipal rights, and beheading their leader, Padilla, with two of his compatriots. The fate of this hero of Spanish liberty was very much like that of Lord Russell in the Tower of London. Like Russell, Padilla had a wife of the same heroic mould, to whom he wrote on the eve of his execution a letter full of devotion to her and to his country, to keep up her courage in that awful hour.* The story is one of the most pathetic episodes of Spanish history.

For two long reigns—that of Charles V. and Philip II.—the great object of the government seemed to be to kill the national life. Of course that was not its professed object, which was simply the extirpation of heresy; but the means were so disproportioned to the end; the instrument employed was so wide in its sweep, and so merciless in its operation; that it cut down good and bad alike, or rather far more of the good than of the bad; and if it could have been carried out to the full extent—that is, if human strength had not failed in the bloody work—it would in time have not only extirpated heresy, but extirpated half the Spanish people; and if carried out equally in other countries, would have extirpated a large part of the human race. That instrument was the Inquisition!

Terrible as this instrumentality was, it was deemed necessary to uphold the power of Rome. The Protestant Reformation, that had swept over half of Europe, had crossed the Pyrenees, and appeared in different cities of Spain. It must be stamped out at any cost. The laws of the country were insufficient, even when supported with the utmost rigor by the civil tribunals. To strike terror into the hearts of all who were wavering in the faith, something must be devised, more quick to see and more prompt

* The letter is given in Prescott's edition of Robertson's History of Charles V., Vol. II., p. 32.

to execute ; and this was found in a new Tribunal, wholly independent of the civil power ; which should serve as a spiritual police, watching with its hundred eyes every city and town in Spain ; nay, every village, even to the smallest hamlet in the mountains ; and striking here, there, and everywhere, with such sudden strokes, cutting down the tallest heads, as gave the impression of a mysterious, invisible, and yet everywhere present and irresistible power.

When the idea of the Inquisition was first conceived, probably no one dreamed how terrible an agency it was to become ; else surely it could not have been born in any heart in which lingered a spark of human feeling, of pity or mercy ; least of all could it have owed its existence in Spain to a woman, and not to a Catherine de Medicis, but to the gentlest and sweetest of her sex, the good Queen Isabella, the friend and patron of Columbus. This seems the strangest of mysteries, and yet it is not so when we consider that the gentle Queen, who would have turned away her face from the sight of any act of cruelty, was completely under the power of her spiritual advisers ; and when her confessor held up before her the crucifix, the emblem of that Cross on which her Saviour died, and asked if she would shrink from a duty to her Lord, what could she do—poor, troubled, trembling soul!—but sink down in passive submission to a will stronger than her own ?

No sooner was authority obtained for the establishment of the Inquisition in Spain, than it began to take proportions in keeping with the tremendous work it was to perform. "Palaces" were erected for it in all the large cities : for such was the name they bore, though they might have been called castles as well, their huge stone walls and barred windows giving them a fortress-like character, that often recalled the Bridge of Sighs in Venice, with

"A palace and a prison on each hand."

These palace-prisons were intended to be a visible sign to all beholders that the Holy Office was not a myth, but a present and terrible reality. If any were so thoughtless as to imagine otherwise, they were quickly undeceived: for their senses soon apprised them that there was something in the air; it was as if a pestilence were abroad, which might well hush the mirth of the gay Spanish population. Men spoke with bated breath, lest a whisper might furnish a pretext for an accusation. No man was safe even in his own house, for a spy might be in his bed-chamber. Even while playing with his children, listening to their innocent prattle, the servant that swept his room might be listening for some unguarded word that could be reported; and at midnight, while sleeping the sleep of innocence and peace, he might be awakened by "the mutes," those terrible officials who deigned him not a word, while they took him from the bosom of his family, never to return. Once that he passed the door of the Inquisition, he knew that there was no escape. Over the gloomy portal might be written, as over the gates of hell,

"Abandon hope, all ye who enter here!"

He was thrown into a dungeon without the slightest intimation of what he was arrested for, or by whom he was accused. Here he was left for weeks or months to break his spirit, and then brought before a bench of cowed monks, "a court organized to convict," who were eager, not to ascertain the truth, but to make him commit himself. If questions failed, the instruments of torture were ready, and as his emaciated form was stretched upon the rack, which wrenched and tore his body, some faint word might drop from his quivering lips that could be interpreted as a confession, upon which he was immediately judged to be guilty, and the Inquisitors, with holy horror at the enormity of his crime (!), condemned him to death.

It adds to the ghastly grimness of this horrible scene, that these accusers and condemners of the innocent would not execute their own sentences. They, the holy men, could not shed blood (!), but having given over to death men who were a thousand times better than themselves, passed them over to the civil power for execution. This formal delivery of its victims was the *Auto-da-Fé*, which had in it so many of the elements of horror, in the cruelties inflicted upon helpless innocence, upon men with hoary hair, and even upon women and children, that it had a fascination for those who delighted in blood; and so it was made a public spectacle, that was exhibited in the presence of the Court, and of the Foreign Ambassadors, who were invited to witness it (as they would be now to a bull-fight), and of an enormous crowd of spectators.

When an *Auto-da-Fé* was "given" in Madrid (for the writers of that day speak of it as they would of a theatrical exhibition), the scene of the performance was in the Plaza Major—a square not far from the *Puerta del Sol*. I have been to it many times: for there is no spot in the capital so full of mournful suggestions. Here, sitting on a balcony in front of the royal residence, the King and Queen and attendants on the Court looked down on the long procession of victims (dressed in garments on which were figures of devils tossing them into the flames) who had appeared before the Tribunal of the Inquisition; and having gone through the form of a trial, and been condemned, were now delivered over to the civil power to be burned. This formality having been gone through with, the procession was again set in motion, and led out of the city to the place of death, where they were bound to the stake.

Such scenes of horror, recorded in history, were to come up after more than two centuries as a powerful argument for Liberty. A few years since there was an ani-

mated discussion in the Cortes on the subject of religious toleration—a step in advance which was opposed by the old Spanish Conservatives—when a Deputy arose (it was Senor Don José Echegargy, former Minister of Finance), who touched another chord by the mention of the following simple incident. He said that, in taking his walk that morning in the outskirts of the city, he had come to a place where workmen were making excavations in the street. As they struck their spades into the earth, they uncovered the surrounding soil, which, as it was exposed to view, appeared to be composed of several distinct layers. A closer inspection disclosed the fact that one of these was of *ashes*, in which here and there were fragments of human bones! A little farther from the centre, where the dying flames had spared some vestiges of humanity, had been discovered a ring that may have once graced a woman's finger; and farther still, a lock of hair! These slight remains told the story of three hundred years ago. This was the famous Quemadéro, the burning-place for the victims of the Autos-da-Fé; and these ashes, these charred bones, the maiden's ring, the lock of hair, recalled one of the most awful of human tragedies, when on this spot manhood and womanhood, the husband and wife, blooming youth and hoary age, the father and daughter, clasped in a last embrace, perished together! Such a resurrection of the dead was more powerful than any argument. Spanish bigotry might remain stubborn against the voices of the living, but was silent in presence of those whose unburied ashes were but just uncovered to the light of day. The picture was a plea, more eloquent than words, for that religious toleration which should make such scenes impossible forevermore.

But for the time that the Inquisitors were at work, no thought of the indignation of future ages troubled them:

they were too eager in the pursuit of blood, too mad with rage to kill and to destroy. Even Charles V. was so carried away with the fanaticism of the age that he was as full of zeal for destruction as any Dominican monk who sat in the secret tribunal of the Inquisition. Yet tyrant as he was, he was in some respects not only the most powerful, but truly the greatest, monarch of his time. He was not only King of Spain, but Emperor of Germany; and thus living in different countries, mingling with different peoples, and speaking different languages, one would think he must have learned something of the wisdom, if not of the virtue, of toleration. But such was his Spanish bigotry, that all lessons were lost upon him. Luther stood before him at the Diet of Worms, but he sat unmoved by that magnificent plea for conscience and for liberty. Indeed he grew colder and harder to that degree that he became almost ashamed of his moderation, and even touched that lowest moral state in which he repented of his virtues, regretting that he had not broken his pledge of safe-conduct to Luther, and burned him at the stake! Even age did not subdue him to a gentler mood. Once indeed it is said that a grain of sense penetrated his narrow brain. When he retired to the Convent of Yuste to pass the last year of his life, he amused himself with studying the mechanism of clocks; but finding that he could not make them work as he wished, he confessed his folly, in that he had been all his life trying to make men think alike and believe alike, when he could not even make two clocks keep time together! But this was a transient impression. Worn out with the labors of his life, and under the bondage of his narrow creed, his mind sank back into the old groove, and he remained a persecutor to the last; and on his death-bed charged Philip to cherish the Holy Inquisition, and extirpate heresy from Spain!

Philip bettered the instructions. His heart was cold, and his temper hard and unrelenting. Entrusted with unlimited power, he would have nothing stand in the way of his imperious will. So impassive was he that it is said he never smiled *but once*, and that was when he heard of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, at which he laughed outright! So fierce was his intolerance that it is told of him, that once when he sat watching an *Auto-da-Fé*, one of the condemned, who had been a faithful and loyal subject, cried out to him against the injustice and cruelty of his fate, to which the King made reply: "If thou wert mine own son, I would bring the fagots to kindle the flames for such a wretch as thou art!"

This work of destruction went on for the more than forty years that Philip reigned, through which he continued obdurate and cruel to the last, with the natural effect upon his unhappy country. True, Spain in the time of Charles V. and Philip II. was so powerful that she could stand a great deal; but continued wars abroad, with such defeats as that of the Spanish Armada, combined with this constant blood-letting at home, made a drain upon her vital forces that began to tell, and with this commenced her slow but sure decline.

The deadly effect of the Inquisition was not measured solely by the number of those who perished—a point on which I have found it difficult to obtain precise information. One who is well read in Spanish history, gives me his opinion that from the establishment of the Inquisition to the end, there perished (of Christians, not including Jews or Moors) not less than half a million of persons! This seems incredible, but whether there were more or fewer, still more important than the number was the character of the victims, for these men and women who thus marched to the stake, showed by that

very act their own sincerity and integrity, in that they were too honest to profess what they did not, and could not, believe. They were the excellent of the earth—good fathers and mothers, good husbands and wives, good sons and daughters, good brothers and sisters. In sacrificing them, Spain sacrificed the very best portion of her whole population, that which she could least afford to lose.

But the evil did not end here. These frequent Autos-da-Fé had an effect far beyond the immediate circle of the condemned. The whole population was stricken with terror: men hardly dared to speak, unless it were to proclaim aloud their allegiance to the Church. Those who were skeptical at heart, assumed an appearance of zeal lest they should be suspected and dragged before a secret tribunal where they should find no mercy. And so the nation was given up to the most demoralizing of all passions, cruelty and fear, in which its whole life stood still; its very heart ceased to beat.

This reign of terror, which began with Philip (in whose time the power of Spain culminated), continued through his successors—a long line of kings, of whom it were hard to say if one were better than the other, the only difference seeming to be in degrees of badness. No matter who reigned, whether one of the House of Austria, or of the House of Bourbon, all were alike incapable or tyrannical, the ready victims of intriguing priests, the tools of the worst of men and the worst of women. But all “cherished the Holy Inquisition” as much as Philip, and with the same result, that the life-blood of the nation slowly oozed away, till Spain fell back from the first place in Europe to the second, and the third, and fourth, and lower still, as the decadence continued almost without interruption for two hundred years—those gloomy centuries in which the Holy Office had full sweep to do its appointed work. And

it did it thoroughly: it killed Protestantism, but it killed Spain also. The grand old Spain that had been, was drowned in the blood of her children.

That this is not merely a Protestant opinion, could be shown by numerous quotations from Catholic historians. I will give but one authority, but that is the highest—Count Montalembert, one of the most illustrious Roman Catholics of our age; who belonged to one of those old French families in which religion is a tradition, and was all his life long one of the most pronounced, as he was one of the ablest, of the defenders of that Church, alike in the Parliament and the press. In an article entitled “L’Espagne et la Liberté,” in which he sums up the result of his prolonged studies of Spanish history, he says:

“Le jour où, dans l’ordre politique, la royauté, avec l’aide de l’inquisition, a tout absorbé, tout écrasé; le jour où l’Eglise victorieuse a voulu abuser de la victoire; exclure et proscrire, d’abord les Juifs, puis les Maures, puis les Protestants; puis toute discussion, tout examen, toute recherche, toute initiative, toute liberté; ce jour-là tout a été perdu.”*

*The article of Montalembert from which this extract is taken, has a curious history. It was the last work of his life, and was left in manuscript to be published after his death, but his timid friends wished to suppress it. He had however given it to Father Hyacinthe, with written authority to make use of it, who, being at that time (in 1876) in Geneva, caused it to be published in *La Bibliothèque Universelle et Revue Suisse* at Lausanne. But so incensed were the family at its appearance, that they instituted a civil process against him and against the publisher; and the French tribunal gave a verdict against them for an unauthorized publication, although there was no attempt to deny that this elaborate paper on “Spain and Liberty” was the writing of Montalembert, and expressed the deliberate opinion of that distinguished man.

"*Tout a été perdu!*" That tells the whole story. The despotism which killed liberty, killed the national life. True, the life of a nation is longer than that of an individual, and it takes longer for it to perish. Rome was for centuries in the agonies of dissolution; and it took Spain many generations to waste its imperial power. But the process, if slow, was constant, and the end was inevitable. No nation can truly live which is not free. The sense of freedom is the native air of all the qualities which make a country powerful—courage in war and splendid activity in peace, in great enterprises on land and sea. But the boa-constrictor of despotism, when it coils itself round a nation, crushes everything in its mighty folds. Thus one element after another of vitality was destroyed, till it might almost be said that Spain rested from dissolution only when there was nothing more to die.

CHAPTER XI.

THE RESURRECTION OF SPAIN—A REVOLUTION— FOUR EXPERIMENTS OF GOVERNMENT.

Out of death comes life. The darkest hour is just before the dawn. Two centuries had passed since Philip II. was borne to his grave—centuries of shame and ignominy—and Spain was at its very lowest, when the morning broke of the nineteenth century, and found Europe agitated with revolutions. The ancient monarchy of France had disappeared, and the Republic, established at home, had crossed the Alps, and was carrying everything before it by the marvellous campaigns of the young Napoleon in Italy. But Spain was far away in another direction, where she was undisturbed by all these commotions. Her time was not to come until the Great Captain, victorious beyond the Rhine, and seeking another world to conquer, crossed the Pyrenees. He had his own scheme to carry out, in which Spain was to be a kind of Annex to France. To this scheme the King of Spain and his infamous Queen and her lover (who was the real power behind the throne) lent themselves, not reluctantly, but eagerly. The King, so far from being ashamed of the part he was called to play, that of betraying his country, seemed more of the

temper of the Irish patriot who was accused of selling his country, and who, instead of repelling the accusation, only replied that "he thanked God that he had a country to sell"!

Happily the people of Spain were not so degraded as their rulers, and out of this very infamy came a reaction. The French were masters of Madrid, and put down a rising without mercy, Murat having the leaders shot in one of the public squares. But that set the popular heart on fire. The victims of 1808 are the martyrs of Spanish liberty. Over the place of their execution now rises a monument to their memory, and the 2d of May, the day on which they perished, is a day of national celebration, in which the people march in procession to lay garlands on the tomb of those who died for their country.

Then came the War of Independence, in which the Spaniards from the mountains to the sea rose against the French, and aided, or rather led, by the English under Wellington, drove them across the Pyrenees, and Spain at last was free from the foreign invader.

But with the reëstablishment of their own government came back the old royal house—true Bourbons, "who learn nothing and forget nothing," having learned no wisdom from adversity, and preserving only the memory of their old hatreds, which they were once more in a position to gratify. The reign of Ferdinand VII. is a dreary period in Spanish history—a long monotony of government without reason or justice or liberty, which once provoked a popular demonstration, the leaders of which were induced to surrender by a promise of amnesty, and were then promptly executed. Those who came after them, however, have done justice to their memory, and their names are now inscribed in honor on a monument erected in one of the squares of Malaga.

But let us give thanks that kings too must die, and at last Ferdinand VII. drew near his end. Yet even then he could not depart out of the world without leaving the seeds of future wars behind him. The Salic law, by which none but a male child could succeed to the throne, had long existed in France, but not in Spain. But when Philip V., the grandson of Louis XIV., and the first of the Spanish Bourbons, came to the throne, he naturally thought that what was good for his native country was good for his adopted one, and introduced it into Spain. But Charles IV., looking out (as kings are apt to do) for who should come after him, was troubled that his only son, Ferdinand VII., was sickly, and would probably have no descendant; and fearing that the succession might go where he would not have it, set it aside by a royal decree (the Pragmatic Sanction is the grand name by which it is called) in the Parliament of 1789, which restored the old law of the kingdom; but this was to be *kept secret* till it should suit the pleasure of the King to make it public. In fact, it was not made known till more than forty years after, in 1830, when Ferdinand VII. published it just before the birth of Isabella. But two years later, when he appeared to be dying, another fit took him, and he issued a second decree by which he abolished the first! However, there was an end to this shuffling: for a strong-minded woman appeared on the scene, in the person of the Infanta Carlotta of Naples, sister of the Queen, who prevailed upon the old King to recall his last act, using the most decided means of persuasion—in fact, taking the decree in her own hands, and tearing it in pieces; whereby was reëstablished the old Spanish rule of succession, by which a royal daughter could inherit the throne of her father; and thus it was that the little Isabella became Queen of Spain.

This was all very well for her, and for her mother, who was made Regent during her childhood; but how was it for the nephew of the late King, Don Carlos, who was thus shut out of his royal inheritance? He immediately took up arms. Out of this question of succession rose the two Carlist wars (the last of which ended only ten years ago), which drained to the utmost the resources of the kingdom, causing an enormous waste of treasure and of blood.

At length the little Isabella grew up to womanhood, and at the age of eighteen took the place of her mother, the Regent, and became Queen of Spain. The first feeling which greeted her was one of sincere and even enthusiastic loyalty, as appeared from the fact that though she became Queen in 1843, the year in which Louis Philippe was overthrown, and a wave of revolution swept over Europe, it did not pass the Pyrenees.

And what sort of a Queen did Isabella prove? I like to say all the good I can of a woman. Edward Everett Hale, in his charming volume, "Seven Cities of Spain," speaks of her as "Isabella the Bad." But why should she not be bad? She had everything against her—bad blood, bad education, and worst of all, a bad marriage, in which she was sacrificed to certain political designs, and forced to marry a man whom she loathed. After that, in the corrupt surroundings of the Spanish Court, we can scarcely be surprised that her manner of life became the scandal of Madrid and of all Europe.

While such was her personal conduct, of course she left her government in the hands of her Ministers, who wielded almost absolute power. Sometimes there was a muttering of popular indignation, and perhaps a feeble attempt at insurrection; but it was crushed with a severity that served as an effectual warning to those who would repeat the attempt. In 1866 an *émeute* took place in the

barracks, somewhat like the late one in Madrid. At that time the Prime Minister was Marshal O'Donnell, whose Irish name indicates his Irish descent. His grandfather was one of the sons of Erin, who, belonging to Catholic families, did not care to fight for a Protestant king against those of their own religion, and so came over to the Continent and formed the famous Irish Brigade, which did such service at Fontenoy and in many wars. This old Marshal had a truly Irish vigor of procedure in dealing with insubordination, and as this military outbreak had been led by the sergeants, so that it was called the Sergeants' Rebellion, he, like the fine old Irish soldier that he was, accustomed to deal with things in a military way, picked out forty-seven of these sub-officers, and had them marched out of the city, and drawn up in line with their backs to a wall, and shot to the last man. If Castelar had been caught at that time, and Sagasta, and Martos, and Prim, they would all have shared the same fate. After this display of vigor, O'Donnell resigned the reins of power to Narvaez, whose extreme mildness was illustrated even on his death-bed, when his confessor asked him "if he forgave his enemies," to which the old man naively replied that "he did not think there were any left"; that "he thought he had finished them all"! Of course he received absolution and extreme unction, and died in the odor of sanctity, and is buried in the Church of the Atocha, the church of the royal family, where kings and queens and princes go every Saturday to pray before a shrine of the Virgin.

With such men in power, and handing it down from one to another in an unbroken succession of hard masters, it is not strange that outside of the official class there was universal discontent. Those who wished for better things had ceased to hope for anything from Queen Isabella, who

was completely under the control of the priests and a little cabal at the Palace. There were good men in Spain, and wise men, but what did all their wisdom and goodness amount to when it did not have a feather's weight as against a vile favorite who was always at her side, and whispering evil into her ear? Then it was that men began to take courage from despair. Even those who had remained loyal, had come to the conclusion that there was only one hope for the country, and that was in revolution. Such was the feeling of the bluff old Admiral Topete, who had command of the Spanish fleet in the harbor of Cadiz. By a secret concert, two other actors suddenly appeared on the scene: Marshal Serrano, who had been banished to the Canary Islands, and Marshal Prim, who was in exile in England, and came from there to Gibraltar, from which it is but a few hours to Cadiz. Thus on the 18th of September, 1868, Serrano, Prim, and Topete met on the deck of the flag-ship *Saragossa* in the harbor of Cadiz, from which they issued the proclamation of liberty. The fleet immediately took up the cry of its Admiral, in which it was soon followed by the garrison of Cadiz, and next by the garrison of Seville. Here was the nucleus of an army, which as it increased in numbers, moved northward, as the troops of Isabella, under the lead of General Pavia, the Marquis de Novaliches, moved southward, till ten days after the first proclamation, September 28, the two armies met nine miles above Cordova, at the Bridge of Alcolea, which has become historical as one of the turning points of Spanish history. The fight was a desperate one, for on it hung the fate of a throne. But the end of the day saw the troops of the revolution victorious, and the royal army in full flight.

Queen Isabella was at the time taking her Summer vacation on the seashore at San Sebastian, where she was at-

tended by her Prime Minister, Gonzalez Bravo, who assured her from day to day that the rebels would soon be annihilated! It was therefore a thunderstroke when he came with a despatch in his hand announcing that the royal army had been utterly defeated, and that the Queen could not return to Madrid! At that moment Isabella showed that she had a little of the spirit that became the daughter of kings, as she answered proudly "If I were a man, I would go to my capital!" Alas for her; she was *not* a man, and being but a woman, she was compelled to submit to the stern necessity of the case, and to be conducted, politely indeed, but not less firmly, in spite of her tears and sobs, to the frontier, from whence she was to take refuge under the protection of the Emperor of France.

The Revolution was complete. The Queen was safe in Paris, where her late subjects were quite willing that she should remain; and those who had driven her from her capital, were installed in her place. So far so good. But their difficulties were not ended: indeed in one sense they were only begun. They had got the power, but *what should they do with it?* It is easier to fight a battle than to organize a government. In this perplexity, the Cortes, which was the only body remaining that had any authority, did what is so often done in like cases: it established a Provisional Government—not a monarchy, which was to last for generations; nor yet a Republic, which was to be continued by successive expressions of the popular will; but an executive which was merely to tide the country over its present embarrassment, to keep it from drifting into anarchy, and to prepare a foundation for something more stable hereafter. It was therefore decided to set up a Triumvirate, and who so fit to compose it as the men who had made the Revolution? And so Prim, Serrano, and Topete were invested with the execu-

tive power, and held it for two years. But none knew better than they that this state of things could not continue. The nation wanted something that was not provisional, but permanent, and so they began to look round the horizon of Europe to see where they could find one of royal blood of whom to make a king. At first they turned to a scion of the House of Hohenzollern, by which the throne of Spain would be allied with that of Germany; but this aroused the jealousy of France to such a degree as finally to lead to the Franco-German War. Failing in the North, they turned to the South, and fixed their choice on a son of Victor Emmanuel, Prince Amadeus, brother of the present King of Italy. He belonged to a Latin race, was of the ancient House of Savoy, and was a Catholic—three qualifications which answered to the wants of the Spanish people. And so he was offered and accepted the crown, and a ship of war was sent to bring him to Spain.

In all this business of king-making, it was Marshal Prim who was the Warwick, the king-maker, and now he was proud and happy that his work was done. But before the new sovereign landed at Barcelona, occurred an event which sent a thrill of horror throughout the country. One evening, as Marshal Prim came out of the Cortes, he stepped into his carriage to drive to the Ministry of War. As he was passing through a narrow street, the Calle del Turco, which runs into that great artery of Madrid, the Calle Alcalá, a cab was standing by the sidewalk, and just then, as if by accident, another came from the opposite direction, so that the two blocked the street and brought him to a stand-still, when in an instant men stepped from behind the one that was standing, and fired through the window of his carriage. How many shots there were, is not known, but certainly more than one or two, for I

counted three holes, and was uncertain about a fourth, in the wall on the other side of the street, where the balls struck. No face of the assassins showed itself in the darkness, though it was said that voices were heard, asking "Do you recognize us? Have we not kept our word?" But they escaped, and the closest investigation, continued for months, could not clear up the mystery, and to this day "Who killed Marshal Prim?" is a problem which no man can resolve.* Though mortally wounded, he did not die instantly, but was carried to the Ministry of War, where he lingered for a day or two, and met his fate with the same courage which he had shown on the battle-field, finding consolation even in death in the thought that the end which he had sought to bring about, had been accomplished. He said "I die, but the king is coming." The king came indeed, but filled with horror at the terrible tragedy which shocked him as it shocked the country; and when he reached Madrid, he drove from the station directly to the Church of the Atocha, to look for the last time upon the face of his friend, who

"Lay like a warrior taking his rest."

In that church he now sleeps beneath a monument of bronze, near the tomb of Marshal Narvaez, who if he could but have caught the young Gen. Prim a few years before, would have put a still earlier end to his brilliant career.

* While these sheets are passing through the press, a friend long resident in Madrid writes to me that the mystery of Prim's death might be removed, if there were not men high in position and influence who have an interest to conceal it. He even goes so far as to designate the guilty parties, and to say that Prim was assassinated by the Red Republican, Paul Angulo, with the knowledge and by the instigation of Marshal Serrano, Prim's colleague, then Regent, who was afraid that Prim would have more power than himself in the new government.

This was a sad beginning for the new reign. It cast a shadow over both prince and people. Yet in spite of all, the young king bore up bravely, and endeavored to do his duty to those who had called him to a position of such power and responsibility. He began very modestly, promising little, but endeavoring much. He took no airs; he made no boasts and no rash promises; but went to work, like the simple, straightforward gentleman that he was, to fulfil his exalted trust. His course was marked by manliness and good sense. But his best efforts could not succeed, because they encountered the prejudice against a foreign King, which is so strong in Spain. This jealousy obstructed his every movement. The high circles of Madrid kept aloof. Ladies of rank were unwilling to take places in the palace to give dignity to his court. It became the fashion to speak of him as "the inoffensive Italian." The Spaniards disliked him for his very virtues, his modesty and simplicity, for they had been accustomed to more of royal state. Even his Ministers seemed to take a pleasure in thwarting his plans for the public good. Against this he struggled as best he could, but it was all in vain, and at last, after two years of faithful effort, he gave it up as hopeless, and one fine morning he and his queen took their seats in the railway train for Lisbon, and in a few hours crossed the frontier of Portugal, and Spain saw them no more.

This failure of the attempt to make a king out of a foreign prince, was received with exultation by the partisans of Isabella, who took it to mean that Spain would have no other than one of her own family to sit upon the throne; and the ex-Queen was in hopes of being recalled (when she would pose as one who had learned wisdom by experience), but the country had not forgotten what she had proved herself before, and had no wish for her return.

On the other hand, there was a strong Republican party that reasoned thus: "Monarchy has been tried and found wanting. Now let us have a chance to try a more popular form of government." And so the experiment was made, while Europe looked on in wonder to behold that political miracle—a Republic in Spain! Though its life was not long, it had no less than three Presidents. But somehow it did not work: the machinery was too new; the wheels were not oiled so as to run smoothly. Everything was against it. Civil war was raging in the North. Don Carlos had roused the Basque Provinces, and had the priests everywhere stirring up the peasants in his favor. The position was one that called for the coolest and wisest heads to guide the ship of State through the breakers; but the Republican leaders, it must be confessed, however patriotic, were not the most skilful managers. Salmeron and Castelar, who were Presidents in turn, were both Professors in the University, and however learned they may have been in political economy, they were not the men to deal with a great crisis, aggravated by civil war. The enemies of Castelar say that, though an eloquent orator, he was a signal failure as a President. No doubt he made grave mistakes, some from his very excess of generosity; as when he gave General Pavia command of the troops in Madrid, who afterwards marched them into the Cortes and fired guns over the heads of the deputies, who made their escape through doors and windows; as Bonaparte had marched his grenadiers into the Chamber at St. Cloud and dispersed the Constituent Assembly. So fell the French Directory, and so fell the Spanish Republic.

Then came another interval of provisional government, with Marshal Serrano as Regent. The old soldier seemed to like being the occupant of the palace very well, and

Madame la Duchesse liked it still better, and it suited all the officials around him ; but it did not suit the army in the field, which was fighting against the Carlists in the North ; and which, as it was fighting to put down a Pretender to the throne, preferred to set up a real King, and declared for Alfonso, the son of Isabella.

This new movement on the chess-board of politics and war, of course excited the indignation of Serrano, who promptly telegraphed to the army that its leader, General Martinez Campos, should be shot ! But in Spain these things go by contraries, and instead of the troops shooting their commander, Serrano found Madrid too hot to hold him, and fled from the Palace to the English Embassy for protection, and soon after got out of the country. He came back afterwards, but was never again in power. And so Alfonso, though not elected by the Cortes, but simply proclaimed by the army, became the King of Spain.

Why both army and people turned to him, it is easy to see. As the experiment of a Republic had failed, it was now the turn of Monarchy again. Spain must have a king. But where should they find him ? Who should he be ? Not a foreigner like Amadeus ; nor even a Spanish prince like Don Carlos, who had been waging such cruel war in the heart of his country. There was absolutely no one to choose except the young Alfonso, who had left Spain when a boy with his royal mother, and had had the advantage of a few years of exile, in which to learn something of foreign ideas, and of foreign laws and liberties.

As this young prince was to figure as the King of Spain for many years, we wish to know something about him. My information I have from one who has had the best opportunity to know him. Count Morphy, now private secretary of the Queen Regent, was secretary of the late King, with whom he lived in the closest relations for twenty years.

He tells me that he was with Alfonso from the time that he was seven years old ; that he continued with him through his education at Vienna and elsewhere, and that he was a young man far above the common ; that even as a boy he surprised his teachers by his intelligence ; that he was quick of apprehension, and of such open, frank, and engaging manners, as made him popular with his companions at school and in the University : that he was a favorite of the Emperor William, who took special notice of him at the German watering-places ; and in short, that he had every attribute to attract friendship and respect. This high estimate might be set down to the account of personal regard, were it not that it is confirmed from other sources. Certainly the young prince showed a sense above his years in his answer to those who came to offer him the crown, for instead of receiving it proudly as his due, and intimating that he had but "come to his own again," he gave them to understand that his acceptance was but an experiment, and that if they got tired of him, they need not take the trouble to send him away, for he was ready to go ; and that in fact, to use his own words, "he was the first Republican in Europe."

With such frank declarations he came. Fortune favored him from the start. The government had long been preparing a grand movement of the army against Don Carlos, which now took place, and made a speedy end of the Pretender, and left Alfonso with an undisputed title to the throne. Victory in the field created popularity in the capital. The nation was weary of war, and longed for peace. It was tired of revolutions, and welcomed a government which seemed likely to be permanent. Under such favoring auspices Alfonso mounted, with the light step of a boy (he was still but seventeen), to the throne of Spain, on which he continued till his death, a period of

eleven years—years of peace and prosperity. Such is the judgment of many who in their political convictions still remain Republicans, but who frankly confess that, “considering that he was a Bourbon,” and so young, he did not only fairly well, but far better than could have been expected, and that his death was a national calamity.

At the same time all Spanish liberals agree that the reëstablishment of the Monarchy was a reaction against the more liberal policy of Amadeus and of the Republic. One of the signs of this reaction was in the relaxation towards the religious orders. There was a time when the Jesuits were expelled from almost every country in Europe, and different monastic orders were suppressed, and their enormous wealth confiscated to the State. In Spain a very vigorous policy had been adopted towards them as long ago as 1835—a policy which was enforced under the Republic, but on the return of a King the orders began to creep back again, at first very quietly, but afterwards more openly, until now hundreds and thousands of monks who have been expelled from France and from Italy, find a secure resting-place this side the Pyrenees.

But while the accession of Alfonso was a triumph of the Clerical party, it was not of the Ultramontane party, which was represented by Don Carlos. This party the government wished to conciliate, and for that purpose went to the extreme of concessions, while professing to be itself “free and constitutional.” The worst of these was in the matter of civil marriages. Under the old régime, the Church, which was the power behind the throne, kept its hand on everything in a man’s life, from the hour that he was born, to the hour that he breathed his last—including birth and baptism, bridal and burial. A man could hardly come into the world without permission of the Church, at least he could not be baptized and registered, and so recognized

as having a legitimate existence : and when his life was ended, without the same permission he could not be buried in consecrated ground. Midway between birth and death stood the great act of marriage, on which the whole of life turned, and which the Church wished also to keep under its rigid control. None but priests could celebrate marriages, and whoever came to one of them for that rite was questioned if he had been to confession ; and if not, the priest refused to perform the ceremony.

This was a sore grievance to those who were not within the pale of the Catholic Church. Protestants, for example, preferred to be married by their own pastors, or by the civil magistrate. This was one of the first rights to be recognized under a liberal government, and accordingly it was enacted in Spain, as it had been long before in France and Italy, that a civil marriage—that is, a marriage before the mayor of a city, or a civil magistrate—was valid before the law, all the children of which should be as legitimate as if the rite had been performed, with the utmost pomp and ceremony, at the altar of a Cathedral, and blessed by priest or bishop. Under this law Protestants were married in Spain with no more restrictions than they would find in France or in America.

Such was the law when Alfonso came to the throne—a law which it would seem as if the government hardly dared to ask the Cortes to repeal, lest it should raise a storm round its head, but which the King revoked by a royal decree ! And this was done, not under the ministry of some obstinate old Conservative, but of Canovas, one of the first statesmen of Spain, who, I am told by those who know him, in his heart despises the extreme pretensions of the clerical party, but finding it a necessity to have their support, threw overboard civil marriage as a huge sop to the Cerberus of Spanish politics.

It may have been statesmanlike, but it was very cruel, as it attacked the family in its most tender point—its honor: for not only was it a decree for the future, but one which cast a deep shadow over the past, as it was made retroactive in its operation, declaring marriages that had already been made to be invalid, and branding the offspring of such marriages as illegitimate! Thus it broke into the sanctuary of home, and affixed a stigma of degradation on innocent children.

The liberals, of course, were at once alive to the dreadful shame of such a decree, as they saw its operation in hundreds of happy homes, and made their indignant protests against it, but without result. It is not easy to do right after doing a wrong; nor to undo that which has been already done; and it would have been an awkward confession of error for a King to have to revoke his own revocation! And so this royal decree, harsh and unjust and cruel as it was, was left to stand to the end of his reign, and was bequeathed as a sad legacy to his widowed Queen.

But when Alfonso was dead and buried, and Canovas, as Prime Minister, had given way to Sagasta, the head of the Liberal party, the voice of the Protestants was heard again throughout the kingdom, demanding the restoration of the law respecting civil marriages—a claim that was one of legal right as well as natural justice. In a country which professes to be free, all men, whether Protestants or Catholics, stand on the same ground, and so long as they are quiet and peaceable citizens, have equal rights before the law—rights which cannot be denied or ignored.

What then was to hinder the Government from carrying out its own liberal policy? In our country we have but one plain rule: to find out the right in a case, and then to go ahead and do it. But Spain is not America, and things cannot be done in this blunt, republican way. The Liberal

Ministry, with the best intentions, feared to arouse the suspicions and hatreds of the Clerical party, which are so bitter in Spain; and to allay this distrust, began the business by sending an envoy to Rome to enter into negotiations for a concordat with the Pope!

Could anything be more humiliating for a people who are proud of their independence, than to have to ask permission of a foreign power before they could decide how they could be legally married? It matters not what that power may be, whether prince or priest, king or kaiser, or pontiff, it is a confession of servitude, and a badge of degradation.

Of course the Pope, or those about him, wishing to retain power in all Catholic countries, stoutly opposed any relaxation of the iron rule in Spain, the result of which is that the decree against civil marriages still stands, and the cruel wrongs which it inflicts are to this day unredressed.

It is discouraging to see such a sign of reaction in a country for which we hoped so much; but we are not obliged to consider this reaction as a persistent force—a set-back from which there can be no return. These ups and downs of parties are but the ebb and flow of a sea which, however fast it may be running out just now, will by-and-by come back and roll its thundering waves upon the shore. The tendency of the age is towards liberty, and that tendency, however it may be checked, cannot be permanently arrested in any civilized country. In Spain things move slowly, but it is only a question of time when this great injustice shall be done away. If I speak of it now, it is not to put dishonor upon a country which has entered on the path of liberty, but only to show that it has not yet attained unto perfection, and has to advance much farther before it can stand in the same rank with England or the United States, or even with France or Italy.

CHAPTER XII.

THE ESCORIAL—PHILIP THE SECOND—THE BURIAL- PLACE OF KINGS.

What the Palace of Versailles is in France, the Escorial is in Spain. Each is the monument of a great reign, and of a great period in history; each was erected by the greatest monarch of his time, out of resources which only a kingdom could furnish; and each remains the type of a political condition which has forever passed away. But here the resemblance ends: for Versailles was only the residence of a Court, while the Escorial, reared in performance of a religious vow, was to have a religious as well as a royal character—to be a Monastery as well as a Palace. It has also a peculiar interest as connected with one of the most extraordinary characters in history. It is therefore, on many accounts, the place of greatest interest in Spain.

As the Escorial owes its existence to this memorable vow, that must be referred to at the outset as the key to the whole design. Once, and once only, in his life, did Philip the Second venture near a field of battle—at St. Quentin in France—and then he was in mortal fear of defeat. In terror at what seemed to be before him, he

made a vow to St. Laurence (as the battle was on that saint's day) that if he would help him out of the sore strait he was in, he would build a monastery bearing his name, in token of his gratitude. Apparently the saint took his part, for he gained the victory; nor did he (to his honor be it said) forget in the hour of success the promise which he had made in the hour of danger, but set about its execution with a deliberateness and largeness of plan which showed that he intended to make it the work of his life. Those were the days when the mines of Mexico and Peru poured their treasures into the lap of Spain. What use so fit to make of this enormous influx of wealth as to build a Temple to God, and a Monastery for those who should celebrate His worship from generation to generation? With this should be combined a Palace for his own royal house. The more the King thought of it, the more the project grew in his imagination. With all his affected humility, he was not free from ambition; and this double pile, Monastery and Palace in one, would be a monument not only to St. Laurence, but to himself.

Having formed his plan, he proceeded to carry it out with the energy and persistence which were the strong elements of his character. Selecting a site in the bleakest spot in all Spain, on the side of the Guadarrama Mountains, in sight of his capital, yet so far away from it that the noise of its streets might not disturb his royal ear, he laid the foundations of the enormous structure. The material was to be of granite, the most enduring of stone, and the walls of such thickness that no earthquake could shake them down. Thus the work was begun and carried on under the eye of Philip himself. That he might get a better view of the rising walls, he was wont to ride out to a point on the mountain-side from which he could look down upon them. Here was a huge boulder, up which

were traced some rude steps, and on the top were hewn out three seats—for himself, his wife, and his son. Here he would come when the work of the day was ended, and the twilight was fading over the tops of the mountains; and as he looked down, rejoice that he had laid the foundation of a structure which should endure as long as the everlasting hills. And so the work went on for twenty-one years till the design was complete. This was the Escorial, which we were now to visit.

It is but an hour's ride from Madrid—that is to say, it *would* be were trains run in this country as they are in America. The distance is but thirty-two miles, which one of our "lightning expresses" would pass over in three-quarters of an hour. But in Spain nothing goes by lightning, and hardly by steam. Even the forces of nature do not work here quite as in the rest of the world. When the steam is up, it seems as if the engine stopped to deliberate whether it had better go, having a doubt in its secret mind whether life, even the life of an engine, were worth living, if it were doomed to such preternatural activity. Indeed one may say truly that in this country trains are not "run" at all: they crawl. To a Spaniard time is of no consequence: the longer he is on the way, the more time he has to smoke; and he is not impatient that the ride to the Escorial should take nearly three hours!

Nor was I much disturbed by it: for as we moved slowly over the plain, bleak as a Scottish moor, and now bleaker than ever on this Winter's day, I was content to sit in a corner and look out upon a landscape which, dreary as it was, had witnessed many stirring scenes; over which had passed great armies, from the days of Cæsar to Napoleon. While thus absorbed, the Guadarrama Mountains, which may be seen on the horizon from

Madrid, come more into the foreground, though they do not improve on acquaintance (having neither the grandeur of the Alps nor the beauty of lower summits covered with verdure); but with their stunted trees and masses of rock, present a picture of complete desolation.

We do not approach directly, but winding round and round, that the railway (which is the great route to the North of Spain and to France) may find a passage through the mountains, when suddenly there rises before us a structure so vast in dimensions, and so sombre and dead in color, that it seems to be a part of the mountain itself. We know it in a moment: it can be none other than THE ESCORIAL.

And now that we are to ride up to a Royal Palace, it is befitting that we appear with some degree of state, which is provided in a huge, lumbering omnibus, that had perhaps served in its early days as a Spanish *diligence*, drawn by two horses and four mules, the latter being harnessed as a regular "stage-coach team"; while the horses were put abreast of the leaders, one on each side, to give proper dignity to this royal equipage, as well as increased speed in the ascent. As we took our seats on the top beside the driver, he raised himself up, and leaning forward like a huge bird spreading its wings, went "flying all abroad." Cracking his whip with the energy of a Spaniard, he accompanied it with a volley of exclamations (whether they were Spanish oaths, or calls on the saints for help, I knew not), till he grew so red in the face that I should have feared for the consequences had not a second appeared by the roadside to relieve him, by taking a part in his vociferations. Thus urged and lashed to their utmost speed, horses and mules started into a run, and in a few minutes landed us beside the Escorial.

During this rapid approach, I had a chance to take a

nearer view of the massive pile, and was disappointed at the absence of architectural effect. The only impression is that of bigness. Size it certainly has, covering nearly as much ground as the Great Pyramid; but the Pyramid has a height in proportion to its base, so that it rises before us in imposing majesty; while the Escorial presents long lines of dead wall, relieved only by thousands of windows, which, as they are all of the same diminutive pattern, need only to have bars before them to complete the picture of a Prison or Lunatic Asylum. It need hardly excite surprise if a stranger who did not know what was before him, should think that he had come suddenly, in this lonely place in the mountains, upon a Penitentiary large enough to hold all the criminals in Spain.

To get an idea of the magnitude of the Escorial, there is no better way than simply to walk round it, when in seeing the extent of its walls, one can well believe that it has nearly two thousand rooms, and no less than five thousand windows! This vast quadrangle is divided off into courts by a number of pavilions, all so alike, and all so plain and bare, as to give countenance to the common belief that it was modelled after a gridiron, that being the instrument on which St. Laurence suffered martyrdom. But this it is by no means necessary to suppose, since such a resemblance exists in any building which is laid out in the form of a parallelogram, with pavilions connecting the longer sides, between which the courts answer to the open spaces, while the structures themselves represent the iron bars. One has but to enlarge the bars and spaces to colossal size—to cover acres with building after building, and court after court—to form a good idea of the Escorial. My impression was therefore against the popular theory of the model on which it was built; and yet a friend who has visited the Escorial so often that he may almost be said to

have lived there, assures me that the common supposition is true: that the architect was expressly instructed to lay it out on the exact plan of that holy instrument of martyrdom; and that he obeyed instructions even to the extent of having four towers to represent the legs turned upward in the air, with the church as the handle! Certainly no gridiron was ever more wanting in artistic design. The impression is made more sombre by the entire absence of color. Everything is on a colossal scale; while the use of but one material, granite, makes the whole as cold as it is colossal. Not a touch of bright color relieves the old gray walls; while the gleams of sunshine, often interrupted, are not sufficient to light up the murky shadows of the place. Within and without it has an air of sepulchral gloom.

To this oppressive monotony there is one splendid exception in the church (or Temple, as it is called), which is the central feature of the Escorial, standing midway between the Palace and the Monastery, and rearing its lofty dome high above the dead level of the roofs that surround it. This church, if it be not worthy to rank with the great cathedrals of Spain, stands next to them. In one respect it has an advantage over them, in that the effect is not half destroyed by having the choir in the centre, thus obstructing the view from every side. Here it is withdrawn to the extreme end, over the entrance, leaving the whole space of nearly four hundred feet with nothing to break it, so that the effect is very imposing.

Here then is one part of the Escorial, in which a man of architectural taste need not be disappointed; while the scholar and man of letters may find a pleasant retreat in the library, which was, and still is, one of the finest in Spain; and in the collections of pictures, though these were formerly more rich than now that the masterpieces have been removed to the Museum in Madrid.

But that which gives to the Escorial an interest greater than all else, is that it was the creation of Philip the Second, of which he was the designer and builder, and in which we recognize his very self carved in stone. The interest of this dreary abode is that it was the home of that mysterious being, who sat in its heart three hundred years ago, and from it ruled half the world. His personality grows upon us as we penetrate into the interior. Entering on one side, we are taken in charge by a custodian, who leads the way up the grand staircase, and through a long succession of apartments, which remind us of Versailles. But these do not interest me much, so many palaces have I seen, and found them all alike, or at least having a general resemblance. These apartments have indeed one unusual attraction in the tapestry with which they are hung, woven after designs by Teniers, Wouvermans, and other Dutch artists, all which at another time and in another mood, we should have admired as splendid specimens of the painter's and the weaver's art. But just then we were intent on something else, and hurried through these tapestried halls, hardly pausing even in that of the Ambassadors, in which they were accustomed to wait till they could be admitted to the royal presence. But here we pricked up our ears, as our conductor said "Now I am going to show you the room of Philip the Second"; and leading us along the passage by which the Ambassadors were introduced, he opened a door, and we stood in the apartment of the King. It was not a secret chamber, but it was a very retired one, at an inner corner of the Palace. This was the lion's den, from which the slightest growl set all Europe in fear: for its occupant was in the sixteenth century what Louis XIV. was in the seventeenth, though ruling a greater dominion, and with more absolute sway.

This was the King into whose private apartment we were now suddenly introduced. But this very fact caused a disappointment. A ruler who was greater than Emperor or Sultan, we should expect to find surrounded with a magnificence which was the symbol of his power. Yet to our amazement, the royal apartment is the poorest and meanest of all that are shown in the Escorial. The floor is of brick, and the walls are bare, without a single ornament except a picture of the Virgin. In a small side-room, like an alcove, is his writing-desk. In this inkstand which I take in my hand, he dipped his pen when he signed a decree that might be executed on the other side of the globe. This is his portfolio—a simple wooden affair, which could be folded up like a checker-board, and was apparently made for use in a camp, as it is the very same which he had at the Battle of St. Quentin, and on which perhaps he recorded his vow to build a Palace for God and (this may explain the bareness of the room in which he lived) *a hut for himself!* In this room are kept his one chair and the two stools on which alternately he rested his gouty leg. To the adorers of monarchy it may seem presumption in an ordinary mortal, and a Republican at that, to sit in a royal seat; but the old custodian, with an eye to an extra fee, drew aside the protecting screen, and I seated myself squarely in the chair of Philip the Second; and that I might even assume the very posture of “my predecessor,” stretched out a foot upon the same rest which had supported his; and indeed as he had two such rests for a change, I spread myself right and left, that I might lean upon both, and thus be doubly supported in my transient regal state. After this *extended* experience, I can testify that a royal seat is not always the most comfortable in the world. Instead of being a throne, or even a luxurious place of repose, it was made of hard board, without a

cushion; and the stools were positively disreputable; while his poor Secretary sat abjectly on a still lower seat, from which to listen humbly to his master's will. All this is so unlike a royal apartment, that one would take it for a back room in a castle, assigned to some prisoner of State who was doomed to separation from the world, rather than the chosen retreat of the Sovereign who ruled it. Yet within these blank walls, seated on that wooden chair, the greatest monarch of his age made his power felt in two hemispheres.

Here lived for fourteen years the most gloomy King that ever sat upon a throne. Shut up within these walls, he kept apart from his fellow-beings, coming in contact only (except with priests and monks) with his Ministers or the flatterers of his Court, or Ambassadors from abroad, the homage of all whom he received with the same indifference, never rewarding their incense even with a smile, or giving way to any such sign of weakness as might indicate that he cared for the praise of men. A King of this gloomy character could not make the royal household very cheerful. It could hardly have been a great pleasure in that day to be invited to this grim and solemn Court, on which his presence weighed like a nightmare. The life of Philip was so solitary that he could hardly be expected to have much sympathy with his fellow-beings. Those of the outer world he scarcely saw, and never in a way to excite in him any feeling of compassion. What were they to him? His it was to execute the will of God, no matter what destruction it caused. From this chamber he sent forth his decrees to all parts of the world—decrees often the most cruel—now to the Duke of Alva to crush the rising spirit of the Netherlands, and now to the fierce and fanatical masters of Mexico and Peru, giving them power to execute their bloody will, little heeding how much of

human misery the execution of his orders might involve. Having thus discharged his mind of the cares of State, having performed his public duties, he turned to what was his only relief—that of prayer. His apartment had been chosen close to the church, with a small oratory that had a window opening on the high altar, at which he could kneel and pray. When he was at his devotions, no one dared to disturb him. His life was as much that of a monk as a king. He slept in a monk's cell, and daily joined with them in their prayers. For this purpose he did not have to descend into the church: for he could pass along the gallery to the choir—a gallery so massive in its arches and their supporting columns, that it seems as if the whole had been tunnelled out of the living rock, like the galleries at Gibraltar. Along this corridor, where his footfall woke only the dull sound of the echoing stone, the King stole softly at the sound of the vesper-bell. When the two hundred monks of the monastery had filed into their places in the choir, he entered by a private door, and took his seat among them, as if he were one of the brethren. His “stall” was in the farthest corner, where he could not be observed, and yet could see and hear all, keeping his eye on the high altar, and joining fervently in the prayers for the living and the dead. There, as he bowed upon his knees, we may hope that his spirit was truly humbled under the spell of the place and the hour; that for once he forgot that he was king in the presence of Him who was King of kings and Lord of lords.

Philip lived in the Escorial fourteen years to a day. But to kings as to meaner men, the last hour must come. He was in Madrid when he was seized with the fatal illness, and he insisted on being carried back to the Escorial. Fifty-three days he lay dying, during which he suffered in mind as in body. Priests and confessors stood

round him, ready to absolve him from his sins ; but that did not relieve his conscience. With all that he had done for the Church, he was haunted by a fear that he had committed some deadly sin, for which he should be condemned at the final bar. He had doomed his fellow-creatures to death : what if they should rise up against him, and call upon God for judgment? Doubts and fears pressed upon him as he drew near the final hour. It was but a little group that could be gathered in the oratory where he had been wont to pray, and even to these he was oblivious. The window was opened into the church, and he had no eyes for anything but what was *there*. Claspings in his hand the crucifix which his father, Charles V., pressed to his dying lips, with his agonized gaze fixed on the high altar, the soul of Philip the Second passed to the presence of God.

What shall we say of such a man? That he was "the greatest and meanest" of mankind? No : he was far from being the greatest, and yet he had great qualities, great force of will, great persistence in his designs, and great equanimity in victory or defeat. It was no ordinary self-control that would not permit him to rise from his knees even to hear the tidings of the victory of Lepanto, which saved Christendom from the Turk ; and it was no common firmness that could receive the news of the destruction of the Armada (which had cost him eighteen years of preparation, and hundreds of millions of money) without moving a muscle, only dropping a philosophical observation about the vicissitudes of human fortune, and thanking God that if one Armada was destroyed, he had still the means to build another.

Judged by his devotion to the Church, Philip was one of the most religious of men. He was exact in his observances ; he fasted and prayed and submitted to

penances; though suffering a disease which often caused agony, he allowed himself no indulgences; he sat in a hard chair and slept on a hard bed, and was more rigid and exacting than any confessor towards himself.

And yet this cold, impassive man, who allowed himself no pleasures, and whose self-denials, if rightly directed, might have made the happiness of millions, was one of the worst men that ever sat upon a throne. Few men can be named in history who have caused more misery to the human race. He ruined his country by his persecutions and his wars; he sent thousands of the best men in Spain to the stake without a twinge of remorse; while beyond the seas his brutal soldiery, unchecked by him, committed every crime in the name of the Prince of Peace! Thus he shed blood like water, both in his own unhappy country and in the ends of the earth. After all this, how can we help feeling that it was a just retribution—if it be true, as historians tell us—that on his death-bed he suffered the torments of hell, since under the government of God it is the inexorable law that “he shall have judgment without mercy that showed no mercy”?

I do not wish to linger in the Escorial: it is too dark and gloomy. But there is one feature which needs to be added to complete the picture of the place. We have seen the room in which Philip the Second lived and died; we may now descend into the crypt in which his body rests, with others of the royal dead. Charles the Fifth abdicated his throne the year before his death, and retired to the Convent of Yuste in Spain, there to consider his latter end, and prepare for his departure. In this year of meditation, his thoughts were occupied with his own future, and seemed to be divided between the care of his body and the salvation of his soul. For the former he enjoined his son to prepare a royal burial-place. Philip

therefore included in his plan of the Escorial a Mausoleum into which should be gathered, generation after generation, the long and illustrious line of Spanish kings. This is the famous "Pantheon," which is an object of peculiar interest.

But how to obtain access to it, was the question. It was undergoing extensive alterations, during which visitors were rigidly excluded. The orders were peremptory, and I was told in Madrid that admission was "impossible." Even Mr. Curry had found, on a recent visit, that his official position did not avail to unbar the doors; and yet it was through him that I obtained what he had not obtained for himself. As his house is a place of social reunions which include many connected with the government, it was there that I met the Introducer of Ambassadors, to whom Mr. Curry preferred my request. He was very courteous, as Spanish officials generally are, and said that, although it was very difficult, he would do what he could. A day or two after he came to tell me that the Pantheon, which is in the crypt of the church, was, like the Monastery itself, under the care of a religious order, and that therefore he had brought me, as the most likely to be of service, a letter to the Prior, in which he had introduced me as "a learned American gentleman," and requested as a special favor that the doors which were shut in the face of the outside world, might be opened to me. Armed with this, Mr. Gulick and myself, after we had been through the Palace, presented ourselves at the door of the Monastery, and giving the letter to a young monk, asked him to take it to his Superior. In a few minutes he returned with it in his hand, and a direction that it should be shown to the official in charge of the works, whom we found in the corridor, and to whom we presented our "commission." He read it over carefully, and raising his eyes, acknowledged a request coming

from the Palace, and approved by the Prior, as an instruction which he could not disregard, and said that if we would meet him at two o'clock at a certain gate at the rear of the church, he would be there to open it for us, and would himself conduct us to what we had so much desired to see. At the appointed hour we were on the spot, where he had just arrived, and at once the heavy bolt was unlocked, the iron door swung open, and we descended into the Sepulchre of Kings.

The first portion of the crypt into which we were introduced, seemed quite new, or at least newly arranged—a sort of Annex to the Pantheon, which was greatly needed: for here, as in humbler burial-places, there are constant accessions to the number of the departed. “Death knocks alike at the palace gate and the cottage door,” and here, as in country graveyards, where

“The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep,”

there is a constant cry of “Room, room for the dead!” And so new forms, of the young as well as the old, are brought to the embrace of this royal, yet cold and silent, place of rest.

This addition to the Pantheon, the newer part, is much larger than the old, as here are deposited the remains of those members of the royal families who did *not* sit upon a throne. In Spain the order of precedence is strictly observed even in the grave, and the Pantheon, which is limited in size, is reserved only for kings and queens. It may be said to keep guard over the royal line as something sacred, not to be confused with anything of inferior blood, even if it be their own blood, and no one can pass its grim portal who has not in person sat upon a throne, or at least shared a throne with a king as his queen, or with a reigning queen as a king-consort. And not all queens are admitted, but those only who have been *the mothers of kings*.

Thus Philip the Second had four wives, of whom only one, the mother of Philip the Third, is buried in the Pantheon, while two others [one, "Bloody Mary," is buried in England] are retired to that part of the crypt which we are now entering, where they sleep only among princes and princesses. But if the dead could choose their resting place, one would think that they would prefer this outer court to the other. True, the Pantheon is more select, but it is darker and gloomier, as it is farther underground, while here the pavement is but a few feet below the earth, so that it is within reach of light from the upper air, which, as it is admitted through windows of ground glass, rests softly on the white marble under which the dead repose. With such gleams of sunshine amid the shadows, the dead are nearer to the living world above them, and, one would think, might sleep more tranquilly than if buried in utter darkness.

One familiar with Spanish history would pause long before these sarcophagi, above which is inscribed upon the wall many a name associated with royal splendor. Here rest two of the wives of Philip the Second, each of whom, in her turn, presided over his gloomy Court. But here too are names which recall sad histories. Here sleeps the king's son, Don Carlos, whose unhappy fate suggested to Schiller the subject for a tragedy, but no blood-curdling scene upon the stage could equal the real tragedy of one who, born to a throne, was accused of having conspired against the life of his father, by whom he was imprisoned for years, and some believe finally put to death. Such are the tragedies which may be hidden within palace walls. Other histories there may have been less tragic, but hardly less pathetic, as where some princess, under royal disfavor (for no place in the world is more full of heart-burnings, of pride, envy, and all uncharitableness,

than a Court), withered like a flower, till at last she was glad to hide her sorrow in the silence of the grave.

There was something very touching in the frequent quoting of passages of Scripture. Each sarcophagus is inscribed with some word of hope, such as "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord"—a consolation as precious to those of higher as of humbler birth. As in Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*,

" Many a holy text around is strewn
That teach the rustic moralist to die,"

so here the royal as well as the rustic moralist is "taught to die" by words of faith, which alone can support king or prince or peasant in a dying hour.

While many of these illustrious names appear in one larger Mortuary Chapel, there are smaller chapels for others, more or less near kindred to royalty. In one of these is a warrior's tomb, which bears a great name—that of Don John of Austria, the illegitimate son of Charles the Fifth, who, if not reckoned among hereditary princes, was greater than them all, as he was the hero of Lepanto, the victory which destroyed the Turkish fleet in the Mediterranean, and proved a fatal blow to the Moslem power.

As we thus pass slowly from tomb to tomb, our interest is wound up to a pitch that prepares us for a further descent into the earth. We are apprised that we are about to enter a still more imposing burial-place, by the richly-colored marbles and the long flight of steps lined with walls of jasper, by which we go down to the silent chamber in which none but kings and queens repose. This is the Pantheon, the first glance at which shows us that it has been modelled after the Chapel of the Medici in Florence. It is much smaller, being only thirty-six feet in diameter by thirty-eight feet high; but the plan is the same—that of an octagon—and both have the same

style of decoration in the dark, polished marbles, which give them a kind of solemn splendor.

Of the eight sides, one is taken up by the heavy door, and the one opposite by an altar, which divides the kings from the queens, the former being on the right, and the latter on the left. All the dead are encased in coffins of black marble, placed one above another, like the bodies in the Catacombs. This treatment of the royal dead seems hardly in accord with their dignity. Think of the great Emperor Charles the Fifth being laid on a shelf! Yet so it is. But for all that, one cannot repress a feeling akin to awe at sight of the black sarcophagus in which they keep his bones. It lies at the top, so that standing on the pavement, we look up to it; and how can we help thinking of the exalted station of him who lies there; of all he was and did; of the battles he fought and the victories he won: how he captured the King of France at the Battle of Pavia, and brought him a prisoner to Madrid? Nor could a Protestant forget that this is the man before whom Luther stood at the Diet of Worms, and made the immortal defence, whose last words still ring in the hearts of Germany and of the Protestant world: "Here I take my stand: I cannot do otherwise. God help me!" Those two men—Charles and Luther—were the two great figures of the sixteenth century. At Worms they met and parted, and never met again. Luther was delivered out of the jaws of the lion, and Charles was enraged that he had let him escape, and to the last day of his life did not cease to regret that he had not burned the man he had promised to protect! The sacredness of a royal oath was nothing to the service he might thus have rendered to the Church. And now as history passes judgment on the two men who on that day stood face to face, it places the intrepid Monk far above the treacherous King.

Under Charles the Fifth rests the body of his son, Philip the Second, followed in order by Philip the Third and Philip the Fourth, after which come the Charleses.

At the head of another tier of kings lies Ferdinand VII., beneath whom is an empty sarcophagus for his daughter, Isabella the Second, waiting till she departs out of this life, when it will be opened to receive her. According to the Spanish order of dignity, even sex is disregarded in the assignments to these royal tombs. Thus Isabella, when she comes to be gathered to her fathers, will be placed among the kings, while her husband, Don Francisco de Assisi, who is only a king-consort, will be placed among queens!

Below the niche reserved for Isabella, is that in which already lies the body of her son, the late King Alfonso. It must have been an impressive scene when this young prince was borne to his rest. He was buried with a conformity to ancient usage which could have had no parallel anywhere else in the world, and the very story of which (as told me by one who knows all the actors in the august ceremonial) recalls the pomp and state of the Middle Ages. According to the old Spanish custom, the death of a king is not recognized till certain formalities have been observed. He may be lying in his coffin, but he is a monarch still, and must be approached with the reverence due to majesty. All these forms of respect were punctiliously observed while the body of Alfonso was lying in state in the Palace, and when it was removed to the Escorial. Here the procession is formed at the foot of the hill, and moves slowly upward to the Monastery, where the funeral car stops before the principal door. But the door is shut, and even the King cannot enter unannounced. A spiritual warder stands at the gates of the tomb, and a voice from within cries, "Who would enter here?"

"Alfonso XII," is the reply, at which the door is thrown open, and the funeral cortége (which includes all that is most illustrious in birth or rank in Spain) enters within the consecrated walls. Here it pauses on the pavement, while only three—the Prior of the Monastery, the Chamberlain of the Palace, and the Minister of Grace and Justice—descend the long flight of steps to the Pantheon below, where the King is laid on a table, surrounded by the silent forms of the royal dead. *He* is not dead, at least not officially dead, and cannot be till, as one may say, he gives his own royal assent. And so, when the bearers have laid him down and retired, and all is hushed and still, the Lord Chamberlain lifts the heavy cloth of gold, unlocks the coffin and raises the glass, and looks once more upon the face of his late master. Perhaps the King will recognize this last act of devotion. So at least his servant would seem to think a possibility, since, kneeling down, he cries three times in the ear that is still open, though the eye be closed, "Senor! Senor! Senor!" and waits for a few moments; peradventure he may receive at least some faint and whispered reply; but hearing none, he rises to his feet, and exclaims, as if with wonder and surprise, "His Majesty does not answer! Then indeed the King is dead!" and locking again the coffin, he hands the keys to the Prior, and taking in his hand the wand of office, breaks it over the silent dust, as a token of a power that has ceased to be; and then they slowly ascend the marble steps, having laid another Spanish monarch in the burial-place of kings.

All this is very impressive, and yet, apart from such occasional ceremonials, the Pantheon is a dreary place in which to sleep one's last sleep. It is far under ground, where not a ray of light ever penetrates. The very thought of this utter darkness fills one with creeping

horror. De Amicis says that when he visited the Pantheon, the guide tried his nerves by extinguishing the light, so that he was left in total darkness. The feeling that he had at that moment I can understand, for I once had the same, on that memorable midnight when I found myself in the heart of the Great Pyramid. It was as if I were entombed, buried alive in a mountain of rock, from which I should nevermore come forth to see the light of day and breathe the air of heaven.

I do not wonder that the gentle Mercedes shuddered at the thought of a resting-place so dark and cold, and begged them not to lay her here. Poor young thing! She loved the sunshine, and so they laid her in a chapel of the church above, where the light streaming through the windows would rest upon her tomb, and friends could come and cover it with flowers.

No doubt the selection of the place for the Pantheon was determined by religious considerations, for it is right under the high altar in the church, which must have been from a feeling, not less real because vague and dim, that as the daily sacrifice was offered for the quick and dead, some blessing might descend on their sleeping dust and their departed souls.

But if the Pantheon be not the chamber where we would sleep, it is a place where we may learn some useful lessons for the life that remains to us on the earth. We have been among dead men's bones, and we find them to be none the less dead because they are the bones of kings. Death is a mighty disenchanter, and few are the names which do not lose when they who bore them are no longer among the living. In the Museum at Madrid is a painting of Charles the Fifth on horseback, clad in full armor, as he rode before his army at the battle of Muhlberg. On the field he looked every inch a king. But how appears he

now? A few years since, when the Emperor of Brazil visited the Escorial, the coffin was opened and the face uncovered. They even permitted photographs to be taken, which are sold to-day in the shops of Madrid. It is a ghastly figure. The lower jaw has fallen down, so that the mouth is wide open, like that of an idiot. And this is all that is left of that Imperial countenance "whose bend did awe the world"!

But it is not the common lot of mortality that is to be cast up in the face of a dead king. What was his life? What use did he make of his power? Was he a benefactor of his race? Spanish historians may count it enough that he was a Catholic King to make him both great and good. So he judged himself, and as such fondly believed that he was a special object of Divine regard. In the Museum at Madrid is a large canvas on which the most distinguished painter of his age has made an apotheosis of this pair of kings, Charles and Philip, representing them on their knees, in the attitude of prayer, encompassed by angels, who are bearing them up to heaven into the presence of the Father and the Son (the Spirit is indicated by a dove hovering between them), who bend from above to welcome them to "everlasting joy and felicity." Could anything be imagined more illustrative of the colossal pride of this Emperor, who had so long been looked up to as a god by his fellow-mortals, that he really thought the heavens would bow to receive his proud and selfish soul. This elaborate painting (the very idea of which is so absurd that nothing but the genius of Titian saves it from being ridiculous) was the favorite picture of Charles the Fifth, who kept it always before his eye at Yuste, and left a special command that it should be hung over his grave, as it was for many years until his body was removed to the Escorial.

And yet this man who saw himself ascending to heaven in the company of angels, might rather have looked to meeting the army of the dead whom he had sent to untimely graves. He had spent his life in wars; he had shed rivers of blood, and might well have feared to meet those whom he had sent into the eternal world before him. It is thus that the old Hebrew prophet pictures an ancient destroyer of his race descending into the shades: "Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming: it stirreth up the dead for thee." . . . "They that see thee shall narrowly look upon thee and consider thee, saying, Is this the man that made the earth to tremble; that did shake kingdoms; that made the world as a wilderness, and destroyed cities; that opened not the house of his prisoners?"

Every word of this were as fitly addressed to Charles the Fifth as to the King of Babylon. He too might be arrayed before a tribunal of the dead, of the patriots whom he sent to the scaffold, and the martyrs whom he burned at the stake. And if all the unburied slain whose bones he scattered on the battle-fields of Europe, were to rise up like a cloud in the air, he would not indeed find himself alone in the other world; but instead of being attended by the angelic host, would be followed by a very different host, that would drag him down to the Eternal Darkness.

When we had left the Pantheon, and come up to the light of day, there was yet time to get one more look at the Escorial from a distance; and taking a carriage, we drove out to the seat of Philip the Second on the mountain side. The grounds in the rear of the Palace are not unpleasant: for here the trees, sheltered from the winds, have grown so as to form a grove, which is a favorite resort for excursion parties from Madrid in the heat of

Summer, where they can spend a day in the delightful shade. But as we pass beyond, the mountain becomes more rugged. Climbing up the boulder, I took my seat in the very niche in the rock hewn out for the King, and looked round on the same scene on which he had looked a thousand times. It was a raw wintry day. The mountains were covered with snow. Yet bleak and bare and cold as was the landscape, it was but a faint image of the desolation caused by that wicked reign. Nature can work no such ruin as may be wrought by the pride and self-will of man when clothed with absolute power. Such is the lesson of the Escorial, which has stood among these mountains for three hundred years, and may stand till the globe itself shall melt. Let it stand as a lesson and a warning—a colossal monument of the ages of tyranny and bigotry, which, we trust, have passed away forever from the earth.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CITY OF TOLEDO.

When we exchange Madrid for Toledo, we come to a city which was once the capital of Spain, but which is in every respect a contrast to the capital we have left behind. In three hours we have passed from New Spain to Old Spain. Madrid is a new city, not indeed in the American sense—not new as Chicago is new, for it is more than three hundred years old—but new as compared with cities that date from the time of the Romans.

In one respect the approach to Toledo is not unlike that to Rome, for it is along the course of a rapid river that, when swollen by rains (at other times it is said that its color is a beautiful deep green), might be called the Yellow Tagus, for the same reason that the Romans spoke of the Yellow Tiber, this being colored by the soil which it brings from the Spanish mountains, as the Tiber brings the same from the Apennines. But here the relation of the river to the city is much more close, for while the Tiber flows through Rome, dividing it in twain, the Tagus puts its arms around Toledo as in a loving embrace.

Nothing can be more striking than the first view of Toledo from a distance. It is at once "a city set on a hill"

and "founded on a rock," the hill being a mass of granite that rises proudly above the river and the plain, the effect of which is greatly increased by its being crested with a long line of battlements. It is very grand, but perhaps some practical American, straining both eyes and neck to look up to the height which he is to climb, might ask "What did they put a town up there for, when they had all this 'river bottom' to build on, with its 'fine water privileges'?" This is a very sensible question: *how* sensible the Romans proved by the fact that they *did* build, not on the height, but on the plain. The city on a hill was founded not by the Romans, but by their successors, the Goths; and why *they* built there, might be answered in changing slightly the observation of a French officer on the famous charge at Balaklava: "It is magnificent, but it is not war!" Here we should say "It is magnificent, and it is war." That is what the site was chosen for: because its "munition of rocks" made it a natural fortress. The Romans built in the plain, because their legions were strong enough to defend a city that was not fortified. But the Goths came from the North, where Feudal chiefs, who were little better than robbers, were wont to immure themselves behind thick walls, from which to sally out and attack cities; and so they built castles in Spain, as they had built them on the Danube and the Rhine.

But leaving the question of position till we are inside the walls, we set our faces towards the castellated city. At the very first step we are on the track of the Romans, for the bridge by which we cross the Tagus, though not built by Roman hands (for it has been rebuilt several times since their day), still stands on the very spot which they chose for it, resting on the same cliffs, and spanning, with the same Roman arches, the same deep gorge, and the same rushing river. From the further bank commences

the ascent, and here one's blood stirs more quickly as he mounts the winding road and looks over the parapet to the wide landscape, made up of plain and mountain and river.

A lady of Madrid who accompanied Dean Stanley to Toledo, tells me that he was struck with its resemblance in position to Jerusalem, each being on a high plateau, and cut off by deep gorges from the surrounding country. Toledo, however, presents a much bolder front than Jerusalem, when the latter is approached (as it is by most travellers) by the Jaffa gate, though the holy city regains in majesty when the pilgrim comes up from the valley of the Jordan, and gets his first view from the Mount of Olives. We had hardly reached the upper level of Toledo, when we came to a stand, for we found ourselves in streets so intricate and aimless that we had to take a guide, who led us through a succession of narrow passages, and even across the floor of the Cathedral, as a short cut to a place of meeting with Mr. Stroebe, who, kind as he always is, had gone down to Toledo the night before to be on hand to show us the city. We found him at the *pension* of the sisters Figuerroa, two Spanish ladies, who have lived in the same house forty years, rarely, if ever, venturing so far away as Madrid; and here, screened behind a trellis covered with vines, and a little garden of orange trees, we took our twelve o'clock breakfast, and then, submitting gratefully to the guidance of our most intelligent as well as enthusiastic conductor, sallied out to see Toledo.

Our commander, with the practiced eye that knows how to take things in their proper order, led us first of all to the highest point of the city, the Mount Zion of this Jerusalem, which commands the most complete survey, not only of what is within the walls, but of the country round. On this height stands the Alcazar, which has done double duty, as Palace and Fortress, from the old Moorish times.

Enlarged by Charles the Fifth and Philip the Second, it was occupied by both before the capital was removed to Madrid. But it has had a hard fate. From being the palace of kings, it has been reduced to being a sort of alms-house, or workshop for the poor, and barracks for soldiers; and has been twice burnt: by the Dutch in the War of the Succession at the beginning of the last century; and by the French at the beginning of this. After such vicissitudes of fortune it lay waste for years, but at last seemed to have found its proper office, when the rubbish was cleared away, and it was converted into a Military Academy, the West Point of Spain, where six hundred cadets were in training to become officers in the Spanish army. Such it was the day we saw it. But ill fortune seems to pursue it still, for in three weeks after our visit it was burned again! This is discouraging, but as the walls are of great strength, it may once more rise from its ashes [it is already being rebuilt]; but if it were in ruins, one thing fire cannot destroy: the magnificent view for which, if for nothing else, a traveller will always wish to stand here and take a sweep round the horizon.

Descending from the Alcazar, we pass out of one of the city gates, across the beautiful Alameda—the resort of the people of Toledo on Summer nights—to a great Hospital founded by a Cardinal who was the Primate here three hundred and fifty years ago, and who has left something better than the memory of his ecclesiastical dignities, in this noble monument of his beneficence.

Returning along the hill, we move with slow steps, for the view is too enchanting to be passed in haste. Here let us sit on these stones, that have fallen from some old ruin, and feast our eyes on the scene below! Yonder the yellow Tagus winds through the plain. There on its banks the old Roman city stood. You can see the outline

of the ancient amphitheatre. If the gladiators who fought in it were to come to life again, and wished to prepare for the combat, they would not have far to go to provide themselves with weapons, for only a mile away stands the arsenal for making the famous Toledo blades. But to return to where we are, this brow of the hill was once lined with palaces and convents, all of which have disappeared; and it seems as if it were in mockery of departed greatness, that now the only building of large proportions which is fully occupied, is a Lunatic Asylum, whose inmates, screaming from their barred windows, might be the infuriated ghosts of once proud Toledons, wildly lamenting over the loss of what is gone forever!

Turning from this to within the city, we come to the great Franciscan Convent of San Juan de los Reyes, built by Ferdinand and Isabella to commemorate a victory, the outer wall of which is "decorated" with the chains of Christian captives, which were struck from the limbs of those who had been taken by the Barbary pirates and held as slaves, and were liberated by Charles V. when he conquered Tunis. One cannot repress a thrill at the sight of these rusted manacles of prisoners and captives, but the satisfaction is marred by one regret, that rulers who knew by the experience of their kindred in the faith how bitter was such captivity, had not learned the virtue of toleration: but truth compels the admission that the Moors, oppressors as they may have been in Africa, were in Spain more tolerant than the Catholic kings.

Convents are not ordinarily inviting to a stranger, but this has one great attraction in its Cloisters. If complete retirement from the world, even to not looking on the face of nature, could be made tolerable, it would be in a retreat like this—a place of silence, broken only by the murmuring fountain or the voice of prayer, but in which,

as the solitary monk walked up and down these "cool, sequestered shades," he had before his eye columns carved in the most graceful forms, wreathed and festooned with vines and flowers: what is most beautiful in nature being reproduced in what is most exquisite in art. I do not quite understand how this luxuriant decoration should be suited to the severe life of monks, who have vowed a renunciation which, carried to its utmost limit, would seem to require that they should sternly refuse "the delight of the eyes" as well as "the pride of life." But it is not ours to discuss the philosophy of these things: it is enough that the beauty is here, carved in stone; and that (as it is now being restored at infinite labor, but with perfect taste) it is likely to remain to be the delight of many generations.

With the great number of churches that Toledo has to show, it is a diversion to be introduced to a couple of synagogues, which remind us that this was long a favorite city of the Jews. Indeed they had a tradition that it was founded by captives returning from Babylon. But no sacred associations could protect them from persecution. A Jew seemed lawful prey, whom it was doing God service to despoil, if not to destroy. One of this unhappy race was the treasurer of Peter the Cruel, whom he served faithfully, but as he was thrifty and prospered himself, his royal master thought it the readiest way to dispose of him to torture poor Levi till he surrendered all his worldly goods, and then to kill him to make an end of the business. Ferdinand and Isabella, not content with expelling the Moors, next turned against the Jews, issuing an edict that no one of that ancient people who was unbaptized, should be permitted to live in Spain—a decree as foolish as it was cruel, as it offered a premium to hypocrisy, since those who had no conscience would not scruple at baptism or any other test, while the hoary Israelites, who clung to

the faith of their fathers, were driven out without mercy. By this expulsion Spain lost 170,000 of its best population, who carried with them a large part of the industry and wealth of the kingdom. This banishment bore with especial severity on Toledo: for the Jews were among its richest inhabitants, and many historians date from this suicidal decree the beginning of its decline. Sad indeed was the fate of this persecuted race. As they went forth from the gates of the city which they believed had been founded by their ancestors, they must have felt that the time of their captivity had come again, and that they had once more, as an outcast people, to hang their harps upon the willows, since they were again to know the bitterness of exile.

In this rapid walk around Toledo, we have reserved to the last its greatest sight, the Cathedral, which is the special admiration of Castelar, as the most perfect specimen of ecclesiastical architecture. I once asked him if he did not think it the most beautiful in Spain, to which he instantly replied, "It is the most beautiful in the world!" at the same time throwing up his hands and raising his eyes, as if he were at that moment looking up into its soaring arches, and listening to strains of unearthly music; and then he went off into one of those rhapsodies in which he is wont to indulge, in which whatever he loves or admires is glorified with all the splendor of his imagination.

It is to be regretted that what is so truly grand, cannot be seen in its full majesty from without. But the Cathedral has no *distance* to give it proper effect. It is so shut in by the narrow streets, that one can have little idea of its greatness, even when under its very walls.

But we lift the leathern curtain and step within the door, and all criticism is hushed in such a presence. As we entered, it was the hour of vespers, which we would not disturb by walking about, and so we stood for some

minutes, and then stole softly across the pavement to a chapel in a corner, separated from the rest of the Cathedral, to listen to another service, which has a history that dates back not only to the time of the Moors, but of the Goths, who had established themselves in Toledo before the Moors had crossed the Straits of Gibraltar. Here they celebrated Christian worship according to an ancient ritual which has been described as "the connecting link between the rites of the Eastern [or Greek] and Western [or Roman] Church." When at last they were overpowered by the Moorish invaders, one of the conditions of surrender was that they should have full liberty of worship according to their faith. The ritual thus retained under Moslem protection, was called the Mozarabic rite. The pledge of the conquerors was faithfully kept, so that for three hundred and fifty years Toledo witnessed the strange spectacle of churches standing side by side with mosques, and Christian worship celebrated within sound of the voice of the muezzin from the minarets calling the faithful to prayer. But when Toledo was reconquered, the new masters were less tolerant than their predecessors, and demanded that the churches should give up their ancient ritual, and adopt a later one that had been duly "revised and improved" by Rome. The Toledons refused, and the dispute waxed so warm, that the parties actually attempted to decide it by personal combat between two champions chosen for the purpose, and again by the "trial by fire," with the usual result that the party which lost found some excuse for refusing to abide by the result; and so the controversy might have remained unsettled, had not Cardinal Ximenes afterwards taken hold of it with his strong hand, and decided (perhaps not unwilling to show his independence of Rome, for Spanish kings and cardinals sometimes

snubbed the Pope himself) that the churches of Toledo should have the right to worship God according to the way of their fathers, and even left an endowment for the perpetual celebration of their cherished ritual. It was this to which we were now to listen. As we entered the chapel, a number of priests (perhaps a dozen) were chanting it with voices loud and lusty, that showed that they were not to be silenced. It was a sight to encourage the hope of Spanish independence in things temporal as well as ecclesiastical.

But we must return to the Cathedral, where the vespers are still in progress. Unwilling to disturb them by movement or even by whispers, we sat down on the projecting base of a column, that we might at once see and listen. Looking round, we took in the grand proportions of the interior, of which mere figures—such as that it is four hundred feet long and two hundred feet wide—can give little idea. But take a single object. This column at the foot of which I am sitting, seems to me like one of the Big Trees of California, and yet it is not ungraceful, for this enormous girth is balanced by a corresponding height. In the loftiness of the Cathedral, it seems as if its builders had designed, if it must be shut in on the ground, that it should at least find space in the air; and so they carried it up and up till it soared high above all the roofs of the city, and caught the light from every quarter, from the rising and the setting sun.

Sitting here and looking up and around, I think how many human lives have gone into the rearing of this majestic pile. Begun in 1227, it was more than two and a half centuries in building, during which the people of Toledo, and of all Spain, watched its rising walls. In this time men were born, grew old and died, leaving the work to their children, who took it up and carried it on all *their*

lives, so that when at last it stood complete, it was the work, not of one man or of one age, but of many generations.

This historical association affects me strongly when I enter one of these old cathedrals, and especially at such an hour as this, when the beams of the declining sun stream through the rich stained-glass windows, filling this temple of the Most High with a light which seems to be poured down upon it from the Temple above; and the mighty anthems rise into the dim arches, and then sink into silence as if dying away upon the heavenly shore.

If I were writing a book on Cathedrals, I should give a long chapter to that of Toledo, for there is a study in every one of its twenty chapels, each of which has a history in its altars, its pictures, and its *tombs*, for (as we observed at Burgos) every Spanish cathedral is a kind of Westminster Abbey. We go from one to another, and then come back to the vast interior, with its five grand naves and eighty-four columns, only to find the first impression renewed and increased. It comes not merely from its size (for there are other cathedrals as large and larger), but from the admirable proportion of the different parts; and from the elaborate finish which is carried into every sculptured ornament, and every detail in marble or in bronze. It is this combination of all in one that makes the consummate and perfect beauty of the whole.

As we come out of the Cathedral, we stand face to face with the Palace of the Archbishop, for in Spain Bishops are Princes, and dwell in Palaces. From the beginning of its history Toledo has been what the Hebrews would have called "a city of the Levites." It once received a visit from the Virgin Mary (!), whose footprint is still shown on a marble slab in the Cathedral, where it is an object of pious veneration. Thus honored by its heavenly

visitant, Toledo became a kind of holy city, a place of pilgrimage, to which priests flocked in great numbers. At one time it had over a hundred churches, and half as many monasteries and convents. Naturally it became the centre of ecclesiastical domination. Its Archbishop was the Primate of the realm, a position of the greatest dignity and influence, once held by Cardinals Ximenes and Mendoza, who were rulers in the State as well as in the Church. Indeed the latter was called, in the days of Ferdinand and Isabella, the Third King, as he seemed to divide power with royalty itself. This exalted rank the Archbishop of Toledo still retains. He is to this day the Primate of all Spain (while Madrid, until within a year or two, had not so much as a bishop), and is regarded, at least by Spaniards, as second only to the Pope in the Catholic world.

But here we have made the round of Toledo, and some of my readers may think it is the play of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet left out : for that while I have said so much of churches and palaces—of the Cathedral and the Alcazar—I have said nothing of the People. The reason is that Toledo was both a royal and an ecclesiastical city ; and that between them royalty and the Church absorbed so much attention as to hide almost all else from view. But for all that, whoever reads Spanish history will find that there was a People of Toledo, that had a life of their own, and a very heroic and determined life, that sometimes gave no small trouble to their kingly and priestly rulers.

The population of the city was of course limited by its geography. It could not be of great extent, since it was built on a small plateau upon the top of a rock. With only such a base for its foundation, and a large part of this taken up by palaces and churches and convents, there were but small quarters for those who formed the bulk of the population. Hence there had to be the utmost econo-

my of room. Toledo was, like Jerusalem, "built as a city that is compact together." The streets were for the most part mere lanes, in which one passing on foot could touch both sides, and neighbors could shake hands out of the windows. And yet in this narrow space was one of the densest and busiest populations in Europe, for into it were squeezed no less than two hundred thousand inhabitants: and these swarming streets were so many hives of busy bees, for Toledo was the most thriving city of Spain.

Nor were these merely toiling masses, for they had a spirit of independence, which they inherited from their Gothic ancestors. Uniting such industry and wealth with such liberty, Toledo seemed at the beginning of the sixteenth century to be not altogether unworthy of the proud boast of John of Padilla, that it was "the crown of Spain, the light of the whole world, that had been free from the time of the mighty Goths." Alas, that its freedom and its glory were to end together. Its freedom died with him, when his head was laid on the block by order of Charles the Fifth. That was not the beginning of the end, for the beginning had been made by the grandfather of Charles when he expelled the Jews, but it carried the same fatal policy still farther toward the inevitable end—a ruin which was completed by the removal of the capital to Madrid. From that time Toledo has had a steady decline, till now it is but the ghost of its former self. From two hundred thousand inhabitants it has dwindled to less than one-tenth that number, and these are poor, while their forefathers were rich. Except the manufacture of Toledo blades, there is scarcely any industry or visible means of support, so that compared with its once crowded state, the city is empty. A few priests in their black cloaks may be seen gliding through the streets as noiselessly as the women that come

out morning and evening to matins and vespers. A few soldiers are on duty here and there in the almost deserted streets, while their officers lounge and smoke before the cafés in the little public square. These, with the usual train of beggars to be found in every Spanish city, are all the signs of life in a city that was once "the crown of Spain, and the light of the whole world."

But though Toledo may be said to be almost dead and buried, it still has the interest of the past. History can give a charm to crumbling walls and ancient towers. As we strode down the hill and across the old bridge, beneath which the Tagus "nobly foams and flows," we kept turning to look back at the long line of battlements behind which the sun was setting, and which stood up grandly against the evening sky. What a history is written in those old walls! There is all that remains of a city which has had many masters—Roman, Goth, Moor, and Christian—till at last the wave of time seems to have swept past it, leaving it stranded on a rock, but which still, discrowned and desolate, has a melancholy interest even in its ruins.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CITY AND THE MOSQUE OF CORDOVA.

At last we are off for the South of Spain. Our fortnight in Madrid has been full of interest. We have not only seen another European capital, but have got some insight into another people, and a new idea of their life and character. The Spaniard is no longer an unknown being. We have seen him on his native heath, and have learned to respect his noble qualities, and to appreciate the greatness of his country, as never before.

Our departure was in the night. So it is that Spaniards are accustomed to come and go. I do not like these hours for travelling. It looks too much as if we were seeking to escape under the cover of darkness, "as men flee away in battle." However, in this wintry season the landscape is brown and drear, and we do not lose so much as if we were visiting Spain in the glorious Springtime or Summer.

Perhaps if I had been a Spanish caballero, I should have considered it a sufficient compensation for the weariness of travelling by night, that we had a very distinguished fellow-passenger. For some days it had been said that the ex-Queen Isabella, who had been making rather a

long stay at the Palace, was about to proceed to Seville. There was a time when she would not have been allowed to go about the country so freely ; when indeed she was sent across the frontier with more haste than ceremony. But since the government has become settled, she has no power for mischief, and is allowed to come and go at her pleasure, and so divides her time between Paris and Madrid. She likes Spain, and likes to be in a palace. If she cannot be a Queen, it is something to be a Queen-Mother ; and so she makes the best of the situation, taking the second place if she cannot have the first, and figuring as a grand personage at the Court receptions. I hear her spoken of, not only with forbearance, but in a friendly way. In spite of all her misdoings, the Spaniards seem to like her because of her easy good nature, which, like charity, covers a multitude of sins. One who knows her well tells me that "she's a jolly old soul." That describes her exactly. She is indulgent to the faults of others, considering perhaps how much she has to ask indulgence for her own, though in fact I do not suppose she thinks about the matter : for she is very religious, and makes large gifts to the shrine of the Virgin, and has received the Golden Rose from the Pope as a sign of his special favor and benediction, which makes amends for everything, even though she should break all the Ten Commandments.

It was something to approach such a royal personage, if it were only by being in the same railway train, although it affected us just now in the way of inconvenience, as it made it somewhat difficult for us to procure tickets, we being told that the whole express train had been taken for Queen Isabella and her suite. However, we found one compartment not engaged, so that we could have the honor (whatever that might be) of travelling in company with royalty, even though it were only royalty dethroned. I

did not see that it made much difference. There was a little more than the usual stir about the station, where a red carpet was spread across the platform for her dainty feet. Her daughters, the Royal Infantas, were there to say adieu to their mamma; there was an unusual number of guards in attendance, and the Chamberlain of the Palace walked proudly up and down. But the affair was soon over. The Chamberlain handed her Majesty into the royal carriage, and bowed his last bow; there was one blast of the bugle, and all on board, Queen and commoners, moved off into the darkness. From that moment, except the steady rumbling of the train, not a sound broke the stillness of the night. The presence of the Queen attracted no attention at the different places through which we passed. It may have been thought more respectful to leave her to undisturbed repose. Certainly there was one place at which she might wish to sleep soundly, Alcolea, where less than twenty years ago she lost her kingdom and crown.

Nine miles south of Alcolea we reached our point of destination, CORDOVA. It was in the gray of the morning, and as we rattled over the stony street, the town seemed buried in a grave-like stillness. And indeed after we had reached the "Hotel Suisse," and been warmed by hot coffee taken before a blazing fire, and sallied forth to see the place, we were surprised to find it a city without inhabitants. There are streets, but they are empty; there are houses with doors and windows, the signs of human habitation; but where are the people? But stop—I am mistaken: for I see a man! Yet before I have time to fix him with my eye, he disappears round the corner. It was a priest on his way to the church to say morning mass, and there is a woman bound in the same direction. We saw several others, but they walked so softly that they

seemed like ghosts that had come abroad at that early hour to wander among the tombs in a City of the Dead. And this is all that is left of a city that once contained a million of inhabitants!

Of its ancient greatness, Cordova retains but a single monument, to which therefore we at once direct our steps. After a long walk through the silent and deserted streets, we come to a wall which, as it is six feet thick and thirty (and in some places sixty) feet high, might be that of a fortress, but which is simply an enclosure for the sacred precincts within. We pass the gates, and find ourselves in a large court filled with orange trees and palms (the first sign that we were getting under the milder skies of Andalusia), and tall cypresses, with a fountain playing; and on the other side a long façade, which has no grand architecture to make it imposing. We enter and look around, pausing to take in the proportions of a structure that is unlike any other in Spain, or indeed in any part of the world. Nothing could be more unlike the Spanish cathedrals, with their broad aisles and soaring arches. Here the ceiling is only forty feet high, and appears still lower from the vast space which it covers. Nor is it much more like a mosque, as we have seen them in the East. Whoever has stood under the dome of St. Sophia in Constantinople, or in the Mosque of Omar at Jerusalem, and by these formed his idea of what a mosque *ought to be*, will be disappointed in Cordova: for here is neither arch nor dome, nor any of those perpendicular lines which are thought to be indispensable to grandeur of effect in architecture.

But if this be neither mosque nor cathedral, what is it? I answer, It is a forest, a sacred grove. The imitation is apparent to every eye. One of the most beautiful objects in nature has furnished the suggestion and the

model for one of the grandest works of art. Why should it not be so? Why should not a deep and shaded wood, with its recesses and its shadows, furnish the type of a place of seclusion into which men can retire to be in the presence of their Maker? "The groves were God's first temples," and no more fitting symbol can be found for a temple made with hands. And now, to take in the vast dimensions of the place, imagine four acres of ground, planted with twelve hundred palm trees, which when fully grown are cut off at a height of forty feet, leaving only the tall, straight trunks standing in long lines, and forming a succession of colonnades, all of which are covered with one mighty roof—that is the Mosque of Cordova!

But surely that cannot be very imposing: it must be as bare and plain as a Quaker meeting-house. But let the palm trees be transformed into twelve hundred columns of precious marbles, of jasper and porphyry and verd-antique, and other richly-colored stones, brought from all the shores of the Mediterranean, the spoils of many a palace and temple; with a pavement of mosaics, and a ceiling richly panelled and gilt; and let the whole be lighted up at night with a thousand lamps, whose brilliancy is reflected from all the glistening marbles and precious stones, and you have an effect of Oriental splendor.

Such was the aim of the Moorish King, who laid its foundation just eleven hundred years ago. Cordova was then a great city, the capital of Moorish Spain, and indeed the capital of all Islam in the West, as Bagdad was the capital of Islam in the East, so that the Caliph of Cordova divided with the Caliph of Bagdad the spiritual dominion of the whole Moslem world. But the East had still one great attraction for true believers, whose lives were not complete without a pilgrimage to Mecca. To neutralize this by a counter attraction in the West, a Caliph who was

wise in his generation determined to make of Cordova a centre of devotion, by erecting here a Temple of Islam that should be to the Moslems of Europe and of Africa, if not of Asia, what St. Peter's at Rome afterwards became to the Catholic world.

But we are still standing at the door. At the first moment, as you enter, you are bewildered by the maze of columns, and perhaps begin to study the labyrinth to find out its plan. But this critical mood is fatal; its charm will vanish out of your sight, as in music the moment the listener begins to criticise, he ceases to enjoy. If you must study the Mosque of Cordova, reserve that till afterwards: for the first hour give yourself up to it, and you will find that it is all, and more than all, that you had conceived. Instead of going directly to its central nave, rather draw away from it into the more retired distances; into the soft, cool shadows; and you will soon be subdued to a feeling in harmony with the place, and find a delicious sweetness in its solitude. And this, after all, is its peculiar charm—the stillness which comes from vastness. Its spaces are so great that one worshipper does not tread upon another. Yonder is a stranger pausing before a chapel, but he is so far away that you cannot hear his footsteps or the sound of his voice. Even though there should be a sudden irruption of barbarians, in the shape of a crowd of foreign tourists, eager, loud, and noisy, they need not disturb you: for you can move away into the distance, where all is still. From this comes the singular restfulness of the place. It is like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

No doubt in the climate of Andalusia, in the heat of Summer, this place of coolness—this groved-temple or templed-grove—was often sought as a refuge from the noontide heat. Under its shades the sun could not smite

by day. This rest of the body induced quiet of the mind, and prepared it for meditation and for prayer. Thus soothed and calmed, we can imagine how, in the ancient days, the long-bearded Moslems turned their faces towards Mecca and bowed themselves and worshipped.

Of course we cannot enter into all the moods of those who knelt on these pavements a thousand years ago, but we can appreciate as we walk through these long aisles, how sweet and sacred, in any age and in any country, must be such a retreat from the glare of day and the noise of the world, into which the troubled heart can withdraw itself, as into a secret pavilion of the Almighty.

I had been wandering about for some time in what might be considered the outer courts of the temple, when in looking across the central nave, I observed something which intercepted the view, and on approaching discovered that it was nothing less than a church, dropped down in the very heart of the vast spaces around it. The story of this extraordinary introduction is well known—how the canons of the cathedral petitioned Charles the Fifth for liberty to remove over a hundred of the columns in the centre of the Mosque, in order to erect a church in its place, to which the Emperor, always ready to listen to the priests, gave his consent; but when, years after, he came to see what they had done, he was immeasurably disgusted, and without taking the blame to himself for his rash permission, rated them soundly for having thrust in here what they could have built anywhere, while “they had destroyed what was unique in the world.” If the poor priests who made this change, could have heard the execrations which have been heaped upon their memories for three centuries, they would beg that the church might be devoted to the offering of perpetual masses for their wretched souls. And yet, while sharing in the feeling of disgust and indignation,

I must add that the change affected me less painfully than I feared. The Mosque is so immense, that even the intrusion of a church does not very perceptibly diminish the space; at least it does not have the appearance of crowding which it would have in less ample surroundings. And as I listened to the ancient litanies, which in spite of all changes still proclaim the glory of Christ, it was good to hear that blessed name echoed and reëchoed where once none but Moslems heard the call to prayer.

We left the mosque with a deep impression of what is certainly, as Charles the Fifth said, "unique in the world," and walked slowly down to the banks of the Guadalquivir, and across the old Roman bridge by which it is still spanned. From its central arch one gets an outside view of the town, and cannot well forbear some reflections on its eventful history. It is said that the idea of writing the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, was suggested to Gibbon as he listened to the monks chanting vespers in the Church of the Ara Cœli, on the Capitoline Hill in Rome. Had he stood on the bridge of Cordova at sunset, he might have found a subject less grand indeed, but not unworthy of his pen, in the *Rise and Fall of the Moorish Empire in Spain*. Cordova indeed had an existence long before it was captured by the Moors, or even by the Romans. As soon as emigration from the East began to flow into Spain, it was attracted to the valley of the Guadalquivir, and here rose a city which the Carthaginians called "the gem of the South." When Spain formed part of the Roman Empire, Cordova was rich and populous. Here Lucan the poet and Seneca the philosopher were born, and Seneca's brother, Gallio, the procurator of Achaia. He is the only Spaniard whose name is mentioned in the Bible; and though he is but a passing figure, yet he made one memorable utterance, when he de-

clared that the government had not to mix itself with questions of religion, and thus saved the Apostle Paul, and gave him the leisure in Corinth to write the Epistle to the Romans. Julius Cæsar describes the fortifications of Cordova, and how strong they were he had reason to know when he laid siege to the city, which had taken the side of Pompey; and he must have been angered by its heroic resistance, to have massacred 28,000 of its inhabitants in cold blood! A city thus decimated was half destroyed. Yet after this Cordova was rebuilt and resettled by the Romans. But its greatest glory was to come, not from them, but from another race that crossed into Spain from Africa. Under the Moors it grew to enormous proportions. From the ninth century—that is, after the great mosque was built—to the twelfth, it is said to have had a million of inhabitants. Its commerce extended to all parts of the Mediterranean, and indeed of the civilized world. It was a seat of learning to which came students from every part of Europe to obtain what they could not find in the universities of France or Germany.

Who shall tell the story of its decline and fall? Here, as in many of the cities of Spain, we may find the answer in the towers of the Inquisition, which cast their gloomy shadows over the Guadalquivir. Nothing ever devised by the wit and wickedness of man, was so fitted to kill the life of a great people. A few generations of that heroic treatment, and the life-blood had flowed from the nation's veins till its very face had become livid with the signs of death. Cities and provinces were depopulated, till a country that had forty millions of people in the time of the Romans, has to-day less than seventeen. If plague, pestilence, and famine had been let loose upon unhappy Spain, it could not have been more effectually destroyed than it was by the paternal government of its Catholic kings.

CHAPTER XV.

THE ALHAMBRA—THE LAST SIGH OF THE MOOR.

From Cordova it is but three hours to Seville, and it would seem the thing to do, to step from one to the other. But sometimes "the longest way round is the shortest way home." Just now I had two places in my eye—Seville and Granada: and, looking ahead, the question was not where I should go first, but where I should come out last, as the more convenient for the departure from Spain. My "objective points" (to use for once an expression which I hate; which I never used before, and never will again) were Gibraltar and Africa; and I took Granada first, that I might return to Seville on the way to Cadiz to embark for Gibraltar. What if I should have to come back over a part of my course, so long as it was but going up and down in Andalusia, the garden of Spain? So, instead of a short and easy ride to Seville, we turned our faces to the East, and travelled all the afternoon, and into the night, to reach Granada.

What an afternoon was that! We were getting into the sunny South of Spain. Although it was still "bleak December," the earth seemed to feel from afar the coming of the Spring. The land before us was like the garden of

the Lord. If the Israelites could boast of Palestine as "a land flowing with milk and honey," what would they have said if they could have looked across the Jordan into Andalusia, with its plains like those of Sharon and Esdraelon; with its vineyards and olive-yards, its orchards and orange groves—and all under brighter skies and a more Southern sun? For miles and miles we rode through one continuous succession of olive trees, which pour forth literally rivers of oil. The hedges of cactus remind the traveller of Palestine, as the villages perched on the hill-tops remind him of Italy. In Spain, as in Italy, the villages were for the most part begun in troubled times, when a site for human habitation had to be chosen with regard to its position for defence. Such were the features of the landscapes which passed before us all that afternoon, until night shut in the scene.

It was ten o'clock when we ran into a station, which had about it nothing peculiarly Moorish or Spanish, but was as dull and common-place as any in the back woods of America. Nor was there anything romantic in the rickety omnibus, in which we rattled over the stony streets of Granada. How could Ferdinand and Isabella spend the resources of a kingdom in fighting for a place so unattractive as this?

But at length we came to the foot of a hill, and began to ascend. All was silent save the creaking of the wheels, and we could see but faintly, although enough to perceive a dark shadow falling across our path as we rode under an archway, at which a fellow-passenger whispered that we were entering the gates of the Alhambra. Still climbing upward, we found ourselves in a long avenue arched with elms, through which the stars shone but dimly, when suddenly the unwieldy vehicle came to a stand at the door of the Washington Irving Hotel.

It is sometimes well to enter a strange place in the night, as it hangs a veil of mystery over the unseen, leaving it to the imagination, which is a mighty enchanter, and the reality breaks upon us only when the mind has been wound up to the due pitch of excitement by its own fancies and dreams.

As I am always on the lookout for these sweet surprises, I asked the landlord to give me his best room, not so much for sleeping as for sight-seeing, and was accordingly inducted into an apartment, which with the adjoining bedroom, had no less than five large windows, that gave a double outlook: on one side into the grounds of the Alhambra, while on the other I should be able to see the sun rise over the snowy heights of the Sierra Nevada.

So much for romance: now for creature comforts. "If you please, Sir, we will have a blazing fire, to remind us of home, and a steaming pot of tea," more refreshing after such a long ride than all the spices which ever distilled their perfumes for the former masters of the Alhambra. Thus warmed and filled, we lay down "to sleep—perchance to dream," for who could help dreaming in a place haunted by such memories? The wind was sighing through the trees, mingled with a sound from which the Alhambra is never free, of the waters that burst out of the hillside and course along the avenue before our windows. In the Spring-time the woods are full of nightingales; but now that it is Winter, they are silent, yet with nothing to break the stillness but "the voice of streams" and the moaning of the wind, there is enough to keep us in a dreamy mood all night long; and so between sleeping and waking, we get a broken rest, "waiting for the day."

At length it came, and as soon as we had our coffee, we were on our feet, entering the enchanted ground. Taking our way through the Gate of Justice, at which in

the old Moorish times the judges sat to administer the law according to the Koran, we continued upward to an open ground on the crest of the hill. In visiting a historic place, I find it a good rule to begin by seeking out some high point from which to take in a general view before descending to details. In this way I get the points of compass. In the Alhambra the best view is obtained from an old tower at the extreme end of the hill. Ascending to the roof, the eye sweeps over the whole horizon. Below, at our feet, lies the city of Granada, while beyond it the *vega* or plain stretches for thirty miles to the foot of the mountains. The view is very extensive, and extremely beautiful because of the shadows which the mountains and the flying clouds cast over this sea of verdure. The landscape is such as one may see not infrequently in Southern California, where a broad plain is shut in by mountain ranges, over which it is a perpetual delight to watch the rising and setting of the sun.

To one familiar with the story of the Conquest of Granada, as told by Washington Irving, this *vega* is full of points of historic interest. Yonder was pitched the camp of Ferdinand and Isabella; here the Spanish army advanced to the attack; and across the plain the Moors "took their melancholy way," and from the summit of a distant hill turned to gaze for the last time at the scene of so much grandeur and glory, from which it still bears the sadly poetic name of "The Last Sigh of the Moor."

Turning from the *vega* to the point on which we stand, we see how completely the former is commanded by the height, which rises abruptly and with a lordly air, as if nature intended it to rule what it looks down upon. Imagine such a hill half a mile long, enclosed by the walls of a fortress, above which lofty towers rise here and there, and you have the old Moorish castle as it appears from

the city of Granada, and from far off on the surrounding plain.

But while all this is very interesting, we begin to get impatient, and at last ask, "*Where is the Alhambra?*" What we have seen so far is like any other Castle of the Middle Ages, picturesque indeed, but not more so than many a Castle on the Rhine. The Alhambra was all that, but much more—Fortress and Palace in one—and what we are looking for is the old Moorish Palace, of which we have read from our childhood as so marvellous in its architecture and its decoration. As we turn to the grounds within the walls, we see a Palace indeed, vast in size and great in pretension, but which is not Moorish, and is not even completed; which somebody must have "begun to build, and not been able to finish," as it stands with its gateways wide open (for indeed they have never been closed), its windows unglazed, and its pavilions unroofed, all open to the sky. This is the famous Palace of Charles V., who authorized the Canons of Cordova to tear down a hundred columns of the Mosque to erect a church in their place, and then upbraided them for what they did solely by his permission; and yet who himself violated all the proprieties quite as much by removing part of the Alhambra to introduce what, amid such surroundings, is a monstrosity.

However, one purpose it does serve. In its present condition of naked deformity—roofless, doorless, and windowless—it is no unfit type of Spain as Charles V. and his son and heir, Philip II., left it: a mere shell, gaunt, hollow, and empty, eviscerated of the best elements of national life—those high and manly qualities which come only with freedom. As such a type, the desolate Palace may stand, a monument of the wreck and ruin wrought by kings who were the destroyers of their country.

As this unfinished structure fills up the foreground so as to throw everything else into the shade, we scarcely notice, half-concealed behind it, the outer wall of a group of low buildings, that would be taken for the offices appropriated to the servants of the Palace, and are completely "dumbfounded" when told that *there* is the Alhambra!

We advance incredulous, prepared for a terrible disappointment; but as we enter, we find that in architecture, as in human character, the exterior and the interior do not always correspond. The instant we pass within, we are out of Spain, and in the gorgeous East—in Damascus or Cairo, in Agra or Delhi. The general plan of the Alhambra is that of a series of courts, of which the most famous is the Court of Lions, but all of which, whether larger or smaller, are laid out on one model, round an open square, in the centre of which is a fountain. The fountain is an indispensable feature, giving something of its life and grace to cold, gray walls. The fountains of the Alhambra, fed from the adjacent hills, in the old times were supplied with abundance of water, which sparkled in the air of every court, filling the place with its constant murmur, and tempering with a delicious coolness the heat of Summer. Sometimes, as in the Court of the Myrtles, the open space is filled with trees, the myrtle, the orange, and the tall, majestic cypress; and running round the four sides of the square is a pillared portico, with passages opening into large Halls, such as the Hall of Ambassadors; or into the private apartments of the Sovereign, or the more secluded chambers, which must be very numerous for the women of an Eastern household. Underneath are the spacious baths, one of the first conditions of Oriental luxury. This general plan does not differ from that of other Eastern palaces, to which the Alhambra is superior only in the elaboration of its details, in which are employed

all the devices of Saracenic architecture, such as the horse-shoe arches so often seen in Turkish mosques, resting on columns so slender that the mass above them almost hangs in air; with the decoration of the interior, in which the ceilings are fretted and honey-combed till they almost float above you like canopies of lace—an illusion completed by the walls covered with vines, whose tendrils are so fine and delicate, and so interwoven with each other, as to give to one of these interiors the appearance of an Eastern bower.

If I was not, however, quite so much overpowered by the Alhambra at first sight as some younger and more romantic travellers, it was because I had already seen its like in another part of the world. Bayard Taylor once said to me that the Alhambra was not to be compared with certain temples and mosques in India, an opinion in which, having seen both, I fully agree. When the Great Mogul reigned in Delhi, and sat on his Peacock Throne, blazing with jewels of priceless value, he was surrounded with a wealth and magnificence never possessed by the Moorish kings of Spain. Nor does any monument or mausoleum here, or in all Europe, equal the matchless beauty of the Taj, the jewel of Asia.

But laying aside comparisons, it needs but a few hours to discover that the Alhambra is worthy of all its fame. We see it at a disadvantage, for what remains is but the fragment of what it once was. Besides the part torn down by Charles V. to make room for his ill placed and never finished Palace, it had been before his time, as it has been since, the prey of the spoiler. Coming into the hands of masters who little appreciated its marvellous beauty, it was mutilated and defaced: in many cases its arabesques were covered with plaster, so that its walls were left naked and bare, stripped of the grace they once

possessed. Thus dismantled and discrowned, it is difficult to get an idea of what the Alhambra really was in the days of its splendor. Some of its most striking parts are quite detached from the main structures. A German photographer, who lives in the grounds, and has made a study of the Alhambra for his pictures, in which he shows the taste of an artist, took us to several towers—one of which was for the Sultana—perched at a great height above the valley of the Darro, from the windows of which the view without was as beautiful as the interior was exquisite. Of course all is now desolate and dreary. But six centuries ago this was the residence of a court, and the scene of boundless luxury, when the pavements, now so hard and cold, were covered with the softest of Eastern fabrics for gentle feet, while slaves glided along the corridors with noiseless footsteps. Then, as the beauties of the harem sat in their high towers and looked out of their latticed windows, the outer world seemed far away; all things were softened in the airy distance; mountains melted in the golden sunset, or were bathed in the moonlight. So was it that contact with rude realities was spared to these secluded beings, who were lifted up so high that the world lay far below them, and no sound came up to them save the rapid rushing of the river in the valley beneath. They lived in a world of their own, in which existence, without care and with every desire for pleasure gratified, was one long dream. With such beauty on every side, and such life animating these now deserted halls, we can well believe that the Alhambra was an abode of luxury such as was not to be found elsewhere on the earth.

But it was not given up merely to soft delights and idle dalliances: it was a seat of government. If the Palace itself were limited in extent, it is probable that

the buildings connected with it, with the intervening courts and gardens, covered the whole plateau, in which there was the population of a small imperial city. Here in the Hall of Ambassadors the Moorish King received the representatives of foreign powers. Perhaps the old fortress-palace was at times the centre of intrigues and conspiracies. So it must have been, if we are to believe the tragic story that in the Hall of the Abencerrages thirty-two of that royal race were in one day butchered in cold blood, whose red stain not all the water of the ever-flowing fountain could wash away.

Although the Alhambra has had a hard fate at the hands of its many spoilers, it is pleasant to record that which has been done to restore it to something of its ancient beauty. Naturally the pride of the government and people was concerned to preserve the most interesting historical monument in all Spain, and forty years ago Senor Rafael Contreras was appointed its "Governor." In competence for the task which it imposed, he had no superior nor equal, and for all these years he has labored not only to preserve what remains of the Alhambra, but in some degree to restore it. With infinite care he has removed the encrustations of plaster with which barbarians had covered the precious designs, and in many cases has supplied parts which were wanting with such skill, that it is difficult to distinguish them from the originals. Even the richness of coloring, which in almost all instances had faded out of the old walls, he has to some extent reproduced, if not in the Alhambra itself, in the models which he has constructed in his studio—in which young artists may find abundant materials for a School of Decoration; and travellers who are interested in calling the forms of the buried past out of their graves, may have the means to reconstruct the dwelling-place of the Moorish

kings as it was when all these courts and halls were enriched with every kind of decoration ; when the slender columns were wreathed with vines and flowers ; when the walls were covered with arabesques, and inlaid with precious stones ; and the ceilings reflected the light of a thousand lamps from their myriad points touched with gold. Thus studied, the Alhambra is a lesson in history, which gives us a new idea of the Moorish civilization ; of the progress which this wonderful people had made in science and art, and of the refinement of their manner of life, in all which they may bear a comparison with the most cultivated nations of Europe.

To the thorough knowledge of this subject, no man has contributed so much as Senor Contreras, who has made it the study of a life-time. Living in the Alhambra for forty years, he has had before him the most perfect specimen of Moorish art, and has been constantly surprised by the manifestations of the knowledge and skill of the Moors, as the fruit of which he has written a large octavo volume devoted wholly to their arts and industries, their manners and customs, and their institutions of learning and religion.* The book is a revelation in regard to a race to which few historians have done justice.

For proof of their skill as cultivators of the soil, it is enough to look at the plain which surrounds this city of Granada. The Moors were the best agriculturists of their time. They introduced the system of irrigation, by which the water coming from the mountains was turned into artificial channels, and distributed to innumerable plantations, a system which is still continued, for the best of all reasons, that it is impossible to devise a better. On the old tower of the Alhambra hangs a bell which is rang

* SOUVENIRS OF THE RULE OF THE ARABS IN SPAIN : Its Traditions, Arts, &c. Published in Granada.

every night at half-past eight, and at short intervals all night long, as a signal to those far and near of the hour at which they can turn on the water that is running in a thousand streams all over the *vega*. Thus none of it is wasted, and yet all are abundantly supplied. By this prudent economy of the element on which production depends, the *vega* is made to yield three or four crops a year.

Agriculture is the basis of the prosperity of a country. Wealth derived from the soil soon stimulates other industries. The Moors became skilful artificers in the precious metals, in gold and silver, and in brass and iron. With this general prosperity grew a taste for science and knowledge of every kind. Having builded towns and cities, they founded Universities, and were for centuries the masters of learning in Europe. All these elements were combined to produce the consummate flower of Moorish civilization.

With such evidences of the flourishing condition of the kingdom of the Moors; seeing how far advanced they were in all the arts of peace; one cannot help asking if their expulsion from a country which they had made so rich and prosperous, was not a loss which was but poorly compensated by the Spaniards who succeeded them?

To this question there could be but one answer if it were not complicated with another, the question of religion. The war between the Spaniard and the Moor is assumed to have been chiefly, if not exclusively, a war between the Crescent and the Cross. This is taken for granted not only by Spanish historians, but by those of England and even of America. Washington Irving writes of the Conquest of Granada as if it were the great epic of Spain, made glorious by exploits of knightly chivalry in the most sacred of all causes. Of these associations it is

hard to divest ourselves so as to judge the matter in the clear, cold light of reason and of truth.

So far as the chivalry goes, all that he has written is true. Regarded solely as an exhibition of martial prowess, the war between the Spaniard and the Moor was one of the most notable events in European history. It lasted for nearly eight hundred years. It was handed down from sire to son, from generation to generation; and though often interrupted by a temporary truce, it was as often renewed, and fought on and on to the bitter end, with an endurance which showed that both races were of heroic blood. So far it is a history of which Spaniard and Moor might alike be proud. But we are not allowed to stop here, but must accept it as a Holy War, waged in the blessed name of Christ. If this be so, of course all our sympathies are on the side of our religion. But may we not have been too hasty in accepting this as something not to be denied? I do not put forward my own opinion as of any value in determining a historical question of such moment, but I do give weight to the opinions of scholars who have devoted years to its study, especially when they are at once good Spaniards and good Catholics.

In the city of Madrid there is not a more honored name than that of Senor Riaño, who is not only a Senator, but a man learned in Spanish history, and the associate of the learned men of the capital. When Mr. Lowell was the American Minister in Madrid, it was at this house that he was most at home, since here he found not only a charming domestic circle, but that society of literary and scientific men which was most congenial to his tastes. Yet this Spanish Senator and scholar did not hesitate to say that he thought the expulsion of the Moors had been an immeasurable calamity to Spain.

The only authority higher than this that I can think

of, is that of Senor Contreras himself, to whom Senor Riaño gave me a letter when I came to Granada. In our conversation he made no private disclosures, but said to me only what he would say to any one; so that I do not feel that I violate any confidence in giving others the benefit of an opinion which comes from a source so distinguished, and which was expressed without the slightest reserve. This I will give as nearly as I can in his own words. He said:

“No history had been made the subject of more romance than that of the war between the Spaniards and the Moors. It had been represented as a War of Religions—a holy crusade to subdue an unbelieving people to the faith. But he could not look upon it at all in that light. He did not think that it was inspired by any such exalted impulse, but by a much more sordid motive. If the whole truth were told, he believed that its animating spirit was one of selfish greed. The reasons for his belief were obvious. Andalusia was the richest part of Spain. The Centre and the North were but thinly inhabited, the population being confined chiefly to the seacoast. But in the South was a country naturally fertile, and which the Moors, with their careful industry, had made as rich as the Valley of the Nile. This was in tempting contrast to the bleak uplands of Castile and Arragon, and it was not strange that the descendants of the Goths should cast a covetous eye on these rich plains of the South. Why should this paradise remain in the hands of unbelievers? To drive them out and get possession of their country, was the object of the Spaniards in their perpetual wars. No doubt they were inflamed with a fiery zeal to convert the Moors, but they were not at all scrupulous about the means of their conversion. War answered their purpose better than preaching the Gospel. What they wanted

most was not the spiritual good of the Moslems, but their towns and cities, their houses and gardens and well-watered fields. They were much more anxious to get possession of the lands of the Moors than to save their souls."

This is strong language, but it is fully justified by history. Religion was but the pretext of wars which were not holy, but *un-holy*, and all the worse because of the false pretence under which they were masked. It is a burlesque of history to represent them as in any true sense religious. As well might we claim that our wars against the unhappy Indian tribes were undertaken for missionary purposes. How false and base was Ferdinand, the Catholic King who conquered Granada, he showed at the siege of Malaga, when he took from his captives their jewels and their gold as a ransom, and afterwards sold them into slavery—a treachery which alone is enough to brand his name with infamy.

At last the Moors were expelled from a country in which they were not thought fit to live. They had not even the privilege accorded to other conquered peoples, to remain in the land which their industry had made rich, but were driven out without mercy. Then began a procession of misery such as the world has seldom seen, when fathers and mothers with their little children left their homes, and took up their march for the sea, over which they were transported to the Barbary Coast, there to perish miserably on the shores of Africa.

Was this a victory for the Cross? No indeed; the religion of our Divine Master is not to be made responsible for such crimes as this. It was a victory for tyranny, oppression, and cruelty. It was an act of national suicide, from which Spain has not recovered to this day. Spanish historians may try to apologize for the cruel deed, and to

make out that it was not a great national calamity ; yet the fact remains, that under the Moors, Andalusia was more prosperous and more populous than ever before, *or since*. No such exodus has taken place in any country since the Israelites went out of Egypt. Andalusia was half depopulated. Granada had then half a million of inhabitants : to-day it has but seventy thousand. Cordova had a million of people : to-day it is a city of the dead !

This was not a pleasant conclusion to our reflections on the Alhambra, but melancholy as it is, it is better to see things as they are, than in the false light of romance, which in leading to wrong judgments, prepares the way for future errors. As we left the house of Senor Contre-ras, we turned our steps once more to the old tower of the Alhambra, to take a last look over the *vega*. The sun had just sunk behind the distant mountains, but the west was still aflame with the glory of the dying day. Above, the sky was of the deepest blue. At that sunset hour, and in that soft evening light, the broad expanse below seemed as if it might be a meeting ground for men of all races and all creeds, where they could dwell together in peace, and learn war no more.

Looking across the plain, where once the dusky children of the East sat under their vines and their fig-trees, who could help mourning their unhappy fate ? On the horizon we saw distinctly the hill-top from which they turned to take their farewell of the Alhambra, and recalling what we had just heard, we could not but recognize the melancholy truth that "the last sigh of the Moor" was the last sigh of a splendid civilization, which then departed never to return.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF GRANADA.

In my wanderings about the world, it has been my lot to be brought in contact with all sorts and conditions of men—men of all countries, speaking all languages; and men of all Churches and creeds, worshipping God in many forms; and I have found good in them all. In this varied experience I have made the discovery (which, though not new, every one has to make for himself) that true greatness of character belongs not to one caste, but to men of every race and clime; and nothing gives me so much pleasure as to *cross the lines*, and grasp the hand of one from whom I am widely separated. And so it is that, Protestant as I am, I come to pay my tribute to a dignitary of the Roman Catholic Church for his heroic courage in the relief of human suffering.

Before I left America to make this visit to Spain, I said to my dear and honored friend, the late President Hitchcock, that as I was going to a Catholic country, I hoped I might meet some good representatives of its religion. I had heard a great deal said against the Church of Spain; that it was given up to forms and superstitions; and that its priests were of a low type

intellectually and morally, being generally ignorant, and not unfrequently immoral. "But surely," I said, "among so many hundreds and thousands there must be some priests and bishops who are both learned and devout." Yet I did not find much encouragement to seek such acquaintance. Even an eminent Roman Catholic of America, who had gone to Spain with the same purpose in view, told me that he had found little to reward his search; and predicted that I "would have my trouble for my pains." This was discouraging, and I might have come away with the same impression, had I not had the good fortune in Madrid to know a lady who is equally at home in English and in Spanish society, and who is herself a devout Catholic, to whom I expressed my desire, when she at once replied, "My husband (a Senator of Spain) will give you a letter to the Archbishop of Granada, who distinguished himself so greatly last year in the cholera." I accepted the courtesy, and after a visit to the Alhambra, came down into the old city of Ferdinand and Isabella, and made my way to the Archiepiscopal palace. In Spain it would be thought unworthy of the dignity of an Archbishop if he did not live in a palace: and so I was not surprised to be conducted up a grand staircase into an ante-room, where a number of persons were waiting for an audience. As "Monseigneur" was engaged, I was kept waiting half an hour, and fearing that he might be occupied all the afternoon, I proposed to leave my respects and retire, but the attendant who had taken my card and the introduction, begged me to wait a little longer, apparently fearing that he should be reproved if he allowed me to depart, for he kept saying "What should I do with this letter?"

At length the door opened, and I was ushered into the presence of a man a little turned of sixty, who as he rose

to receive me, showed a manly figure, a little inclined to stoutness, which he described pleasantly as *vieillesse anticipée*. But a slight touch of age only gave added dignity to his presence, especially when above it shone a countenance as kindly and benignant as I ever saw. He said that Senor Riaño had already written of my coming, and that he was glad to see me, not only as the friend of *his* friend, but as a stranger and an American. Nor did his pleasure seem in the least abated by the fact that I was a Protestant. About this I had no reserve or disguise, for I did not intend to appear under false colors. But I could say truly that I knew many Catholics, among whom were some who were not only dear to me as friends, but men of such elevation of character that I held them in the highest honor.

To this he replied in the same spirit. Though he believed in the Holy Catholic Church as the one body of Christ, it by no means followed that *all* the good were included even within its extensive pale. He knew many Protestants who were not only good citizens and good neighbors, but exemplary Christians, and said, "I would take off my hat to a Protestant, who is a man of sincere conviction and consistent life."

He is a native of Malaga, which is the residence of many foreign merchants, so that the sight of Englishmen in the streets is not so rare as in some cities of Spain. This better acquaintance softened prejudice and won respect. He spoke particularly of the late English Consul as one of the most excellent of men ; and of the ladies of his family as known in all Malaga, not only for the sweetness and gentleness which might be expected of refined Englishwomen, but for their kindness to the poor and the sick, and their innumerable charities ; and indeed "they were patterns of all the Christian virtues."

I asked the Archbishop about his experience in the cholera, to which he answered with great modesty, saying that "he had only done his duty," as if that was not just the thing which most of us fail to do. It was only at a second interview (for he pressed me earnestly to come again), after I had heard from others of his heroic conduct, that I was able to make my inquiries more intelligently, and to elicit fuller information.

I learned that within the past two years Granada had suffered from two of the greatest calamities that can visit a city: an earthquake and the cholera. The earthquake took place about Christmas, 1884. It came without premonition: with no preceding tremor of the earth or darkening of the sky. It occurred at night, but a night of such peace as became the holy Christmas tide. A resident of Granada said to me, "It was a beautiful moonlight night when I felt the first shock." In an instant all was terror and dismay. So violent was it as to cause great destruction of property and loss of life, and to create such consternation that the people fled from their homes and camped in the fields, though they were covered with snow. After a time they recovered calmness and returned to their dwellings, when in six months Granada had another visitation, which was to prove still more terrible.

The cholera did not excite such immediate alarm as the earthquake, for though the very word is a word of terror, its ravages were not so great at first as afterwards. But still a place in which the cholera had made a beginning, was one which a prudent man would wish to avoid.

It was at this moment that Granada received a new Archbishop. The former one had fled from the city at the first appearance of the cholera, but his very flight brought on an attack from which he died. His successor, Father Moreno, had been private chaplain to the King,

and was now promoted to the See of Granada—a position of great dignity, but of great exposure also, and his friends advised him to remain in Madrid until the danger was over. They little knew the temper of the man, who found in this only a reason for hastening to the post of duty. His courage was soon put to the test: for scarcely had he taken up his residence in Granada when the cholera, which had hitherto appeared only in a less degree, burst forth anew, and raged with the utmost violence. Instead of deaths here and there, the people died by scores and by hundreds. All who could leave the city fled, but enough still remained to furnish the harvest of death. Of course its ravages were greatest among the poor, who could make no provision against it, living in wretched habitations, which were the breeding-places of pestilence. In a few weeks *ten thousand* had died—one-seventh of the whole population! Indeed on some days the mortality was much greater than this, as when over five hundred died in one day—a rate which, if continued for five months, would have left in the city not a single human being!

Such appalling mortality struck everybody with terror. The demoralization was almost worse than death. But how could it be otherwise? Who could control himself in presence of a plague like that of the first-born in Egypt, when “there was not a house in which there was not one dead”? It was hardly possible to find nurses for the sick: for as soon as the fatal disease appeared, the living fled from them. A German resident told me of the sad fate of one of his countrymen, an artist, who after pursuing his studies in Florence (where he had given promise of future distinction) came to Granada to make sketches of the Alhambra, for which he took up his quarters in one of the old towers, having as his only attendant a woman to

take care of his room, who, as soon as he was taken ill, was so frightened that she left him alone, and fled to the Washington Irving Hotel ; but danger met her there, for somebody died in the night, and she fled back again, only to find that he whom she had forsaken was dead, when she too was stricken down, and in a few hours died also.

Where such incidents were of daily occurrence, it was impossible to keep down the panic. The terror was so great that it even stifled the affections of nature. We are wont to think that no degree of danger can overcome the instinct of maternity, and lead a mother to forsake her child. And yet the cases were numerous in which parents fled from their homes, leaving their offspring to die.

Such was the state of alarm, that it was hardly possible to bury the dead. The bodies were carried to some "dumping-ground" and thrown in heaps, from which the stench was too horrible for any one to approach. The police were powerless to enforce the common decencies of sepulture, and it was only when the prisoners were taken out of the jails, and the soldiers stood over them with loaded muskets, that pits were dug in which the putrefying mass of humanity was buried out of sight.

Such was the condition of Granada in August, 1885, and such the scenes that presented themselves to the new Archbishop—scenes that would shake the nerves of most men, and excite an uncontrollable impulse to escape to a place of safety. His friends begged him to save himself while he could. To all such entreaties he answered with a mildness and gentleness that are the best indications of an unalterable mind : "It is not my own safety that I am to consider ; I do not belong to myself, but to my poor people ; and if they ever need me, they need me now." Nor did he think it enough to remain in the city, but to seclude himself so as to avoid exposure to danger. He

did not shut himself up in his palace, and send out his priests to meet dangers which he did not dare to face. In answer to my inquiries he said that, when he was a young man, he had been a student in the University of Granada, and at that time became familiar with its streets and by-ways, so that he did not need any guide to point out the plague-spots of the city. So he went into the streets, not courting but avoiding observation, for which he often went at night lest the people, discovering who he was, should "throng him," and thus impede his efforts for their good. In the silence and the darkness he went from street to street, and from door to door, entering the dwellings of the poor, listening to their pitiful stories of misery, holding the hands of those in the last agony, and whispering consolation to the departing soul. If anything could take away the bitterness of death, it must have been the benevolent countenance of that man of God bending over one's pillow, and breathing into his ear the words of immortal faith and hope!

In these visits to the dying he had often a very delicate, but a very necessary, duty to perform. One of the evils of Spain is the great number of men and women living in the family relation with no marriage ties. Such he found, about to leave children who would be doubly orphaned, as they would be left not only with no title to an inheritance from their parents, but with none even to their very names! This brand of illegitimacy it was in his power by a brief service, such as is permitted *in extremis*, to remove; and thus by a few words spoken in the death-chamber, he gave unspeakable relief to the dying father and mother, while he secured to their children the priceless inheritance of an honorable name.

But he did not limit himself to giving spiritual consolation. He wished to save the lives as well as the souls of

his people. They were not only in need of medical treatment, but were without food. As the panic had paralyzed all business, there was no work for the laboring class, by which they could earn their daily bread. This aggravated the situation. If their strength was reduced by the want of food, they would fall victims to the slightest attack. Hence the first necessity was that they should be fed. But who could feed such a multitude? This required money, and a great deal of it. But gold and silver he had none. In this extremity he told me that he had thought seriously of selling the mitre that had just been bestowed upon him. True, it was not worth much, but he thought he could perhaps raise five hundred francs upon it, and that might save some precious lives. I dare say some whisper of his intention got abroad; at any rate, as the public heard daily of the horrors of the cholera in Granada, they could not but hear of the brave fight he was making against it, and he began to receive contributions from different quarters—a hundred francs, two hundred, five hundred, a thousand, five thousand, and in one instance ten thousand! Thus provided with the needed resources, he set about administering in a systematic way to the relief of the poor. First of all, like his Divine Master, he fed the multitude; he provided an abundant supply of simple but nourishing food. This timely nourishment, with proper medical treatment, checked the spread of the pestilence, and by-and-by it began to abate. It had broken out in June, and culminated in August, though it continued into September. By the last of that month it was so far abated as to be under control.

But now came a new source of anxiety. The people had been fed and kept alive, but they needed also to be clothed, for they were extremely destitute; the poor were in rags, and as the Autumn drew on, and the nights were

chill with frost, they would shiver with cold, and perhaps perish at the first blasts of the approaching Winter. To avert this new calamity, the Archbishop wisely devoted what remained of the contributions in his hands, to providing them with warm clothing. Thus having cared for "his poor people" to the last, and seen them warmed and fed, he might well feel that he "had done his duty," and could rest from his long labor.

Such was the story of the cholera of 1885, as I learned it from many sources, and as it was at last told me with the utmost simplicity by the Archbishop, or rather as I drew it from him. I looked at him with wonder, and asked :

"How did you feel during those terrible months? Were you attacked with cholera?"

"No, never."

"How did you guard yourself against it?"

"Partly by not fearing it. My constant effort was to calm myself and to calm others."

In further explanation, he said that he changed very little his usual course of life, but kept up his regular habits. He ascribed very much to his *method*, by which he went through his trying duties as the humblest priest would go the round of his parish. This perfect system kept him from falling into any confusion—being bewildered by the varied cares that were thrown upon him. It was easy to see, in looking at that placid countenance, that he was a man of even temper, not easily thrown off his balance. Thus he kept a calm and tranquil mind in the midst of scenes that might have shaken the stoutest heart, when "the pestilence was walking in darkness, and destruction wasting at noonday." This serenity in the presence of danger may be ascribed in part to temperament, but far more to the inward religious life which

filled his mind with “the peace of God which passeth all understanding,” so that he could go forth to the duties and the horrors of each day calm and undismayed.

This Divine protection and aid he was most anxious to recognize, lest I should ascribe too much to himself. “No,” he said, “it was not I that did it, but a Power far above me. Mere courage is not enough at such a moment, any more than mere physical strength. It is from no feigned humility, but from the deepest conviction of my heart, that I say, It was God alone who carried me through.”

So spake the good Archbishop. How could I help loving such a man? Could I love him the less because he was a Catholic Archbishop, instead of being a Protestant like myself? There are moments in which all differences disappear in the presence of moral greatness. I saw before me, not the bishop nor the priest, but only an illustrious example of courage in the midst of appalling dangers; of calmness in the midst of universal agitation, and of supreme devotion to duty. In the presence of such heroism, devoted to the relief of human suffering, mere differences of creed sink out of sight. I looked at him with a feeling of affectionate veneration; and when at parting he followed me through the corridor and gave me (with a patriarchal embrace) his blessing, I was glad to receive it from one who had proved himself a hero in the cause of humanity as well as a true Christian bishop, and shall always have a more kindly feeling for the old Church of Spain (proud and haughty though she may be) when I remember that she has given such a splendid example of courage and devotion.

CHAPTER XVII.

PROTESTANTISM AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

After this glowing tribute to a Catholic Archbishop, and a chapter on Ignatius Loyola, and the descriptions of Cathedrals which I delight in, some of my friends in America may think that I make more of the Roman Catholic Church in Spain than of Protestantism. Of course I do, and for the best of all reasons, that there is a great deal more of it. The ancient Church of Spain is great and powerful; Protestantism is but a grain of mustard-seed. Yet a grain of seed is not to be despised: for though it be so small as to be invisible to the naked eye, yet it has in it the essential element of life, with "the promise and the potency" of great things to come. But for the present Protestantism in Spain is cast far into the shade; and yet small and feeble as it is, it is not only a religious but a political force, because of that which it represents, and for which it stands—the sacred cause of religious liberty. The two things are so connected that we may consider them together.

In the conversations with Castelar, he had much to say of the degree of personal liberty in Spain (a subject of which he likes to talk, and dwells upon fondly and proudly)

—liberty of the individual in his movements ; liberty of speech and of the press ; liberty of association and assembly, of holding meetings for any lawful purpose, political or religious, which of course includes the right to hold any religious faith, and to celebrate any form of religious worship. In all these particulars he claimed that Spain was as free as any State in Europe—as free as Italy, or France, or England, or even our own dear America !

This is a proud boast to make ; and even though we may not be able to go quite to the extent of the eloquent Spaniard, yet there is enough to make him proud, especially as he contrasts the present condition of his country with what it was when he was born. To begin with, every man enjoys a great degree of freedom in his domicile, in his goings out and his comings in. In some countries of Europe a man is so constantly under the surveillance of the police, that he is hampered in his every movement ; he cannot stir out of his native village without a passport in his pocket, or a permit from the civil or military authority. To some extent this restriction exists in Spain. Every Spaniard must have his *cédula*, or official certificate, to show who he is and where he lives, without which he is not permitted to travel. This is a security against escape from military duty, and against vagrancy, no unimportant thing in Spain : for though it does not extirpate the race of beggars, it keeps the beggars at home. But for a hard-working and self-supporting man, there is very little restriction on his movements. Except for the duty of military service (to which he is liable under the conscription in Spain, as he would be in France or Germany), he is master of himself, free to go anywhere, to take up his residence in any city, or make his home in any province, where he can sit under his own vine and fig-tree, with none to molest or make him afraid.

Next to this liberty of the person is the liberty of speech, which is carried to the greatest extent. A Spaniard would not be himself if he could not talk. Talk he must, and talk he will. And he will not mumble to himself, but he must talk to somebody; and not merely in his own house, behind closed doors, but in the street, wherever men do congregate. In Madrid I had but to look out of my windows into the *Puerta del Sol*, to see how these *Madridenos* came together like a flock of pigeons, or rather, I should say, like a flock of black crows, to judge from the heavy cloaks in which they wrap their Castilian dignity. It was amusing to lean out of the window and hear them talk. How they did jabber! Every man seemed to have muffled up in his cloak some secret which he was anxious to impart to his neighbor. So it is in every Spanish city. Go into the *cafés*, and see them seated round their little tables, and every instant that their mouths are not occupied in eating or in smoking, they are kept going in ceaseless clatter. Indeed the smoking does not interfere with it, as it only gives opportunity for a slight pause to recover one's breath, when the conversation goes on with the same volubility as before. So in every place of resort: in the corridors and boxes of the opera and the theatre, in the stalls of the bull-ring, at the porches of churches and cathedrals, do the Spaniards exercise the freedom of their tongues; and exercise it on every possible subject, private or public, religious or political. The right to "speak his mind" is the birthright of every Spaniard as of every American.

When a nation has secured this liberty of speech, its next demand is for liberty of the press, and this too is carried in Spain quite as far as it ought to be in any country—indeed sometimes beyond the bounds of decency. A foreign ambassador in Madrid gave me this as his opinion:

"If the journals of this city were to attack the Queen Regent to-morrow, not merely in her royal prerogatives, but personally and bitterly, I believe the offence, however much it might excite popular disgust, would pass without arrest or trial, or punishment of any kind." Compare this with the freedom, or want of freedom, in Germany. What would be the fate of a journalist in Berlin, who should attack the Emperor after this fashion, or even his powerful Minister? But I must confess that this degree of freedom is not to me a matter of congratulation. It is carrying liberty far beyond what I wish to see in Spain or anywhere. American as I am, and belonging to the press as I do, I do not believe in the liberty of unlimited abuse, and I should be glad to see such outrages upon decency severely punished. I do not therefore speak of this freedom of the press as approving it, but only to show that Spain has gone so far towards the utmost degree of freedom, that she has even the very excesses of liberty.

Kindred to the right of speech and of the press, is that of holding public meetings and discussing political questions, which is carried perhaps as far as is consistent with public tranquillity. We have seen the freedom of discussion in the Cortes. Nothing could be more outspoken than the speeches in the late debate. All sorts of political opinions were openly avowed—opinions which, if carried into action, would make a revolution to-morrow. But this freedom is not limited to Parliament: it shows itself in all the large towns, and indeed in all the provinces, of Spain. I have been told that months before the Cortes met, Republican deputies were holding public meetings in Catalonia, in which they almost openly preached armed insurrection! Surely the liberty of public meetings and of unlicensed speech, could no farther go.

The only question is as to religious liberty : freedom to worship God—that freedom which our fathers sought in the forests of the New World. Can it be that this too has come in Spain, the land of the Inquisition? To some extent it has, but not so fully as liberty in other matters. A short reference to recent history will explain the present position of affairs.

In the Revolution of 1868, one of the first rights demanded and accorded was freedom of religious faith and worship. The Second Article of the Constitution defines the attitude of the State towards Religion. It begins by declaring the Roman Catholic Church to be the Established Church of Spain : “The Catholic Apostolic Roman Religion is that of the State. The nation assumes the obligation of maintaining its worship and its ministers.”

Of course this is not “liberty and equality” as we understand it in America : for to recognize one particular faith and form of worship as that of the State, is to discriminate against all others. They may be tolerated—they may even be protected ; but this is *established* ; it is incorporated into the State as a part of it, to be supported by its revenues as much as the Army and Navy ; it is invested with an official state and dignity that can belong to no other which exists merely by sufferance. This is an inequality, and so far an injustice.

But whatever hardship there may be in the mere fact of an Established Church, it is no greater in Spain than in England. If we are to be branded as Dissenters, what difference does it make whether we sit under the shadow of English or of Spanish cathedrals? Protestants have no reason to complain of that in Spain to which all Dissenters have to submit in England—the existence of an Established Church ; nor that the Church should be the one to which the great body of the Spanish people belong.

Especially is the burden of Nonconformity lightened by the second clause in this Article of the Constitution, which reads: "No person shall be molested in the territory of Spain for his religious opinions, nor for the exercise of his particular religious worship, saving the respect due to Christian morality." Better and better! We could hardly frame even in America a more clear and explicit declaration of absolute freedom of religious belief and worship. If the principle here affirmed could be faithfully carried out, Protestants could ask no more. But this edict of liberty is immediately nullified, at least in part, by that which follows: "Nevertheless, no other ceremonies, nor manifestations in public, will be permitted than those of the religion of the State."

Here is a contradiction, since what is given in one sentence is withdrawn in the next. The union of two such clauses in the same Article, discloses the difficulties with which the framers of the Constitution had to contend. There were two parties in the Cortes and in the country: the party of progress and of liberty, and the party of conservatism, which would cling to everything old—old rights, old privileges, and old abuses—and would yield nothing to the spirit of the age; and like other framers of laws or constitutions or political platforms, they tried to satisfy both.

The only way of reconciling the two clauses seems to be to interpret the Article as meaning that dissenters from the Catholic faith may hold their opinions *in private*, without the right or privilege of public worship. Such was not probably the intention of the framers of the Constitution—for they could hardly have meant to stultify themselves; but it is a construction which may easily be put upon the clause by Cabinet Ministers or local magistrates who wish to suppress Protestant worship. The only

security against this is in having Ministers who will interpret it in its liberal sense, and who, instead of being intimidated by the clerical outcry against toleration, are sufficiently independent to defend and maintain the freedom guaranteed by the Constitution.

The ambiguous wording of the Article gives opportunity for a thousand questions to arise, which, petty as they are, are none the less annoying and troublesome, as, for example: some years ago there was a tempest in a teapot in the island of Minorca over such mighty questions as these:

“Whether a school-mistress could walk in public with little children of Protestant families, without subjecting herself to rebuke?”

“Whether the Sub-Governor of the island could enter a room habitually used for Protestant worship?”

Elsewhere the public mind was agitated over the momentous questions:

“Whether a man could put up a sign-board to indicate that he had Bibles to sell?”

“Whether a peddler in Valladolid could cry Bibles in the streets?”

“Whether places of Protestant worship could be indicated by such undenominational inscriptions as ‘Church of Christ’?”

Of course the more bigoted among the Catholics contended for a rigid interpretation of the last clause in the above Article; and yet, in spite of this, public opinion was so strongly in favor of liberty that they were in some degree compelled to submit.

How far religious liberty has gone under the present Constitution, may be seen in Madrid, where there are a number of Protestant places of worship. These, it should be said, however, are in part attached to Foreign

Embassies, and exercise the right of public worship under their protection. But this is not always the case. The English Church, for example, is not in the Embassy, but in a dingy room in the second story of an old palace, where commonly not more than forty or fifty persons meet for worship. In the next story of the same building is a service in Spanish, conducted by Rev. Mr. Jameson, an excellent Scotch missionary, who has been long in Spain, and speaks the language perfectly. Here perhaps a hundred and fifty assemble on a Sunday morning, and the service is conducted with great apparent devoutness, as well as with the same simplicity of worship as in dear old Scotland.

At the same time there is a service in German by Pastor Fliedner, the Chaplain of the German Embassy, and other services by Protestant ministers of different countries and Churches. All these are conducted openly, without molestation or interference—a freedom which they may owe in part to the presence of the Foreign Ambassadors. But the pastors are not restricted to services within the Embassies. Pastor Fliedner, for example, has a school and an orphanage in another part of the city, into which he gathers poor children, and thus does the work done by the devoted missionaries in the poor quarters of London or of New York.

While admiring this quiet work of Christian charity, I was curious to know if the same toleration would be extended to Protestant worship if it were to “blossom out” in some more conspicuous form. “Suppose,” I asked Mr. Jameson, “that the English colony in Madrid were to become so large and wealthy as to require, not a cathedral, but a handsome church, which they wished to erect on some public square or principal street, would they be allowed to build it?” He answered “I think

they would ; although," he added after a moment's hesitation, "perhaps they would not be permitted to ring bells"! The restriction did not seem to me so important as to take away the substantial value of the privilege. Indeed, he said smiling, a Scotchman could hardly complain when it was only recently that any churches in Scotland could have bells, except those of the old Scotch Kirk. He could not well ask a privilege in Spain which he could not have obtained in his own country! Our friends could afford to be content without the bells, if they could have the church, which I should be glad to see lifting its stately front on the Puerta del Sol ; or better still, on the Plaza Major, where the old Catholic kings used to sit on the balcony in front of the Royal Palace, and watch the victims of the Autos-da-Fé as they were marched into the square, where they were formally condemned by the Holy Office, and delivered over to the civil power to be burned. Here let it stand forever as a monument of religious liberty!

But even though such a monument should rise in the heart of Madrid, and tower above the city, it would have no power to protect Protestants in the remoter parts of Spain. The Spanish body politic (to use a medical phrase) has a very feeble circulation, and it is a long time before the blood that is beating at the heart is felt at the extremities. It is true in all countries, that bad magistrates make good laws of little effect : even the best laws may be neutralized to some extent by local officials who are hostile or indifferent. But in Spain more than in most countries, the local administration, to which is left the enforcement of the laws, is very slow to take notice of any offence to Protestants, and so they are subjected to frequent annoyance in the suppression of their schools, and interference with their worship.

I have now before me a letter from a Protestant pastor in Malaga, one of the best informed men whom I found in Spain, in which he does not see things in the rosy light so grateful to American eyes, that welcome whatever bears the sacred name of liberty. He thinks I have taken a view which is altogether too favorable. As I believe in looking at a question from all sides, I quote his very words, translating the greater part of his letter :

“ You have been captivated by the fine phrases of our statesmen, and been led to believe that there is as much liberty here as in any country in Europe. Indeed, to hear them speak, we are the freest people in the world ; but when you see the way in which they understand liberty, and the little respect and conscience which they have in the execution of the laws, you may be led to think differently.

“ You know that religious liberty is the basis of all liberty, and to judge of the liberties which a nation has obtained, one needs only to see the degree of religious freedom which exists in it. In this respect we are, with the exception of Russia and Turkey, the most in the rear [*les plus arriérés*].

“ The Government is intolerant in religious matters. It will never stand up for our rights against the abuses committed by the local authorities, who are controlled by the clergy. They leave us in peace so long as we make our propaganda more or less secretly ; but the moment that the priests become alarmed at what we are doing, the authorities whom they control annoy us in a thousand ways. We appeal to the laws, and are told that the Roman Catholic is the Established Church, and that the laws are made for them ! We should have a fine time in making reclamations against these unjust decisions. They will always find means to declare us guilty, and to absolve our persecutors.

“ I am a Spaniard, and I love my country ; but I must confess that here no respect is paid to the laws, except as it may suit the pleasure of the authorities, because you cannot find a people whose conscience is so thoroughly *cauterized*. Hence the common saying which they have in Spain, that ‘ The laws are made to be broken, and not to be obeyed ’ !

“ Compare the state of Spain with that of Italy. There the

Government causes the laws to be respected. One sees Protestants in the Parliament, judges in the tribunals, and professors in the State schools. In Spain that is impossible. In the greater part of our Normal Schools, any one who declared himself a Protestant could not obtain a diploma as a teacher. It is true that in Madrid there is no difficulty in this respect, but it is because of the presence of the Foreign Embassies. In vain do you make any reclamation against this: you will lose your time and your money. No, Monsieur, do not believe that we have the same liberty here that you have in the United States. Would to God that it were so! Our statesmen make a parade of their love of liberty, but that amounts to nothing: they had rather make their boasts in the Cortes than work to give us real practical liberty.

“We in Spain are making some progress. We march forwards, *but very slowly*, and in spite of our Governments.”

This is not a cheering report. It is in strong contrast to the glowing pictures of Spanish liberty which Castelar presented to our American eyes. But perhaps both representations should be accepted with some reserve. If one be too bright, the other may be too dark. Every man sees things with his own eyes, and according to his own experience. Our friend in Malaga has doubtless suffered many personal annoyances. Other Protestant pastors could tell a similar tale, for which he and they may well be indignant that such things can be permitted in a country that professes to have adopted the principle of complete religious liberty.

To Americans the surprise is still greater, for they cannot understand it; they can hardly credit the possibility of such narrowness and bigotry. To such I can only say, You have never been in Spain. Spain is not America. It is an old country, and with all that is grand and venerable in age—old cities and old monuments, old laws and institutions—has also the weaknesses of age, its pride in clinging to the past, and its scorn of all things

new. Spain can never forget that it once had the foremost place in Europe, and though it has lost its position, it has not lost its pride. In this the Church of Spain is a part of Spain itself; it is proud and haughty, as is natural to a power that has been wont to trample on its enemies, and that would gladly trample on them still. These things we must take as they are. With all that is good in Spain, with all that is full of promise and of hope, there is still much which belongs to another age than ours; which savors of the old dark days of Spanish tyranny; which reminds us that we are in the land of the Inquisition, where Torquemada has still successors.

Indeed the Inquisition is not quite dead in Spain. True, the Holy Office is closed; its prison-doors no longer open for heretics; its dungeons no longer smother the groans of its unhappy victims. But the spirit of an institution may survive the institution itself; and it can hardly be said that the Inquisition is wholly dead so long as it has defenders. Yet such it has, as a recent incident proves. A few years since, on the two hundredth anniversary of the death of Calderon de la Barca, the Shakespeare of Spain, there was a celebration in Madrid in his honor. The occasion attracted much attention from literary men throughout Europe, many of whom were invited to be present. Among those who answered to the invitation were several German professors. Yet at this international celebration, in an assemblage from all countries, there rose one who did not hesitate to offer a toast to "The Inquisition"! Nor was this as a jest, nor in mere bravado, but in grim earnest; nor did he withdraw it when he heard the indignant murmurs of those around him, but stood by his position, and had the effrontery to say, in the presence of the representatives of Northern literature and learning, that "Spain must be forever grateful to the

House of Austria and the House of Bourbon, which had saved her from German barbarism"!

"But surely," you will say, "this must have been some lunatic escaped from an asylum—some Spanish night-owl hooting among the ruins of ancient towers!" Not a bit of it. It was the distinguished Professor of Spanish Literature in the University of Madrid, who knew what he was talking about as well as any man in Spain, and to whom a German Protestant Professor pays the highest tribute for the extent of his learning and the purity of his character.*

If such be the lessons taught in high places by men of learning and devout Christian character, what can be expected of the lower class of priests, who are as fanatical as they are ignorant?

* Edward Boehmer, Emeritus Professor in the University of Strasburg, in the Preface to his great work, "SPANISH REFORMERS OF TWO CENTURIES FROM 1520," says:

"Doubtless Menendez Pelayo is the best-read and best-informed man in Spain as to the literature of the evangelical movement amongst his countrymen; there is no one who could claim to rank with him. He has varied learning, vindicates morality, and is a man stamped with firm religious principles. A master in his own language, he does not hesitate to avow his admiration of the purity and energy of expression in the Spanish works of men to whom he is opposed. I could almost apply to him the language of an old French poet, who, speaking of a noble warrior opposed to Charlemagne, exclaimed: 'My God! what a champion he would be, if he were but a Christian!'"

This Professor in the University of Madrid is the author of a work in three large octavo volumes, of the size of Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella, on THE SPANISH HERETICS. The title in Spanish is "HISTORIA DE LOS HETERODOXOS ESPAÑOLES: Par el Doctor Don Marcelino Menendez Pelayo, Catédrico de Literatura Española en la Universidad de Madrid." The spirit of the work is indicated in the text quoted on the titlepage: "*Ex nobis prodierunt, sed non erant ex nobis*" (1 John ii. 19)—"They went out from us, but they were not of us."

The question of religious liberty in Spain is not merely an abstract question of politics, debated nowhere but in the Cortes: it is a practical one, as it bears directly upon the rights and privileges of Protestants, who, though insignificant in numbers as compared with the whole population of the country, are yet enough to put to the test the reality of Spanish law and Spanish justice; to show whether the clause in the Constitution which reads "No person in the territory of Spain shall be molested for his religious opinions, nor for the exercise of his particular religious worship, saving the respect due to Christian morality," is a mere flourish of words, a bit of Castilian grandiloquence, or is indeed a part of the fundamental law of Spain.

To this question, or any question about the rights of Protestants, some of the old hidalgos might reply, as Narvaez on his deathbed answered his confessor when asked if he forgave his enemies, that "he did not know of any who were left: that he thought he had killed them all"! The Inquisition did its bloody work so effectively, that Spaniards may well think that the whole race of Reformers was exterminated. But, as in France still survive descendants of the Huguenots, so here in parts of the country may be found a few scattered descendants of men who escaped the rack or the flames, and who cling to Spain as the land of their fathers. They have forfeited no right by reason of the cruelties visited upon a past generation. They are not aliens in the land. They are as true Spaniards as those of the bluest blood, and have as good a right here as any grandee of Castile or Arragon, and a far better right than the foreign princes or princesses who have been transformed into Spanish kings and queens. The excellent Queen Regent who now occupies the Royal Palace in Madrid, was born on the banks of the Danube.

Surely those who are of direct Spanish descent, even though they be of Protestant faith, have as good a right to their native land as any Austrian or Bourbon that has been imported to rule over them. If the Protestants are few in number, it is no fault of theirs, but because three hundred years ago tens of thousands of the Reformed faith were burned at the stake. Such wholesale massacres could not take away the rights of those who escaped, or of their descendants. On the contrary, these may claim a better title in a country for which their ancestors suffered the loss of all things. As they read the paternal names on the roll of Spanish martyrs, they may well feel that they have a sacred inheritance in the land which their fathers watered with their blood.

The Spanish Protestants, like the French Huguenots, have a proud history to look back upon. No chapter of the Great Reformation is more tragic, and yet more full of heroic endurance, than the Reformation in Spain. Wherefore there is no reason why the remnant need to be so very humble in the presence of their persecutors. They are not of an inferior or a subject race, who have to ask permission of their Catholic masters to remain in their native land. Here they were born, and here, by God's help, they mean to live and to die.

But let me not do injustice to Spanish Catholics, the more liberal of whom, I presume, would not wish to deprive their Protestant countrymen of their rights. Still their pride might take offence at the idea that Catholic Spain should be considered missionary ground, to which men of other countries may come to make proselytes. But what is Spain herself doing when she sends her monks and priests to America? She can hardly object to our showing a little of the missionary zeal of which she has given us the example.

But the question of right is not the only one : there is a question of wisdom and prudence. There is a mode of proselytism which not only does no good, but is positively mischievous, as it only stirs up bitterness. If the sending of missionaries to Spain is to be the occasion of angry feuds among the Spanish people, it will do more harm than good. Is there, then, any legitimate work for Protestantism in this country, which it may do without seeming to be an intruder, or stirring up needless strife? I think there is, as I will try to indicate.

The work of proselytism in a foreign country, is one that naturally awakens prejudice and provokes hostility, especially among a people like the Spaniards, who are proud and sensitive to intrusion of any kind upon what they regard as their own exclusive domain. Wherefore it would seem a first point of wisdom in those who come from abroad to begin missionary work among them, to *avoid, so far as may be, controversy with the Roman Catholic Church.* Here I know I touch a tender point. Some tell me that to take away from them this "privilege," would be to take away their own right of existence. "What," they say, "are we here for? What good reason can we give except that the Church of Spain is so corrupt that the country needs a purer form of Christianity?" Especially the younger men, who are very brave, and feel strong in their Protestant faith founded on the Bible, are rather eager for combat. They think it the best way to inaugurate their mission, and call attention to their work, to make a direct attack on the Roman Catholic Church, exposing its superstitions, and even assailing its priests and bishops. No doubt it is a way to make themselves conspicuous, and attract public attention ; but whether the result will be to render the people more willing to listen to the truth, is another question.

Of course there are occasions when there is no alternative ; when the Protestant faith is held up as a compound of heresy and blasphemy, and the missionaries themselves are assailed as if they were intruders in the country, and mischief-makers among the people. Then surely they can claim the sacred right of self-defence, and are free to bear their part in a war which they did not begin. But that is quite another thing from dashing into the arena, and throwing down the gage of battle. The latter course, however courageous it may appear, I cannot but think mistaken.

In the first place, to begin with the lowest motive, if the object were to discredit the Church of Spain and its priesthood, that work of destruction is likely to be done, and will be done, if done at all, by the Spaniards themselves, without any meddling from outsiders. Already the attitude of the educated men of this country, though not so far advanced, is not altogether unlike that of the educated men of France. Here, as there, there is a great contempt for the superstitions of the Church. Nothing do the people enjoy more than hits at the lower order of priests, with their coarse, sensual faces, made more offensive by their pretensions of spirituality. There is a paper published in Madrid called "El Motin," the staple of which is caricature of the priests in all possible forms. Half a dozen copies are now before me, in which they are represented as gross and vulgar to the iast degree ; as sanctimonious hypocrites, turning up their eyes to heaven as if they were very devout, while in the corners of those eyes is the disgusting leer of sensuality. I am amazed that such caricatures can be permitted in a Catholic country. Yet here they are. The paper appears every week, and has a large circulation. It is a perpetual thorn in the side of the clerical party, and many efforts have been made to suppress it, but without success. So in the clubs, as at the

Atheneum in Madrid, every hit at the priests is received with peals of laughter.

While I refer to these things, I beg not to be misunderstood, as if I felt a secret joy that the Catholic Church of Spain should be thus discredited and disgraced. Far from it. On the contrary, I regret that dishonor should thereby be brought upon our common Christianity. But I do say: If that Church is to be attacked, let it be by men of its own race and nation. Let Spaniards fight their own battles: they will not thank us for meddling in them. If the priests are to be ridiculed out of Spain, let it be by the wit of the countrymen of Cervantes, not by the more clumsy efforts of men who speak another language, and know little of the proud susceptibilities of the Spanish race.

It is here that we must draw the line of prudence and caution against over-zeal in proselyting, understanding that Spaniards will take from their own countrymen what they will not take from us. We must not presume too much because we see them making fun of the priests. That is a pastime which they reserve to themselves, and the stranger, if he is wise, will not intermeddle therewith. If he does, he will be quickly undeceived. If, for example, a foreigner, an Englishman or an American, encouraged by these demonstrations in the Atheneum Club, or in any public assembly, were to rise and proceed to declare that Protestantism was a better form of Christianity, the audience would be silent—there would be no response; and if he were to assert that the Spaniards themselves did not believe in the Catholic Church, they would indignantly deny it! Here then is a singular condition of the educated classes: they have lost their old belief, and have not found a new one. And yet with the Spanish tenacity in holding to what they have received by tradition, they cling to the ancient Church, declaring that it is the Church of the

State, in which their fathers lived and died, and in which they too will live and die. To approach a great people in such a state of mind, when they do not ask our advice either in politics or religion, requires all one's tact, patience, and skill. It is not courage that is wanted, so much as that wisdom without which courage is thrown away.

Perhaps some of my friends in Spain will receive these cautions with a degree of impatience, and ask "What then is there left for us to do?" I beg their pardon for seeming to give advice, or even making a suggestion, to men who are far better informed than I; and yet, if I may presume upon the freedom which ought always to exist among brethren, I would say to them, as a great man, when dying, said to his son: "Do all the good you can in the world, but make as little noise about it as possible." Begin with the utmost quietness, shunning notoriety rather than seeking it. Be content to make your work among the humble and the lowly. It was here that Christianity gained its first victories. Feed the hungry and clothe the naked; gather the poor children out of the slums into your orphanages and your schools. Thus you will preach the Gospel in the most effectual way by living it. Prove the purity of your doctrines by the purity of your lives, and you will by-and-by disarm prejudice and win confidence. This much many of you have already gained, of whom I have heard even Catholics speak with the highest respect. They find that the strangers whom they had been taught to regard as emissaries of evil, are, on the contrary, excellent fathers and mothers, sons, brothers, and sisters, whom they are glad to have come and live among them. This in itself is no small achievement.

But some will think this is working in a very slow way; and if they are missionaries from the other side of the ocean, they are likely to have a fire in the rear, in the half-

curious, half-complaining, inquiries of a constituency which is impatient for immediate results. Americans must do everything on a grand scale. They expect to see "a nation born in a day." Some of them already ask me "When is Spain to become Protestant?" To this I have a short answer: in my opinion, NEVER! At this they are very much taken aback, and feel almost as if the plans of the Almighty were going to be defeated. They can see in that Church nothing but evil, and cry out against it: "O Babylon, that art to be destroyed!" If they could have their way, they would gladly see the earth open under it, as it did under Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, that it might "go down quick into hell." But in this feeling I do not share, because I make a distinction between a Papal and a Pagan country, and do not consider sending missionaries among Spanish Catholics quite the same as sending them among the heathen. With all the errors and superstitions of the Church of Rome, it is still a part of Christendom. It has the faith of the early ages, which to some extent at least still bears its blessed fruit. I have asked the most zealous of Protestant missionaries, "Are there not *some* of the Catholics whom you would recognize as sincere Christians?" "Oh yes," they answer, "no doubt there are such," although they make the number but small, and say that even these are ignorant and superstitious. But that is better than nothing; it is better to have a small remnant, a few who are simple-minded, humble, and devout, than to have none; and the Church in which such piety is nurtured, is not to be lightly overturned. So long as the Church of Spain is the only Church its people know, it is safer not to lay rude hands upon it. I should be very sorry to see it destroyed, unless there were something better to take its place. If the Catholic Church were swept out of existence,

Spain would not become Protestant: it would become Infidel, and the last state of that country would be worse than the first.

“Then,” say some, dispirited, “we may as well shut up our churches and our schools, and go home.” By no means. There is a right way and a wrong way to do everything. Because one course may be mistaken, it does not follow that another may not be wise, judicious, and successful. Between these two opposite courses—a zeal without knowledge on the one hand, and inactivity and indifference on the other—is there not a wise, dignified, and conciliatory course, in which there is no sacrifice of principle or of dignity, by which Protestant missionaries may accomplish the greatest amount of good, with the least amount of evil? I think there is, and the best proof of it is in what the missionaries *have actually done*: for in the main they have been very wise and discreet. Since I have been in Spain, I have seen the beginnings of Protestant missions in different places. They are all very modest, and not of a character to excite alarm. Each has as its nucleus a little church to which is attached a school, sometimes several schools. The children are generally from the very poor, who receive, with religious instruction, the rudiments of what we in America would call a common school education. Sometimes girls are taught various industries by which they may earn a living. They are plainly and yet decently clothed, and the school is a model of neatness and order. No visitor can fail to be touched by the devotion of the teachers and the eagerness of the children to learn. It is the first time that many of these little waifs have had experience of such tenderness; and when they join in singing the simple hymns, and in repeating together “Our Father who art in heaven,” who can doubt that there is One who listens to the cry of these

homeless, fatherless children? Such a school is a centre of civilization, and if it could be multiplied by hundreds and thousands all over Spain, they would transform the character of the next generation.

This is a work of Christian charity, to which the most bigoted Catholics cannot object. If they do, we have only to say to them, "Go and do likewise!" Some have already followed the excellent example. Herein is one important, though incidental, effect of Protestant missions, in the reaction upon the Catholic Church itself. In Spain, as in many other countries where one great Church has had undisputed mastery of the field, it has grown negligent, and a rebuke or an example from the humblest quarter has quickened it into new life. In many places I was told that the establishment of Protestant schools had been followed by the opening of Catholic schools. So much the better. The more knowledge is spread abroad, the better it will be for the country.

The subject is a very large one, which I have introduced merely to offer these suggestions. The position of Protestantism in Spain is a very difficult one. It is a small minority in the presence of a large, powerful, and arrogant majority—a majority that bears it no good will, and would gladly trample it out of existence. And yet it by no means follows that its influence is insignificant. The power of a minority—even of a small minority—is sometimes very great. It is a check upon the larger body, keeping it from many things which it ought not to do; while it spurs it to do many things which otherwise it would not have done.

Of course the position of a Protestant pastor is one to try not only his courage, but his patience and forbearance. He comes into a community with no purpose but to do good, and finds himself an object of suspicion. Knowing how unjust this is, he feels that it is very cruel, and is

tempted to resent it. But he should remember that it is generally the effect of ignorance, and that the only way to meet it is to live it down. If he can only control himself at such a time, and "forbear threatening," he is sure in the end to gain the victory. It is not in any people—not even in the Spaniards, reserved and distant as they are—to dislike one who is trying only to do them good. Continued kindness, with tact and patience, will conquer obstacles that no amount of courage and fiery zeal could beat down.

In the few weeks that I have been in Spain, I have become very much attracted to the Protestant pastors whom I have met. They are a noble body of men, occupying a position of great difficulty, with a spirit and courage that are admirable. They are worthy of all the confidence of their supporters in England and America, who will not be disappointed in their representatives, *if they do not expect too much*, entertaining ideas and hopes which are exaggerated and absurd. Spain is a slow country. Everything moves slowly. The proud Castilian walks with measured step: it would be beneath his dignity to run. Even the trains on the railroads do not go at the same speed as in other countries. Everything moves slowly, *except political revolutions*, which may take place in twenty-four hours, to be followed by a counter-revolution a week later. But this is merely the ebb and flow of a tide. Everything which is really worth having, such as popular education and religious growth, must be a work, not of days or weeks, but of years and generations. Our brethren are doing nobly. Let them not be impatient, but "hold the fort," resolved, "having done all, to stand"; and thus slowly and silently, but surely, they will render an inestimable service to the sacred cause of Religion and of Liberty.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MIDNIGHT MASS IN THE CATHEDRAL OF SEVILLE.

If I were to begin this chapter in what I may call the "staccato" style affected by some writers of romance, who introduce a story as a play-writer introduces a play, giving the *place, time, and dramatis personæ*, I should put in the foreground of my story a small group looking in each other's faces by starlight, or by "the lantern dimly burning," whose position might be designated in this wise :

Scene : THE ALHAMBRA.

Time : THE DAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

Hour : FOUR O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.

Characters : TRAVELLERS EMERGING FROM THE WASHINGTON IRVING HOTEL.

One of said travellers is grumbling at being routed out of bed at that unseasonable hour, from which I take him to be an Englishman, although it is not easy to distinguish him by his speech, which is curiously compounded, as when he says, with a droll mixture of French and English, that "it is très bothersome," so that I am puzzled to make him out, what manner of man he is, until I hear him use the word "skedaddle," which tells very plainly where he

got his education, since he knows how to speak, not only English but "American." He turns out to be a Mexican who has lived a good deal in "the States," where he has picked up a choice variety of slang. His fellow-travellers are in the same mood with him except myself, who have such a habit of looking forward eagerly to new scenes that bring new pleasures, that no hour is too early for me. And so, with a word or two to cheer up my dolorous companions, we all bundle into the omnibus, and rattle down the hill, and the Alhambra knows us no more.

As was to be expected we arrived at the station nearly an hour sooner than was necessary : the office for selling tickets was not open : and we had the pleasant occupation of walking up and down in the chill morning air, which did not improve tempers that had been sufficiently sharpened before.

However all things have an end. At length the sleepy station-master made his appearance ; we were able to get our tickets and take our seats ; and the thermometer of our spirits rose as we moved away. Even the Mexican recovered his good nature, for he was not at all a cross-grained fellow ; and as soon as he had had his little grumble (there is nothing like being out with it when the fit is on), he brightened up and was as cheerful as the rest of us through the day.

One must have been perverse indeed to resist the influence of that morning, as the sun rose above the Sierra Nevada, before which all "glooms and glums" dissolved like morning dews, as a Spring-like warmth crept through our frames. Though we were returning on our path, yet for a large part of the distance it was new, since we had passed over it in the darkness before ; and again we had to repeat that there is no fairer land beneath the sun than Andalusia, whose vast plains here

and there rise and swell, like billows of the ocean, or like our own glorious prairies of the West, that are here surpassed only in climate, which is soft and mild when our prairies are drifted with snow. To-day (was it because it was the day before Christmas?) the smile of God seemed to rest upon the world which He had made. It was no longer full of sorrow and of sin, but bright with sunshine and happiness. At every station were swarms of country people, some of whom had come with chickens to sell to those not already provided for the feast; while the greater part were here to greet their kinsfolk who were arriving or departing, the third class cars being filled with sons and daughters coming to keep the day with the old folks at home; and there was the usual embracing which followed the sight of beloved faces. It was all so like our American Thanksgiving that it gave me a pang to think that I was not also going home; that for me that night

“No blazing hearth would burn.”

But it would be selfish to let such a thought cloud even for a moment the joy of seeing so much happiness. That day revealed to me more of Spanish domestic life, than I had seen in all Spain before; and a pleasant side it was of what may seem to strangers a somewhat rugged, formal, and fastidious race. A people must have a great deal that is attractive, that have such a love for the places where they were born, and for the dear ones that still abide under the old roof-tree.

At Bobadilla we met the train coming from Malaga by a pass through the Sierra Nevada, which reminds European travellers of passes in the Alps, and Americans of the cañons of the Rocky Mountains—a pass so difficult as to try the utmost resources of engineering. The railroad winds its way through deep defiles overhung by tremen-

dous cliffs, through black gorges into which the sun never shines, from which it mounts slowly to dizzy heights, and creeps along the edge of precipices where the traveller holds his breath. Of this magnificent work, Spain may well be proud. It is by such triumphs over the greatest obstacles of nature, that the mountains are married to the sea, and plain answers to plain across the Alpine heights of the Sierra Nevada.

Continuing our way westward for hours, it was four o'clock in the afternoon when we approached the great city on the banks of the Guadalquivir, once the capital of Spain, and still "the most Spanish" of all her cities. Seville has no advantages of height to make it imposing as one approaches it from a distance. It is not a city set on a hill, but in a valley, with a broad river before it, and plains far and wide around it. In all Spain there is nothing richer than the valley of the Guadalquivir. Just now I observe a new feature in the landscape: I see, not "the cattle on a thousand hills," but herds grazing on the plain, which attract our attention for a special reason—they are not herds of Jerseys or Alderneys, imported for the dairy farms needed to supply the wants of a great city, but herds of another kind, provided to meet a peculiar Spanish want, viz: to furnish bulls for the ring! Yonder are a couple of horsemen, who, to judge from their broad sombreros shading bronzed and rugged faces, might be *gauchos* riding out to lasso wild cattle on the pampas of South America, but who are simply driving, or coaxing, a number of bulls toward the city. This is not always an easy matter, as they are of a breed noted for fierceness, and are sometimes refractory; but they are enticed into the way to destruction by domesticated bulls, who lead them along unconscious of their fate. Probably these are intended for the entertainment of next Sunday, which,

being the Sunday after Christmas, must be duly honored, although this is not the season for bull-fights, which does not begin until Easter. But whether that be the immediate destination of these magnificent brutes, sooner or later they, and the hundreds left in the pasture behind them, will find their way to the Plaza de Toros.

But here we are at the gates of Seville, and as soon as we can disembark, are glad to find, I will not say our "warmest welcome at an inn," but a very cordial greeting in the spacious *patio* of the Hotel de Madrid.

On my way hither, I had been delighting myself with visions of what I would do when we should arrive. After the broken rest of the night, I was "dead tired," and it pleased me to think how, after a good dinner, and an hour or two spent in the most delightful occupation of a traveller—reading the letters that would be awaiting me—I would plunge into a hot bath, and wash away the dust of Spain, and then sink into a dreamless slumber, which should not be disturbed till the dawn of another day. But hardly had we arrived before it was whispered about that, as this was Christmas Eve, there was to be a Midnight Mass in the Cathedral! This was indeed something to see and hear, even in the extremity of fatigue; and so I compromised with my weariness by taking an after-dinner nap, asking to be called at ten o'clock.

Promptly at the hour Mr. Gulick knocked at my door, and we were soon in the streets, mingling with the crowds that gather in every Spanish city on the occasion of a *fiesta*. Entering a café, we took our seats at a little table, where we fortified ourselves with small cups of strong black coffee, which would be sure to keep us awake, and then repaired to the Cathedral.

It was eleven o'clock when we went up the broad steps, and found ourselves in the interior of one of the greatest

temples of Christendom. It was not merely its vast size which impressed us (although it is over four hundred feet long, and nearly three hundred feet wide), but the perfect proportion of the whole, that gave it an air of majesty, which is perhaps the truest test of what is grand in architecture. The height is in proportion to the length and the breadth, the nave rising to a hundred and fifty feet, while the dome is still higher. How enormous must be the columns which support such a roof and such a dome! Though massive as the weight resting on them requires, yet they are of such height that a perfect symmetry is preserved, as in some stately trees which combine grace and strength, striking down deep into the earth, and yet soaring to the sky. Such is the Cathedral of Seville, of which we cannot say that its founders "built better than they knew": for they began with an avowed purpose "to erect a church which should have no equal," and if they have not succeeded in surpassing all others, yet it is enough that they have left, as the monument of their pious zeal, one of the grandest temples ever reared by human hands.

I have already had occasion more than once to observe the singular effect produced in Spanish cathedrals by placing the choir, not at the end, but in the centre. It is an arrangement which has grown out of their very size. They are so vast that they are quite unfitted for ordinary worship. There is no congregation that can fill them, nor would it be in the power of the human voice to reach to "the utmost bound" of the area covered by these mighty arches or domes. From this it became a necessity to fence off a portion, so as to have a segment of the whole more in proportion to the wants of the worshippers. This is done in the English cathedrals, but the part so reserved is at the end of a nave or a transept, so as not to interfere

with the architectural effect produced when one is able to take in the whole interior at one sweep of the eye. But in Spain, as the choir is planted in the very centre of the cathedral, half way down the nave, it breaks the view, not from one point, but from every point. It is magnificent in itself, rich with carving and gold; but this very magnificence, as it attracts attention, interferes still more with the grand effect of the whole.

But even with this drawback, the Cathedral of Seville is so enormous that the effect, though diminished, cannot be destroyed. For, after all, the choir takes up but the middle of one aisle, and even though that be the central one, yet as there are *five*, besides a number of chapels on each side, which add to the breadth, the greater part of the Cathedral remains with its majesty unimpaired.

And this central choir has some incidental advantages, especially at night, as it furnishes a centre of light in the midst of surrounding darkness, or rather, of a space so vast that its outer portions are quite dim, so that one who does not wish to come too near the central "blaze and glare," can retreat afar off, where he can see and hear as much or as little as he will; or if he likes to be with his own thoughts, can hide himself in remote recesses, in which the sound of voices will be softened by distance, and come to him faintly and soothingly as he sits alone in the mighty shadows.

So was it with us for the greater part of the first hour that we spent in the Cathedral. As we entered a service was in progress, though not the service which we had come to attend. It was only vespers, given perhaps at an unusual hour of the night, as a prelude to the grander solemnity that was to follow. The choir was brilliantly lighted, while the rest of the vast building was in shadow. During the time that this vesper service was going on, we

strayed away into the side aisles and chapels, where the voices heard at a distance and at that hour, produced an effect which I will not say was more weird and ghostlike, but more thrilling, than if we had sat in the centre of the choir, under the blazing lights, and getting the full power of a hundred voices.

While thus wandering round and round, we came to a dim corner of the tremendous pile, where, leaving my companion to continue his observations, I sat down at the foot of a column in the deep shadow, and gave myself up to my own thoughts. These great temples, reared by the toil of generations, affect me like mountains or the sea, with an overpowering impression of our own littleness. This Cathedral was begun nearly five centuries ago, and was more than a hundred years in building. Thus it was the work of three or four generations, and has been worshipped in by at least ten generations. Around us are the memorials of a far distant past. Under the pavement sleeps the son of Christopher Columbus. Beneath the altar in the Royal chapel rests the body of St. Ferdinand, one of the old Spanish heroes, like the Cid, whose valor is one of the traditions of the country. His fame was a little marred when they made a saint of him, for soldiers do not make good saints. Especially is the title hardly earned when one is canonized simply because, King as he was, he brought fagots to kindle the flames to burn heretics! But saint or warrior, he is still the hero of Seville, which he delivered from the Moors more than six hundred years ago; and every year the troops do him honor, as they march into the Cathedral, and ground their arms and lower their colors before the silver shrine in which they keep his bones. The Giralda tower is older than the Spanish Conquest, for it was erected by the Moors as the minaret of a Mosque, second only to that of Cordova, which

nearly seven centuries ago covered the place where the Cathedral now stands. When the Moors were driven out of Seville, they would have destroyed the Giralda, unwilling that such a monument of their power and their religion should fall into the hands of their enemies, but happily it was preserved to be the glory of another and worthier temple of the Most High.

Compared with these lapses of time—with the age of tower or cathedral—how little appears the life of one man, or of one generation! What is our life? The wind passeth over it, and it is gone. Man cometh up like a flower, and is cut down. To-night a wanderer from the far-off Western world sits upon this stone; to-morrow he is gone; a few days more and he disappears, not only from this place, but from the earth, and is no more seen.

At length the vespers ended, and the priests filed out of the choir. Up to this point the service had been rendered by voices only. But now the organs began to make the air to tremble. As there are two in the Cathedral, both of a size proportioned to the place (their pipes have been compared to the columns of Fingal's Cave), they have a tremendous volume; but at first they let forth only their faintest notes, the mere whisperings of their mighty voices. Gradually they swelled in compass, but instead of continuing in the tone of the preceding chantings and prayers, to our amazement they suddenly struck up the Spanish national hymn! This certainly touched a chord in every Spanish breast, but not exactly that of religion, although this people are accustomed to mingle religion and patriotism in a way not common with other nations; and now the officers and soldiers who were present, felt a double inspiration, as if, after listening to a military mass, they had suddenly heard the blast of a bugle which called them to battle. After this patriotic outburst came another still more

lively and gay, which my companion said was neither more nor less than a well known Spanish dancing tune! With my sober American ideas, I could not understand this abrupt change. Was it that the tension of feeling needed to be relieved by some lighter strain? Or was it that these airs were thought not an unworthy part of sacred music? This does not imply any want of reverence for the holy place. It is the national temperament, which must express itself in its own way even in religious worship. Sometimes it goes even farther than music. Once in the year, at the Festival of Corpus Christi, a joyousness which cannot be restrained breaks forth into a *dance*, in which the choristers of the Cathedral, dressed in gay costume, perform before the high altar, as David did before the Ark. After this we need not be surprised that Spaniards regard the most joyous music as the most fit to celebrate an event which, more than any other, brought joy into the world.

But now the organ ceased as the clock tolled the hour of midnight, and a new procession was formed in the choir to move to the high altar where Mass was to be celebrated. The altar was blazing with lights, before which the priests stood in their brilliant vestments; and there was a profound stillness, when a deep voice began to intone the prayers. As the service approached the great theme of the Nativity, a priest came forward into the pulpit, and while two attendants held the heavy wax candles that cast light on a huge volume before him, read from the Gospel the story of the Birth of Christ: "And there were shepherds in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night": and when he came to "the multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, Peace on earth, Good will to men," all the bells in the Giralda tower began to ring, as if they would send back the tidings to the listening heavens.

Perhaps an observer more familiar with the ritual of this service, may say that I do not follow its precise order. But no matter for that: I note such points as I could understand the best, and as struck me most. The Te Deum needs no interpreter nor defender, as no "sacrifice of praise" offered on earth breathes more of the spirit of heavenly adoration. In whatever church, or in whatever language, it may be said or sung, the words are always sacred and divine. And here we may note one benefit of an universal language (as an offset to the many disadvantages of worshipping God in an unknown tongue): that scholars at least can follow, if the common people cannot, in Latin what they could not in Spanish. And there were passages which in the sonorous Latin tongue came with a power that was quite overwhelming. Hare, in his "Wanderings in Spain," says of a service which he attended at Pampeluna: "The Christmas mass in the Cathedral was magnificent. No service in Italy can compare with the solemn bursts of music which follow the thrilling solos sung in these old Spanish churches." I leave it to my readers to imagine the effect of these "solemn bursts," when, above the swell of the organ, the voices rose high and clear, pouring forth those magnificent strains, in which the Church on earth seems to join with the Church in heaven:

THOU ART THE KING OF GLORY, O CHRIST:

THOU ART THE EVERLASTING SON OF THE FATHER:

WE BELIEVE THAT THOU SHALT COME TO BE OUR JUDGE:

WE THEREFORE PRAY THEE HELP THY SERVANTS WHOM THOU
HAST REDEEMED WITH THY PRECIOUS BLOOD.

When the ringing of the little bell at the altar announced the raising of the host, the whole assembly fell on their knees. I had withdrawn into the shadow of a column, that my standing might not offend the worship-

pers: for if I could not join with them in that act of devotion, I would not seem wanting in respect; and I must confess that the scene at that moment—the vast Cathedral, with the multitude kneeling on the pavement, not only near the altar and the choir, but off in the side aisles, where they could be but dimly seen—was one of the most impressive that I have ever witnessed.

I know how lightly some are accustomed to speak of such a service, as if it were a kind of theatrical display intended purely for scenic effect. Some indeed go so far as to sneer at every form of worship in the Roman Catholic Church. But who am I to sit in judgment on my fellow-creatures? What degree of devotion there was underneath this service, He to whom it was offered only knows. But more perhaps than we are wont to recognize. Certainly we cannot object to prayers which are preserved in our Protestant liturgies. And who can doubt that by many they are offered “with a humble, lowly, penitent, and obedient heart,” and with faith in Him who is for us all—Protestant and Catholic alike—the one and only Redeemer?

In the sacristy of the Cathedral is preserved a painting more than two hundred years old, that has a history. The subject is the taking down of the body of Jesus from the Cross. It was painted by the master of Murillo, and was the admiration of his greater pupil, who would sit before it for hours; and once, when asked by the sacristan why he lingered so long, he answered that “he was waiting till those holy men had finished their work.” He could not bear to lose its presence even in death, and asked that it might be hung over his grave, as it was in the church where he was buried. What constituted for him the peculiar fascination of that painting? Was it the mere picture? Not that alone, but something more, which spoke not to

his artistic sense, but to his soul—something in which he saw the form of One who “bore his sins in His own body on the tree.”

And so will I believe that among those who knelt that night on the pavement of the Cathedral of Seville, were many true worshippers, humble in heart as in attitude, who saw in the lifting up of the host on the altar a sign of the lifting up of Christ on the Cross, to whom therefore it was a symbol of the Great Sacrifice, and who, bending low before their Redeemer, fervently prayed “O Lamb of God, who takest away the sin of the world, grant us Thy peace.”

The Midnight Mass was ended; the priests who had stood before the high altar passed out one by one; the lights were extinguished; the organs which had been rolling their billows of sound through the long-drawn aisles and among the lofty arches, were still; and following the dense throng, we moved slowly away. It was after one o'clock when we left the Cathedral. As we came out into the street, the stars were shining brightly, as on that blessed night when Christ was born into the world. Directly overhead Orion with his glittering belt ruled monarch of the midnight sky—no unworthy symbol of One greater than Orion, who through all the ages holds on His victorious way. Far above the unworthy thoughts of men—untouched by any weak conceptions of ours, by differences of churches or of creeds—HE LIVES. The midnight is past, and though it is still hours before the dawn, yet the day is come which brings immortal hope. Looking up to the unclouded heaven, we could almost hear the angels sing “To you is born this day a Saviour which is Christ the Lord”—tidings as precious now as when heralded to the shepherds of Bethlehem, and which I press close to my poor heart when it is “trembling and afraid.”

The advent of Christ is the hope of the world : it is the centre round which history revolves. Empires pass away, but "of His kingdom and dominion there is no end."

In the city of Rome is an obelisk of Egyptian granite, brought from the Nile two thousand years ago as one of the spoils of many lands which fed the pride of Rome, as they bore witness to her universal dominion. To-day that Empire is gone, and the trophy of Pagan emperors stands in front of St. Peter's to tell of a victory greater than any recorded on the Column of Trojan, as it bears this inscription :

CHRISTUS VINCIT
CHRISTUS REGNAT
CHRISTUS IMPERAT
CHRISTUS AB OMNI MALO
PLEBEM SUAM
DEFENDAT.

On this foundation all things good stand fast forever ; the world will not decay, nor the race perish, for which such a Deliverer was born.

CHAPTER XIX.

PICTURES AND PALACES, BULL-FIGHTS AND BEGGARS.

After such a night, the morning seemed tame and dull : for what scene beheld in the garish light of day could "overcome us" like that holy midnight? But as the hours drew on, and I took my walks abroad, I found other objects of interest—other churches, only less glorious than the Cathedral ; and galleries rich in treasures of art. Seville is the city of Murillo. Here he was born and lived and died ; and no palace is so full of interest as the little house, in an obscure quarter of the town, where you climb up a narrow staircase to the small upper room which was his studio. Here, with no inspiration but his own genius and the Andalusian sunshine pouring in at his window, the mighty Spaniard wrought for years ; dreaming as only poets dream ; and then seeking to give expression to his dreams, till he almost took the sunlight out of heaven to suffuse the glowing canvases with which he illumined the city of his birth.

Although it is more than six hundred years since Seville was taken from the Moors, it retains many traces of their occupation and monuments of their architecture. The most conspicuous, of course, is the Giralda, and next to

this is the Alcazar, which may rank with the Alhambra as an illustration of Moorish luxury and splendor. Built for the Moorish kings, it was occupied after them by their Christian successors, some of whom, I am sorry to say, were more Christian in name than in life : as, for example, Pedro the Cruel, who in this very palace, which ought to have been a seat of royal hospitality, invited his half-brother to be his guest, and then slew him with his own hand, for which he had the honor of being killed himself by that brother's brother—a sweet picture of the domestic life of kings and princes in those good old times! And to complete the confusion, the King and his murdered brother are buried together in the Cathedral, under the altar in the Royal Chapel, close by the dust of St. Ferdinand! Death brings peace at last, if it be only between the murderer and his victim ; but it is not often that they sleep in the same grave. What a happy royal family that must have been! Truly, these brothers were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death they are not divided.

In the Alcazar, Charles V. and Philip II. held Court in their visits to Seville. It was in the line of succession to these royal pageants that we found the large *patio* crowded with carriages that had brought a brilliant retinue of courtiers to a reception of Queen Isabella.

But Seville is not merely a city of the past, of faded grandeur and magnificence : it has still a vigorous life as a centre of commerce, as one may see by the shipping which crowds the quays, and keeps up an active trade with England and all parts of Europe.

Some idea of its present wealth and consequence may be obtained by a visit to a modern palace, that of the Duke de Montpensier, the son of Louis Philippe, who, though a French prince, after his marriage with the sister of Isabella, took up his residence in Spain, and is as thorough a Span-

iard as can be found this side the Pyrenees, having Spanish ideas of honor, in proof of which he has fought a duel and killed his man, and "all that sort of thing." He has also aspired to be a power in Spanish politics, and has more than once figured as a Pretender to the Throne, which has been so often vacant since he came to reside in Spain that it was quite natural he should think that it was waiting for him to occupy. He never got so far as that. The nearest he came to it was when his daughter Mercedes was married to the King (she was the first wife of the late Alfonso), on which occasion it is said that, so exalted were his ideas of royalty, he fell upon his knees before her and kissed her hand, as the fit homage to be paid by a subject (even though that subject were her own father) to a Queen of Spain! To have clasped her in his arms, as an English father would have done, and given her a good smack upon her blushing cheek, would have been such a violation of Spanish etiquette and propriety as would have stamped him as a low-bred foreigner! After this, there is no telling what might have happened if the poor man had been made King himself. It might have given him a fit of apoplexy. From this terrible fate he was saved by being permitted to remain in his former obscurity. But if not a King, he manages to get along comfortably in his palace, with its endless apartments, filled with paintings and every sign of unbounded wealth, the grounds stretching out into beautiful gardens, with fountains playing, and paths winding under the shade of palms that invite to repose.

As we came out from this truly royal residence, it was the hour when the fashionable world of Seville turns out for its afternoon drive; and taking a carriage, we joined in the long procession, riding for miles up and down the banks of the Guadalquivir.

It is rather a come-down from the society of princes and dukes and Spanish grandees, to turn from them all to a tobacco factory! But this is one of the most novel and extraordinary sights of Seville. As the sale of tobacco is a Government monopoly, the manufacture is on a large scale, with every precaution against the exclusive right being evaded by foes without or within. The building is of enormous size, covering nearly as much ground as the Great Pyramid, and surrounded, like a fortress, with a moat, so that it can be guarded on every side, giving no opportunity for smugglers to get in by some hidden way of approach, and carry off the precious weed on which depends so much of the revenue of Spain.

A quadrangle so vast that it has twenty-eight interior *patios*, large and small, must have a hundred sides to so many squares; in which there are five thousand women and girls employed in the preparation of tobacco; some taking the stalks in pieces and spreading out the leaves; others cutting them in strips; others winding them into cigars or cigarettes—work which they do with great rapidity; some putting the cigars in little bundles of fifty each for sale in the Spanish shops, or in larger packages for exportation; while the ends and clippings, even to the finest powder that is dropped from the leaf, are saved for filling the cigarettes, or for making snuff! The whole amount of tobacco thus consumed is not less than two millions of pounds in a year. What infinite labor and toil to vanish into smoke!

Passing through the long corridors, we found them crowded with working-women, in whose faces we could trace distinctly the different races that form the Spanish people. There is no better place in all Spain to study the variety of elements that are thus combined. Here is a girl with face so fair and hair so light that we feel sure of her Saxon descent—perhaps she is the daugh-

ter of an English sailor who made voyages to Seville ; next her, working at the same table, is a Jewess ; while great numbers have the profusion of black hair and the flashing eyes that are unmistakable marks of Moorish blood.

Transitions are abrupt in Spain, and nowhere more so than in Seville ; and looking out of the windows in the rear of this tobacco factory, we see an open plain without the walls, where three hundred years ago heretics were burned ! One may still trace the foundations of a square platform on which the fires were kindled. Here the last victim of Spanish cruelty perished but little more than a hundred years ago, in 1781. It was a woman who was accused of being a witch, though a more probable explanation of her mysterious power would be to suppose that her witchcraft was not unlike that exercised at the present day by thousands of her sisters, some of whom we have just seen, and can testify to their bewitching faces. That is a kind of sorcery which will not cease so long as Moorish maidens live on the earth.

Three centuries ago the Inquisition flourished in Seville, and the cowled Dominicans who presided at that ghostly tribunal had full sway. Victims were not wanting : for if the Reformed doctrine had not spread widely in the South of Spain, still every man who showed the least independence of thought was an object of suspicion ; and if there was any personal spite against him, or he had property to be confiscated, it was easy to get up a pretext for his arrest, when he would be quickly placed where there would be no delay for want of evidence, and no scruples of conscience in "administering justice on general principles" !

When the Inquisition was abolished in Spain, of course this particular establishment went with the rest. I was curious to see if there were any remains of the gloomy old pile, and the Spanish Protestant pastor took me to the

very spot where it stood. Parts of the walls still stand, though the internal arrangement has been so changed that the original design of the structure is quite obscured. Of course the clerical party was more than willing that its wicked purpose should be concealed or forgotten. But in the alterations there were small fragments which could be kept as souvenirs. Some picked up the rusted nails of the huge door (which was like the gate of a fortress), several of which my friend obtained. One of them he gave to me, and I keep it as a relic. It is a savage-looking spike, over six inches long, and might have been intended, in the Mediæval times in which it was wrought, for a fortress or a prison: for the Bastille in Paris or a castle on the Rhine—the stronghold of some old Feudal baron, who, though he called himself a Knight, was nothing but a robber. But being designed for a religious (!) purpose, its character is indicated by the figures on its head (three and a half inches in diameter), which bears the emblems of a cross, a crown of thorns, the nails that were driven into the limbs of the Crucified, and in large letters I.H.S. [JESUS Hominum SALVATOR]. Thus the sacred name of Him who came to bring peace on earth, good will to men, was affixed to an institution that was to do the work of hell! As I take this nail in hand, I think what a story it could tell! If its round head were a huge black eye, what scenes must it have looked upon: what processions of misery, as the heavy portal swung open for those to pass through who would never return! Or were its other side (bulging in front, it is hollow behind) an ear, what sounds it must have heard in the three centuries that it held its place and listened: what clanking of chains, what echo of dungeon doors, what shrieks of agony from the victims of torture! And now, if it could but speak, what tales of horror could it tell with its iron tongue! God be praised that such

cruelties have ceased to be! The horrible old Bastille has been literally smoked out: for, if I do not confuse the rooms, what was the Chamber of Torture has been turned into a Spanish kitchen, and now the pot was boiling, and the simple meal being prepared; and the odor of Spanish cooking, even though redolent of garlic, was fragrance itself in contrast with that which once filled the place—the sickening smell of human blood!

If one can choose his time out of all the year to visit Seville, let it be in the Holy Week, when he will witness a stately ceremonial which will carry him back to the Miracle Plays of the Middle Ages (the only thing like it now in existence is the Passion Play of Ober-Ammergau), in which a procession moves slowly through the streets, that is intended to represent the mournful throng that once passed through the Via Dolorosa on its way to Calvary. Here is the figure of Christ bearing his cross, followed by those who bewailed and lamented him, with all the details of the awful tragedy of the Crucifixion, set forth in a manner so realistic, and with a spirit so devout, as to make a deep impression on the beholders—a spectacle which is witnessed, not only with reverence, but with awe, the people falling on their knees with the utmost devotion.

Of course devotion so intense must have some relief, and after the penances and prayers of Holy Week, with the fasting on Good Friday, and the chanting of the *Miserere*, comes the Festival of Easter, when there is a sudden and powerful reaction, and the pent-up feeling of the multitude finds expression in *Te Deums* and anthems to celebrate the Resurrection of our Lord. So far Seville does but lift up its voice in unison with all Christendom. But no Spanish festival could end here. The popular rejoicing is not complete without that which furnishes the greatest excitement—a bull-fight! The season always begins on

Easter Sunday, from which time there is a performance every Sunday afternoon till near the close of Summer.

As my visit to Spain was in the Winter, I had no opportunity while in Madrid to see, even had I wished, this bloodiest of all the games that have survived the Roman amphitheatre. But in Seville, though the Holy Week had not come, Christmas *had* come, and how could that holy time be allowed to pass without this expression of national joy? Had it been on a week-day, I might perhaps have screwed up my courage to look for once upon the scene; as, had I lived in Rome in the days of the Cæsars, I might have gone to the Coliseum to see the combats of lions and tigers, and even of gladiators, if it were only to study the barbarism and cruelty which were an inseparable part of the civilization of Imperial Rome. But the bull-fight was to be on Sunday, and of course that settled the question. Though I have, first and last, spent some years of my life abroad, I could never get so familiarized to the European Sunday as to forget what my father and mother taught me in my childhood: that the seventh day was "holy time." To a traveller especially there is something so grateful in this day of perfect rest, that he is untrue to himself, as well as to the religion of his country and the traditions of his fathers, who gives his assent in any way or form to its desecration.

But there was one thing which we could not help seeing if we would, and that was the excitement which it produced. We could not step into the streets, or even look out of the window, without seeing that the whole city was in agitation. After watching it for a time from our balcony, we went out to get a clearer view, and found the people almost in a state of frenzy. Every means of transport, drawn by horses or mules, from the princely carriage to the common dray, was in motion; while omnibuses,

carrying a dozen or twenty, went "pouring forward with impetuous speed" to the scene of combat.

Returning to our rooms, we sat reading for a couple of hours, and then went out again. The streets were more quiet, for the crowds were gathered in the arena. Passing round to the rear, we found the crowd of idlers that always hang about the doors of a circus or a menagerie. Little was heard from within, for the multitude was watching with eager eyes what might be truly called a "game of life," since in it one life at least, whether of man or beast, must be sacrificed. In such contests there are always moments of special danger and excitement. A gentleman in Madrid told me he had seen a *matador* tossed in air three times by a bull, and carried from the ring—dying, it was supposed—into the ante-room, where the priest was waiting to give him extreme unction! Another told me he saw Frascuelo, the celebrated bull-fighter of Madrid, throw himself under the feet of a bull that was rushing madly at him, and which thus passed over him. At such moments of course the immense audience (the arena in Madrid will hold 14,000; that in Seville 12,000) lean from their boxes aghast and breathless. But when the danger is over, and the victory won, they break out into raptures of applause. Now and then we heard from within the walls a dull roar that told us that a combat was ended.

A few minutes later the gates were thrown open, and out came riding the richly-caparisoned *picadores*, whose noble office it is to ride round the bull, lances in hand, and prick his sides so as to goad him to fury. Of course they are not so much exposed as those on foot, though sometimes the entertainment comes nearer than is pleasant. A friend in Madrid told me he had seen a bull strike a horse with such tremendous power as to lift both horse and rider into the air. In this "ground and lofty tumbling"

there are of course some heavy falls. But the danger is not equally divided : for the horses are blindfolded, so that they cannot avoid the rush, while the riders take good care that *they* shall not be hurt. I observed that their legs were swollen to elephantine proportions. They are cased in sheet iron, so that they cannot be gored, and are so padded that even if a horse falls upon a man, it will not crush him. This seemed to me a cowardly way of protecting themselves, to be adopted by gallant Spanish cavaliers.

But now a ghastly sight was to meet our eyes. Just inside the gates were lying the bodies of the slain. The bulls were being stripped of their hides, and cut up for market ; and I was informed that by the morrow morning all the butcher-stalls in Seville would be supplied from the bull-ring. Yet more ghastly still were the dead horses, of which I counted a dozen lying on the pavement, all horribly gored, and several of them disembowelled—a sickening spectacle, which I will not further describe.

As the doors were now open, and the crowd rapidly pouring out, we walked into the arena, where the attendants were cleaning up the place. One was sweeping up the entrails of a horse, and others smoothing over the sand that had been wet with blood. And this was on the Sabbath day ! Some may think it strange that we should be willing to look into the arena even after it was empty. I must confess it was not exactly like a church ; and yet I never had a more effective sermon on human depravity than I had that day in the bull-ring of Seville !

No picture of Spanish life would be complete without the beggars, who introduce themselves to all strangers, and give them a cordial and continuous welcome. This is one of the plagues of the country, and one cannot but ask himself how it is that Spain should be so afflicted. I am sorry to say it, but I must think that the Church and the

saints have had a good deal to do with it. The mendicant orders have made begging respectable, and the giving of alms one of the first of religious duties. The undue multiplication of religious services tends in the same direction. There are but fifty-two Sabbaths in the year, while there are one hundred saints' days; and although these are not all observed, yet they are to an extent that interferes seriously with the industry of the people, and fosters the habits of idleness which are the parents of pauperism. The church door is the place where the beggars lounge, and stretch out their hands for alms; and I believe that a vigorous cutting down of holy days, even to a prohibition of their observance, would be a first step towards getting rid of what is a serious drain upon the resources of the country.

But while I look upon beggars with a severely moral eye, I am not insensible to the picturesque in their appearance, and am disposed to take a kindly and charitable view of the most worthless of my fellow-creatures. In Naples the *lazzaroni* are so vivacious in their rags, that we almost forget their ugliness. It is not so here, for the Spanish beggars are generally but a rabble rout. Only the children are attractive, for youth and bright eyes make us forget the outer covering; or rather, the poorer and meaner it is, the more it makes us see the flashing of a fire behind it, which no squalidness can conceal. I often stop in the streets to look at the cunning little imps, that furnished so many subjects for Murillo, whose "Spanish Beggars" almost rival his Madonnas.

To keep this fascination, a beggar should be always young and pretty. As he grows up, he becomes repulsive. The women are hags, and the men often such maimed and mutilated specimens of humanity that more than once they have reminded me of the long line of stumps of arms and

legs that were thrust out at me on the bridge over the Golden Horn in Constantinople.

Nor is begging confined to the lowest class. It is sometimes a resort of men of better condition, who are too proud to work, and yet not ashamed to beg. Once or twice a man whose dress was that of a gentleman, has sidled up to me with an air, half confidential, half patronizing, and a look which said as plainly as words: "Stranger from a foreign soil! born under other skies and to happier destinies! bestow upon me a little of that of which you have a superfluity; and receive the homage of a grateful heart!"

Who could resist such an appeal? It was as if I saw Columbus begging at the Convent gate, and I was proud to relieve the distress of one who, to judge from his appearance, might have been (perhaps he was) a grandee of Spain.

Sometimes it is a real distress which has come upon those who have seen better days, and is infinitely pathetic. One day in Seville I saw a humble scene which I have never forgotten: an old man of venerable appearance, and yet a beggar, who had sunk down on the sidewalk, leaning his weary back against the wall, and resting his hands upon his upraised knees, to partake of a bit of cold meat and a crust of bread, which were his only meal. He was not alone. If he had been accompanied by a child, I should have thought of Little Nell. But his only companion was a dog, who now put up his long nose between his master's knees, in sign of expectation. It was very touching to see that dog's faith. His master was one of a class that men despise, and look upon with scorn. All the world had forsaken him, but his dog had not forsaken him. Nobody believed in that poor old man, but his dog believed in him. Nothing could shake his confidence: he knew that his time would come; that his master would not forget him; that

after he had gnawed the last particle of flesh from the bone, poor Fido *would get that bone*, and might crunch it till it yielded some little nourishment.

As I looked in silence at that couple, who were not aware of my presence, and whom it would have been a rudeness to disturb, even to offer charity, I thought what a support it is in all time of adversity to have some living thing to believe in us, if it be only a poor dumb creature ; and when this old Spaniard staggered to his feet, and his humble companion walked patiently by his side, I was ready to hope that the Indian was not far wrong when he believed that in his happy hunting-grounds

“ His faithful dog should bear him company.”

But the common run of beggars are more amusing than pathetic ; they are not objects of compassion ; they have adopted a profession, and take life as it comes with a philosophy worthy of their betters. If they are not quite so lively and gay as the lazzaroni of Naples, I am told that they are not without their share of mother wit, and that there is a way of turning their maledictions into blessings. When a Spanish beggar salutes you, do not repel him with scorn, but commend him to the care of the Virgin ! Or if you say to him with engaging frankness, that you have not a *peseta* to bless yourself with, his importunities will be turned to pity ; he immediately begins to sympathize with you ; and relieves your embarrassment by shrugging his shoulders and offering the cheerful suggestion, “ Oh, never mind ; perhaps you will give me something the next time ! ”

Such is a picture of life in Seville : it is a kaleidoscope of many colors ; a shifting scene, in which the characters are changing every hour—princes and priests alternating with ball-fighters and beggars. It is this variegated life which makes the city so picturesque and so attractive to

artists. From its long possession by the Moors, it has a semi-Oriental character, as it has a semi-tropical vegetation, and furnishes no end of subjects for a painter, in which, against the background of the old Moorish architecture, he can introduce a variety of characters not to be found in cities of France, or even of Italy, that may be larger, but are more monotonous.

Of course romance adds to reality in a city which is known to all but Spaniards chiefly through the medium of fiction and poetry and music. It is not only George Eliot's Spanish Gypsy, but a hundred tales and plays and poems, that have found their scene in this South of Spain. To many the chief association of this old Moorish city, will be with the opera of the Barber of Seville, and they can only think of it as a place where it is always moonlight ; where dark-eyed señoritas sit on balconies and listen, while their disconsolate lovers tinkle their guitars, and fill the dreamy air of night with the music of their rich Spanish voices.

Such things no doubt there are still for those who seek them ; but for sober and quiet old Dons like myself, Seville has other attractions. It has not only galleries for artists, but libraries for scholars. Attached to the Cathedral is a library left to it by the son of Columbus, which is rich in memorials of his father ; and an American who should take interest in tracing from the beginning the Spanish voyages of discovery, would find here a study for a few months that would be as instructive as it would be delightful.

But the greatest charm of all is the delicious climate. Americans coming to Spain for the Winter, would do well to remember that it has many climates, and that all are *not* good. That of Madrid is very treacherous. As the city stands nearly twenty-five hundred feet above the level of the sea, it is very bleak ; and as it is swept by the winds from the Guadarrama Mountains, it is often bitter cold.

Even when there is no wind astir, and the air is dry and still, it is so sharp and keen that they have a proverb that "While it will not blow out a candle, it will put out a life!" How careful the people are to guard against it, one may see by the way in which they wrap their cloaks about them, and muffle up their faces lest they inhale it too freely. But in Seville the climate is equally distant from the extremes of heat and cold; it is a kind of neutral zone, where warring elements meet only to dissolve; where opposing climates, like the alien races, melt into one; where, as the Orient touches the Occident, and the blood of the Spaniard mingles with that of the Moor, so Northern and Southern temperatures soften each other; till it seems as if the climates were like lovers:

"The palm-tree dreaming of the pine,
The pine-tree of the palm,"

as the sharp winds that come down from the snowy Sierras are wooed and won by the tropical airs that blow across the Mediterranean from Africa.

CHAPTER XX.

SPAIN AND FRANCE—THE DON QUIXOTE OF TO-DAY.

It was almost the last stroke of the dying year—one more day and it would be gone—that I found myself on the ramparts of Cadiz, looking off upon the great ocean that separated me from America, and felt that my visit to Spain had come to an end. True, I was yet to pass a week in Gibraltar—a week of very extraordinary interest; but Gibraltar is not Spanish. Though a part of the mainland of Spain, it belongs to another power: another flag flies from the top of the Rock, and the bugles on the mountain side play the martial airs of England. Whatever I may have to say of the Great Fortress, will more fitly introduce another volume, which, beginning at Gibraltar, shall conduct us for a thousand miles along the Barbary Coast, from Tangier to Tunis. For the present I have only to make my bow to Spain.

But a leave-taking must not be too abrupt. Spaniards are very punctilious in the forms of courtesy, which, as they observe towards others, it is fit that others should observe towards them; and so it is that I linger on the shores of a land in which I have been so kindly received, and of which I shall retain a delightful remembrance.

And yet—must I confess it?—I go away with a feeling which is partly one of disappointment : that a country that has had so great a part in history, does not hold a greater place to-day among the powers of the world. My Spanish friends will forgive me if I allude to this but for a moment : not that I love to draw sombre pictures, but that darkness furnishes a background for light, which in this case is so distinctly dawning in the East as to give promise of a future that shall satisfy all the national pride and ambition.

Nature intended Spain for a great country : its position is one of the most favored in Europe. If it has not the vast territory of the Empire of Russia, it is far better situated, at the other end of the Continent, in a better latitude, with a better climate, and greater facilities for commerce with the world. In the latter respect, Spain is like France, which it nearly equals in territory, the two countries having almost the same area (France a little over, and Spain a little under, 200,000 square miles); and as they lie side by side, they present many points for comparison and for contrast. A glance at the map will show that they have the same general shape, "lying four square," with an ample front on every side. Both have the immense advantage of being open in opposite directions to the sea, differing only in this : that France has the longer coast-line on the Atlantic, and Spain the longer on the Mediterranean.

Thus both countries start in the race of progress with about equal advantages : they begin as it were abreast. How then is it that Spain has fallen so far behind France ; that it has only one-half the population, and less than one-half the wealth ; that the railroads are built by French capital, as the mines are worked by English capital ; and that in all the elements of modern progress this country is a hundred years behind France and the other leading nations of Europe ? Since it is not for want of natural

advantages, where shall we find the explanation of this singular historical fact?

I answer that Spain has not had a fair chance ; that she has had the worst governments, civil and ecclesiastical, that ever cursed a civilized country. The Inquisitor was the cowled assassin, the monk-murderer, who, hiding the dagger under his monastic robe, was feeling for his country's heart. Seeking, wherever there was a precious life, to strike it dead, he sowed the land thick with graves, till Spain was a vast cemetery, in which her bravest and her best were "untimely buried." No country could stand that long. It is a proof of the immense vitality of Spain that she stood it for generations. But the final result was inevitable. Weaker and weaker the nation grew, till at last it was so bloodless and nerveless as to be not only without energy and strength, but even without hope or ambition.

But the difference between France and Spain is not to be referred to political causes alone, potent as they have been ; but to something back of all these—a fundamental difference in character between the Spaniard and the Gaul. They are two races. The Frenchman is quick, alert, susceptible to new impressions ; while the Spaniard moves slowly and reluctantly, with a haughty pride in *not* moving, and a sort of indignation at being compelled to stir, though he may yield to the force of circumstances what he would not yield to the force of argument. Yet even then, as he lifts his heavy limbs to put them one step forward in the path of progress, it is with a proud disdain of the forces of this modern age that compel him to move at all.

To this dissimilarity of temperament is due in great part the dislike of the Spaniards for the French, which one who travels in Spain must recognize. Surprising as it may be, yet it is sadly true, that the nearest neighbors are not always the best friends ; and there is no people in Europe

to whom the Spaniards are less inclined than their neighbors on the other side of the Pyrenees. And this is not merely from the memory of old wars, but because the two nations are not sympathetic: they are twain, and you cannot make them one flesh.

If I were to tell the whole truth, I might have to add that the Spaniards not only hate the French, but that their hatred is flavored with contempt, looking upon them as a light, volatile people, of no stability in anything, ready at any time, "for a consideration," to change their government or their religion; while the Spaniards stand fast, like those heavy columns of Spanish infantry which, in the time of Charles V., by their immovable firmness, carried the day on many a bloody field.

It is a curious fact that most of the revolutions that have swept over Europe, have stopped at the Pyrenees—a barrier against which the waves from the North have dashed themselves in vain: a fact to which there is a singular analogy in the mountains themselves. In the formation of these mountains, geologists have observed that they are quite different on their two sides—rising from the valleys of France by a gradually ascending slope, while at the top they break like waves, and fall into deep gorges and chasms, over which the summits hang in mighty cliffs and precipices.

Not unlike this has been the effect of successive French revolutions, which, tremendous and sweeping as they have been in their own country, have exhausted their force by the time they reached its southern boundary. Or if the impulse of the mighty wave carried it to the top of the Pyrenees, there it broke, presenting to the Spanish people only the glittering spectacle of a wave of French froth and foam, falling like the spray of Niagara from the crests of the mountains.

In this comparison Spain appears to the best advantage, from her dignity and repose ; but there are other qualities needed to make a great nation, and we cannot but recognize the fact that, with all that is truly noble in the Spanish character, it has its weaknesses, for which the country has to suffer.

In one of the conversations with Castelar, he spoke of Don Quixote as a picture, not only of human nature, but of Spanish nature—a remark which has often recurred to me in my observations since. “I have just been travelling in La Mancha,” said a Spanish-German friend, “and I saw there the very windmills which Don Quixote attacked : yes, and I saw Don Quixote himself, and Sancho Panza, or at least their exact types, dressed in modern Spanish costume.” My acquaintance with Spain has been more brief, and yet I have several times had the honor of being introduced to that most excellent Spanish knight and his valiant man-at-arms ; and I hope I shall not give offence if, by some slight, delicate touches, I give a portrait of the Don Quixote of to-day.

Don Quixote was a mighty man of valor, who lived in a world of his imagination. When he lifted up his majestic person, and looked round the Spain in which he was born, he saw, not its vulgar or its common side, but castles in whose grim towers fair damsels were confined, to deliver whom was the calling of a Spanish knight. This was a vocation worthy of his ambition, and of that courage and prowess of which he knew himself to be possessed. He believed that he was born for something great, and here was the field of glory into which he would enter. He would be the champion and defender of beauty and virtue. Wherefore, mounting his steed Rosinante, with his trusty follower, Sancho Panza, bringing up the rear on a mule, he leaves the paternal roof, and goes abroad in quest of adventures.

Adventures he has, though not all of the kind that he seeks. He is often reduced to sorry plights, when it is hard to reconcile his ideas of his own greatness with the meanness of his condition. But he is equal to the occasion. Nothing daunts him; nothing disconcerts him. His loves and his wars are alike of the noblest kind. If he goes to a Spanish inn, the kitchen-maid seems to him a high-born *senorita*; but his ill-timed devotion gets him into no end of trouble. On the high road he is prepared to face armed foes; but meets instead a company of country louts, who laugh at his ridiculous figure, and when he resents their impudence, tumble him from his horse, and kick him and cuff him till there is not a place in his body which is not sore with the beating. Even the windmills, whirling without his permission, affront his dignity, and he attacks them with fury, only to be left sprawling on the ground. Such is the valiant knight-errant, whose adventures always end in a sorrowful experience; but not a jot does he abate of his self-complacency. This he keeps to the very close of his wonderful career; though buffeted by fortune, he is great in soul, and carries his head erect, proud and punctilious to the last.

Is there any parallel to this in the modern Spanish cavalier? Castelar sees a resemblance, and even a stranger cannot help perceiving it. If the knight-errant does not still ride abroad, his counterpart remains at home, with the same chivalrous spirit in his breast; with a code of honor that makes him quick to resent an insult; a brave but somewhat choleric gentleman, whose temper takes fire at any slight to his dignity, though wholly unintended, and who is as ready to attack unseen and imaginary enemies as ever Don Quixote was to charge the windmills!

At the bottom of all this is an excessive and over-sensitive pride—the old Castilian pride, which has descended in

full force to their successors. It is not a pride which shows itself in insolence towards others, but one which will never forgive a want of personal respect. When you are introduced to a gentleman of this country, you must remember that he is, not merely a man and a brother, but above all, a Spaniard. He will treat you with the utmost courtesy so long as you show him proper consideration; but the moment you presume to treat him lightly, or to patronize him, you must expect to see the old Spanish hauteur show itself in a way which will make it much more agreeable for you to get out of the country. So far, I confess I like the Spanish pride; and when I see the airs of superiority assumed by some foreigners—airs which are as vulgar as they are offensive—I am glad that there is one country where they are likely to be so effectually snubbed as to make them feel more at ease in body and mind when they have recrossed the Pyrenees.

But pride is a heavy load to carry, and especially for one with slender resources to support his dignity. There was a time when Spanish *grandees* might consider themselves the first gentlemen in Europe, since they had not only rank but fortune, many of them very great fortunes, created by the influx of wealth from Mexico and Peru, which made them like the merchant princes of Venice. In a few cases the old estates remain in the family, but in the greater number the wealth has been scattered till the descendants are left with only the inheritance of poverty, which is made more embarrassing by being associated with a proud name.

Here is the dilemma in which tens of thousands of Spanish gentlemen find themselves to-day. Indeed the number might be enlarged: for while there is an old aristocracy, bearing illustrious names that date back to the time of Castile and Arragon, the ancient blood has de-

scended in other channels, and flowed in many directions ; so that, while the heads of the great houses might be counted, it is impossible to count when you come to the third and fourth—yes, and to the tenth—generation. Including all these, the Spanish nobility has been estimated, incredible as it may seem, to comprise nearly one-fifteenth of the whole population of Spain !

How is a higher class so numerous to be supported ? Some may become officers in the Army or Navy, but for the larger part there is little hope of anything “fit for a gentleman” except to get some employment under the government ; and to obtain that, however humble the position and petty the pay, is the ambition of many a man in whose veins flows the blue blood of the proudest families of Old Spain.

A Spaniard would rather die than not keep up appearances. If he aspires to a position in society, he will try to appear rich, or at least independent, while in reality he may be desperately poor. To this end there are two things which are more important to him than food and drink—a carriage and a box at the opera ! To show himself in the Prado at a certain hour of the day, and in the opera at night, satisfies his ambition. For the rest, how he lives, nobody knows and nobody cares. He need not give dinners : indeed he may not have a dinner to give, or even to eat himself. When he comes back from his daily drive, and alights at his door, he may retire into the recesses of his chamber, and there partake of the meanest food to satisfy the cravings of hunger, and nobody be the wiser. The Spaniards have a convenient proverb that “The stomach has no windows !” What a man wears on his back is exposed to the gaze of all men ; but what he eats, nobody sees. Or if indeed he does not eat at all, nobody can see that his stomach is very lean and hungry, when he muffles

his cloak about him, and sallies forth to meet the world with an unruffled countenance. Some of the stories which were told me in Madrid of the petty economies to which gentlemen in good society were reduced, were quite equal to anything in the shifts of Don Quixote.

But the Spanish cavalier is not yet at the end of his resources or the attainment of his highest felicity. There is one more prize to be gained, and his happiness will be complete: it is to get a pension—a hope which would be chimerical in a country where such rewards were bestowed only for distinguished public services. But they do these things differently in Spain. Here pensions are given for all sorts of services, or for none. The most trifling claim is recognized by the assurance of a certain sum from the Government. It may be very, very small; but no matter for that—it is fixed; and so long as it secures the recipient from absolute want, it is enough. From that moment he will set up as a gentleman, and not do another stroke of work to the end of his days.

Thus it is that the pension-roll of Spain has become so great. Every new Administration that comes in has a fresh army of favorites to be rewarded for devotion to their political leaders, and the number swells larger and larger from year to year. All this is a burden which the State has to carry, and as it takes the labor of two able-bodied men to support a third idle one, the drain upon its resources is enormous.

But what cares the happy pensioner? For him life's woes are ended, and its joys are but just begun. Every day he will spend his morning at the café, where he will sip his coffee, read his journal, and twirl his cigarette; the afternoon he will take his ride or drive (except Sundays, when he will go to the bull-ring); and the evening he will spend at the theatre or the opera. When life flows on with

this smooth and even current, in a perpetual round of amusements, who can wonder that the Spaniard is perfectly satisfied with himself and his country? Why should he not be? Is not his country the greatest in the world? I have been told that even intelligent Spaniards cherish the belief that it is still the first power in Europe. A year since there was some fear of trouble between Spain and Germany about the Caroline Islands in the Pacific, and for a week or two the talk in the cafés of Madrid was of war, and not a doubt was expressed that, if it came to blows, Germany would soon find out what a formidable enemy she had to deal with! Happily she was forewarned that discretion was the better part of valor, and withdrew her pretensions. A friend told me that, in conversation with a Spanish gentleman familiar with foreign literatures, the latter did not hesitate to say that he looked upon them all as only so many pale reflections of the far more splendid literature of Spain! Another Spanish gentleman, who had made a visit to France, could not contain his joy at returning, and said with an air of one who smiled approvingly on a rising young city, that "Paris was very well, but," with an emphasis, "*it was not Madrid!*"

This is delicious. Such a man does not belong to the nineteenth century. He is a knight of the Middle Ages, whose lot it is to live in this vulgar modern time, but who still keeps his exalted air, walking on the battlements of his ancient towers, all unconscious that the world is sweeping by him, and leaving him far behind.

There is something truly pathetic in this unconsciousness of one who is so full of the ancient glories of his country that he cannot perceive its decay, and who still dreams dreams and sees visions, keeping up his fallen dignity by an increased self-appreciation that shall make up for the loss of appreciation by the world; and one can

but look with mingled pity and respect on this grand old figure, that seems to have stepped out of the sixteenth century, and that even in well-worn and faded raiment, preserves the traces of former splendor.

Complacency such as this it would be cruel to disturb, were it not that these airy fancies need to be dispelled, in order that the Spaniards of to-day may come down to the hard ground of reality, and on this solid basis reconstruct the fabric of their country's greatness. A nation is made up of individuals; its strength is merely the combined strength of millions of men; and the weakness of character that makes a man too proud to work, is a weakness of the State. Herein is the weakness of Spain: she has too many knights, and they carry too much heavy armor; so that she is sadly overweighted with dignity. The Spanish cavalier is a little out of place in this bustling century. If this man of war would only realize that the age of peace has come, and lay aside his helmet and shield, and be content simply to do a man's work in this work-a-day world, the effect would soon show itself in the general prosperity of the country.

The common people of Spain, who till the soil, are of the right stuff: simple and honest, brave in war and industrious in peace. A friend who, in a residence of many years in Spain, has visited almost every province, and mingled with the peasantry, tells me that he has become very fond of them; that he has always found them kindly and truthful, not disposed to take advantage of a stranger, but bidding him welcome to their humble homes with genuine hospitality. Strong in frame, they are tremendous workers in the fields. Those who have seen them in the long Summer's day toiling from sun to sun, will admit that no country could have better husbandmen. These are they who are to create the wealth of Spain; and if their ranks were not thinned by conscription for the army, and their substance

eaten up by taxes, they would in another generation create a degree of prosperity such as has not been seen within three hundred years.

In drawing a contrast between Old Spain and New Spain, I have not meant to speak of them as if they were two nations, detached and separate the one from the other: they are but two parts of one great organism, living on from age to age, which may indeed be weaker now than in some former century, but which, in spite of all disaster, is still great, or at least has in it the elements of greatness. Some of my hasty countrymen will say flippantly that Spain is "played out." Never were they more mistaken. The country is still here, as strong by nature as ever; standing like a great fortress, defended on one side by a chain of mountains, and all round the others by the encircling sea; with resources unexhausted and almost untouched. If France be richer in soil, Spain is richer in mineral wealth, and indeed is said to be the richest country in Europe. No quicksilver mine is equal to that at Almaden; no iron mines are richer than those of Bilbao; while the copper mines of Rio Tinto, which have been worked from the times of the Phenicians, are to-day, under the trained skill of English engineers, directing the labor of four thousand workmen, yielding more than ever. Thus Spain is a country overrunning with natural wealth: its hills bring forth brass, and its mountains iron; while its magnificent coast-line opens its broad-armed ports, north and south, east and west, to invite the commerce of the world.

Thus situated, no country in Europe to-day has greater opportunities than Spain. She has no reason to be envious of any of her neighbors, even though Castilian pride may be wounded to think that the Kingdom of Charles V. and Philip II. is no longer counted worthy to be recog-

nized in a Congress of the Great Powers of Europe. So much the better! Her safety is in standing apart: she is in no danger of entangling alliances, which shall compel her to fight battles not her own. Left to herself, she has only to work out her own salvation, and in this she will have the good wishes of the friends of liberty all over the world. They must not be impatient at slow progress, for so is it always with a political evolution; it is enough if it be really begun. Even when there is a general advance, there will be occasional setbacks, as there is one here just now. Since the monarchy was reëstablished, the country has undergone a partial reaction. But this can be only for a time. Castelar describes the present state of political affairs in Spain as not unlike the restoration of the Stuarts in England, of the Bourbons in France, and of the Pope in Rome—a temporary reaction, to be followed by an overwhelming victory for freedom. This prophecy of good is justified by the course of events: for with all the backward tendencies, comparing year with year, there has been a slow but steady progress. The end is still distant, but “far off its coming shines.” Good government is the last attainment of civilization. Simple in its object—the mutual protection and defence—it is infinitely complex in its details, requiring a thousand checks and balances to keep it from verging to despotism on the one side, or to revolution and anarchy on the other. Such a government is not the work of a day or a generation. To build up a great nation requires all the wisdom of the wisest and the virtue of the best. To this end the most liberal and patriotic men in Spain are now working, and their labor will not be without its reward.

With such fond thoughts, I linger on these shores, reluctant to depart. Dear old Spain! With all her faults, I love her still: for her faults are redeemed by splendid qualities—a high sense of honor; a truly democratic respect of

man for man, for the Spaniard never forgets to show to another what he demands for himself; and above all, the gentle courtesy, inherited from the ages of chivalry, of which the stranger has frequent experience, and which, like charity, covers a multitude of sins. Such a country is worthy of a better fate. And that is coming. The spirit of liberty is abroad in the land, and the face of the nation is towards the rising sun; and it is not impossible that another century may see the glory of Old Spain fading and growing dim before the greater glory of the New.

In my last walk on the ramparts of Cadiz, I was startled by a heavy gun, and turning to the harbor saw a large steamer bearing away to the West. It was the weekly mail to Cuba, by which Spain keeps up communication with her great dependency. These messengers, coming and going across the deep, carry our thoughts to the dwellers beyond the sea. It is not yet four hundred years since Columbus sailed from this very coast—from Palos, which is not far above Cadiz—on his great voyage of discovery. That was one of the turning-points of history, as it opened another hemisphere to the expansion of the human race. Remembering how it has changed the course of empire—how it has created nations, and started them in the race of progress with a vast increase of knowledge and of liberty—Americans may well desire to draw closer the relations that bind them to the country to which they owe the discovery of the New World.

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