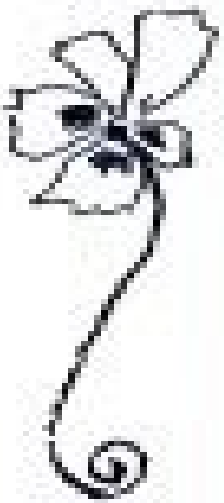
EDITION ARTISTIQUE

The World's Famous Places and Peoples



SPAIN

BY

EDMONDO DE AMICIS

Translated
by Stanley Rhoads Yarnall, M.A.

In Two Volumes

Volume I.

MERRILL AND BAKER

New York London

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Author: Edmondo de Amicis

Translator: Stanley Rhoads Varnall

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Some typographical errors have been corrected; some but not all the spelling and accentuation of Spanish words/names have been corrected. a list follows the text.

Contents.

List of Illustrations

Volume 1 was published without an index. The full Index from Volume 2 has been appended to this ebook.

(etext transcriber's note)

S P A I N

[Image not available: A Bull Fight]
A Bull Fight

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VOLUME I

BARCELONA.

It was a rainy morning in February, and lacked an hour of sunrise. My mother accompanied me to the hall, anxiously repeating all the counsels she had been giving me for a month: then she threw her arms about my neck, burst into tears, and disappeared. I stood a moment stricken to the heart, looking at the door, on the point of calling out, “Let me in! I am not going! I will stay with thee!” Then I ran down the stairs like an escaping thief. When I was in the street it seemed that the waves of the sea and the peaks of the Pyrenees were already lying between me and my home. But, although I had for a long time looked forward to that day with feverish impatience, I was not at all cheerful. At a turn of the street I met my friend the doctor on his way to the hospital. He had not seen me for a month, and naturally asked:

“Where are you going?”

“To Spain,” I replied.

But he would not believe me, so far was my frowning, melancholy face from promising a pleasure-trip. Through the entire journey from Turin to Genoa I thought only of my mother, of my room, now empty, of my little library, of all the pleasant habits of my domestic life, all of which I was leaving for many months.

But, arrived at Genoa, the sight of the sea, the gardens of the Acquasola, and the company of Anton Giulio Barili restored me to serenity and cheerfulness. I recollect that as I was about to step into the boat that was to take me to the ship a porter handed me a letter which contained only these words: “Sad news from Spain. The condition of an Italian at Madrid in time of insurrection against the king would be perilous. Do you persist in going? Consider!” I leaped into the boat and was off. Shortly before the ship sailed two officers came to bid me good-bye. I can still see them standing in the middle of the boat as the ship began to move.

“Bring me a Toledo blade!” they cried.

“Bring me a bottle of Xeres!”

“Bring me a guitar! an Andalusian hat! a stiletto!”

A little while, and I could see only their white handkerchiefs and hear their last cry: I tried to answer, but my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth; I began to laugh, but brushed my hand across my eyes. Soon I retired to my little

hole of a stateroom, where, lulled into a delicious sleep, I dreamed of my mother, my purse, France, and Andalusia. At dawn I awoke, and was soon on deck. We were not far from the coast, the French coast—my first view of a foreign coast. Strange! I could not look at it enough, and a thousand fugitive thoughts passed through my head, and I said, “Is it France, in very truth? And is it I who am here?” I began to doubt my own identity.

At mid-day Marseilles came into view. The first sight of a great maritime city fills one with an amazement which destroys the pleasure of the marvel. I see, as through a mist, a vast forest of ships; a waterman who stretches out his hand and addresses me in an incomprehensible jargon; a customs official who, in accordance with some law, makes me pay *deux sous pour les Prussiens*; then a dark room in a hotel; then the longest streets, endless squares, a throng of people and of carriages; troops of Zouaves, unknown regimentals, a mingling of lights and of voices, and finally come weariness and profound sadness, which end in uneasy sleep.

By daybreak on the following morning I was in a railway-carriage on my way from Marseilles to Perpignan, in the midst of a group of ten Zouave officers arrived from Africa the previous day, some with crutches, some with canes, some with bandaged arms; but all as happy and boisterous as so many school-boys. It was a long journey, consequently conversation was necessary. However, from all I had heard of the bitterness with which the French regarded us, I did not venture to open my mouth. But how foolish! One of them spoke the word and the conversation was started: “An Italian?”

“Yes.”

It was as good as a holiday. All but one had fought in Italy; one had been wounded at Magenta. They began to tell anecdotes of Genoa, of Turin, of Milan, to ask a thousand questions, to describe their life in Africa.

One began to discuss the Pope. “Oh!” said I to myself. Why? He talked even stronger than I should have done: he said that we ought to have cut the knot of the question, and to have gone to the root of the matter without considering the peasantry.

Meantime, as we were approaching the Pyrenees, I amused myself by observing the increasing difference in the pronunciation of the passengers who entered the carriage; by remarking how the French language died, so to speak, into the Spanish; by feeling how near Spain was growing until Perpignan was reached; and as I hurried into a diligence I heard the first *Buenos dias* and *Buen viaje*, so pure and sonorous that the words gave me infinite pleasure. Nevertheless, they do not speak Spanish at Perpignan, but they use a dialect

formed by a mingling of French, Marseillaise, and Catalan, unpleasant to the ear. I alighted from the diligence at the hotel in the midst of a crowd of officers, gentlemen, Englishmen, and trunks. A waiter compelled me to sit down at a table already spread: I ate until I almost strangled, and was hurried into another diligence and away.

Ah me! I had so long cherished the thought of crossing the Pyrenees, and I now was forced to make the journey by night. Before we arrived at the foothills it was dark. Through the long, long hours, between sleeping and waking, I saw only a bit of the road lit up by the lights of the lantern of the diligence, the black outline of some mountain, the projecting rocks, which seemed to be within arms' reach of the window, and I heard only the regular tramping of the horses and the whistling of an accursed wind which blew without a moment's intermission.

Beside me sat an American from the United States, a young man, the most original fellow in the world, who slept I know not how many hours with his head on my shoulder. Now and then he roused himself to exclaim in a lamentable voice, "Ah what a night! what a horrible night!" without perceiving that with his head he gave me an additional reason for making the same lament.

At the first stopping-place we both alighted and entered a little hostelry to get a glass of liquor; my fellow-traveller asked me if I was travelling on business. "No, sir," I replied; "I am travelling for pleasure; and you, if I may ask?"—"I am travelling for love," he replied with perfect gravity.—"For love!—" And then, unasked, he told me a long story of an unhappy love-affair, of a deferred marriage, of abductions and duels, and I know not what else; and finally he said he was travelling for a change of scene to help him forget the lady of his affections. And, in fact, he sought distraction to the top of his bent, for at every inn where we stopped, from the beginning of our journey until we arrived at Gerona, he did nothing but tease the maids—always with the utmost gravity, it is true, but nevertheless with an audacity which even his desire for distraction failed to justify.

Three hours after midnight we arrived at the frontier. "*Estamos en España!*" (We are in Spain!) cried a voice. The diligence came to a stop. The American and I leaped again to the ground, and with great curiosity entered a little inn to see the first sons of Spain within the walls of a Spanish house.

We found a half-dozen customs officials, the host, his wife, and children sitting around a brasier. They greeted us at once. I asked a number of questions, and they answered in an open, spirited manner, which I had not expected to find among the Catalans, who are described in the gazetteers as a rude people of few words. I asked if they had anything to eat, and they brought in the famous

Spanish *chorizo*, a sort of sausage, which is overseasoned with pepper and burns the stomach, a bottle of sweet wine, and some hard bread.

"Well; what is your king doing?" I asked of an official after I had spit out the first mouthful. The man to whom I spoke seemed embarrassed, looked first at me, then at the others, and finally made this very strange answer: "*Esta reinando*" (He is reigning). They all commenced to laugh, and while I was preparing a closer question, I became conscious of a whisper in my ear: "*Es un republicano*" (He is a republican). I turned and saw mine host looking into the air. "I understand," said I, and changed the subject. When we had climbed again into the diligence my companion and I had a good laugh over the warning of the host, and we both expressed our surprise that a person of his class should have taken the political opinions of the officials so seriously; but at the inns where we afterward stopped we learned better. In every one of them we found the host or some adventurer reading the paper to a group of attentive peasants. Now and then the reading would be interrupted by a political discussion, which I could not understand, because they used the Catalan dialect, but I could get the drift of what they were saying by the aid of the paper which I had heard them reading. Well, I must say, among all of those groups there circulated a current of republican thought which would have made the stoutest royalist tremble. One of them, a man with a fierce scowl and a deep voice, after he had spoken a short time to a group of silent auditors, turned to me, whom by my impure Castilian accent he supposed to be a Frenchman, and said with great solemnity, "Let me tell you something, *caballero*!"—"What is it?"—"I tell you," he replied, "that Spain is in a worse plight than France;" and after that remark he began walking up and down the room with bowed head and with his arms crossed upon his breast. Others spoke confusedly of the Cortes, of the ministry, of political ambitions, breaches of faith, and other dreadful things. One person only, a girl at a restaurant in Figueras, noticing that I was an Italian, said to me with a smile, "Now we have an Italian king." And a little while later, as we were going out, she added with graceful simplicity, "I like him."

When we arrived at Gerona it was still night. There King Amadeus, after a joyful welcome, placed a stone in the house where General Alvarez lodged during the famous siege of 1809.

We passed through the city, which seemed to us of great proportions, sleepy as we were and impatient to tumble into our corners of the railroad carriage. Finally we reached the station, and by dawn were on our way to Barcelona.

Sleep! It was the first time I had seen the sun rise in Spain. How could I have slept? I put my face close to the window, and did not turn my head until we came

to Barcelona. Ah! there is no greater pleasure than that one feels upon entering an unfamiliar country, with one's imagination prepared for the sight of new and wonderful objects, with a thousand memories of the fanciful descriptions of books in one's head, free from anxiety and free from care.

To press forward into that land, to bend one's glance eagerly in every direction in search of something which will convince one, if he is not already sure of the fact, that he is really there—to grow conscious of it little by little, now by the dress of a peasant, now by a tree, again by a house; to notice as one advances the growing frequency of those signs, those colors, those forms, and to compare all those things with the mental picture one had previously formed; to find a field for curiosity in everything upon which the eye rests or which strikes the ear,—the appearance of the people, their gestures, their accent, their conversation,—the exclamations of surprise at every step. To feel one's mind expanding and growing clear; so long to arrive at once and yet never to arrive; to ask a thousand questions of one's companions; to make a sketch of a village or of a group of peasants; to say ten times an hour, "I am here!" and to think of telling all about it some day,—this is truly the liveliest and most varied of human pleasures. The American was snoring.

The part of Catalonia through which one passes from Gerona to Barcelona is a varied, fertile, and highly-cultivated country. It is a succession of little valleys flanked by gently sloping hills, with tracts of heavy woodland, roaring streams, gorges, and ancient castles; clothed with a vegetation luxuriant and hardy and of a varied green, which reminds one of the severe aspect of the Alpine valleys. The landscape is enlivened by the picturesque dress of the peasants, which corresponds admirably to the fierceness of the Catalan character. The first peasants I saw were dressed from top to toe in black velvet, and wore about their necks a sort of shawl with red and white stripes, and on their heads little Zouave caps of bright red falling to the shoulder. Some wore a sort of buskin of skins laced to the knee, others a pair of canvas shoes shaped like slippers, with corded soles, open in front, and tied about the foot with interlacing black ribbons—a habit, in fine, easy and elegant, and at the same time severe. The weather was not very cold, but they were all bundled up in their shawls, so that only the tip of the nose or the end of the cigarette was to be seen. They had the air of gentlemen coming from the theatre. This effect is produced not merely by the shawls, but by the manner in which they are worn—falling at the side, so that the arrangement appears accidental, with those plaits and foldings which add the grace of a mantilla and dignity of a cloak. At every railway-station there was a group of men, each wearing a shawl of different color, and not a few dressed in

fine new cloth: almost all were very clean, and all had a dignity of bearing which heightened the effect of their picturesque costume. There were a few dark faces, but most of them were fair, with lively black eyes, lacking, however, the fire and vivacity of the Andalusian glances.

Gradually as one advances the villages, houses, bridges, and aqueducts become most frequent, with all those things which announce the proximity of a rich and populous commercial city. Granallers, Sant' Andrea de Palomar, and Clot are surrounded by factories, villas, parks, and gardens. All along the way one sees long rows of carts, troops of peasants, and herds of cattle; the stations are crowded with passengers. If one did not know where he was, he might think he was crossing a part of England rather than a province of Spain. Once past the station of Clot, the last stop before the arrival at Barcelona, one sees on every side huge brick buildings, long walls, heaps of building material, smoking chimneys, stacks of workshops, and many laboring-men, and hears, or imagines he hears, a muffled roar, growing in extent and volume, which seems like the labored breathing of a great city at its work. At last one can see all Barcelona—at a glance the harbor, the sea, a coronet of hills—and it all appears and disappears in a moment, and you are sitting in the station with tingling nerves and a confused brain.

A diligence as large as a railway-carriage took me to a neighboring hotel, when, as soon as I entered, I heard the Italian speech. I confess that this was as great a pleasure as if I had been an interminable distance from Italy and a year absent from home. But it was a pleasure of short duration. A porter, the same one whom I had heard speaking, showed me to my room, and, doubtless assured by my smile that I was a fellow-countryman, asked politely,

"Have you made an end of arriving?"

"Made an end of arriving?" I asked in my turn, elevating my eyebrows.

I must here note that in Spanish the word *acabor* (to make an end of doing a thing) corresponds to the French expression *venir de la faire*. Consequently I did not at once understand what he said.

"Yes," the porter replied, "I ask the *cavaliere* if he has alighted the selfsame hour from the way of iron?"

"Selfsame hour? Way of iron? What sort of Italian is this, my friend?"

He was a little disconcerted.

However, I afterward discovered that there is in Barcelona a large number of hotel-porters, of waiters in the restaurants, cooks, and servants of all kinds—Piedmontese for the most part from the province of Navarre—who have lived in

Spain from boyhood and speak this dreadful jargon composed of French, Italian, Castilian, Catalan, and Piedmontese. However, they do not use this dialect in addressing the Spanish people, for they all know Spanish, but only to Italian travellers in a playful spirit, to let them see that they have not forgotten the speech of their fatherland.

This explains the fact that I have heard many Catalonians say, “Oh! there is very little difference between your language and ours.” I should think so! I ought also to repeat the words which a Castilian singer addressed to me in a tone of lofty benevolence as we were conversing on the boat which bore me to Marseilles five weeks later: “The Italian language is the most beautiful of the dialects formed from ours.”

As soon as I removed the traces which *the horrible night* of the crossing of the Pyrenees had left upon me I sallied forth from the hotel and began to wander about the streets.

Barcelona is, in appearance, the least Spanish of the cities of Spain. Great buildings—very few of which are old—long streets, regular squares, shops, theatres, large and splendid restaurants, a continuous moving throng of people, carriages, and carts from the water front to the centre of the city, and thence to the outskirts, just as at Genoa, Naples, and Marseilles. A very wide, straight street called the *Rambla*, shaded by two rows of trees, divides the city from the harbor to the hills. A fine promenade, flanked by new houses, stretches along the sea-shore above a high dyke of masonry built like a terrace, against which the waves beat. A suburb of vast proportions, almost another city, extends toward the north, and on every side new houses break the old enclosure, spread over the fields, even to the foot of the hills, range themselves in endless rows until they reach the neighboring villages, and on all the circling hills rise villas and palaces and factories, which dispute the land and crowd each other as they rise even higher and higher, forming a noble coronet about the brow of the city. Everywhere they are creating, transforming, renewing; the people work and prosper, and Barcelona flourishes.

I saw the last days of the Carnival. Through the streets passed long processions of giants, devils, princes, clowns, warriors, and crowds of certain figures whom I always have the misfortune to encounter the world over. They were dressed in yellow and carried long staves, at the ends of which purses were bound: these they stick under every one’s nose, into the shops and windows, even to the second stories of the houses, begging alms—in whose name I know

not, but which were most likely spent in some classic orgy at the close of the Carnival.

The most curious sight which I saw was the

[Image not available: Barcelona]

Barcelona

masquerade of the children. It is the custom to dress the boys under the age of eight years like men, after the French fashion, in complete ball-dress, with white gloves, great moustaches, and long flowing hair: some are dressed like the Spanish grandees, bedecked with ribbons and bangles; others like Catalan peasants, with the jaunty cap and the mantle. The little girls appear as court-ladies, Amazons, and poetesses with lyres and laurel crowns; and boys and girls in the costumes of the different provinces of the kingdom—one as a flower-girl of Valencia, another as an Andalusian gypsy or a Basque mountaineer—in the gayest and most picturesque costumes imaginable. Their parents lead them by the hand in the procession, and it is a tournament of good taste, of fantasy, and display in which the people share with great delight.

While I was trying to find my way to the cathedral I met a company of Spanish soldiers. I stopped to look at them, recollecting the picture which Baretti draws when he tells how they assailed him in a hotel, one taking the salad from his plate, while another snatched the leg of a fowl from his mouth. At first sight they resemble the French soldiers, who also wear the red breeches and gray coat reaching to the knee. The only noticeable difference is in the covering of the head. The Spanish wear a parti-colored cap, flat behind and curved in front, and fitted with a visor which turns down over the forehead. The caps, which are made of gray cloth, are light, durable, and pleasing to the eye, and are known by the name of their inventor, Ros de Olano, general and poet, who patterned them after his hunting-cap. The greater part of the soldiers whom I saw—they were all in the infantry—were young men, short of stature, swarthy, alert, and clean, as one would imagine the soldiers of an army which at one time had the lightest and most effective infantry in Europe. Indeed, the Spanish infantry has the reputation of containing the best walkers and swiftest runners. The men are temperate, spirited, and full of a national pride, of which it is difficult to get an adequate idea without studying them closely. The officers wear a short black coat like that of the Italian officers. When off duty they are in the habit of wearing the coat open, thereby revealing a waistcoat buttoned to the chin. In the

hours of leisure they do not wear their swords; on the march, like the rank and file, they wear a sort of gaiter of black cloth reaching almost to the knee. A regiment of foot-soldiers completely equipped for action presents an appearance at once pleasing and martial.

The cathedral of Barcelona, in the Gothic style, surmounted by noble towers, is worthy of standing beside the most beautiful edifices in Spain. The interior is formed of three vast naves, separated by two rows of very high pillars slender and graceful in form. The choir, situated in the middle of the church, is profusely decorated with bas-reliefs, filigree-work, and small images. Beneath the sanctuary lies a small subterranean chapel which is always lighted, and in its centre is the tomb of Eulalia, which one may see by looking through one of the little windows opening from the sanctuary. There is a tradition that the murderers of the saint, who was very beautiful, wished before putting her to death to look upon her body, but while they were taking off her last covering a thick cloud enveloped her and hid her from their sight. Her body still remains as fresh and beautiful as when she was alive, and no human eye may endure to look upon it. Once an incautious bishop (after the lapse of a century) wished to open the tomb just to see the sacred remains, but even as he looked he was smitten with blindness.

In a little chapel to the right of the great altar, lighted by many candles, one sees a crucifix of colored wood, with the Christ's figure inclined to one side. It is said that this image was carried on a Spanish ship at the battle of Lepanto, and that it so bent itself to avoid a cannon-ball which it saw coming straight for its heart. From the arched roof of the same chapel hangs a little galley with all its oars—modelled after the boat in which Don John of Austria fought against the Turks. Below the organ, of Gothic construction and covered with great pictorial tapestries, hangs a huge Saracen's head with a gaping mouth, from which, in the olden times, candies poured forth for the children. In another chapel one may see a beautiful marble tomb, and also some valuable paintings by Viladomat, a Barcelonian painter of the seventeenth century.

The church is dark and mysterious. Beside it rises a cloister, supported by grand pilasters, formed of delicate columns and surmounted by richly-carved capitals depicting scenes from Bible history. In the cloisters, in the church, in the square lying before it, in the narrow streets running on either side, there broods a spirit of contemplative peace which allures and at the same time saddens one like the gardens of a cemetery. A group of horrid bearded old women guard the door.

After one has visited the cathedral there are no other great monuments to be

seen in the city. In the Square of the Constitution are two palaces, called the House of the Deputation and the Consistorial, the first built in the sixteenth, the other in the fourteenth, century. These buildings still retain some old, noteworthy features—the one a door, the other a court.

On one side of the House of the Deputation is the rich Gothic façade of the Chapel of Saint George. Here is a palace of the Inquisition, with a narrow court, windows with heavy iron bars, and secret passages, but it has been almost entirely remodelled on the old plans. There are some enormous Roman columns in the Street of Paradise, lost in the midst of modern buildings, surrounded by tortuous staircases and gloomy chambers.

There is nothing else worth the attention of an artist. However, in compensation there are fountains with rostral columns, pyramids, statues, avenues lined with villas and gardens, and cafés and inns; a circus for bull-fights that has a capacity of seating ten thousand spectators; a town which covers a strip of land enclosing the harbor, laid out with the symmetry of a chequer-board, and peopled by ten thousand seamen; a number of libraries, a very rich museum of natural history, and a repository of archives which contains a vast collection of historical documents dating from the ninth century to our times, which is to say from the first Courts of Catalonia to the War of Independence.

Of the objects outside of the city, the most remarkable is the cemetery, about a half-hour's ride distant from the gates, in the midst of an extended plain. Seen from a point just outside of the entrance, it looks like a garden, and one quickens one's pace with a feeling of pleased curiosity. But, once past the gate, one is confronted by a novel spectacle, indescribable, and wholly different from one's expectation. One is in the midst of a silent city, traversed by long, deserted streets, bordered by straight walls of equal height, which are bounded in the distance by other walls. Advancing, one comes to an intersection, and from that point sees other streets with other walls at the end and other crossways. It is like being in Pompeii. The dead are placed in the walls lengthwise, disposed in various orders, like the books in a library. For every coffin there is a corresponding niche, in which is inscribed the name of the dead. Where no one has been interred there is the word *propriedad*, which indicates that the position has been engaged. Most of the niches are enclosed in glass, some with iron gratings, others, again, with very fine nettings of woven iron. They contain a great variety of offerings placed there by the families in memory of their dead; as, for instance, photographs, little altars, pictures, embroidery, artificial flowers, and the little nothings that were dear to them in life; ribbons, necklaces, toys of children, books, brooches, miniatures—a thousand things which recall the home

and the family, and indicate the profession of those to whom they belonged; and it is impossible to look upon them without compassion. Here and there one sees a niche open and black within, a sign that a casket will be placed there during the day. The family of the dead are obliged to pay an annual sum for the space; when they fail to pay the casket is taken from the place where it lies and is borne to the common trench of the burialplace of the poor, which is reached by one of the streets. There was an interment while I was there. From a distance I saw them place the ladder and raise the casket, and I passed on. One night a madman hid himself in one of the empty holes: a watchman passed with a lantern; the madman gave a terrible cry, and the poor watchman fell to the ground as though he had been struck by lightning, and it is said he never recovered from the shock. In one niche I saw a beautiful tress of golden hair, the hair of a girl who had been drowned in her fifteenth year, and to it was fastened a card bearing the word *Querida* (Beloved). At every step one sees something which affects the mind and the heart. All those offerings have the effect of a confused murmur, a blending of the voices of mothers, husbands, children, and aged men, who whisper as one passes, “Look! I am here!” At every crossway rise statues, mausoleums, shafts bearing inscriptions in honor of the citizens of Barcelona who performed deeds of charity during the scourge of yellow fever in 1821 and 1870. This part of the cemetery, planned, as has been said, like a city, belongs to the middle class of the people, and is bounded by two vast enclosures—the one for the poor, bare and dotted with great black crosses; the other, of an equal size, for the rich, cultivated like a garden, surrounded by chapels various, rich, and magnificent.

In the midst of a forest of weeping willows and cypresses tower columns, obelisks, and grand tombs on every side; marble chapels richly adorned with sculpture, surmounted by bold statues of archangels raising their arms toward heaven; pyramids, groups of statues, monuments as large as houses, overtopping the highest trees; and between the monuments grass-plots, railings, and flower-beds.

At the entrance, between this and the other cemetery, stands a stupendous marble church, surrounded by pillars and partly hidden by trees—a sight which amply prepares the mind for the magnificent spectacle of the interior. On leaving this garden one again passes through the lonely streets of this city of the dead, which seems even more silent and sad than when one first entered it. On recrossing the threshold one turns with pleasure to the many-colored houses of the suburbs of Barcelona as they lie scattered over the plain, like the advance-guard sent to announce that a populous city is expanding and advancing.

From the cemetery to the café is a great leap, but in travelling one makes

even greater ones. The cafés of Barcelona, like nearly all the cafés in Spain, consists of one vast saloon, adorned with large mirrors, and with as many tables as it is possible to crowd into the space. The tables seldom remain vacant, even for half an hour, throughout the entire day. In the evening they are all full to overflowing, so that one is many times obliged to wait a good while even to find a seat by the door. Around every table is a group of five or six *caballeros* wearing over their shoulders the *capa*, a mantle of dark cloth, provided with a generous palmer's hood and worn instead of our capeless cloak. In every group they are playing dominoes. This is the most popular game among the Spaniards. In the cafés from twilight to midnight one hears a loud, continuous, discordant sound, like the rattling of hailstones, from the turning and returning of thousands of dominoes by hundreds of hands, so that one is obliged to raise one's voice to be heard by one's next neighbor. The commonest beverage is the exquisite chocolate of Spain, which is generally served in little cups, and is about as thick as preserved juniper-berries and hot enough to scald one's throat. One of these cups, with a drop of milk and a peculiar cake of very delicate flavor which they call *bollo*, makes a luncheon fit for Lucullus. Between one *bollo* and the next I made my studies of the Catalan character, conversing with all the *Don Fulanos* (a name as common in Spain as *Tizio* is with us) who had the good grace not to suspect me of being a spy despatched from Madrid to sniff the air of Catalonia.

Their minds were greatly stirred by politics in those days, and it often happened that as I was very innocently speaking of a newspaper article, a prominent man, or of anything whatsoever, whether at the café or in a shop or at the theatre, it happened, I say, that I felt the touch of a toe and heard a whisper at my ear, "Take care! That gentleman on your right is a Carlist."—"Hush! This man is a Republican."—"That one over there, a Sagastino."—"The man beside you is a Radical."—"Yonder is a Cimbrian."

Everybody was talking politics. I encountered a rabid Carlist in the person of a barber, who, learning by my pronunciation that I was a compatriot of the king, tried his best to drag me into a discussion. I did not say a word, for he was shaving me, and the resentment of my wounded patriotism might have led to the drawing of the first blood in the civil war. But the barber persisted, and, as he did not know how else to come to the point, he finally said in suave tones,

"You understand, *caballero*, if a war were to break out between Italy and Spain, Spain would not be afraid."

"I am fully persuaded of the fact," I replied, with my eye on the razor.

He then assured me that France would declare war against Italy as soon as she had paid Germany off: "There is no escape."

I did not reply. He stood a moment in thought, and then said maliciously,

“There will be great doings in a little while.”

Nevertheless, it gratified the Barcelonians that the king made his appearance among them with an air of confidence and tranquillity, and the mass of the people recall his entrance into the city with admiration.

I found sympathizers with the king even among some who hissed through their closed teeth, “He is not a Spaniard,” or, as one of them put it, “How would they like a Castilian king at Rome or Paris?” A question to which one replies, “I don’t know much about politics,” and the conversation is ended.

But the Carlists are the truly implacable party. They say scurrilous things about our revolution in the best of good faith, the greater part of them being convinced that the Pope is the true king of Italy—that Italy wants him, and has submitted to the sword of Victor Emanuel because she could not do otherwise, but that she is only watching for a proper occasion to strike for liberty, as the Bourbons and others have done.

And I am able to offer in evidence of this the following anecdote, which I repeat as I heard it narrated, without the least shadow of an intention to wound the person who played the principal part of it: Upon one occasion a young Italian, whom I know intimately, was presented to one of the most talented women of the city, who received him with marked courtesy. A number of Italians were present during the conversation. The lady spoke very sympathetically of Italy, thanked the young man for the enthusiasm which he had expressed for Spain, sustained, in a word, an animated and pleasing conversation with her responsive guest almost all of the evening. Suddenly she asked:

“In which city will you reside upon your return to Italy?”

“In Rome,” replied the young man.

“To defend the Pope?” asked the lady with perfect sincerity.

The young man looked at her and answered with an ingenuous smile,

“No, indeed!”

That *no* provoked a tempest. The lady, forgetting that the young man was an Italian and her guest, broke out into such a fury of invective against King Victor, the Piedmontese government, and Italy from the time the army entered Rome to the War of the Marches and Umbria that the ill-fated stranger turned as white as a sheet with her scolding. But he controlled himself and did not say a word, allowing the other Italians, who were friends of long standing, to defend the honor of their country. The discussion was continued to some length, and finally brought to a close. The lady found that she had allowed herself to be carried too

far, and showed that she regretted her action; but it was very evident from her words that she, and doubtless a great many others, were convinced that the unification of Italy had been accomplished against the will of the Italian people by Piedmont, the king, the greed of power, and the hatred of religion.

The common people, however, are republican, and, as they have the reputation of being quicker of action than those who talk more, they are feared.

In Spain, whenever they wish to circulate a report of an approaching revolution, they always begin by saying that it will break out in Barcelona, or that it is on the point of breaking out, or has broken out.

The Catalans do not wish to be thought of as on a common footing with the Spaniards of the other provinces. “We are Spaniards,” they say, “but, be it understood, of Catalonia—a people, to be brief, that labor and think; a people to whose ears the din of machinery is more pleasant than the music of the guitar. We do not envy Andalusia her romance, the praises of her poets, nor the paintings of her artists; we are content to be the most serious and industrious people of Spain.” In fact, they speak of their brothers of the South as at one time, though seldom now, the Piedmontese used to speak of the Neapolitans and the Tuscans: “Yes, they have genius, imagination, sweet speech, and amusement; but we, on the contrary, have greater force of will, greater aptitude for science, better popular education, ... and moreover, ... character....” I met a Catalonian, a gentleman distinguished for his ability and learning, who lamented that the War of Independence had too closely affiliated the different provinces of Spain, whence it resulted that the Catalonians had contracted some of the bad habits of the Southerners, while the latter had acquired none of the good qualities of the Catalans. “We have become *mas ligeros de casco*” (lighter of head), he said, and he would not be comforted.

A merchant of whom I asked what he thought of the Castilian character answered brusquely that in his opinion it would be a fortunate thing for Catalonia if there were no railroad between Barcelona and Madrid, because commerce with that race corrupted the character and the customs of the Catalan people. When they speak of a long-winded deputy, they say, “Oh yes, he is an Andalusian.”

They ridicule the poetic language of the Andalusians, their soft pronunciation, their childish gaiety, their vanity and effeminacy.

The Andalusians, on the contrary, speak of the Catalans much as an æsthetic young lady of literary and artistic tastes would speak of one of those domestic girls who prefer the cook-book to the romances of George Sand.

“They are a rude people,” they say, “who have a capacity only for arithmetic and mechanics; barbarians who would convert a statue of Montaigne into an olive-press, and one of Murillo’s canvases into a tarpaulin—the veritable Bœotians of Spain, insupportable with their jargon, their surliness, and their pedantic gravity.”

In reality, Catalonia is probably the province of least importance in the history of the fine arts. The only poet who was born in Barcelona—and he was not great, but only illustrious—was Juan Boscan, who flourished at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and introduced into Spanish letters the hendecasyllabic verse, the ballad, the sonnet, and all the forms of Italian lyric poetry, for which he had a passionate admiration. Whence arose this great transformation, as it afterward became, in the entire literature of a people? From the fact that Boscan took up his residence at Granada at the time when the court of Charles V. was held there, and that he there met an ambassador from the republic of Venice, Andrea Navagero, who knew the poems of Petrarch by heart, and recited them to Boscan, and said to him, “It seems to me that you too could write such verses; try it!”

Boscan tried: all the literature of Spain cried out against him. Italian poetry was not sonorous; Petrarch’s poems were insipid and effeminate; and Spain did not need to harness her Pegasus in the traces of any other land. But Boscan was unyielding. Garcilasso de la Vega, the chivalrous cavalier, his friend—he who received the glorious title of Malherbe of Spain—followed his example. The band of reformers grew little by little, until it became an army and conquered and dominated all literature. The consummation of the movement was reached in Garcilasso, but to Boscan remains the merit of giving it the first impulse, and hence to Barcelona belongs the honor of having given to Spain the genius who transformed her literature.

During the few days I remained at Barcelona I was accustomed to spend the evening in company with some young Catalans, walking on the sea-shore in the moonlight until late at night. They all knew a little Italian, and were very fond of our poetry, so from hour to hour we did nothing but repeat verses—they from Zorilla, Espronceda, and Lope de Vega; I from Foscolo, Berchet, and Manzoni—alternating in a sort of rivalry to see who could repeat the most beautiful selection.

It is a novel sensation, that of repeating the verses of one’s native poets in a foreign country.

When I saw my Spanish friends all intent on the story of the battle of Maclodio, and then little by little becoming excited, and finally so inflamed that

they grasped me by the arm and exclaimed, with a Castilian accent which rendered their words doubly grateful, “Beautiful! sublime!” then I felt my blood surge through my veins; I trembled, and if it had been light I believe they would have seen me turn as white as a sheet. They repeated to me verses in the Catalan language. I use the word “language” because it has a history and a literature of its own, and was not relegated to the condition of a dialect until the political predominance was assumed by Castile, who imposed her idiom as authoritative upon the rest of the provinces. And although it is a harsh language, made up of short words, and unpleasant at first even to one who has not a delicate ear, it has none the less some conspicuous advantages, and of these the popular poets have availed themselves with admirable skill, particularly in expressing the sense by the sound. A poem which they recited, the first lines of which imitated the rumbling of a railway-train, drew from me an exclamation of wonder. But, even though one may know the Spanish language, Catalan is not intelligible without explanation. The people talk rapidly, with closed teeth, without supplementing their speech by gestures, so that it is difficult to get the sense of the simplest sentence, and it is a great thing to catch a few occasional words. However, the common people can speak Castilian when it is convenient, but they do so utterly without grace, although much better than the common people of the northern Italian provinces speak Italian. Even the cultivated classes of Catalonia are not proficient in the national speech.

The Castilian first recognizes the Catalan by his pronunciation, to say nothing of his voice, but particularly by his uncouth expressions. Hence a foreigner who comes to Spain with an illusion that he can speak the language may easily be able to cherish the illusion so long as he remains in Catalonia, but as soon as he enters Castile and hears for the first time that crossfire of epigrams, that profusion of proverbs, the apt expressions, the clear and happy idioms, he stands aghast like Alfieri in the presence of Dame Vocabulary when they were discussing hosiery; and then farewell illusion!

On my last night I visited the Lyceum Theatre, which is said to be the most beautiful in Europe, and probably the largest. It was crowded with people from the pit to the highest gallery, and could not have accommodated a hundred more persons. From the box in which I sat the ladies on the opposite side looked no larger than children, and on half closing one’s eyes they appeared like so many white lines, one for each row of boxes, tremulous and sparkling like an immense garland of camellias impearled with dew and swayed by the breeze.

The vast boxes are divided by partitions which slope down from the wall to the front of the box, so enabling one to have a good view of the persons seated

on the front row; consequently, the theatre looks like a great gallery, and so acquires an air of lightness which makes it very beautiful to look upon. All is in relief; all is open to the view; the light strikes every part; every one sees every one else; the aisles are wide, and one may come and go, turn with ease in any direction, look at a lady from a thousand points of view, pass from the gallery to the boxes and from the boxes to the gallery,—one may walk about, talk, and wander here and there all the evening without striking elbows with a living soul. The other parts of the building are in proportion to the principal room—corridors, staircases, lobbies, vestibules like those of a great palace. Then there is an immense, splendid ball-room in which one could place another theatre. Yet even here, where the good Barcelonians, after the fatigue of the day, should think of nothing but recreation or the contemplation of their beautiful, superb women,—even here the good Barcelonians buy and sell, bargain and chaffer, like souls condemned to torment.

In this corridor there is a continual passing of bank-runners, office-clerks, and messenger-boys, and the constant hum of the market-place. Barbarians! How many beautiful faces, how many noble eyes, how many splendid heads of dark hair in that crowd of ladies! In ancient times the young Catalan lovers, to win the heart of their ladies, bound themselves to fraternities of flagellants and beat themselves with whips of iron beneath the windows of their loves until the blood burst from the skin; and the ladies cheered them on, crying, “Lash thyself still harder, so; now I love thee, I am thine!” How many times did I exclaim that night, “Gentlemen, for pity’s sake give me a whip of iron!”

The next morning before sunrise I was on my way to Saragossa, and, to tell the truth, not without a feeling of sadness at leaving Barcelona, although I had been there only a few days. This city, although it is anything but the flower of the beautiful cities of the world, as Cervantes called it,—this city of commerce and warehouses, spurned by poets and artists—pleased me, and its hurried, busy people inspired me with respect. And then it is always sad to depart from a city, however unfamiliar, with the certainty of never seeing it again. It is like saying good-bye for ever to a travelling companion with whom one has passed twenty-four happy hours: he is not a friend, but one seems to love him as a friend, and will remember him all one’s life with a feeling of affection more real than that one holds toward many who are called by the name of friends.

As I turned to look once again at the city from the window of the railway-carriage, the words of Alvaro Tarfe in *Don Quixote* came to my lips: “Adieu, Barcelona, the home of courtesy, the haven of wanderers, the fatherland of the brave! Adieu!” And I continued sadly: “Lo, the first leaf is torn from the rosy

book of travel! So all things pass. Another city, then another, then another, and then—I shall return, and the journey will seem like a dream, and it will seem as though I had not even stirred from home; and then another journey—new cities and other sad partings, and again a memory vague as a dream; and then?” Alas for that traveller who harbors thoughts like these! Look at the sky and at the fields, repeat poetry, and—smoke. *Adios, Barcelona, archivio de la cortesia!*

SARAGOSSA.

A FEW miles from Barcelona one comes in sight of the serrated crags of the famous Montserrat, a peculiar mountain which at first sight raises a suspicion of an optical illusion, so hard is it to believe that Nature could ever have yielded to so strange a caprice. Imagine a succession of little triangles connected with each other, like those which children use to represent a chain of mountains, or a crown with a pointed circlet, stretched out like the teeth of a saw or a great many sugar-loaves ranged in a row, and you have an idea of the distant appearance of Montserrat. It is a group of immense cones which rise side by side one behind another, or rather one great mountain formed of a hundred mountains, cleft from the summit to a distance almost one-third of its height in such a manner that it presents two grand peaks, around which cluster the lesser ones. The highest altitudes arid and inaccessible; the lower slopes mantled with pine, oak, arbutus, and juniper, broken here and there by measureless caverns and fearful precipices, and dotted by white hermitages, which stand out in bold relief against the aërial crags and the deep gorges. In the cleft of the mountain, between the two principal peaks, rises the ancient monastery of the Benedictines, where Ignatius Loyola meditated in his youth. Fifty thousand pilgrims and sight-seers annually visit the monastery and the caves, and on the eighth of September a festival is held which brings together an innumerable throng from every part of Catalonia.

Shortly before we arrived at the station where one gets off of the train to ascend the mountain, a group of school-boys from an academy of some unknown village rushed into the railway-carriage. They were making an excursion to the monastery of Montserrat, and a priest accompanied them. They were Catalans—with fair, ruddy faces and large eyes; each one carried a basket containing bread and fruit; one had a scrap-book, another a field-glass. They all laughed and talked at once, rollicked about on the seats, and filled the car with infinite merriment. But, although I strained my ears and racked my brain, I could not understand a word of the miserable jargon in which they were chattering. I entered into conversation with the priest.

“Look, sir,” said he after the preliminary sentences, as he pointed out one of the boys: “he knows all the Odes of Horace by heart; the way in which that other boy can solve problems in arithmetic would astonish you; this one here is a born philosopher;” and so he described to me the gifts of each.

Suddenly he interrupted himself to shout “*Beretina!*” (Caps). The boys all

drew their red Catalonian caps from their pockets, and with cries of delight proceeded to put them on, some slipping them back so that they fell over their necks, the others pulling them forward until they dangled in front of their noses. The priest made a gesture of disapproval, and at once those who had their caps pushed back pulled them over their noses, and those who had them pulled forward pushed them back over their necks, with laughter and shouts and clapping of the hands.

I approached one of the most roguish of the boys, and, merely for the fun of it, knowing that I might as well have talked to a wall, I asked in Italian, “Is this the first time you have made the journey to Montserrat?”

The boy thought for a moment, and then answered very slowly, “I—have—been—there—before—at—other—times.”

“Ah! my dear boy!” I cried with a feeling of satisfaction hard to imagine, “and where have you learned Italian?”

The priest here put in a word to say that the boy’s father had lived several years at Naples. Just as I was turning toward my little Catalan to continue the conversation my words were cut short by a miserable whistle, and then the wretched cry of “*Olesa!*” the village at the foot of the mountain. The priest bade me good-bye, the boys tumbled out of the car, the train was off again.

I put my head out of the window and shouted to my little friend, “*Buona passeggiata!*” (A pleasant walk), and he shouted back, emphasizing each syllable, “A-di-o!” Some may laugh at the thought of mentioning these trifles; nevertheless, they are the liveliest pleasures of the traveller’s experience.

The towns and villages which one sees in crossing Catalonia toward Arragon are almost all populous and flourishing, surrounded by workshops, factories, and buildings in course of construction, from which in every direction one sees thick columns of smoke rising here and there among the trees, and at every station there is great running hither and thither of peasants and merchants. The country is a pleasing succession of cultivated fields, gentle hills, and picturesque valleys until one comes to the village of Cervera.

Here one begins to see great stretches of arid land with a few scattered houses, which announce the proximity of Arragon. But then, unexpectedly, one enters a smiling valley clothed with olive-groves, vineyards, mulberry trees, orchards, and dotted with towns and villas. One sees on the one side the lofty summits of the Pyrenees, on the other the mountains of Arragon—Lerida, the glorious city of ten sieges, along the bank of the Segre, on the slope of a beautiful hill; and all about a luxuriance of vegetation, a variety of scenery—a

glorious feast to the eye. It is the last view of Catalonia; in a few minutes one enters Arragon.

Arragon! What vague memories of wars, of bandits, queens, poets, heroes, and storied lovers dwell in the echo of that sonorous name! And what a profound feeling of sympathy and respect! The old, noble, haughty Arragon, from whose brow flash the splendid rays of the glory of Spain! upon whose ancestral shields is written in characters of blood, “Liberty and valor!” When the world bent beneath the yoke of the tyrants the people of Arragon said to their king, through the mouth of their chief-justice, “We, who are as great as thou, and more potent, have chosen thee for our lord and king on thy agreement to obey our commands and conserve our liberties; and not otherwise.”

And the king knelt before the might of the magistrate of the people and took his oath on this sacred formula.

In the midst of the barbarity of the Middle Ages the fiery race of Arragon recked not of torture; the secret trial was banished from their code; all their institutions protected the liberty of the citizen and law held absolute sway. Discontented with their narrow mountain-home, they descended from Sobrarbe to Huesca, from Huesca to Saragossa, and as conquerors entered the Mediterranean. Joining with brave Catalonia, they redeemed the Balearic Isles and Valencia from Moorish dominion; fought Murat for their outraged rights and violated consciences; tamed the adventurers of the house of Anjou and spoiled them of their Italian lands; broke the chains of the port of Marseilles, which still hang on the walls of their temples; with the ships of Roger di Lauria ruled the seas from the Gulf of Taranto to the mouth of the Guadalquivir; subdued the Bosphorus with the ships of Roger de Flor; swept the Mediterranean from Rosas to Catania on the wings of victory; and, as though the West was too narrow for their ambition, they dared to carve upon the brow of Olympus, the stones of the Piræus, and the proud mountains which form the gates of Asia the immortal name of their fatherland.

These were my thoughts on entering Arragon, although I did not express them in these very words, for I did not then have before me a certain little book by Emilio Castelar. The first sight upon which my eyes rested was the little village of Monzon lying along the stream of Cinca, noted for the famous assemblies of the courts and for the alternate attacks and defences of Spanish and French—the common fate of almost all the villages of the province during the War of Independence. Monzon lies outstretched at the foot of a formidable mountain upon whose side rises a castle as black, sinister, and appalling as the grimmest of the feudal lords could have planned to condemn the most detested

of villages to a life of fear. Even the guide pauses before this monstrous edifice and breaks forth in a timid exclamation of astonishment. There is not, I believe, in Spain another village, another mountain, another castle which better represents the fearful submission of an oppressed people and the perpetual menace of a cruel ruler. A giant pressing his knee on the breast of a mere child whom he has thrown to the ground,—this is but a poor simile to give an idea of it; and such was the impression it made upon me that, although I do not know how to hold the pencil in my hand, I tried to sketch the landscape as best I could, so that it might not fade from my memory. And while I was making scratches I composed the first stanza of a gloomy ballad.

After Monzon the country of Arragon is merely a vast plain, bounded in the distance by long chains of reddish hills, with a few wretched villages, and some solitary eminences upon which rise the blackened ruins of ancient castles. Arragon, so flourishing under her kings, is now one of the poorest provinces of Spain. Only on the banks of the Ebro and along the famous canal which extends for forty miles from Tudela as far as Saragossa, serving at the same time to irrigate the fields and to transport merchandise,—only here does commerce thrive. Elsewhere it languishes or is dead.

The railway-stations are deserted; when the train stops one hears no other sound save the voice of some old troubadour who strums his guitar and chants a monotonous ditty, which one hears again at all the other stations, and afterward in the cities of Arragon: the words varied, but eternally the same tune. As there was nothing to be seen out of the window, I turned to my travelling companions.

The car was well filled: we were about forty in number, counting men and women, and as the second-class carriages in Spain do not have compartments, we could all see each other—priests, nuns, boys, servants, and other persons who might have been business-men or officials or secret emisaries of Don Carlos. The priests smoked their cigarettes, as the custom is in Spain, amicably offering their tobacco-pouches and rolling paper to those beside them. The others ate with all their might, passing from one to another a sort of bladder, which when pressed with both hands sent out a spurt of wine. Others were reading the newspaper, wrinkling their brows now and then with an air of profound meditation.

A Spaniard will not put a piece of orange, a bit of cheese, or a mouthful of bread into his mouth in the presence of others before he has asked every one to eat with him; and so I saw fruit, bread, sardines, and cups of wine pass under my nose, everything accompanied with a polite "*Gusta usted comer, commigo?*" (Will you eat with me, sir?) To which I replied, "*Gracias*" (No, thank you),

though it went against the grain to do so, for I was as hungry as Ugolino. Opposite to me, with her feet almost touching mine, sat a young nun, if one were to judge of her age by her chin, which was all of her face visible below her veil, and by her hand, which lay carelessly on her knee. I looked at her closely for more than an hour, hoping that she would raise her face, but she remained motionless as a statue, although from her attitude it was easy to see that she was obliged to resist the natural curiosity to look around her; and for this reason she finally won my admiration. What constancy! I thought; what strength of will! What a power of sacrifice even in these trifling matters! What a noble contempt for human vanity! As I was engaged with these thoughts I happened to glance at her hand; it was a small, white hand, and it seemed to me to be moving. I watched it more intently, and saw it escape very slowly out of the sleeve, extend the fingers, and rest on the knee, so that for a moment it hung gracefully down; then it turned a little to one side, was drawn back, and again extended. Oh, ye gods! anything but contempt of human vanity!

I could not have been mistaken; she had gone to all that trouble merely to display her little hand, yet she did not once raise her head all the time she remained in the car, nor did she even allow her face to be seen when she got out. Oh, the inscrutable depths of the feminine mind!

It was ordained that I should make no other friends than priests during the journey. An old father with a benevolent expression spoke to me, and we commenced a conversation which lasted almost to Saragossa. At first, when I said I was an Italian, he became a little suspicious, thinking perhaps that I had been one of those who had broken the bolts of the Quirinal, but when I told him that I did not busy myself about politics he was reassured and talked with perfect freedom. We chanced upon literature. I repeated to him the whole of Manzoni's Pentecoste, which delighted him, and he recited for me a poem of the celebrated Luis de Leon, a sacred poet of the sixteenth century, and we were friends. When we came to Zuera, the last station before arriving at Saragossa, he arose, bade me good-bye, and with his foot on the step he turned quickly and whispered in my ear, "Beware of the women; they bring evil consequences in Spain." When he alighted he stood to watch the train start, and, raising his hand with a gesture of fatherly admonition, he said a second time, "Beware!"

It was late at night when I reached Saragossa, and as I left the train my ear suddenly became aware of the peculiar cadence with which the hackmen, the porters, and the boys were speaking as they quarrelled over my baggage. In Arragon even the most insignificant people can speak Castilian, although with some mutilation and harshness; but your pure Castilian can recognize the

Arragonese before he has spoken half a word; and, in fact, the Andalusians can imitate their accent, and do so occasionally in derision of its roughness and monotony, as the Tuscans used sometimes to mock the speech of Lucca.

I entered the city with a certain feeling of reverent fear. The terrible fame of Saragossa oppressed me; my conscience almost upbraided me for having so often profaned its name in the school of rhetoric, when I hurled it as a challenge in the face of tyrants. The streets were dark; I saw only the black outline of the roofs and steeples against the starlight sky: I heard only the rumble of the coaches as they rolled away. At certain turns I seemed to see daggers and gun-barrels gleaming at the windows and to hear far off the cries of the wounded. I do not know what I should have given if I could have hastened the daybreak, and so have gratified that eager curiosity which was stirring within me to visit one by one those streets, those squares, those houses, famous for desperate conflicts and horrible slaughter, painted by so many artists, sung by so many poets, and so often in my dreams before I departed from Italy, that I used to murmur with delight, “I shall one day see them.” Arrived finally at my hotel, I looked at the porter who conducted me to my room with an amiable smile, as though I would have said, “Spare me! I am not an invader!” And with a glance at a large painting of Amadeus hanging at an angle of the corridor—a great reassurance to Italian travellers—I went to bed as sleepy as any of my readers.

At daybreak I hurried from the hotel. Neither shops, doors, nor windows were yet open, but hardly had I taken a step in the street before an exclamation of surprise escaped me, for there passed me a party of men so strangely dressed that at first sight I believed them to be masqueraders. Then I thought, “No, they are the silent characters of some theatre;” and then, again, “No, they are madmen, beyond a doubt.”

Imagine them: for a cap they wore a red handkerchief bound about the head like a padded ring, from which their dishevelled hair stuck out above and below; a blanket, striped blue and white, worn like a mantle, and falling almost to the ground in ample folds, like the Roman toga; a wide blue sash around the waist; short breeches of black corduroy gathered in tight at the knee; white stockings; a sort of sandal laced over the instep with black ribbons; and yet bearing with all this picturesque variety of vesture the evident impress of poverty, but with this evident poverty a manner not only theatrical, but proud and majestic, as shown in their carriage and gestures—the air of ruined grandees of Spain; so that one was in doubt, on seeing them, whether to laugh or to pity, whether to put one’s hand in one’s pocket and give them an alms or to raise one’s hat as a mark of respect. But they were simply peasants from the country around Saragossa, and this which I have described was only one of a thousand varieties of the same manner of dress. As I passed along at every step I saw a new costume. Some were dressed in ancient, others in modern, style; some with elegance, others

simply; some in holiday attire, others with extreme plainness; but every one wore the scarf, the handkerchief about the head, the white stockings, the cravat and parti-colored waistcoat.

The women wore crinolines with short skirts, which showed their ankles and made their hips seem ridiculously high. Even the boys wore the flowing mantle and the handkerchief around the head, and posed in dramatic attitudes like the men.

The first square I entered was full of these people, who were sitting in groups on the doorsteps or lying about in the angles formed by the houses, some playing the guitar, others singing, many going about begging in patched and tattered garments, but with a high head and fiery eye. They seemed like people who had just come from a tableau in which together they had represented a savage tribe from some unknown country.

Gradually the shops and houses were opened and the people of Saragossa began to fill the streets. The citizens do not appear different from us in dress, but there is something peculiar in their faces. They unite the serious expression of the Catalans with the alert air of the Castilians, and then add a fierceness of expression which belongs entirely to the blood of Arragon.

The streets of Saragossa are severe, almost depressing, in appearance, as I had imagined they would be before I saw them. Excepting the Coso, a wide street which runs through a large part of the city, describing a grand semicircular curve—the Corso famous in ancient times for the chariot-races, jousts, and tourneys which were celebrated in it at the times of the public feasts,—excepting this beautiful and cheerful street and a few streets which have recently been rebuilt like those of a French city, the rest are tortuous and narrow, flanked by tall houses, dark in color and with few windows, reminding one of ancient fortresses. These are the streets which bear an impress and which have a character, or, as another has said, a physiognomy, of their own—streets which once seen can never be forgotten. Throughout one's life at the mention of Saragossa one will see those walls, those doors, those windows as one saw them before. At this moment I see the court of the New Tower, and could draw it house by house, and paint each one with its own color; and so vividly does the picture live in my imagination that I seem to breathe that air again, and to repeat the words which I then spoke: "This

[Image not available: Street in Saragossa]

square is tremendous!" Why? I do not know: it may have been an illusion of mine. It is with cities as with faces—each one reads them in his own way.

The streets and squares of Saragossa impressed me thus, and at every turn I said, "This place seems to have been made for a combat," and I looked around as though something was needed to complete the scene—a barricade, the loopholes, and the guns. I felt again all the profound emotions which the account of that horrible siege had produced upon me: I saw the Saragossa of 1809, and hurried from street to street with increasing curiosity to find the traces of that gigantic struggle at which the world trembled. Here, I thought, indicating to myself the place, passed the division of Grandjean, there perhaps Musnier's command sallied forth; at this point the troops of Morlot rushed into the fight; at that angle before me the light infantry of the Vistula made their charge; still farther round occurred the attack of the Polish infantry; yonder three hundred Spaniards were cut down; at this spot burst the great mine which blew a company of the Valencian regiment to atoms; in this corner fell General Lacoste, his forehead pierced by a bullet.

There lie the famous streets of Santa Engracia, Santa Monica, and San Augustine, through which the French advanced toward the Coso from house to house with a blasting of mines and counter-mines, through crumbling walls and smoking beams, under a tempest of bullets, grape-shot, and rocks.

There are the narrow ways, the little courts, the dark alleys, where they fought those horrid battles, hand to hand, with bayonet and dagger, with scythes and their very teeth; their houses barricaded and defended room by room, in the midst of fire and ruin, the narrow stairways which ran with blood, the gloomy halls which echoed to cries of pain and despair, which were covered with mutilated corpses, which saw all the horrors of pestilence, famine, and death.

As I was walking from street to street I came out in front of the cathedral of Our Lady of the Pillar, the terrible Madonna to whom came the squalid rout of soldiers, citizens, and women to plead for protection and courage before they went to die on the ramparts. The people of Saragossa still persevere in their ancient fanaticism in regard to it, and venerate it with a peculiar sentiment of love and fear, which still lives in the minds of persons who are strangers to all other religious feelings. Nevertheless, from the moment you enter the court and raise your eyes toward the church to the moment you turn on leaving it to take a farewell look, be careful not to smile or make any careless gesture which might possibly seem irreverent; for there are those who see you, who watch you, and

who will on occasion follow you, and if faith is dead within you, prepare your mind, before you cross the sacred threshold, for a confused reawakening of those childish terrors which few churches in the world have such power to revive even in the coldest and most callous of hearts.

The first stone of Our Lady of the Pillar was laid in the year 1686, in a place where stood a chapel erected by St. James to receive the miraculous image of the Virgin, which still remains. It is an immense edifice, with a rectangular base, surmounted by eleven domes painted in different colors, giving the whole a pleasing Moorish effect. The walls are unadorned and dark in color. Let us enter. It is a vast cathedral, dark, bare, and cold, divided into three naves, encircled by modest chapels. One's eye turns quickly to the sanctuary which rises in the middle: there stands the statue of the Virgin. It is a temple within a temple, and might stand alone in the middle of the square if the building which surrounds it were torn away. A circle of beautiful marble columns, arranged in the form of an ellipse, bear up a dome richly adorned with sculpture, open at the top, and ornamented within the opening by aspiring figures of angels and saints. In the centre stands the great altar; on its right the statue of St. James; on the left, far back under a silver canopy which gleams against a background of a richly-draped velvet curtain sown with stars, amid the flashing of thousands of costly offerings, in the glare of innumerable lights, the famous statue of the Virgin, where St. James placed it nineteen centuries ago, carved in wood, black with age, all enveloped in a bishop's gown, excepting its head and the head of the Christ child. In front of it, between the columns grouped around the sanctuary and in the far recesses of the naves, in every place from which one can see the venerated image, kneel faithful worshippers, prostrate, their heads almost touching the pavement, their hands clasping the crucifix—poor women, laboring-men, ladies, soldiers, boys, and girls—and through the different doorways of the cathedral passes a continuous stream of people, walking slowly on tiptoe, with solemn faces; and in that deep silence not a murmur, not a rustle, not a sigh; the very life of the crowd seems suspended: it seems as though they were all expecting a divine apparition, a mysterious voice, some awful revelation from the dim sanctuary; and even one who does not have their faith, and who does not pray, is forced to gaze himself at that point where all eyes are turned, and the current of his thoughts is interrupted by a sort of restless expectation.

"Oh, would that some voice would speak!" I thought. "Would that the apparition would appear! Would that there might be a word or a sigh which would turn my hair white with fear and make me utter a cry the like of which was never heard on earth, if so I might for ever be delivered from that horrible

doubt which saps my brain and saddens my life!”

I tried to enter the sanctuary, but I could not have done so without passing over the shoulders of a hundred worshippers, some of whom had already begun to look surly because I was going around with a note-book and pencil in my hand. I attempted to go down into the subterranean crypt where are the tombs of the archbishops and the urn which holds the heart of John II. of Austria, the natural son of Philip IV., but this I was not allowed to do. I asked to see the vestments, the gold, the jewels, which had been poured out at the feet of the Virgin by the lords, the rulers, and the monarchs of every age and every land, but I was told that it was not the proper time, and not even by showing a shiny peseta was I able to corrupt the honest sacristan. But I was not refused some information concerning the worship of the Virgin after I had told him, to win favor in his eyes, that I was born in Rome in the Borgo Pio, and that from the little terrace in front of my home I could see the windows of the Pope’s apartments.

“It is a fact,” said he, “almost a miracle—and one would not believe it if it were not attested by tradition—that at the very early time when the statue of the Virgin was placed on its pedestal, even down to the days in which we are living, except in the night when the cathedral is closed, the sanctuary has never been empty a moment—not even a moment, in the full sense of the word. Our Lady of the Pillar has never been alone. In the pedestal there has been a hollow worn by kisses in which I could put my head. Not even the Moors dared to forbid the worship of Our Lady; the chapel of St. James was always respected. The cathedral has been struck by lightning many times, and the sanctuary too, even on the inside, right in the midst of a crowd of people. Well! the souls of the lost may deny the protection of the Virgin, but no—one—has—ever—been—struck! And the bombs of the French? They have burned and ruined other buildings, but when they fell on the cathedral of Our Lady it was as though they had fallen on the rocks of the Sierra Morena. And the French, who pillaged on every hand, did they have the heart to touch the treasures of Our Lady? One general only allowed himself to take some trifling thing to give to his wife, offering a rich gift to the Virgin in compensation, but do you know what followed? In the next battle a cannon-ball carried away one of his legs. There is not a trace of a general or a king who has imposed on Our Lady, and moreover it is written up above that this church will stand to the end of the world.” And he ran on in this vein until a priest made a mysterious sign from a dark corner of the sacristy, and he at once bowed and disappeared.

As I came out of the cathedral, with my mind occupied with a picture of the

solemn sanctuary, I met a long procession of Carnival chariots, led by a band of music, accompanied by a crowd, followed by a great number of carriages, on their way to the Coso. I do not ever remember to have seen faces so grotesque, ridiculous, and preposterous as those worn by the maskers, and, although I was alone and not at all disposed to merriment, I could no more have kept from laughing than I could have done at the close of one of Fucini's sonnets. The crowd, on the other hand, was decorous and silent and the maskers were as grave as possible. One would have said that both parties were more impressed by the melancholy presentiment of Lent than by the short-lived gaiety of the Carnival. I saw some pretty little faces at the windows, but as yet no type of that proverbial Spanish beauty, of the rich dark complexion, and the *fiery black eyes* which Martinez de la Rosa, an exile in London, remembered with such passionate sighs among the beauties of the North. I passed between two carriages, pushed my way out of the crowd, thereby drawing down some curses which I promptly entered in my note-book, and turned at random down two or three narrow little streets. I came out at the square of San Salvador in front of the cathedral of the same name, which is also called the Seo—a richer and more splendid edifice than that of Our Lady of the Pillar.

Neither the Græco-Roman façade, although majestic in its proportions, nor the high, light tower, is a preparation for the grand spectacle of the interior. On entering I found myself surrounded by gloomy shadows. For an instant my eyes could not discover the outlines of the building. I saw only a shimmer of broken light resting here and there on column and arch. Then slowly I distinguished five naves, divided by four orders of Gothic pilasters, the walls far in the distance, and the long series of lateral chapels, and I was overwhelmed by the sight. It was the first interior which corresponded with the image I had formed of the Spanish cathedrals, so varied, magnificent, and rich. The principal chapel, surrounded by a great Gothic dome in the form of a tiara, alone contains the riches of a great church. The large altar is of alabaster covered with rosettes, scrolls, and arabesques; the vaulted roof is adorned with statues; on the right and left are tombs and urns of princes; in an angle stands the chair in which the kings of Arragon sat at their coronation. The choir rising in the middle of the great nave is a mountain of treasures. Its exterior, broken by some passages leading to little chapels, presents an incredible variety of statuettes, little columns, bas-reliefs, friezes, and mosaics, and one would have to look all day to see it thoroughly. The pilasters of the two outer naves and the arches which span the chapels are richly adorned from the base to the capital with statues—some so enormous that they seem to be raising the edifice on their shoulders—with pictures, sculpture,

and ornament of every style and of every size. In the chapels there is a wealth of statues, rich altars, royal tombs, busts, and paintings, which are so shrouded by the deep gloom that they appear only as a confused mass of colors, reflections, and shadowy forms, among which the eye loses itself and the imagination faints. After much running hither and thither, with my note-book open and pencil in hand, noting this and sketching that, with my brain in a whirl, I tore out the chequered leaves, and, promising myself that I would not write another word, I left the cathedral and began to walk through the city, seeing for at least an hour only long dim aisles and statues gleaming in the deep recesses of mysterious chapels.

There come moments to the gayest and most enamored traveller, as he walks the streets of a strange city, in which he is suddenly overwhelmed by such a strong feeling of utter weariness that if he were able by a word to fly back to his home and his dear ones with the rapidity of the genii of the "Arabian Nights," he would pronounce that word with a cry of joy. I was seized by such a feeling just as I turned into a narrow street far from the centre of the city, and it almost terrified me. I anxiously rehearsed all the images I had formed of Madrid, Seville, and Granada, hoping in this way to arouse and rekindle my curiosity and enthusiasm; but those images now seemed dull and lifeless. My thoughts carried me back to my home, when on the day before my departure in my feverish impatience I could hardly wait for the hour of starting; but even that did not remove my sadness. The idea of having to see so many more new cities, of having to pass so many nights in hotels, of having to find myself for so long a time in the midst of a strange people, disheartened me. I asked myself how I could have resolved to leave home. It seemed as if I were suddenly separated from my country by a measureless distance—that I was in a wilderness alone, forgotten by all. I looked around; the street was empty, my heart turned cold, tears gathered in my eyes. "I cannot stay here," I said to myself; "I shall die of melancholy. I will return to Italy."

I had not made an end of speaking these words before I almost burst into hysterical laughter. In an instant everything regained life and splendor in my eyes. I thought of Castile and of Andalusia with a sort of frantic joy, and, shaking my head with an air of pity for my recent dejection, I lighted a cigar and walked on, happier than I had been at first.

It was the last day of the Carnival: in the evening on the principal streets I saw a procession of maskers, carriages, bands of young men, large family parties with children and nurses and budding girls, walking two by two. But there was no disagreeable shouting, no coarse songs of drunken men, no troublesome

crowding and pushing. Now and then one felt a light rub on the elbow, but light enough to seem like the greeting of a friend who would say, “It is I,” rather than the jostling of some thoughtless fellow; and together with the touch at the elbow there were voices, much gentler than of old when the Saragossa women used to scream from the windows of their tottering houses, and much more ardent than the boiling oil which they poured down on the invaders. Oh! those were certainly not the times of which I heard recently at Turin, when an old priest of Saragossa assured me that in seven years he had not received the confession of a mortal sin.

That night I found at the hotel a madcap of a Frenchman whose equal I believe does not exist under the sun. He was a man of forty, with one of those putty-like faces which say “Here I am; come and cheat me”—a wealthy merchant, as it appeared, who had just arrived from Barcelona and expected to leave the next day for St. Sebastian. I found him in the dining-room telling his story to a group of tourists, who were bursting with laughter. I too joined the circle and listened to his story.

The fellow was a native of Bordeaux, and had lived for years at Barcelona. He had left France because his wife had run away from him, without saying good-bye, with the ugliest man in the town, leaving four children on his hands. He had never heard of her since the day of her flight. Some told him she had gone to America, others that she was in Africa or Asia, but those were mere groundless conjectures. For four years he had believed her to be dead. One fine day at Barcelona, as he was dining with a friend from Marseilles, his guest said to him (but you ought to have seen with what comical dignity he described the circumstance):

“My friend, I am going to make a trip to St. Sebastian one of these days.”

“What for?”

“Just a little diversion.”

“A love-affair, eh?”

“Yes, at least—I will tell you. It is not exactly a love-affair, because, as for me, I do not care to come in at the tail end of a love-affair. It is a caprice. A pretty little woman, however. Why, only the day before yesterday I received a letter. I did not want to go, but there were so many *comes* and *I expect yous* and *my friends* and *dear friends*, that I allowed myself to be tempted.” So saying, he drew out the letter with a grimace of lordly pride.

The merchant takes it, opens it, and reads.

“By the gods! my wife!” and without another word he leaves his friend, runs home, packs his valise, and hurries to the station.

When I entered the room the man had just shown the letter to everybody present, and had spread on the table, so that every one could see them, his certificate of baptism, his marriage articles, and other papers which he had brought along in case his wife might not wish to recognize him.

“What are you going to do?” we all asked with one voice.

“I shall not do her any harm. I have made up my mind: there will be no bloodshed, but there will be a punishment even more terrible.”

“But what will that be?” demanded one of his auditors.

“I have made up my mind,” replied the Frenchman with profoundest gravity, and, taking from his pocket a pair of enormous scissors, he added solemnly, “I am going to cut off her hair and her eyebrows!”

We all burst into a shout of laughter.

“Messieurs!” cried the abused husband, “I have said it, and I will keep my word. If I have the pleasure of meeting you here again, I will see that you are presented with her wig.”

Here ensued a pandemonium of laughter and shouts of applause, but the Frenchman did not for a moment relax his tragic scowl.

“But if you find a Spaniard in the house?” some one asked.

“I shall then throw him out of the window,” he responded.

“But if there are a number there?”

“All the world out of the window.”

“But you will make a scandal; the neighbors will run in, the police, and the people.”

“And I,” cried the terrible man, striking his hand on his chest, “I will throw the neighbors, the police, the people, and the whole city out of the window if it is necessary.”

And he went on in this vein, swaggering about and gesticulating with the letter in one hand and the scissors in the other, in the midst of the convulsive laughter of the tourists.

Vivir para ver (Live and see), says the Spanish proverb; and it ought rather to say *viager* (travel), for it seems that only in hotels and on the train does one fall in with such originals. Who knows how it all came out in the end?

On entering my room I asked the waiter what those two things on the wall were which I had been seeing since the evening of my arrival, and which seemed to have some claims to pass as paintings.

“Sir,” he replied, “they are nothing less than the brothers Argensola,

Arragonese, natives of Barbastro, most celebrated poets of Spain.”

And truly such were the two brothers Argensola, two veritable literary twins, who had the same temperament, studied the same subjects, wrote in the same style, pure, dignified, and refined, striving with all their powers to raise a barrier against the torrent of depraved taste which in their time, the end of the sixteenth century, had begun to invade the literature of Spain. One of them died in Naples, the secretary of the viceroy, and the other died at Tarragona, a priest. The two left a name illustrious and beloved, upon which Cervantes and Lope de Vega have placed the noble seal of their praise. The sonnets of the Argensola brothers are recognized as the most beautiful in Spanish literature for their clearness of thought and dignity of form, and there is one of them in particular, to Lupercio Leonardo, which the legislators repeat in answer to the grandiloquent philippics of the orators on the left, emphasizing the last lines. I quote it with the hope that it may supply some of my readers with an answer to their friends who reprove them for being enamored, as was the poet, of a lady with a weakness for rouge:

“Yo os quiero confesar, don Juan, primero
Que aquel blanco y carmin de doña Elvira
No tiene de ella mas, si bien se mira,
Que el haberle costado su dinero:

“Pero tambien que me confieses quiero
Que es tanto la beldad de su mentira,
Que en vano à competir con ella aspira
Belleza igual de rostro verdadero.

“Mas que mucho que yo perdido ande
Por un engaño tal, pues que sabemos
Que nos engaña asì naturaleza?

“Porque ese cielo azul que todos vemos
No es cielo, ni es azul; làstima grande
Que no sea verdad tanta belleza!”

(*First, Don Juan, I wish to confess that the comely white and red of Lady Elvira are no more hers than the money with which she bought them. But in thy turn I wish thee to confess that no like beauty of an honest cheek may dare compete with the beauty of her feigning. But why should I be vexed by such deception if it be known that Nature so*

deceives us? And, in fact, that the azure sky which we all see is truly neither sky nor is it azure? Alas, that so much beauty is not true!)

The following morning I wished to try a pleasure similar to that which Rousseau indulged in following the flight of flies—the pleasure of wandering through the streets of the city at random, stopping to look at the most insignificant things, as one would do in the streets at home if one were obliged to wait for a friend. I visited some public buildings, among them the palace of the Bourse, containing a magnificent hall in which are twenty-four columns, each ornamented with four shields placed above the four faces of the capital and bearing the arms of Saragossa. I visited the old church of Santiago and the beautiful palace of the archbishop; stood in the centre of the vast, cheerful Square of the Constitution, which divides the Coso, and into which run the two other principal streets of the city; and from that point I set out and wandered about until noon, to my infinite delight. Now I stopped to watch a boy playing *nocino*; now I poked my curious head into a little café frequented by scholars; now I slackened my pace to overhear servants joking with each other at a street-corner; now I flattened my nose against the window of a bookshop; now I almost pestered a tobacconist to death by asking for cigars in German; now I stopped to chat with a peddler of matches; here I bought a diary, then asked a soldier for a light, again asked a girl to show me the way, and, pondering the lines of Argensola, I commenced facetious sonnets, hummed the hymn of Riego, thought of Florence, the wine of Malaga, the counsels of my mother, of King Amadeus, my purse, a thousand things and nothing; and I would not have changed places with a grandee of Spain.

Toward evening I started to see the New Tower, one of the most curious monuments in Spain. It is eighty-four metres high, or four metres higher than Giotto's tower, and without a crack leans about two and a half metres from the perpendicular, like the Tower of Pisa. It was erected in 1304. Some affirm that it was built just as it now stands, others that it settled afterward; there are different opinions. It is octagonal in form, and is built entirely of bricks, but presents a marvellous variety of design and ornamentation—a different appearance at every point, a graceful blending of Gothic and Moorish architecture. To gain admittance I was obliged to ask permission of some municipal official who lived hard by, who, after he had eyed me carefully from the tips of my boots to the hairs of my head, gave the key to the keeper and said to me, "You may go, sir."

The keeper was a vigorous old man, who climbed up the interminable steps

much more rapidly than I could follow.

“You will have a magnificent view, sir,” said he.

I told him that we Italians also had a leaning tower like that of Saragossa. He turned so that he could look at me and said sternly, “Ours is the only one in the world.”—“Oh, nonsense! I say that we have one too, and I have seen it with my eyes, at Pisa, but then, if you don’t want to believe me, you may read it here. See, the guide-book tells about it.”

He gave me a look and muttered, “Perhaps so.”

Perhaps so! the stubborn old numbskull! I could have thrown the book at his head.

Finally we reached the top. It is a wonderful sight. One sees Saragossa at a glance—the great Coso, the avenue of Santa Engracia, the suburbs; and then below, where it seems one can almost touch them, the richly-colored domes of Our Lady of the Pillar; just beyond, the bold tower of the Seo; yonder the famous Ebro sweeping around the city with a majestic curve, and the wide valley, enamored, in the words of Cervantes, with the beauty of her waters and the dignity of their flow; and the Huerba and the bridges and the hills, which could tell of so many bloody repulses and desperate assaults.

The keeper read in my face the thoughts which were passing through my mind, and, as though he was continuing a conversation which I had commenced, he began to point out the places at which the French forced their entrance, and where the citizens made the most stubborn resistance. “It was not the bombs of the French,” said he, “which made us surrender. We ourselves burned the houses and blew them up with mines. It was the plague. During the last days there were in the hospitals more than fifteen thousand of the forty thousand men who defended the city. There was not time to bring in the wounded or to bury the dead. The ruins of the houses were covered with putrefying corpses, which poisoned the air. One-third of the buildings of the city were destroyed, yet no one said surrender, and if any one had done so, he would have been strung up on one of the gallows which had been erected in every square.

“We would have died behind the barricades, in the fire, beneath the rubbish of our walls, rather than have bowed the head. But when Palafox found himself at the point of death, when it was known that the French were victorious in other places, and that there was no longer any hope, then we were obliged to lay down our arms. But the defenders of Saragossa surrendered themselves with all the honors of war, and when that crowd of soldiers, peasants, monks, and boys—haggard, ragged, blood-stained, and battle-scarred—filed out before the French

army, the victors trembled with awe and had not the heart to rejoice over their victory. The lowest of our peasants could carry his head as high as the first of their marshals. Saragossa”—and, speaking these words, the old man was magnificent—“Saragossa *has spit in the face of Napoleon*!”

I thought at that moment of Thiers’ history, and the remembrance of his account of the fall of Saragossa raised within me a feeling of disdain. Not one generous word for the sublime sacrifice of that devoted people! To him their valor was but the raging of fanatics or a senseless mania for war on the part of the peasants weary of their monotonous life in the fields, and of monks surfeited with the solitude of the cell; their unyielding heroism was only obstinacy; their love of country, foolish pride. They did not die *pour cet ideal de grandeur* which animated the courage of the imperial troops. As if liberty, justice, and the honor of a people were not nobler than the ambition of an emperor seeking to triumph by treachery and wishing to rule with violence!

The sun was setting, the towers and minarets of Saragossa were gilded by the last rays, the sky was liquid. Again I looked around to impress clearly upon my memory the picture of the city and the country, and before I descended I said to the keeper, who regarded me with an air of benevolent curiosity: “Tell the strangers who in after-time may come to visit this tower that one day a young Italian a few hours before he started for Castile, in bidding a last farewell to the capital of Arragon from this balcony, bared his head with a sentiment of the deepest reverence, thus, and, as he was not able to kiss, one by one, the brows of all the descendants of the heroes of 1809, he gave a kiss to the keeper;” and so I kissed him and he me, and I went away content, and he too; and you may laugh who will.

After this it seemed to me that I could say I had seen Saragossa, and I turned toward the hotel, summing up my impressions. I was still very desirous of having a conversation with some good Saragossan, and after dinner I entered a café, where I quickly found an architect and a shopkeeper, who between sips of chocolate explained to me the political situation of Spain and the most effectual means of “bringing her safely through her troubles.” They thought very differently. The shopkeeper, a little man with a flat nose and a great furrow between his eyes, wanted a federal republic right off hand, that very night, before he went to bed, and he provided, as a *sine-quâ-non* condition for the prosperity of the new government, the execution of Serrano, Sagasta, and Zorilla, to convince them, once for all, that “they cannot trifle with the Spanish people.” “And to that king of yours,” he concluded, looking me in the eyes—“to

your king, whom you have sent us—pardon me, my dear Italian, for the frankness with which I say it—to your king I would give a first-class ticket to return to his native Italy, where the air is better for kings. We are Spanish, my dear Italian," said he, laying his hand on my knee,—"we are Spanish, and we do not want foreigners, either cooked or raw."

"I think I have caught your meaning; and you?" I asked, turning to the architect, "how do you believe Spain can be saved?"

"There is but one way," he answered solemnly; "there is but one way—a federal republic; in this I am of the same mind as my friend, but with Don Amadeus for president." (The friend shrugged his shoulders.) "I repeat it—with Don Amadeus as president! He is the only man who could direct the republic. This is not my opinion alone; it is the opinion of a great many. Let Don Amadeus make it plain to his father that a monarchy will never please us here; let him call Castelar, Figueras, and Pi y Margal to the government; let him proclaim a republic and have himself elected president, and cry to Spain, 'Sirs, I am now in command, and if any one raises his horns, let him beware of the rod!' And then we shall have true liberty."

The shopkeeper, who did not believe that true liberty consisted in being beaten over the horns, protested, the other replied, and the discussion lasted some time. Then they began to speak of the queen, and the architect declared that, although he was a republican, he had profound respect and warm admiration for Donna Victoria. "She has a great deal in here," said he, touching his forehead with his finger. "Is it true that she knows Greek?"

"Oh yes," I replied.

"Did you hear that, eh?" he asked the other.

"Yes," replied the shopkeeper in a low voice, "but you don't govern Spain with Greek." He admitted, however, that, since one must have a queen, it was desirable to have one who was learned and intelligent, and worthy of sitting on the throne of Isabella the Catholic—who, as every one knows, knew as much Latin as a well-read professor—rather than to have one of those hare-brained queens who have no head for anything but festivities and favorites. In a word, he did not wish to see the house of Savoy in Spain. But if anything could plead a little in its favor, it would be the Greek of the queen.

What a gallant republican!

There is, however, in this race a generosity of heart and a vigor of mind which justify their honorable fame. The Arragonese are respected in Spain. The people of Madrid, who pick flaws in the Spaniards of all the provinces—who

call the Catalans rough, the Andalusians vain, the Valencians fierce, the Galicians miserable, the Basques ignorant—even they speak with a little more reserve of the haughty sons of Arragon, who in the nineteenth century have written in their own blood the most glorious page in the history of Spain. The name of Saragossa sounds to the people like a cry of liberty, and to the army it is a battle-cry. But, since there is no rose without a thorn, this noble province is also a seed-bed of restless demagogues, of guerilla chieftains, of magistrates, of a people with the hot head and steady hand, who give all the government departments a great deal to do. The government is obliged to caress Arragon like a morose, passionate son who lays his plans to blow up the house if his will is crossed in the least thing.

The entrance of King Amadeus into Saragossa and the short stop he made there in 1871 offered an occasion for some deeds which are worthy of being retold, not only because they refer to the prince, but because they are an eloquent expression of the character of the people; and before everything else should come the speech of the mayor, which made such a stir in and out of Spain, and will probably remain among the traditions of Saragossa as a classic example of republican audacity. Toward evening the king arrived at the railroad-station, where, accompanied by an immense crowd, the delegates of the many municipalities, the societies, and the civil and military corps of the various cities of Arragon had gathered to meet him. After the customary cheers and applause had subsided the alcayde of Saragossa presented himself before the king, and read the following address in an emphatic manner:

“Sir! It is not my own humble self, and it is not the man of deep republican convictions, but in truth the alcayde of Saragossa, invested with the sacred universal suffrage, who, through a sense of unavoidable duty, presents himself here before you and submits himself to your commands. You are about to enter the precincts of a city which, sated at length with glory, bears the title of enduring heroism—a city which, when danger threatened the integrity of the nation, became a new Numantia—a city which humbled the armies of Napoleon in their very triumphs. Saragossa was the advance-guard of liberty; to her no government has ever seemed too liberal. Treason has never found shelter in the breast of any of her sons. Enter, then, within the precincts of Saragossa. If you lack courage, you have no need of it, for the sons of their ever-heroic mother are brave in open field and are incapable of treachery. There is at this moment no shield nor any army more ready to defend your person than the loyalty of the descendants of Palafox, for their very enemies find an inviolate asylum beneath their roofs. Think and consider that if you walk steadfastly in the path of justice;

if you further the observance of the laws of the strictest morality; if you protect the producer, who hitherto has given so much and received so little; if you maintain the integrity of the ballot; if Saragossa and Spain shall one day owe to you the achievement of the sacred aspiration of the majority of this great people whom you have learned to know,—then perhaps you may be honored by a more glorious title than that of king. You may then be the first citizen of the nation, and the most dearly loved in Saragossa, and the Spanish republic will owe to you her complete felicity."

To this address, which signified, after all, "We do not recognize you as king, but, however, you may come in, and we will not murder you, because heroes do not murder by treachery; and if you will be brave and will treat us as you ought to do, we will possibly consent to support you as president of the republic,"—to this the king replied with a bitter-sweet smile which seemed to say, "Too great a condescension," and pressed the hand of the alcayde, to the great surprise of all present. He then mounted his horse and entered Saragossa. The people, from all accounts, received him with delight, and from the windows many ladies threw poems, garlands, and doves down upon him. At some points General Cordova and General Rosell, who accompanied him, were obliged to clear the street with their horses. When he entered the Coso a woman of the people rushed out to present him with some memorial. The king, who had ridden past without noticing her, turned back and took it. Soon after a charcoal-man presented himself and stretched out his sooty hand, which the king grasped. In the square of Santa Engracia he was received by a pompous masquerade of dwarfs and giants, who welcomed him with some traditional dances, amid the discordant cheers of the multitude. So he passed through the entire city. The next day he visited the church of Our Lady of the Pillar, the hospitals, the prisons, and the circus of the bull-fights, and everywhere his presence was hailed almost with the enthusiasm due a monarch, not altogether without the secret chagrin of the alcayde, who accompanied him, and who would have been better pleased had the people of Saragossa contented themselves with the observance of the sixth commandment, "Thou shalt not kill," without entering further upon his modest promises.

However, the king had a joyous welcome on the way from Saragossa to Logroño.

At Logroño, in the midst of an innumerable crowd of peasants, national guardsmen, women, and boys, he saw for the first time the venerable General Espartero. As soon as they saw each other they ran together; the general sought the hand of the king, the king opened his arms, and the crowd gave a shout of

joy. “Your Majesty!” said the illustrious soldier in a husky voice, “the people welcome you with patriotic enthusiasm, because they see in their young monarch the firmest support of the liberty and independence of their country, and are sure that if by any misfortune our enemies were to cause trouble, Your Majesty, at the head of the army and the citizen militia, would overwhelm and rout them. My broken health did not suffer me to go to Madrid to felicitate Your Majesty and your august consort upon your establishment on the throne of Ferdinand. To-day I do so, and I repeat, once again, that I will serve faithfully the person of Your Majesty as king of Spain, chosen by the will of the nation. Your Majesty, I have in the city a modest home, and I offer it to you, and ask of you to honor it with your presence.” In these simple words the new king was greeted by the oldest, the best-beloved, and the most renowned of his subjects. A happy augury, though sadly at variance with the final outcome!

Toward midnight I went to a masquerade in a theatre of moderate size on the Coso, a short distance from the Square of the Constitution. The maskers were few and very shabby, but there was a compensation for this in a dense crowd of people, fully a third of whom were dancing furiously. Except for the language, I should not have known that I was at a masked ball in a theatre in Spain rather than in Italy. I seemed to see precisely the same faces. There was the same familiarity, the same freedom of speech and movement, the usual degeneracy of the ball into noisy and unbridled brawl.

Of the hundred couples of dancers who waltzed past me, only one pair remains impressed upon my memory—a youth of twenty years, tall, lithe, and fair, with great black eyes, and a girl of the same age, brown as an Andalusian—both beautiful and noble in their bearing, dressed in the ancient costumes of Arragon, clasped in each other’s arms, face to face, as though the one wished to breathe the other’s breath, rosy as two flowers, and radiant with joy. They paused in the middle of the crowd, glancing about with an air of disdain, and a thousand eyes followed them with a low murmur of admiration and envy.

On leaving the theatre I stood a moment at the door to see them pass again, and then I turned toward the hotel melancholy and alone. The next morning before dawn I was on my way to the Castiles.

BURGOS.

To go from Saragossa to Burgos, the capital city of Old Castile, one travels the whole length of the great valley of the Ebro, crosses a part of Arragon and a part of Navarre, as far as the city of Miranda, situated on the branch road which passes through St. Sebastian and Bayonne.

The country is full of historic memories, of ruins, monuments, and famous names; every village recalls a battle, every province a war. At Tudela, the French defeated General Castaños; at Calahorra, Sertorius withstood Pompey; at Navarrete, Henry de Transtamare was conquered by Peter the Cruel. One sees the remains of the city of Egon ad Agoncilla; the ruins of the Roman aqueduct at Alcanadre; and the remains of the Moorish bridge at Logroño. The mind grows tired of recalling the memories of so many centuries and of so many peoples, and the eye grows weary with the mind.

The appearance of the country changes every moment. Near Saragossa there are green fields dotted with houses, while here and there one sees groups of peasants wrapped in their many-colored shawls, and occasionally donkeys and carts. Farther on there are only vast undulating plains, bare and arid, without a tree, or a house, or a road, where for miles and miles one sees only a herd of cattle, a cowherd, and a hut, or some little village of mud-colored, thatched cottages, so low that one can scarcely distinguish them from the ground—groups of huts rather than villages, true pictures of poverty and squalor.

The Ebro winds beside the railroad in great curves, now so close that the train seems on the point of plunging into it, now looking in the distance like a silver line appearing and disappearing between the hillocks and through the underbrush along its banks. In the distance one sees a purple chain of mountains, and beyond them the snowy peaks of the Pyrenees. Near Tudela one sees a canal, and after Custejon the country becomes green again; as one advances the arid plains alternate with olive-groves, and here and there lines of varied green break the yellow expanse of the deserted land. On the distant hilltops one sees the ruins of enormous castles, surmounted by towers broken, gaping, and fallen to decay, like the great trunks of giants, prostrate, but threatening.

At every station I bought a paper; before I had travelled half the distance I had a mountain, the journals of Madrid and Arragon, big and little, black and red, but, unfortunately, not one friendly to

[Image not available: Water Carrier]
Water Carrier

Amadeus. And I say “unfortunately,” because to read those papers was to fall into the temptation to turn my back on Madrid and start for home. From the first column to the last there was a passionate outburst of insults, imprecations, and threats directed against Italy, scandals about our king, burlesques of our ministers, the wrath of God implored to descend upon our army,—the whole founded upon the report, then current, of a coming war in which the allied powers of Italy and Germany would suddenly attack France and Spain for the purpose of destroying Catholicism, the eternal enemy of them both, of establishing the duke of Genoa upon the throne of St. Louis, and of securing the throne of Philip II. for the duke of Aosta. There were threats in the leading articles, threats in the clippings, threats in the notices, threats in prose and in verse, displayed with sketches, capital letters, and long rows of exclamation points; dialogues between father and son, the one at Rome, the other in Madrid, one of whom would ask, “What shall I do?” Whereupon the other would reply, “Shoot!” or, again, “Let them come; we are ready: we are ever the Spain of 1808. The conquerors of the armies of Napoleon have no fear of the ugly mugs of King William’s Uhlans or of the yells of Victor Emanuel’s sharpshooters.” And then King Amadeus would be called “poor child;” the Italian army described as a crowd of ballet-dancers and opera-singers; the Italians in Spain requested to take their departure by the gentle hint, “Italians to the train.” In short, ask what you would, and there was something to meet your wish. I must confess that for a short time I was a little disturbed. I imagined that, at Madrid, Italians could hardly fail to be hooted in the streets; I remembered the letter which I had received at Genoa, repeated to myself, “Italians to the train” as advice worthy of serious consideration; I glanced with suspicion at the travellers who entered the carriage, and at the railroad-employees, and expected that on first spying me they would say, “Look at that Italian emissary! Let us send him to keep company with General Prim.”

On nearing Miranda the railroad enters a mountainous region, varied and picturesque, where on every side, wherever one looks, one sees only dark gray rocks which suggest to the imagination a sea turned into stone at the time of a storm, stretching away as far as the eye can reach. It is a country full of savage beauty, lonely as a desert, silent as a glacier, which represents to the fancy, as it

were, a vision of an uninhabited planet, and impresses one with a mingled feeling of sadness and fear. The train passed between two walls of rock, sharp-pointed, hollowed, and crested, serrated in every manner and form, so that it seemed as though a crowd of stonecutters had spent their entire lives in cutting furiously on every side, working blindly to see who could make the most erratic marks. The railroad then comes out into a vast plain thickly wooded with poplar, among which rises Miranda.

The station is a long way from the city, and I was obliged to wait in the café until nightfall for the train to Madrid. For three hours I had no other company than that of the two custom-officers, called in Spain *carabineros*, dressed in a severe uniform, with a dagger and pistols and a carbine slung across their shoulders.

There were two or three of them at every station. The first few times I saw the barrels of their carbines opposite the window I thought they had come there to arrest some one, and perhaps...; and without thinking I put my hand on my passport.

They are handsome young fellows, brave and courteous, and the traveller who is obliged to wait can be pleasantly entertained by talking with them about Carlists and contrabands, as I did, with great advantage to my Spanish vocabulary. Toward evening a Mirandese came in: he was a man of about fifty, a politician, bright and talkative, and so I left the *carabineros* to join him. He was the first Spaniard who fully explained the political situation to me. I asked him to unravel a little this precious tangle of parties, of which I had not succeeded in finding the thread, and he was well pleased to do so, and went into the subject very thoroughly.

“It is described in two words,” he began. “See how matters stand! There are five principal parties—the Absolutist, the Moderate, the Conservative, the Radical, and the Republican. The Absolutist is divided into two other parties, the out-and-out Carlists and the dissenting Carlists. The Moderate party has separated into two, one of which favors Isabella, the other Alphonso. The Conservative party is made up of four—get them clearly fixed in your mind: the Canovists, led by Canovas del Castillo; the ex-Montpensierists, led by Rios y Rosas; the Fronterizos, led by General Serrano; and the Historical Progressionists, led by Sagasta. The Radical party is divided into four—the Democratic Progressionists, headed by Zorilla; the Cimbrios, headed by Martos; the Democrats, by Ribero; and the Economists, headed by Rodriguez. The Republican party is composed of three elements—the Unionists, led by Garcia Ruiz; the Federalists, headed by Figueras; and the Socialists, by Garrido. The

Socialists are again divided into two parties—the International Socialists, and the Socialists without international sympathies. In all there are sixteen parties, and these sixteen are still further subdivided. Martos is trying to constitute a party of his own, Candan to form a second party, and Moret a third. Rios y Rosas, Pi y Margal, and Castelar are each forming their own party. There are accordingly twenty-two parties already formed or in process of formation. Add to these the partisans of the republic, with Amadeus for president; the partisans of the queen, who would gladly trip up the heels of Amadeus; the partisans of the Montpensier monarchy; those who are republicans on the condition that Cuba be retained; those who are republicans on the condition that Cuba be given up; those who have not yet renounced the prince of Hohenzollern; those who long for a union with Portugal; and you will have thirty parties.

"If one wished to be still more accurate, one might subdivide still further, but it is better to get a clear idea of matters as they stand. Sagasta inclines toward the Unionists, Zorilla toward the Republicans; Serrano is disposed to support the Moderates; the Moderates, if they had an opportunity, would join hands with the Absolutists, who, in their turn, would join with the Republicans, who would unite with a part of the Radicals to blow the minister Sagasta skyhigh, as he is too conservative for the Democratic Progressionists and too liberal for the Unionists, who are afraid of the Federalists, while they, the Federalists, on their part, do not place much confidence in the Radicals, who are always vacillating between the Democrats and the followers of Sagasta.

"Have I given you a clear idea of the situation?"

"As clear as amber," I answered with a shudder.

I recall the journey from Miranda to Burgos as I would the page of a book read in bed when the eyes begin to close and the flame of the candle droops, for I was dead with sleep. From time to time one of my fellow-travellers shook me to make me look out. The night was calm and glorious, with clear moonlight. Whenever I looked out of the window I saw on both sides of the track huge rocks of fantastic form, so close that they seemed about to fall upon the train. They were white as marble, and shone so brightly that one could have counted all the points, the hollows and the boulders, as easily as in broad daylight.

"We are at Pancorbo," said my neighbor. "Look at that height! Up there stood a terrible castle which the French destroyed in 1813. This is Briviesca. Look! here John I. of Castile summoned the States General, who granted the title of prince of Asturia to the heir to the throne. Look! there is the mountain of Brujola, which touches the stars."

He was one of those indefatigable cicerones who would talk even to an umbrella, and while he was eternally saying “Look!” he kept punching me in the side near my pocket. At last we arrived at Burgos; my neighbor disappeared, without saying good-bye. I took a cab to a hotel, and just as I was about to pay the driver I discovered that the little purse in which I carried change, and which I was in the habit of carrying in my overcoat pocket, was missing. I thought of the States General of Briviesca, and ended the matter with a philosophic “I deserved it,” without making an outcry, as many do on similar occasions, “By the gods! where can we be? what a terrible country!” as though there are not in their own lands light-fingered people, who would carry off a purse without even having the courtesy to tell one of the history or geography of the country.

The hotel where I stopped was served by girls, as are all the hotels in Castile. There were six or seven of them, like great overgrown children, plump and muscular, who came and went with their arms full of mattresses and linen, bending back in athletic attitudes, rosy, panting, and laughing, so that it made one happy to see them. A hotel with women-servants is an entirely different thing from an ordinary hotel. The traveller seems to feel less strange and goes to rest with a quieter heart. The women impart a certain home-like air to the house which almost makes one forget one’s loneliness wheresoever one may be. They are more attentive than men; knowing that the traveller is inclined to be melancholy, they try to change his thoughts. They laugh and talk in a familiar way in an effort to make one feel like a member of the family and in safe hands. There is an air of housewifery about them, and they serve one, not because it is their business, but because they like to make themselves useful. They sew on buttons with an air of protection; they take the clothes-brush out of one’s hand with a gesture of impatience, as much as to say, “Let me have it, you good-for-nothing thing!” They pick the hairs off of your clothes when you are going out, and when you come back, all bespattered with mud, they say, “Oh! poor fellow!” They advise you not to sleep with your head too low when they bid you good-night; they bring your coffee to you in bed, telling you benevolently to “Lie still; don’t get up!” One of them was named Beatrice, another Carmelita, and a third Amparo (protection), and they all three possessed that ponderous highland beauty which makes one exclaim in a deep voice, “What splendid creatures!” When they ran along the corridors they shook the whole house.

At sunrise next morning Amparo called in my ear, “*Caballero!*” A quarter of an hour later I was in the street.

Burgos, built at the foot of a mountain on the right bank of the Arlanzon, is an irregular city, with narrow, winding streets, with few noteworthy buildings,

and the larger part of its houses not older than the seventeenth century. But it possesses one particular characteristic which gives it a curious and genial appearance. It is painted in many colors, like one of those scenes in a puppet-show by which the painters are expected to draw cries of admiration from the servants in the pit. It seems like a city colored on purpose for a Carnival celebration, with the intention of having it whitewashed afterward. The houses are red, yellow, blue, gray, and orange, with ornaments and trimmings of a thousand other colors; and everything is painted—the doorframes, the railings of the landings, the gratings, cornices, corbels, reliefs, balconies, and windowsills. All the streets seem to have been prepared for a festival. At every turn a new effect strikes the eye; in every direction there is, as it were, a rivalry in displaying the most conspicuous colors. It almost makes one laugh: they are such colors as have never before been seen on walls—green, flesh-color, purple, colors of rare flowers, of sauces, sweets, and stuffs for ball-dresses. If there were at Burgos an asylum for mad painters, one would say that the city had been painted one day when its doors had been broken open.

To make the appearance of the houses more pleasing, a great many windows have in front of them a sort of covered balcony enclosed with an abundance of glass like a case in a museum. There is, as a rule, one of these on every floor, the one above resting on the one below, and the lowest of all on the show-window of a shop, in such a way that from the ground to the roof they look altogether like the single window of an immense store. Through the windows on every floor one sees, as though they were on exhibition, visions of girls and children, flowers, landscapes, and cardboard figures from France, embroidered curtains, lace, and Moorish ornaments. If I had not known differently, it would not have occurred to me that such a city could be the capital of Old Castile—of a people who have a reputation for gravity and anxiety; I should have believed it to be a city of Andalusia, where the people are gayest. I had expected to see a decorous nation where I found a coquettish masker.

After two or three turns I came out into a vast square called the Plaza Mayor, or the Square of the Constitution. It was entirely surrounded by ochre houses with porticoes, and in the middle stood a bronze statue of Charles III. I had not yet looked around when a boy ran toward me, enveloped in a long cape torn off at the bottom, and dragging behind him two old shoes and waving a paper in the air:

“Want the *Imparcial*, caballero?”

“No.”

“Want a Madrid lottery-ticket?”

“No indeed!”

“Want some contraband cigars?”

“No.”

“Want—?”

“Well?”

My friend scratched his chin: “Want to see the remains of the Cid?”

Gracious! what a leap! But no matter; let us go and see the remains of the Cid.

We went to the municipal palace, and there an old janitress made us cross three or four narrow passages until she stopped us where all of them converged. “Behold the remains!” said the woman, pointing to a sort of coffin resting upon a pedestal in the centre of the room. I approached and raised the cover and looked in. There were two compartments, at the bottom of which one could see some bones heaped together like fragments of broken furniture. “These,” said the old woman, “are the bones of the Cid, and these others the bones of Ximenes his wife.”

I took in my hand the shin-bone of one and a rib of the other, looked at them, felt them, and turned them over, but, as I was unable by their aid to resurrect the features of husband and wife, I replaced them. The woman showed me a wooden seat, almost in pieces, propped against the wall, and bearing an inscription which said that it was the seat upon which sat the first judges of Castile, Nunnius Rasura and Calvo Lainus, the great-great-grandfathers of the Cid; which is the same thing as saying that this precious piece of furniture has stood in the very same place for the goodly period of nine hundred years. I have it before my eyes at this moment, sketched in my note-book in serpentine lines, and I seem to hear the good woman asking, “Are you a painter?” as I stood leaning my chin on my pencil to admire my masterpiece. In the next room she showed me a brazier of the same antiquity as the old seat, and two paintings—one of the Cid and the other of Ferdinand Gonzales, the first count of Castile, both of which are so dark and faded that they do not suggest the image of those personages any better than did the shin-bone and the ribs of the illustrious consorts.

From the municipal palace I was conducted along the bank of the Arlanzon to an extensive square, with gardens, fountains, and statues, surrounded by handsome new buildings. Across the river lies the suburb of Bega, and behind it rise the barren hills which tower above the city. At one end of the square stands the monumental gate of Santa Maria, erected in honor of Charles V., and ornamented with statues of the Cid, Ferdinand Gonzales, and the emperor, while

beyond the gate rise the majestic spires of the cathedral.

It was raining; I was alone in the middle of the square, without an umbrella. I raised my eyes to a window and saw a woman, who appeared to be a servant, looking at me and laughing, as if to say, “Who is that crazy man?” This was so unexpected that I was a little disconcerted, but I tried my best to appear indifferent, and started toward the cathedral by the shortest cut.

The cathedral of Burgos is one of the largest, most beautiful, and richest monuments of Christendom. Ten times I wrote these words at the top of the page, and ten times I lacked the courage to continue, so feeble and inadequate are the powers of my mind for the task of describing it.

The façade runs along a little square from which one is able to see only a part of the immense structure; on the other sides run crooked, narrow streets which shut off the view. From all parts of the vast roof spring graceful spires, rising above the highest buildings of the city, and richly adorned with ornaments of the color of dark limestone. In front, to the right and left of the façade, rise two tapering belfries covered with sculpture from base to summit, ornamented with open-work carving and stone embroidery of charming grace and delicacy. Farther on, from a point near the centre of the church, rises a tower equally rich with bas-reliefs and carvings. On the façade, at the angles of the belfries and along the different elevations, beneath the arches and on all the walls, stand an innumerable multitude of statues—angels, martyrs, warriors, and princes—so close, so various in pose, and brought out in such strong relief by the light background of the edifice, that they almost present to the view an appearance of life, like a celestial legion stationed to guard the monument.

On raising the eyes beyond the façade to the pinnacles of the farthest spires, comprehending at a glance all that delicate harmony of line and color, one experiences a feeling of exquisite pleasure, as when one listens to a strain of music which sweeps gradually upward from the expression of solemn prayer to an ecstasy of sublime inspiration.

Before one enters the church one’s imagination is far beyond the things of earth. You enter. The first emotion of which you are conscious is a sudden strengthening of faith if you have it, and a yearning of the soul toward faith if you have it not. It does not seem possible that this measureless mass of stone can be a vain work of man’s superstition. It seems to affirm, to prove, to command something. It is like a superhuman voice crying to the earth, “I AM!” It exalts and abases, like a promise and a threat, like a dazzling burst of sunlight followed by a thunder-clap. Before you have looked about you feel the need of rekindling in your heart the dying embers of divine love; you feel unfamiliar and humiliated

before that miracle of aspiration, genius, and labor. The timid no which whispers in the depths of your soul dies with a groan beneath the dreadful YES which reverberates in your brain. First you look vaguely round, trying to discover the limits of the edifice, which are concealed by the choir and the enormous pilasters. Then you run your eyes along the columns and the highest arches, your glance rising and falling, darting rapidly along the endless lines, which follow each other, interweave, correspond, and are lost, like rockets crossing in space; up and through the great vaults, and your heart is lost in boundless admiration, as though all those lines issued from your own brain, inspired by the act of following them with your eyes. Then suddenly you are assailed, as it were, by dismay, a feeling of sadness that you have not time in which to see it all, the genius to comprehend it, nor the memory to retain the innumerable miracles which you have but dimly seen on every side, crowded about you, towering above you, stupefying you—miracles which come, you would say, not by the hands of men, but by a second creation from the hand of God.

The church belongs to the order of architecture known as Gothic of the Renaissance period. It is divided into three very long naves, crossed in the middle by a fourth, which separates the choir from the great altar. Over the space between the altar and the choir rises a dome formed by the tower which one sees from the square. You turn your eyes upward and stand a quarter of an hour gazing with open mouth. You are enraptured by a vision of bas-reliefs, statues, columns, little windows, arabesques, flying arches, and airy carvings, all harmonizing in a design at once grand and delicate, which at the first sight makes you tremble and smile like the sudden bursting and flashing of an immense display of fireworks. A thousand vague images of paradise, which hovered round our childish slumbers, spring together from the ecstatic mind and soar upward like a cloud of butterflies alighting on the thousand reliefs of the highest vault, flying about and intermingling, and your eyes follow them as though you really saw them, and your heart beats faster and a sigh escapes you.

If you turn from the dome and look around, an even grander spectacle awaits you. The chapels are like so many other churches in size, variety, and richness. In each of them lies entombed a prince, a bishop, or a grandee. The tomb is placed in the centre, and upon it rests a memorial statue of the dead, the head lying on a pillow and the hands clasped on the breast; the bishops clothed in their most gorgeous robes, the princes in their armor, and the women in their gala attire. Each of the tombs is covered by an ample pall, which falls over the sides and takes the form of the raised portions of the statue, so that it really makes them look like the rigid limbs of a human corpse. Whichever way one

turns, one sees in the distance, between the measureless pilasters, behind the rich gratings, in the uncertain shimmer of light descending from the high windows, the mausoleums, the funereal hangings, and the rigid outlines of the dead. On approaching the chapels one is amazed by the lavish use of sculpture, marbles, and gold in the ornamentation of the walls, ceilings, and altars. Each chapel contains a host of angels and saints carved in marble or wood, colored, gilded, and draped.

On whatever part of the pavement one's glance may fall it is at once led upward from bas-relief to bas-relief, from niche to niche, from arabesque to arabesque, from painting to painting, to the very roof, and then by another chain of carvings and frescoes it is led down from the roof to the pavement.

On whatever side you turn your eyes you see eyes gazing back into your own, beckoning hands, the heads of cherubs peeping at you, draperies which seem instinct with life, floating clouds, crystal spheres tremulous with light—an infinite variety of forms, colors, and reflections which dazzle the eyes and confuse the brain.

A volume would not be sufficient for a description of all the masterpieces of sculpture and painting which are scattered through this vast cathedral. In the vestry of the chapel of the constables of Castile hangs a very beautiful Magdalene, attributed to Leonardo da Vinci; in the chapel of the Presentation, a Virgin attributed to Michelangelo; and in another chapel, a Holy Family attributed to Andrea del Sarto. It is not certainly known who the painters of these pictures were, but when I saw the curtains which concealed them withdrawn and heard those names reverently spoken, I shivered from head to foot. Then, for the first time, I experienced in its fulness that sense of gratitude which we owe to the great artists who have made the name of Italy honored and precious the world over. I learned for the first time that they are not only the illustrators, but also the benefactors, of their country—benefactors not only of those who have the ability to appreciate and admire them, but of those also who are blind to their works, and even of those who are careless and ignorant of them. For he who lacks the sense of beauty does not lack national pride, or, if he lacks even this, he still has personal pride, and feels his heart deeply stirred when he hears some one, even though it be only a sacristan, say, "He was born in Italy," and the careless man smiles and is happy. But for his smiles and his enjoyment he is a debtor to those great names, which inspired no feeling of admiration in him before he passed the confines of his country. Wherever one goes these great names accompany and protect one like invisible friends; they make one seem less foreign among foreigners; they cast upon one's face the lustre of their own glory. How many

smiles, how many hand-clasps, how many courteous words from unknown people do we Italians not owe to Raphael, Michelangelo, Ariosto, and Rossini!

If one wishes to see this cathedral in a day, one must run past the masterpieces. The carved door which opens into the cloister is said to be the most beautiful in the world after the doors of the Baptistery of Florence. Behind the great altar stands a stupendous bas-relief by Philip of Borgogna, representing the Passion of Christ—a marvellous composition, for the execution of which one man's lifetime does not seem sufficient. The choir is a veritable museum of sculpture of incredible richness. The cloister is full of tombs surmounted by recumbent statues, and about them runs a profusion of bas-reliefs. In the chapels, around the choir, in the passages of the sacristy, everywhere, are paintings by the greatest Spanish masters, statuettes, columns, and ornaments. The great altar, the organs, the doors, the staircases, the gratings, everything, is grand and magnificent, and at the same time arouses and rebukes one's admiration. But why add word to word? Could the most minute description give a living image of it all? And even if I were to write a page for every painting, for every statue, for every bas-relief, could I produce in another's heart, even for a moment, the emotions which I felt myself?

A sacristan came up to me and whispered in my ear, as though he was telling me a secret.

"Do you wish to see the Christ?"

"What Christ?"

"Why," he answered, "the famous one, as every one knows."

The famous Christ of the cathedral of Burgos, which bleeds every Friday, is worthy of particular attention. The sacristan leads the way into a mysterious chapel, closes the window-shutters, lights the candles on the altar, pulls a cord; the curtain falls back, and—there is the Christ! If you do not take to your heels at the first sight, you are brave indeed. A real corpse hanging on a cross could not be more horrible. It is not a painted wooden statue like other images: it is a stuffed skin, and they say the skin is that of a man. It has real hair, real eyebrows and eyelashes, and a real beard. The hair is matted with blood, and there are streaks of blood on the breast, the legs, and the hands. The wounds which seem like real wounds, the color of the skin, the contraction of the face, the attitude, the expression,—each thing is terribly real. If you touched the body, you would expect to feel the tremor of the limbs and the warmth of the blood. The lips seem to be moving and to be opened in a cry of lamentation. You cannot long endure the sight, and in spite of yourself you avert your face and say to the sacristan, "I have seen it."

After the Christ one ought to see the celebrated coffer of the Cid. It is a battered, worm-eaten coffer, suspended from the wall of one of the rooms in the sacristy. The story runs that the Cid took this coffer with him in his wars against the Moors, and that the priests used it for an altar in the celebration of mass. One day the doughty warrior, finding his money-bags empty, filled the coffer with stones and scraps of iron, and had it carried to a Hebrew money-lender, to whom he said, “The Cid has need of money. He might sell his treasures, but he does not wish to do so. Give him the money which he stands in need of, and he will speedily return it with usury of ninety-nine per cent., and he leaves in your hands as a pledge this precious coffer which contains his fortune. But upon one condition—that you swear to him not to open it until he has restored what he owes you. It is a secret that must be known only to God and me. Make your decision.” Either money-lenders of that day reposed greater faith in army officers, or else they had an ounce less of shrewdness, than they now have; at any rate, it is a fact that the usurer accepted the proposal of the Cid, took the oath, and gave him the money. Whether or not the Cid lived up to his promise I do not know, nor can I tell if the Jew brought suit. But the fact remains that the coffer is still in existence, and that the sacristan tells the story with great gusto, without the shadow of a suspicion that the transaction was the act of a hardened villain rather than an ingenious caprice of a facetious man of honor.

Before leaving the cathedral you should get the sacristan to tell you the famous legend of Papa-Moscas. Papa-Moscas is an automaton of life-size placed on the case of a clock above the door inside of the church. Once upon a time, like the celebrated automatons of the clock of Venice, he would come forth from his hiding-place at the stroke of the hour, and at every stroke he would utter a cry and make an odd gesture, whereupon the faithful were filled with the greatest delight, the boys laughed, and the religious services were disturbed. To end this scandalous behavior, a stern bishop had some of Papa-Moscas’ sinews cut, and from that day he has stood there motionless and silent. But, nevertheless, they do not stop telling of his deeds in Burgos and throughout all Spain, and even beyond Spain. Papa-Moscas was a creature of Henry III., and hence arose his great importance.

The story is exceedingly curious. Henry III., the king of gallant adventures, who once sold his cloak to buy something to eat, was accustomed to go to the cathedral every day incognito to pray. One morning his eyes met those of a young woman who was praying before the tomb of Ferdinand Gonzales: their glances were bound together, as Théophile Gautier would say. The young woman arose; the king followed as she left the church, and walked behind her to

her home. For many days, at the same place and hour, they again saw each other, looked into each other's eyes, and told their love and sympathy by their glances and their smiles. The king always followed the lady as far as her home, without speaking a word and without her giving a sign that she desired him to speak. One morning, on leaving the church, the beautiful unknown dropped her handkerchief; the king picked it up, hid it in his bosom, and offered her his own. The lady took it with many blushes, and, drying her tears, she disappeared. From that day Henry saw her no more. A year later, while hunting in a wood, the king was attacked by six ravenous wolves. After a long struggle he killed three of them with his sword, but his strength was already failing and he was on the point of being devoured by the others. At that moment he heard the report of a gun and a strange cry, at which the remaining wolves took to flight. He turned and saw a mysterious woman staring at him with fixed eyes, without the power to utter a word. The muscles of her face were horribly distorted, and a shrill cry of lamentation burst from her breast. Recovering from his first surprise, the king recognized in the woman the lady whom he had loved in the cathedral. With a cry of joy he rushed to embrace her, but the lady stopped him by exclaiming with a heavenly smile, "I have loved the memory of the Cid and of Ferdinand Gonzales because my heart loves all that is noble and generous; therefore I loved thee also, but my duty restrains me from fulfilling this love, which would have been the happiness of my life. Accept the sacrifice." As she spoke these words she fell to the ground and died without finishing the sentence, pressing the king's handkerchief to her heart. A year afterward Papa-Moscas stepped out on the case of the clock to announce the hour for the first time. King Henry had him made to honor the memory of the woman whom he loved. Papa-Moscas' cry reminded the king of the cry with which his deliverer had frightened off the three wolves in the forest. The story runs that King Henry wanted to hear Papa-Moscas repeat also the words of love which the woman spoke. But the Moorish artist who constructed the automaton declared, after many vain efforts, that it was impossible to satisfy this desire of the tender-hearted monarch.

After hearing this story I took another turn through the cathedral, thinking with sadness that I should never see it again—that in a little while all these marvellous works of art would only linger with me as a memory, and that one day this memory would be obscured or confused with others, and finally be obliterated. A priest was preaching from the pulpit in front of the great altar. His voice was scarcely audible. A crowd of women were kneeling on the pavement with bowed heads and clasped hands, listening to him. The preacher was an old man of venerable appearance; he spoke in gentle accents of death, eternal life,

and angels, making a gesture with his head at every period, as though he were seeking to lift up some fallen one and saying, “Arise!” I could have given him my hand with the cry, “Raise me!”

The cathedral of Burgos is not so depressing as all the other cathedrals of Spain. It calmed my spirit and disposed me to quiet religious thought. I went out, repeating softly, almost unconsciously, “Raise me!” Turning to look once more at the bold spires and the airy belfries, I started toward the centre of the city, musing on many things.

Turning a corner, I found myself in front of a shop which made me shudder. There are others like it in Barcelona and Saragossa, and indeed in all other Spanish cities, but somehow I had not seen them. It was a large, clean shop, with show-windows to the right and left of the door. On the threshold stood a woman knitting a stocking and smiling, and at the back of the shop a boy was playing. Nevertheless, when he saw that shop the most phlegmatic man would feel faint at heart and the gayest would be troubled. I give you a thousand chances to guess what it contained. In the windows, behind the doors, along the walls, and as high as they could be placed one above another, in nice rows like crates of fruit, some covered by a finely embroidered curtain, others figured, gilded, carved, and painted, were coffins—at the back, coffins for adults; in front, coffins for children. One of the show-windows adjoined the window of a butcher-shop in such a way that the coffins almost touched the eggs and cheese. And one can easily imagine how a flustered citizen, thinking he was going to buy his breakfast, might miss the door and stumble in among the caskets—a mistake not likely to increase his appetite.

While we are speaking of shops let us enter a tobacco-shop and notice how it differs from our own. In Spain, with the exception of cigarettes and Havanas—which are sold in special shops—they do not smoke cigars which cost less than tres cuartos, a sum equal to about three cents. These resemble our Roman cigars, although they are not quite so large, and are very good indeed or very bad according to their manufacture, which has become rather careless. Regular customers, who are called in Spanish by the very curious name of *parroquianos*, can get *escogidos* (selected cigars) by paying something extra; the man of fastidious taste, by adding still more to the sum, can secure *los escogidos de la escogidos* (the choicest of the choice). On the counter stands a little plate with a wet sponge to moisten stamps, without the annoyance of having to lick them, and in a corner is a little box for letters and stamps. The first time one enters one of these shops, especially if there are many in it, it makes one laugh to see the three or four salesmen throwing the money on the counter so hard that it bounces

up higher than their heads, and catching it in the air with the ease of dice-throwers. They do this only to ascertain by the sound if the money is good, for there are a great many counterfeits in circulation. The coin in commonest circulation is the *real*, which is equal to about four cents; four *reales* make a *peseta*; five *pesetas*, a *duro*, which is equal to one dollar of blessed memory if you will add a few pennies. Five dollars make a *doblon de Isabel*, a gold-piece. The people calculate by *reales*. The *real* is divided into eight *cuartos*, or seventeen *ochavos*, or thirty-four *maravedis*—Moorish coins which have lost their original form and resemble worn buttons rather than coins. Portugal also has a monetary unit smaller than ours, the *reis*, which is not equal to a half cent in value, and everything is counted by the *reis*. Imagine a poor traveller who has arrived in all his ignorance, eaten a good breakfast, and asked for his bill, when he hears the waiter say with a stern face, not eighty cents, but *eight hundred reis*! It makes his hair stand on end.

Before evening I went to see the birthplace of the Cid. If I had not thought of it myself, the guides would certainly have suggested it to me, for everywhere I went they kept whispering in my ear, "The remains of the Cid!" "Monument of the Cid!" An old man, majestically wrapped in his cloak, said to me with an air of protection, "*Venga usted commigo*" (Come with me, sir), and he made me climb a hill overlooking the city, on the top of which one can still see the remains of an enormous castle, the ancient dwelling-place of the kings of Castile. Before reaching the monument of the Cid one comes to a triumphal arch in the Doric style, simple and graceful, which was erected by Philip II. in honor of Ferdinand Gonzales on the same spot, it is said, where stood the house in which the famous commander was born. A little farther on one finds the monument of the Cid, erected in 1784. It is a stone column, standing on a pedestal of masonry and surrounded by an heraldic shield which bears this inscription: "In this place stood the house where was born, in the year 1026, Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar, known as the Cid Campeador. He died in Valencia in 1099, and his body was borne to the monastery of St. Peter of Cardena near this city." While I was reading these words the cicerone told me a popular legend about the death of the hero. "When the Cid died," said he, very gravely, "there was no one left to guard his corpse. A Jew entered the church, approaching the bier, and said, 'Behold the great Cid, whose beard no one dared to touch so long as he was alive. I will touch it now, and will see what he is able to do.' So saying, he stretched out his hand, but as he was just on the point of touching it the corpse grasped the hilt of his sword and drew it a hand's-breadth out of the scabbard. The Jew uttered a cry and fell to the ground half dead. The priests ran

in, the Jew was lifted up, and when he came to himself he told the miracle. Then they all looked toward the Cid, and saw that his hand still rested on the hilt of his sword in a threatening attitude. God willed that the body of the great warrior should not be defiled by the hand of an unbeliever." When the guide had said this he looked at me, and, perceiving that I made not the least sign of incredulity, he led me underneath a stone arch, which must have been one of the old gates, a few steps distant from the monument, and, pointing out a horizontal mark which was visible on the wall a few feet above the ground, he said to me, "This is the measure of the Cid's arms when he was young and came here to play with his companions;" and he stretched his arms along the mark to let me see how much longer it was. Then he wished me to measure also, and I too was too short, whereupon he gave me a look of triumph and started to go back to the city. Coming to a lonely street, he stopped before the door of a church and said to me, "This is the church of Saint Agnes, where the Cid made King Alfonso VI. swear that he had not had any part in the murder of his brother Sancho." I asked him to tell me the whole story, and he continued:

"The prelates, the knights, and the other dignitaries of the state were present. The Cid put the Bible on the altar and made the king place his hand on it, and then the Cid said to him: 'King Alfonso, you must swear to me that you are not stained by the blood of Don Sancho my lord, and, if you swear falsely, may you die by the hand of a traitorous vassal!' and the king said, 'Amen,' but he changed color. And the Cid said again: 'King Alfonso, you must swear that you neither ordered nor counselled the death of Don Sancho my lord; and, if you swear falsely, may you die by the hand of a traitorous vassal!' and the king said, 'Amen,' but he changed color a second time. Twelve vassals confirmed the oath of the king. The Cid would have kissed his hand, but the king would not permit him to do so, and hated him from that moment to the end of his life." The old man added, however, that another tradition records the fact that he did not have King Alfonso sworn on the Bible, but on a bolt of the church-door, and that for a long time travellers came from all the countries of the world to see that bolt; that the people attributed to it I know not what supernatural virtues, and so it was much spoken of in every place; and that it gave rise to so many and such extravagant fables that the bishop, Don Fray Pascual, was constrained to have it removed, because it created a dangerous rivalry between the door and the high altar. The cicerone told me nothing more, but one could fill several volumes if he wished to collect all the traditions of the Cid which are current in Spain. No legendary warrior was ever dearer to his people than this terrible Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar. Poetry has made him little less than a god; his glory lives in the

national spirit of the Spaniards, as though a few lustres, instead of eight centuries, had passed since the times in which he lived. The heroic poem which is called by his name, the greatest monument of the poetry of Spain, still continues to be the most powerful national work in Spanish literature.

As evening was drawing on I went to walk beneath the portico of the Plaza Mayor, in the hope of seeing something of the people. But the rain was pouring down and a high wind was blowing, so I found only some groups of boys, workmen, and soldiers, and directly turned back to the hotel. The emperor of Brazil had arrived in the morning, and was leaving for Madrid that night. In the room where I dined, together with some Spaniards—who talked pleasantly with me until the hour of departure arrived—there dined also all the major-domos, the valets, servants, and clerks of His Imperial Majesty, and the dear knows who else, a household which sat around a large table and filled it full. In all my life I have never seen a more motley crowd of human beings. There were white, black, yellow, and copper-colored faces, with some eyes and noses and mouths which could not be equalled in the whole collection of the *Pasquino* of Teza. Every one was talking in a different and much-abused language; one spoke English, another Portuguese, another French, another Spanish, while some spoke a mixture of all four languages, the like of which was never heard before, adding words, sounds, and accents of some outlandish dialect. However, they understood each other and jabbered all together, making such a confusion that it seemed as though they were speaking the horrible secret language of some savage land unknown to the world.

Before I left Old Castile, the cradle of the Spanish monarchy, I wished to see Soria, the town built on the ruins of ancient Numantia; Segovia, with its immense Roman aqueduct; Sant Idelfonso, the delightful garden of Philip V.; and Avilo, the native city of Saint Theresa. But when I had hurriedly and in desperation gone through the four elementary operations of arithmetic before buying my ticket to Valladolid, I said to myself that there was nothing great to be seen in those four cities, that the “Guide” exaggerated, that fame has pieced out their little attractions, that it is better to see a few things rather than many, if only those few are well seen and will be remembered. I indulged in these and other sophistries, and they corresponded perfectly with the results of my calculation and the motives of my hypocrisy.

So I left Burgos without having really seen anything but monuments, cicerones, and soldiers, for the fair Castilians, frightened by the rain, had not dared to risk their little feet in the streets, and therefore my recollections of the

city are rather sad, in spite of the gorgeousness of its colors and the magnificence of its cathedral.

From Burgos to Valladolid the country is almost the same as that from Saragossa to Miranda. There are the same vast, desolate plains, bounded by dun-colored hills of angular form with bare summits. These silent, solitary wastes, flooded by dazzling light, bear one away in fancy to African deserts, to the hermit's life, to the sky, to the infinite, and raise in the heart an irrepressible feeling of weariness and melancholy. Surrounded by these plains, this solitude, this silence, one understands the mystical nature of the Castilian people, the ardent faith of their kings, the sacred inspiration of their poets, the divine ecstasy of their saints, their churches, their grand cloisters, and their glorious history.

VALLADOLID.

VALLADOLID, “the rich,” as Quevedo calls it, a famous dispenser of colds,—Valladolid, of all the cities lying north of the Tagus, was the city which I had the liveliest desire to see, although I knew that it contained no grand artistic monuments and no modern buildings of importance. Its name, its history, and its character had a peculiar attraction for me as I had imagined them in my own way from my knowledge of its inhabitants. I expected that it would be a noble, cheerful, and studious city, and I could not picture its streets to my mind without seeing Gongora walking here or Cervantes there or Leonardo de Argensola yonder, and all the other poets, historians, and scholars who dwelt there when it was the seat of the splendid court of the monarch. And as I thought of the court I saw in the vast squares of this city, which had so won my heart, a confused mingling of religious processions, bull-fights, military parades, masquerades, balls—all the mad merriment of the festival in celebration of the birth of Philip IV., from the arrival of the English admiral with his retinue of six hundred to the final banquet famous for the twelve hundred dishes of meat, to repeat the popular tradition, without counting the plates of those who were not served. I arrived in the night and went to the first hotel, when I fell asleep with the delightful thought that I should awake in an unknown city.

And to awake in an unknown city when one has gone there from choice is indeed a very lively pleasure. The thought that from the moment you step out of the house in the morning until you return to it at night you will do nothing but pass from curiosity to curiosity, from pleasure to pleasure, that everything you see will seem new, and that at every step you will be learning something, and that all will be impressed upon your memory so long as you live; that through the livelong day you will be as free as air and as gay as a lark, without a thought in the world unless it be to amuse yourself, and that by amusing yourself you are at the same time gaining health of body, mind, and soul; that, finally, the termination of all these pleasures, instead of bringing to you a feeling of melancholy, like the evening of a holiday, will be only the beginning of another company of delights, which will attend you from that city to the next, and from it to a third, and so on as long as your fancy is pleased not to confine them within bounds,—all these thoughts, I say, which present themselves in a crowd as soon as you open your eyes, give you such a joyful surprise that

[Image not available: Street in Valladolid]
Street in Valladolid

before you know it you find yourself standing in the middle of the room with your hat on and the Guide in your hands.

Let us go, then, to enjoy Valladolid.

Alas! how changed from the time of Philip III.! The population, which was then above one hundred thousand, has dwindled to less than twenty thousand; in the principal streets there is a fair showing of university students and tourists on their way to Madrid; the other streets are dead. The city makes upon one the impression of a great abandoned palace, where one still sees traces of carving, gilding, and mosaic, and finds in some of the central rooms a few poor families which reflect by their melancholy life the vast solitude of the edifice.

There are many spacious squares, an old palace, houses in ruins, empty convents, long streets grass-grown and deserted; in short, all the appearances of a great city fallen into decay. The most beautiful part is the Plaza Mayor, a vast arena, encircled all around by a portico supported by heavy columns of bluish granite, behind which rise houses, all three stories in height. In front of the houses run three orders of terraces of great length, where it is said twenty-four thousand people can be conveniently seated. The portico extends along the two sides of a wide street which opens into the square, and here and in two or three other adjacent streets there is a great concourse of people. It was market-day: under the porticoes and in the square swarmed a crowd of country-folk, vegetable-sellers, and market-men, and, as they speak Castilian with admirable purity of expression and pronunciation at Valladolid, I began to stroll about among the baskets of lettuce and the piles of oranges, to catch as I might the *bon-mots* and the cadences of that most beautiful language.

Among other things I remember a curious proverb repeated by a woman who was vexed beyond endurance by a young bully. "*Sabe Usted,*" she said, planting herself before him, "*lo que es que destruye al hombre?*" (I stopped and pricked up my ears.) "*Tres muchos y tres pocos: mucho hablar y poco saber; mucho gastar y poco tener; mucho presumir y nada valer.*" (Do you know, sir, what it is that ruins a man? Three muckles and three mickles: much talking and little sense; much spending and little keeping; much presumption and no worth.)

It seemed to me that I could perceive a great difference between the voices of

these people and those of the Catalans: here they were more liquid and silvery, and the gestures too were livelier and the expression of the faces more animated; but there was nothing remarkable about their features and complexion, and in their dress they differed very little from the peasants of Northern Italy.

It was in the square at Valladolid that it occurred to me for the first time that I had not seen a pipe since I entered Spain. The laboring-men, the peasants, the poor, all classes, smoke the cigarette, and it is ridiculous to see great strapping fellows, with long moustaches, going about with that little microscopic thing in their mouths, half hidden in their beards. And they are very careful to smoke it up to the very last particle of tobacco, until they have only a bit of smouldering ashes left on their lower lip, and they even cling to this as though it were a drop of liquor, and finally they spit out the ashes with the air of one who is making a sacrifice.

Something else occurred to me also—a fact which I often observed afterward as long as I remained in Spain: I never heard any whistling.

From the Plaza Mayor I passed on to the wide, cheerful Plaza of San Pablo, where is the ancient royal palace. The façade is not remarkable either for grandeur or beauty. I entered the doorway, and before I could feel a sense of admiration for the magnificence of the hall I felt only sadness at the sepulchral silence which reigned in it. Nothing else produces the impression made upon one by a cemetery so closely as does an abandoned castle, for there especially, to a greater extent than in other places, the contrast is very strong and sharp between the remembrance of what has been and the actual condition in which one finds it. Alas for the superb retinue of plumed cavaliers! Alas for the splendid feasts, the fervid enjoyment of a prosperity which seemed eternal! It is a novel pleasure—that of coughing a little in front of those hollow sepulchres, as invalids sometimes cough to test their strength, and of hearing the echo of your lusty voice, which assures you that you are young and hearty. On the inside of the palace there is a court of generous size surrounded by busts of the Roman emperors in demi-relief, a beautiful staircase, and wide galleries on the upper stories. I coughed and the echo answered, “What health!” and I went out comforted.

A drowsy porter showed me another palace in the same square which I had overlooked, and told me that in it was born the great king Philip II., from whom Valladolid had received the title of a city. “You know, sir, Philip II., son of Charles V., father of”—“I know, I know,” I hastened to reply to save the narration, and, casting a gloomy glance at the gloomy palace, I passed on.

Opposite to the royal palace is the Dominican convent of San Pablo, with a

façade of the Gothic order so richly and extravagantly ornamented with statuettes, bas-reliefs, and traceries of every sort that one half of them would amply adorn an immense palace. At that moment the sun was shining on it, and the effect was magnificent. While I stood contemplating at my ease that labyrinth of sculpture, from which it seems one's eye will never turn when once it has become fixed upon it, a little rogue, six or eight years old, who had been sitting in a distant corner of the square, rushed from his place as though he had been thrown from a sling, and ran toward me, crying in an affectionate, plaintive tone, "*Señorito! Señorito!* I like you so much!"

This is something new, I thought, for the ragamuffins to make declarations of love. He came and stood in front of me, and I asked, "Why do you love me?"

"Because," he answered frankly, "you will give me alms."

"And why should I give you alms?"

"Because," he replied, hesitating, and then resolutely, in the tones of one who has found a good reason—"because, sir, you have a book."

The Guide which I held under my arm! But, you see, one must travel to learn these new things. I carried a Guide, foreigners carry Guides; foreigners give alms; therefore I ought to give him alms; all this reasoning instead of saying, "I am hungry!"

I was pleased by the plausibility of this discovery, and dropped into the hands of this profound boy the few *cuartos* which I found in my pockets.

Turning into a street near by, I saw the façade of the Dominican college of San Gregorio, Gothic in its architecture, and more dignified and richer than the convent of San Pablo. Then I went from street to street until I came to the square of the cathedral. At the point where the street widens into the square I met a very graceful little Spanish lady, to whom I might have applied those two verses of Espronceda:

> "Y que yo la he de querer
> Por su paso de andadura,"

or that line of ours, "She walks not like a mortal thing," for in their gait lies the supreme grace of the Spanish women. She had in her walk those thousand fugitive little friskings and easy undulating motions which the eye cannot follow one by one, nor the memory retain, nor words express, but which, taken altogether, form the most feminine of woman's charms. Here I found myself in an embarrassing position. I saw the great mass of the cathedral looming up at the end of the square, and curiosity prompted me to look at it; but a few feet in front

of me I saw this little person, and a curiosity not less lively constrained me to look at her; and so, as I did not wish to lose the first glimpse of the church nor the fleeting sight of the woman, my glances ran from her face to the dome and from the dome to her face with such breathless rapidity that the fair unknown must have certainly thought that I had discovered a correspondence of line or some mysterious bond of sympathy between the building and herself, for she also turned and looked at the church, and smiled as she passed me.

The cathedral of Valladolid, although it is unfinished, is one of the largest cathedrals in Spain. It is an imposing mass of granite, and produces upon the mind of the incredulous an effect similar to that produced by the church of the Pillar at Saragossa. On first entering one flies in thought to the Basilica of St. Peter's. Architecturally, it is dignified and simple, and receives a sombre reflection from the dark color of the stone. The walls are bare, the chapels dark, the arched columns, the doors, and everything gigantic and severe. It is one of those cathedrals which make one stammer out his prayers with a sense of secret dread. I had not yet seen the Escurial, but I thought of it. It was, in fact, designed by the same architect. The church was left unfinished, so that the work of building the convent might be carried on, and on visiting the convent one is reminded of the church.

In a little chapel to the right of the great altar rises the tomb of Pedro Ansurez, a gentleman and benefactor of Valladolid, whose sword has been placed above his monument. I was alone in the church and heard the echoing of my footsteps. Suddenly a keen sense of fear seized me and an indescribable feeling of childish fright: I turned my back upon the tomb and went out.

As I was going out I met a priest and asked where the house of Cervantes was. He answered that it was in the street of Cervantes, and pointed out the way I ought to take. I thanked him, and he asked me if I was a stranger; I said I was.

"From Italy?"

"Yes, from Italy."

He scanned me from head to foot, raised his hat, and went on his way down the street. I too started off, in the opposite direction, and the thought came to me: "I'll wager that he has stopped to see how one of the Pope's prison-keepers is made." I looked back, and there he was, sure enough, standing stock still in the middle of the square, staring at me with all his eyes. I could not keep from laughing, so I excused my amusement with the salutation, "*Beso a usted la mano!*" (I give you my hand), and he called back, "*Buenos dias!*" (Good-day), and was off. But he ought to have added, not without surprise, that for an Italian I had not such a villainous face, after all. I crossed two or three quiet, narrow

streets, and entered the street of Cervantes, a long, straight, dirty thoroughfare lined with wretched houses. I walked along it for some distance without meeting anybody but some soldiers and servants-girls and an occasional mule, my eyes busily scanning the walls for the inscription, "*A qui vivio Cervantes*," etc. ("Here lived Cervantes," etc.). But I found nothing. On reaching the end of the street I found myself in the open country. There was not a soul in sight. I stood a while to look around, and then I retraced my steps. I happened to meet a muleteer and asked him, "Where is the house in which Cervantes lived?" The only answer he gave me was a blow for the mule as he went on his way. I questioned a soldier: he sent me to a shop. In the shop I questioned an old woman. She did not understand, and, believing that I wished to buy a copy of *Don Quixote*, sent me to a book-store. The bookseller, who wanted to play the wiseacre and could not bring his mind to confess that he knew nothing about the house of Cervantes, began to beat about the bush, talking of the life and works of that "marvellously great writer;" so that, to cap the climax, I went off about my own affairs, without seeing anything. However, the memory of this house must be preserved (and no doubt if I had searched more diligently I should have been successful), not only because Cervantes lived in it, but because an act was committed there which all of his biographers mention. One night, a short time after the birth of Philip II., a cavalier of the court happened to meet an unknown man, and for some unknown reason high words were passed between them: both drew their swords and fell to fighting, and the cavalier was mortally wounded. The other disappeared. The wounded man, all drenched with blood, ran to a neighboring house to find succor. In the house lived Cervantes with his family, together with a widow of a famous chronicler and her two sons. One of them ran and lifted the wounded man from the ground and called Cervantes, who was already in bed. Cervantes got up and helped his friend carry the cavalier into the widow's house, where he died two days later. Justice took a hand in the case and sought to ferret out the cause of the duel. It was believed that the combatants were both paying court to the daughter or niece of Cervantes. The entire family were cast into prison. Shortly afterward they were set at liberty, and nothing more was heard of it. But even this had to befall the poor author of *Don Quixote*, so that he might truly say that he had experienced every misfortune.

In this same street of Cervantes it was my good fortune to witness a scene which repaid me a thousand times for not finding the house. As I passed a door I spied a little Castilian girl of twelve or thirteen years, as beautiful as an angel, standing at the foot of the stairs with a baby in her arms. I cannot find words sufficiently delicate and refined to describe what she was doing. A childish

curiosity to know the delight of mother-love had softly tempted her. The buttons of her little bodice had been slowly slipped through the button-holes one by one under the pressure of a trembling finger. She was alone; there was not a sound in the street; she had hidden her hand in her bosom; then perhaps she stood a moment in doubt, but, glancing at the baby and feeling her courage renewed, and making a final effort with the hidden hand, she uncovered her breast as well as she could, and, opening the chubby lips of the baby with her thumb and finger, she said tenderly, "*Hela aqui*" (Here it is), her face glowing and a sweet smile in her eyes. Hearing my step, she gave a cry and disappeared.

Instead of the house of Cervantes I found, a little farther along, the house in which was born José Zorrilla, one of the most gifted of the Spanish poets of our time, who is still living, but must not be mistaken, as many in Italy do mistake him, for Zorilla the radical leader, although he too has some poetry in his head and scatters it with a liberal hand through his political speeches, supplementing it with bursts of eloquence and furious gestures. In my opinion José Zorrilla is to Spanish letters a little more than Prati is to our Italian literature, and the two have many points of similarity—religious feeling, passion, productiveness, spontaneity, and a certain indefinable quality, vague and daring, which fires the youthful fancy. Zorrilla has a way of reading in resonant, solemn tones, it is said, somewhat monotonous, and yet many Spaniards rave over it. In form I should say the Spanish poet is more correct; they are both prolix, and in each there is the germ of a great poet. Admirable above every other work of Zorrilla are his "Songs of the Troubadour," narrative poems and legends, full of the tenderest love-lyrics and descriptions of incomparable beauty. He has written also for the stage. His *Don Juan Tenario*, an ideal drama, in eight-line rhymed stanzas, is one of the most popular dramatic operas of Spain. It is performed once a year on All Souls' Day with great magnificence, and the people crowd to the performance as they would to a festival. Some of the lyrics scattered through the drama run through the speech of all, and especially is this true of Don Juan's declaration to his love, whom he has stolen away; which is one of the gentlest, tenderest, and most ardent expressions that could possibly fall from the lips of an enamored youth in the most impetuous burst of passion. I am confident that the coldest of men could not read these lines without a thrill. The woman's answer is possibly even stronger: "Don Juan! Don Juan! I implore thee, of thy noble compassion, rend my heart or love me, for I adore thee!" Let some fair Andalusian repeat these lines and see if you do not appreciate them; or, if this be impossible in your case, read the ballad called "La Pasionaria," which is rather long, but full of affection and an entrancing melancholy. I cannot think of it without my eyes

filling with tears. I always see the two lovers, Aurora and Felice, in the flush of youth, alone at the close of day in the deserted fields, going their opposite ways, turning at every step, waving good-bye, and never satisfied with gazing back at each other. The lines are what the Spanish call *asonantes* (unrhymed), but so composed and arranged that the penult of each line, equal or unequal, is accented and always has the same vowel. This is the most popular verse in Spain—the verse of the *Romancero*, in which very many can improvise with surprising facility; nor is a foreigner able to perceive all its harmony unless his ear has been trained.

"May I see the picture-gallery?"

"Why not, caballerito?" The portress opened the door of the Colegio de Santa Cruz, and followed me inside. There are many paintings, but besides some by Rubens, Mascagni, Cardenas, Vincenzo Carduccio, the rest of them are of very slight merit, gathered together from convents here and there, and hung at random in the rooms, along the corridors, staircases, and galleries. None the less, it is a museum which leaves upon the mind a profound impression, not very unlike that produced by one's first sight of a bull-fight; in fact, it is more than six months since that day, and yet the impression is still as distinct as though it was made only a few hours ago. The gloomiest, the bloodiest, the most horrid work from the brushes of the finest Spanish painters are found there. Imagine gaping wounds, mutilated limbs, heads severed from the trunks, ghastly corpses, bodies that have been bruised, torn asunder, racked with the cruelest tortures you have found described in the romances of Guerrazzi or in the *History of the Inquisition*, and you will have formed an adequate idea of the gallery of Valladolid. You pass from room to room and see only faces distorted by death, faces of the dying, of demoniacs, of executioners, and on every side blood, blood, blood! until you seem to see blood spurting from the walls and feel as though you were wading in it, like Father Bresciani's Babette in the prisons of Naples. It is a collection of woes and horrors enough to fill to overflowing all the hospitals in the country.

At first one feels a sense of sadness, then a shudder of abhorrence, and finally far more than abhorrence—indignation against the butcher-artists who have so shamelessly debased the art of Raphael and Murillo.

The most noticeable painting which I saw, among the many bad ones, although it too was a cruel Spanish realism, was a picture representing the circumcision of Jesus, with all the most minute details of the instruments and the operation, and a circle of spectators standing motionless with bowed heads, like the students of a surgical clinic around their chief.

"Let us go! let us go!" I said to the courteous portress; "if I stay here half an

hour longer I shall be burned, flayed, or quartered. Have you nothing more cheerful to show me?”

She took me to see Rubens’ “Assumption,” a grand, effective painting which would look well above a great altar—a majestic, radiant Virgin, ascending to heaven, and around her, above and below, a host of angelic faces, wreaths of flowers, golden hair, white wings, waving pinions, and dancing sunbeams. It is all tremulous, and pierces the air and soars upward like a flock of doves, so that it seems from moment to moment that the whole scene ought to rise and disappear.

But it was not ordered that I should leave the museum with a pleasant picture before my eyes. The portress opened a door and with a laugh bade me enter. I entered, and turned back in fright. It seemed to me that I had fallen upon a madhouse of giants. The vast room was full of colossal statues of painted wood which represented the drama of the Passion—soldiers, jailers, and spectators, each in the attitude befitting his office, some in the act of scourging, others binding the criminals, others smiting, and wagging their heads—horrid faces horribly distorted, a few kneeling women, Jesus nailed to an enormous cross, the thieves, the ladder, the instruments of torture,—in short, everything one could think of to represent the Passion as it was once portrayed in the square, with a group of these huge statues which must have required as much room as a house. And here too were wounds, heads dripping with blood, and gashes enough to sicken you.

“See that Judas there?” said the woman as she pointed out one of the statues—a gallows face which I shall dream of sometimes. “When they arranged the groups outside, they had to take it down, it was so ugly and sad. The people hated it like death, and wanted to break it to pieces, and as there was always such a great to-do to guard it and to keep their threats from becoming deeds, it was decided to form the groups without it.” The most beautiful statue, to my eyes, was a Madonna, the work of Berruguete, Juan de Juni, or Hernandez—I do not know which, for they all three have statues there. She was kneeling with her hands clasped, and her eyes turned toward heaven with an expression of such passionate sorrow that one is moved to pity as though the statue were a living person; and, in fact, a few steps distant it seems to be alive, so that on seeing it suddenly one cannot check an exclamation of surprise.

“The English,” said the portress (for the cicerones repeat the opinions of the English as a confirmation of their own, and sometimes attribute to them the most tiresome extravagances),—“the English say that only words are lacking.”

I joyfully assented to the opinion of the English, gave the portress the

customary *reales*, and, taking my departure with a head full of sanguinary images, hailed the cheerful sky with an unwonted feeling of pleasure, like a young student leaving the dissecting-room where he has been assisting at his first autopsy.

I visited the beautiful palace of the University, La Plaza Campo Grande, where the Holy Inquisition kindled its fagots—a wide, cheerful square, surrounded by fifteen convents. I went to see a church adorned with famous paintings, and then my brain began to confuse the images of the things I had seen. I slipped the guide-book into my pocket and took my way toward the great square. I did the same thing in all the other cities, for when the mind becomes tired it may be a good sign of constancy to force one's attention in deference to that mistaken idea of following the guide-book, but it is a dangerous practice for one who is travelling with the intention of afterward telling the impressions of what he had seen. For one cannot remember everything, and it is better not to confuse the vivid remembrances of the principal objects with a crowd of vague recollections of things of less account. Moreover, one never has pleasant recollections of a city where he has used his head for a storehouse.

To see how the city appeared in the evening I took a walk under the porticoes, where they were beginning to light up the shops, and there was a continual passing of soldiers, students, and girls, who disappeared through the little passages, darted between the columns, and glided here and there to escape the eager hands of their pursuers, who were enveloped in their flowing capes; a troop of boys were romping about the square, filling the air with their sonorous cries: and everywhere there were groups of *caballeros*, among whom one occasionally heard the names Serrano, Sagasta, and Amadeus alternating with the words *justicia*, *libertad*, *traición*, *honra de España*, and the like. I entered a very large café which was full of students, and there satisfied the natural talent of eating and drinking, as a refined writer would say. Then, as I had a great desire to talk, I noticed two students who were sipping their coffee and milk at a neighboring table, and without any introduction I addressed one of them—a very natural thing to do in Spain, where one is always sure of receiving a courteous response. The two students came over, and, as every one may imagine, we discussed the absorbing subjects of Italy, Amadeus, the university, Cervantes, the Andalusian women, balls, Dante, travels; in short, it was a course in the geography, the literary history, and the customs of the two countries; then a glass of Malaga and a friendly hand-clasp.

O caballeros of happy memory, comrades in every café, companions at all the hotel tables, near neighbors in every theatre, fellow-travellers on all the railway-

trains in Spain! who so often, moved by gentle pity for an unknown stranger, scanning with sad eyes the railway-guide or the *Correspondencia Española*, thinking of his family, his friends, his distant country,—who with generous impulse have offered him the cigarette and drawn him into conversation; who have broken the course of his gloomy thoughts and have calmed and cheered him,—I thank you, caballeros of happy memory, whoever you may be, Carlists or Alphonsists or Amadeists or Liberals—from the bottom of my heart I thank you in the name of all Italians who are travelling or who will travel in your dear country; and I swear on the eternal volume of Miguel Cervantes that whenever I hear your highly-civilized European brothers condemning your fierce nature and savage manners, I will rise in your defence with the fire of an Andalusian and the constancy of a Catalan so long as I have the strength to cry, “Long live hospitality!”

A few hours later I found myself in the carriage of a train bound for Madrid; the starting whistle was still sounding when I clapped my hand to my forehead. Alas! it was too late! I had been to Valladolid and had forgotten to visit the room where Christopher Columbus died!

MADRID.

It was day when one of my companions shouted “Caballero!” in my ear. —“Are we at Madrid?” I asked as I awoke.—“Not yet,” was the answer, “but look!” I turned toward the country and saw, half a mile away on the side of a high mountain, the convent of the Escurial illuminated by the first rays of the sun. “The grandest of the grand things on the earth”—as it has been called by an illustrious traveller—did not seem to me at first sight that immense edifice which the Spaniards consider “the eighth wonder of the world.” However, I uttered my “Oh!” like the other travellers who then saw it for the first time, reserving all my admiration for the day when I should see it near at hand. From the Escurial to Madrid the railroad crosses a barren plain which reminds one of the country around Rome.

“Have you never seen Madrid?” asked my neighbor. I replied that I had not.

“Impossible!” exclaimed the good Spaniard, turning to look at me with a air of curiosity, as though he was saying to himself, “Let us see what sort of a creature a man is who never saw Madrid.” Then he began to enumerate the grand things that I should see: “What walks! what cafés! what theatres! what women! If one has a hundred thousand dollars to spend, there is nothing better than Madrid; it is a great monster that lives on fortunes. If I were in your place, I should take pleasure in thrusting my fortune also down its throat.”

I felt for my flabby pocket-book and murmured, “Poor monster!”

“Here we are!” cried the Spaniard. “Look!”

I put my head out of the window.

“That is the royal palace.”

I saw an immense pile on an eminence, but shut my eyes quickly, for the sun was shining in my face. Everybody got out, and then commenced the customary bustling

“Of cloaks and shawls and other rags”

which almost always shuts out the first view of the city. The train stopped, and I alighted to find myself in a square full of coupés surrounded by a clamorous crowd. A hundred hands are extended for my valise, a hundred mouths shout in my ear; it is a devilish pack of porters, cabbies, cicerones, hotel-clerks, guards, and boys. I elbow my way through them, jump on an omnibus full of people, and

am off. We go down an avenue, cross a great square, turn into a long straight street, and arrive at the Puerta del Sol.

It is a stupendous sight! A semicircular square of vast extent, surrounded by high buildings, at the mouth of ten great streets like so many torrents, from every one of which pours a continuous roaring flood of people and of vehicles. Everything one sees is in proportion to the immensity of the place: sidewalks as wide as streets, cafés as wide as squares, a fountain the size of a lake—on every side a dense, rapidly-shifting crowd, a discordant roar, a subtle air of cheerfulness and gaiety in the faces, the gestures, and the colors, which makes one feel that neither the people nor the city is entirely strange, and gives one an insane desire to join in the uproar, to salute everybody, to run here and there, as if one were revisiting those sights and people rather than seeing them for the first time. I enter a hotel, and leave it immediately, and begin to wander at random through the city. There are no grand palaces, no ancient monuments of art, but wide, clean, cheerful streets, flanked by houses painted in lively colors, and interrupted by open squares of a thousand different forms, as though they have been dropped here and there by chance, and in every square there is a garden, a fountain, and a statuette. Some streets run up hill in such a manner that on turning into them one sees the sky at the end, and one imagines that they open into the country, but when one has reached the top another long street stretches off as far as one can see.

Every little while there are crossways where five, six, and even eight streets meet, and here there is a continuous stream of carriages and people passing each other. The walls are covered for long spaces with show-bills and placards; in the shops there is an incessant coming and going; the cafés are crowded; everywhere there is the rush of a great city. Alcalá (Castle) Street, so wide that it looks like a rectangular square, cuts Madrid in half from the Puerta del Sol eastward, and ends in a vast park which extends all along one side of the city and contains gardens, promenades, open squares, theatres, bull-rings, triumphal arches, museums, palaces, and fountains.

I jumped into a carriage, saying to the driver, “Where you will.” Past the statue of Murillo, up Alcalá Street, down the Street of the Turk, where General Prim was assassinated; across the square of the Cortes, where stands the statue of Miguel Cervantes; through the Plaza Mayor, where blazed the fires lighted by the Inquisition; and then back again, past the house of Lope de Vega, out into the vast Plaza del Oriente, which stretches in front of the royal palace, where towers the equestrian statue of Philip IV. in the midst of an oval garden surrounded by forty colossal statues—climbing up toward the centre of the city, across other

wide streets and cheerful squares, and crossways thronged with people, until finally I return to the hotel, declaring that Madrid is rich, grand, gay, populous, and attractive, and that I am going to see it all, and stay and enjoy it so long as my account-book and the mildness of the season will permit.

In the course of a few days a good friend found me a *casa de huéspedes*, a guest-house, and I installed myself there. These guest-houses are nothing else than the homes of families who give board and lodging to students, artists, and foreigners at prices which vary, understand, according to the manner in which you choose to eat and sleep, but which are always lower than the hotel rates, with the inestimable advantage of breathing the air of home-life, forming friendships, and being treated as a member of the family rather than as a boarder. The mistress of the house was a pleasant lady on the hither side of fifty, the widow of a painter who had studied at Rome, Florence, and Naples, and who had all his life cherished a grateful and affectionate remembrance of Italy. She too, as was natural, displayed a very lively sympathy toward our country, and manifested it by joining me every day at dinner, when she would recount the life, death, and miraculous doings of all her relatives and friends, as though I was the only confidant she had in Madrid. I met few Spaniards who spoke so rapidly, so frankly, and with such an easy flow of phrases, *bon-mots*, similes, proverbs, and expressions. At first this disconcerted me, for I understood little and was every moment obliged to ask her to repeat; nor was I always able to make myself understood. In a word, it was impressed upon me that in studying the language of the books I had wasted a great deal of time in storing my memory with words and phrases which are seldom used in ordinary conversation, while, on the other hand, I had neglected very many other forms of speech which are indispensable. I was obliged, therefore, to begin again, to rally my forces, to make notes, and, above all, to keep my ear always on the *qui vive*, so that I might profit as much as possible by the speech of the people. And I was convinced of this fact: that one may live for ten, thirty, or forty years in a foreign city, but unless one makes an effort at once, unless one devotes considerable time to study, unless one is always standing, as Giusti said, “with one’s eyes wide open,” one will either never learn to speak the language or will speak it incorrectly. At Madrid I was acquainted with some old Italians who had lived in Spain from their earliest youth, and yet they spoke wretched Spanish. Indeed, it is not an easy language, even for us Italians, or, to speak more clearly, it presents the great difficulty of easy languages, for it is not allowable to speak them poorly, and yet by so doing one can make one’s self understood. The Italian who wishes to speak Spanish in conversation with cultured people, where every one would understand him if he

spoke French, must justify his audacity by speaking with facility and grace.

Now, the Spanish language, precisely because it is more closely allied to the Italian than to the French, is also more difficult to speak rapidly, and, for the same reason, more difficult to speak by ear, without making awkward mistakes, because, for example, it is much easier to say *propre*, *mortuaire*, *delice* (the French words) without danger of letting slip the Italian *proprio*, *mortuairo*, *delizia*, than it is to say the Spanish *propio*, *mortuorio*, *delicia*. One falls back into Italian unconsciously—inverts the syntax every moment, and always has one's own language in one's ear or on one's tongue, so that one keeps stammering, confusing words, and betraying one's self.

Neither is the pronunciation of Spanish less difficult than that of French. The Moorish, although easy to pronounce, is very difficult when two *j*'s occur in a word or several of them in a clause. The *y*, which is pronounced as stutterers pronounce *s*, can only be acquired by patient effort, for it is a sound which at first proves very unpleasant, and many who are familiar with the sound do not like to hear it. But if there is a city in Europe where one is able to acquire the language of a country thoroughly, that city is Madrid, and the same thing may be said of Toledo, Valladolid, and Burgos. The people speak as the scholars write: the differences in the pronunciation of the cultured classes and the people of the town are very slight.

And, even leaving these four cities out of the question, the Spanish language is much more used and much more common, and consequently much more vigorous and forcible, in the daily press, on the stage, and in the popular literature than is the case with the Italian language. There are in Spain the Valencian, the Catalan, the Galician, and the Murcian dialects and the very ancient language of the Basque provinces. But Spanish is spoken in the two Castiles, in Arragon, in Estremadura, and in Andalusia; that is, in the five great provinces. The squib enjoyed at Saragossa is enjoyed at Seville also; the popular phrase which makes a hit in the theatres of Salamanca produces the same effect in the theatres of Granada. They say that the Spanish of to-day is not at all the language of Cervantes, Quevedo, and Lope de Vega; that the French have corrupted it; that if Charles V. should come to life again, he would no longer call it "the language to speak with God;" and that Sancho Panza would not be understood and enjoyed. Alas! he who has frequented the little cook-shops and the low-rates theatre of the suburbs unwillingly acquiesces in this sentence.

To pass from the tongue to the palate, one needs a little good-will to accustom one's self to certain sauces, gravies, and poor soups of the Spanish cuisine, but I accustomed myself to them. The French, who are as fussy in the

matter of eating as spoiled children, invoke the wrath of Heaven upon it. Dumas says that in Spain he has suffered from hunger. In a book on Spain which was lately before my eyes it was stated that the Spanish live only on honey, fungi, eggs, and snails. But this is all stuff and nonsense. The same might be said of our cooking. I have known many Spaniards whose stomachs were turned by the sight of maccaroni and gravy. They make most too many potpies, they do not know how to use fat, and they season a little too highly, but hardly enough to take away Dumas's appetite, and, among other things, they are master-hands at sweets.

Then their *puchero*, the national dish, eaten every day by everybody in every place—I speak the truth, I ate it like an out-and-out glutton,—the *puchero* is to the culinary art what the anthology is to literature, a little of the best of everything. A good piece of boiled beef forms the nucleus of the dish, and around this a wing of a fowl, a slice of *chorizo* (sausage), lard, herbs, and bacon, and, above and below and in all the interstices, *garbanzos*. Epicures pronounce the name of *garbanzos* with reverence. They are a sort of chick-pea, very large, very tender, and very succulent—peas, an extravagant man might say, that have fallen down from some world where a vegetation equal to ours is made fruitful by a stronger sun. Such is the ordinary *puchero*. But every family modifies it according to its purse. The poor are content with meat and *garbanzos*. The rich add a hundred exquisite tidbits. After all, it is a dinner rather than a dish, and very many eat nothing else.

A good *puchero* and a bottle of *Val de Peñas* are enough to satisfy any one. I say nothing of the oranges, the Malaga grapes, asparagus, artichokes, and every sort of vegetable and fruit, which, as every one knows, are very fine and good in Spain. Nevertheless, the Spanish are small eaters, and because the pepper and highly-seasoned sauces and salt meats predominate in their cuisine, because they eat chorizos (sausages), which, as they say, *levantan las piedras*, or rather burn their intestines, they drink very little wine. After the fruit, instead of beginning to sip a good bottle, they usually take a cup of coffee and milk, and they rarely drink wine in the morning. At the table d'hote in the hotels I have never seen a Spaniard empty a bottle, while I, who emptied mine, was stared at in astonishment, as though I was a scandalous beast. One rarely meets a drunken man in a Spanish city, even on a holiday, and on this account, when one considers their hot blood and the very free use they make of knives and daggers, there occur fewer fights which lead to death or bloodshed than is generally believed outside of Spain.

As I had found board and lodging, there remained nothing else for me to do

but wander through the city with the Guidebook in my pocket and a *tres-cuartos* cigar in my mouth—“an occupation easy and straightforward.”

During the first days I could not keep away from the plaza of the Puerta del Sol. I would stay there hour after hour, and was so amused by it that I could willingly have spent days there. The square is worthy of its fame, not so much for its size and beauty as for the people, the life, the variety of scene which it presents at every hour of the day. It is not a square like other squares: it is at once a great reception-hall, a promenade, a theatre, an academy, a garden, a parade-ground, and a bazaar. From the peep of day until after midnight it contains one stationary crowd, and another crowd that comes and goes through the ten great streets which meet there, and all the while a procession and intermingling of carriages which make one’s head whirl. Business-men congregate there; there gather the demagogues who have nothing to do, unemployed clerks, old pensioners, and young dandies; there they talk business and politics, make love, promenade, read the papers, dun their debtors, search for their friends, hatch plots against the ministry, coin the false reports which make the round of Spain, and weave the scandalous chronicle of the city.

On the sidewalks, which are wide enough to hold four carriages abreast, one is obliged to force one’s way. In a space no larger than a flagstone you see a civil guard, a matchseller, a broker, a beggar, and a soldier, all in a bunch. Troops of scholars pass servants, generals, ministers, peasants, *toreros*, and gentlemen. Ruined spendthrifts ask for alms in a whisper, so as not to be discovered; lewd wretches look at you with questioning eyes; women lightly nudge you on the elbow; on every side there are hats in the air, smiles, shaking of hands, cheery greetings, cries of “*Largo!*” from the laden porters and from the hawkers with their wares hanging about their necks; the shouts of newsboys, the shrill cry of the water-carrier, the tooting of the coach-horns, the cracking of whips, the clank of swords, the tinkling of guitars, and the songs of blind beggars. There regiments pass with bands of music; the king passes; the square is sprinkled with great jets of water, which cross in the air; men go by carrying placards to advertise the shows; swarms of gamins with their arms full of extra editions; then an army of government clerks; the bands of music pass again; lights appear in the shops; the crowd grows denser; the blows on the elbow become more frequent; the voices grow louder; the uproar and commotion increase. It is not the activity of a busy people: it is the vivacity of a high-spirited race; it is a Carnival gaiety, an idleness that cannot rest and overflows in a feverish desire for pleasure, which seizes one and holds him fast or drives him around like a reel and forbids him to leave the square—a curiosity which never wearies, a happy

desire to be amused, to think of nothing, to talk small talk, to stroll about and laugh. Such is the famous plaza of the Puerta del Sol.

An hour spent there is enough to make one familiar with the people of Madrid in their various aspects. The common people dress like those of our great cities; the upper classes, when they lay aside the cloak which is worn in winter, are attired in the Parisian mode; and from the duke to the clerk, from the stripling to the tottering old man, they are all neat and tastefully dressed, bepowdered and perfumed, as though they had just stepped out of a toilet-room. In this respect they resemble the Neapolitans with their fine heads of black hair, their carefully-trimmed beards, and their feminine hands and feet. One rarely sees a low hat: they all wear high hats. Then there are canes, chains, ornaments, pins and ribbons in their buttonholes by the thousand.

Except on certain holidays the ladies also dress like the French. The women of the middle classes still wear the mantilla, but the ancient satin shoes, the *peineta*, the bright colors—the national costume, in a word—have disappeared. They are, however, the same little women, so praised for their large eyes, their tiny hands, and small feet, with jet-black hair, a skin that is rather fair than dark, well formed, of good carriage, active, and vivacious.

In order to view the fair sex of Madrid one should go to the promenade of the *Prado*, which is to Madrid what the *Cascine* are to Florence.

The Prado, to be precise, is a very wide avenue, of no great length, flanked by smaller avenues which run toward the eastern part of the city. It lies beside the famous gardens of *Buen Retiro*, and is closed at both ends by two enormous stone vases, the one surmounted by a colossal Cybele sitting on a shell and drawn by sea-horses; the other, by a Neptune of equal size, both of them crowned with copious fountains, whose waters interlace and fall gracefully with a pleasant murmur.

This great avenue, lined along the sides with thousands of chairs and hundreds of benches, where men sell water and oranges, is the most frequented part of the Prado, and is called the *Salon del Prado*. But the walk extends beyond the fountain of Neptune: there are other avenues, other fountains, and other statues, and one may walk among the trees and fountains as far as Our Lady of Atocha, the famous church loaded with gifts by Isabella II. after the outrage of February 2, 1852, and where King Amadeus went to visit the body of General Prim. From that point there is an extended view of a vast tract of the desert plain around Madrid and of the snowy summits of the Guadarrama. But the Prado is the most

[Image not available: Fountain of Cybele, Alcalá, Madrid]
Fountain of Cybele, Alcalá, Madrid

famous, not the most beautiful nor the largest, promenade in the city. Beyond the Salon, toward the fountain of Cybele, the promenade of *Recoletos* extends for almost two miles, flanked on the right by the large, cheerful town of Salamanca, the home of the rich, of the deputies, and the poets, and on the left by a long chain of small palaces, villas, theatres, and new buildings painted in vivid colors. It is not a single promenade: there are ten avenues, one beside another, and each more beautiful than the last—streets for driving, streets for riding, walks for persons who like a crowd, and walks for those who prefer to be alone, divided from each other by endless hedges of myrtle, bordered and broken by gardens and groves, in which appear statues and fountains, and little footpaths which cross each other. On fête-days one may there enjoy a charming spectacle. From one end of the avenues to the other pass two processions of people, carriages, and horsemen, going in opposite directions.

In the Prado one can scarcely walk. The gardens are crowded by thousands of boys; the theatres are full of music; every one hears the murmur of fountains, the swish of skirts, the shouting of children, and the cantering of horses. It is not only the movement and the gaiety of a promenade: it is the pomp, the uproar, the confusion, the feverish delight of a fête. The city is deserted during those hours. At dusk the whole of that immense crowd turns back into the great Alcalá Street, and then from the fountain of Cybele, as far as the Puerta del Sol, one sees only a sea of heads, furrowed by a line of carriages as far as the eyes can reach.

For promenades—and, in fact, for theatres and spectacular exhibitions—Madrid is, without doubt, one of the first cities of the world. Besides the great opera-house, which is very large and rich, besides the theatre for comedy, the theatre of the Zarzuela, the Madrid circus—all of which are first class in point of size, appointments, and attendance—there is a circle of smaller theatres for dramatic companies, for equestrian exhibitions, musical organizations, and vaudevilles—parlor theatres, theatres with boxes and galleries, theatres, big and little, for high and low, to suit all purses and all tastes, and for all hours of the night; and there is not one among so many that is not crowded at every performance.

Then there are the cock-pits, the bull-rings, the popular balls, and the games. Some days there are as many as twenty different entertainments, commencing at

noon and continuing almost to dawn. The opera, of which the Spanish are passionately fond, is always magnificent, not only at the time of the Carnival, but at all seasons. While I was at Madrid, Fricci sang at the Zarzuela and Stagno at the circus; both were supported by very able artists, with excellent orchestra and splendid stage-setting.

The most celebrated singers in the world make an effort to sing in the capital of Spain, for artists are there sought after and fêted. The passion for music is the only one which is able to hold its own against the passion for bull-fights. Comedy is in great vogue also. L'Hatzembuch, Breton de los Herreros, Tamayo, Ventura, D'Ayala, Gutiérrez, and a great many other dramatic writers, some living and some dead, who are known even beyond Spain, have enriched the modern stage by a large number of comedies, which, although they do not bear that strong national stamp which has immortalized the dramatic works of the great century of Spanish literature, are nevertheless full of life, wit, and cleverness, without the unwholesome tendency of the French comedy. But, although they perform modern comedies, they are not unmindful of the old. On the anniversaries of Lope de Vega, Calderón, Morito, Tirso de Molina, Alarcon, Francesco de Rojas, and the other great lights of the Spanish theatre their masterpieces are performed with solemn pomp. The actors, however, do not seem able to satisfy the authors, and show the defects of our own actors—too much action, ranting, and excessive sobbing. Many even prefer our actors, because they find in them a greater variety of cadence and inflection. Besides tragedy and comedy, they perform a dramatic composition that is thoroughly Spanish—the *zainete*, of which Ramon de la Cruz was the master. It is a sort of farce which in great part consists of tableaux of Andalusian costumes, with national and popular characters, and actors who imitate the dress, speech, and customs of the period in an admirable manner. The comedies are all published, and are eagerly read even by the lowest classes, and the names of the authors are very popular. Dramatic literature, in a word, remains to-day, as it was in former times, the richest and most general.

There is also a great passion for the *zarzuela*, which is usually represented in the theatre to which it has given the name, and is a composition midway between comedy and melodrama, between opera and vaudeville, with an easy interchange of prose and verse, of recitation and singing, of the serious and burlesque—a composition exclusively Spanish and very delightful. In some theatres they perform political comedies, a mixture of song and prose after the style of Scalvini's "reviews;" satirical farces to take off the questions of the day; a sort of sacred tableaux, with scenes from the Passion of Our Lord, during Holy Week;

and balls and dances and pantomimes of every sort.

In the small theatres they give three or four performances a night, one after the other, and new spectators come in for each performance. At the famous *Capellanes* Theatre every night in the year they dance a *can-can*, scandalous beyond the wildest imagination, and there crowd the dissolute young men, the fast women, and the old libertines with wrinkled noses, armed with monocles, spectacles, opera-glasses, and every sort of optical instrument which helps to bring nearer the forms advertised on the stage, as Aleardi says.

After the theatres are closed one finds all the cafés crowded, the city illuminated, the streets filled with countless carriages, just as in the early evening. One feels a little sad on coming out of a theatre in a foreign country, there are so many beautiful creatures, and not one of them deigns to bestow so much as a glance upon one. But an Italian finds one comfort in Madrid. The actors almost always sing Italian operas, and they sing in Italian, and so, as you return to your lodging, you hear them humming in the words of your own language the airs which you have known from infancy. You hear a *palpito* here, a *fiero genitor* there, a *tremenda vendetta* yonder; and these words are like the greetings of a friendly people. But to reach your house what a thick hedge of petticoats you must climb over! The palm is given to Paris, and doubtless she deserves it, but Madrid is not to be laughed at. What boldness! what words of fire! what imperious provocations! Finally, you arrive before your house to find that you have no door-key.

“Do not be disturbed,” says the first citizen you meet. “Do you see that lantern at the foot of the street? The man who carries it is a *sereno*, and the *serenos* have keys for all the houses.” Then you cry “Sereno!” at the top of your voice, and the lantern approaches, and a man with an enormous bunch of keys in his hands gives you a searching glance, opens the door, lights you to the second story, and bids you good-night. So it is every night; for a franc a month you escape the annoyance of carrying the door-key in your pocket. The sereno is a public officer, and there is one in every street, and each of them has a whistle. If the house takes fire or thieves force your lock, you have only to throw up a window and cry, “Sereno! help!” The sereno who is in the street sounds his whistle, the serenos of the neighboring streets whistle, and in a few moments all the serenos in the district run to your assistance. At whatever hour of the night you awake you hear the voice of the sereno announcing the time, or if it is fine weather, or if it is raining or going to rain. How many things he knows! and how many he never tells! this nocturnal sentinel. How many whispered farewells he hears from the lips of lovers! How many little letters flutter from the windows

before his eyes! how many little keys fall on the pavement! and how many hands wave mysteriously in the air! Muffled lovers glide through narrow doorways, and lighted windows are suddenly darkened, and black shadows vanish along the walls at the first streaks of dawn.

I have spoken only of the theatres; at Madrid there is a concert, one may safely say, every day. There are concerts in the theatres, concerts in the academy halls, concerts in the streets, and then a company of strolling musicians who deafen you at all hours of the day. After all this one has a right to ask why it is that a people so infatuated with music that it seems as necessary, so to speak, as the air they breathe, have never produced any great master of the art. The Spanish will not be comforted.

One could cover many pages if he were to describe the fine suburbs of Madrid, the gates, the parks beyond the city, the squares, the historic streets; and, if nothing were willingly to be omitted, the splendid cafés, the “Imperial” in the square of the Puerto del Sol and the *Fornos* in Alcalá Street, two vast saloons, in which, if the tables were removed, a company of dragoons could be drilled, and the innumerable other cafés which one finds at every step, where two hundred dancers could be easily accommodated; the magnificent shops which occupy the entire ground-floor of vast buildings, and among them the great Havana tobacco warehouse (a meeting-place for gentlemen), filled with cigars, little and big, round, flat, pointed, and twisted, winding like snakes, bent like bows, hook-shaped, of every shape, for every taste, and at every price, enough to content the maddest fancy of a smoker and to stupefy the entire population of a city; spacious markets; the grand royal palace, in which the Quirinal and the Pitti Palace might hide without fear of discovery; the great street Atocha, which crosses the city; the immense garden of *Buen Retiro*, with its great lake, with its hills crowned with Moorish domes, and its thousands of rare birds.... But, worthy of attention above everything else, the museums of armor and painting, and the Naval Museum, to each of which one might easily dedicate a volume.

The armory of Madrid is one of the most beautiful in the world. As you enter the vast hall your heart gives a leap, your blood tingles, and you stand still on the threshold like one demented. A complete army of cavalry in full armor, with drawn swords and lances in rest, gleaming and terrible, rushes toward you like a legion of spectres. It is an army of emperors, kings, and dukes, clad in the most splendid armor that has ever left the hands of man, upon which pours a flood of light from eighteen enormous windows, producing a marvellous play and flashing of light, dancing sunbeams, and dazzling colors. The walls are covered with cuirasses, swords, halberds, jousting-spears, huge blunderbusses, and

enormous lances which reach from the floor to the ceiling. Banners of all the armies of the world hang from the ceiling—trophies of Lepanto, of San Quintino, of the War of Independence, of the wars of Africa, Cuba, and Mexico. On every side there is a profusion of glorious standards, of illustrious arms, of marvellous works of art, of effigies, emblems, and immortal names.

One does not know what first to admire. One runs first here, then there, looking at everything and seeing nothing, and becomes tired before one has really begun. In the middle of the hall is the equestrian armor, the cavaliers and their horses, drawn up in line by threes and by twos, and all wheeling just like a squadron on the march. Among the arms one at first sight discovers those of Philip II., of Charles V., Philibert Emmanuel, and Christopher Columbus. Here and there, on pedestals, one sees helmets, casques, morions, gorgets, and shields which belonged to kings of Arragon, Castile, and Navarre, adorned with very fine reliefs in silver representing battles, mythological subjects, symbolic figures, trophies, grotesques, and garlands: some of these are works of the greatest power, the workmanship of the most famous artists of Europe; others are uncouth in form, with excessive ornament, with crests, visors, and colossal top-pieces. Then there are the little helmets and cuirasses of princes, swords and shields the gifts of popes and monarchs. In the midst of the knightly armor one sees statues dressed in the fantastic costumes of the American Indians, of Africans, and of Chinese, with feathers and bells, bows and quivers; then, too, horrible warmasks and the dresses of mandarins of gold woven with silk. Along the walls is other armor—the arms of the marquis de Pescara, of the poet Garcilasso de la Vega, of the marquis de Santa Cruz, the gigantic armor of John Frederick, the magnanimous duke of Saxony, and scattered here and there are Arabian, Persian, and Moorish banners falling to decay.

In the glass cases there is a collection of swords which make your blood run cold when you hear the names of those who wielded them—the sword of the prince de Conde, the sword of Isabella the Catholic, the sword of Philip II., the sword of Hernando Cortez, of the count-duke d’Olivares, of John of Austria, of Gonzalez of Cordova, of Pizarro; the sword of the Cid, and, a little farther along, the helmet of King Boabdil of Granada, the shield of Francis I., and the camp-chair of Charles V. In a corner of the hall are arranged the trophies of the Ottoman armies—helmets studded with gems, spurs, gilded stirrups, the collars of slaves, daggers, scimitars in velvet sheaths, with rings of gold, embroidered and inlaid with pearl; the spoils of Ali Pacha, who was slain on the flag-ship at the battle of Lepanto, his caftan brocaded with gold and silver, his girdle, sandals, and shields, the spoils of his sons, and the banners stripped from the

galleys. On another side are votive crowns, crosses, and the necklaces of Gothic princes. In another room are articles taken from the Indians of Mariveles, the Moors of Cagyan and Mindanao, and the savages of the most remote islands of Oceanica; collars of snail-shells, stone pipes, wooden idols, reed flutes; ornaments made of the claws of insects; slaves' garments made of palm-leaves with characters scribbled on them to serve as fetiches; poisoned arrows and axes of the executioners. And then, wherever one turns, there are royal saddles, coats of mail, culverins, historic drums, shoulder-belts, inscriptions, memorials and images of every time and every land, from the fall of the Goths to the battle of Tetuan, from Mexico to China—a storehouse of treasures and of masterpieces from which one goes out amazed and exhausted, to return to consciousness as if it were a dream, with one's memory weary and confused.

If a great Italian poet shall one day wish to sing the discovery of the New World, nowhere will he be able to find so powerful an inspiration as in the Naval Museum of Madrid, because in no other place will he feel so profoundly the original air of the American wilderness and the subtle presence of Columbus. There is a room called the "Cabinet of Discoveries:" the poet on entering this room, if he really has the soul of a poet, will reverently uncover his head. Wherever one's glance falls in the room one sees an image which stirs his blood. One is no longer in Europe nor in the century; one is in the America of the fifteenth century; one breathes that air, one sees those places, and lives that life. In the middle is a high trophy of the arms taken from the Indians of the newly-discovered land—shields covered with the skins of wild beasts, arrows of cane with feathered notches, wooden swords with sheaths woven of twigs, with hilts ornamented with horsehair, and scalp-locks falling in long streamers; clubs, spears, enormous axes, great swords with teeth like those of a saw, shapeless sceptres, gigantic quivers, garments of monkey-skin, dirks of kings and executioners, arms of the savages from Cuba, Mexico, New Caledonia, the Carolinas, and the most distant islands of the Pacific—black, uncouth, and horrible, suggesting to the imagination confused visions of terrible struggles in the mysterious shadows of the virgin forest, in an endless labyrinth of unknown trees. Among the spoils of the savage world are pictures and memorials of the Conquerors: here the portrait of Columbus, there that of Pizarro, farther on that of Hernando Cortez; on one of the walls the map of America by Juan de la Cosa, drawn during the second voyage of the Genoese upon an ample canvas dotted with figures, colors, and signs which were intended to direct expeditions into the interior of the country. Near the map is a bit of the tree under which the conqueror of Mexico lay on that famous "night of sorrow" after he had opened a

passage through the immense army that awaited his coming in the valley of Otumba; also a vase turned from the trunk of the tree near which the celebrated Captain Cook died; models of the canoes, boats, and rafts used by the natives; a circle of portraits of illustrious navigators, in the middle of which is a large painting of the three ships of Christopher Columbus, the Niña, the Pinta, and the Santa Maria, at the moment when America was discovered, with all the sailors standing on the decks waving their arms and cheering lustily, greeting the new land and giving thanks to God. There is no word which expresses the emotion which one feels at the sight of that spectacle, no tear worth that which then trembles on the eyelash, no soul that does not at that moment feel itself ennobled.

The other rooms, of which there are ten, are also full of precious objects. In the room next to the Cabinet of Discoveries there are collected the relics of the battle of Trafalgar—the painting of the Holy Trinity which was in the cabin of the "Royal Trinidad," and which was rescued by the English a few minutes before the ship went to the bottom; the hat and sword of Frederick de Gravina, the admiral of the Spanish fleet, who was killed that day; a large model of the Santa Anna, one of the few ships that escaped from the battle; banners and portraits of admirals, and paintings which depict episodes of that tremendous struggle. And besides the relics of Trafalgar there are many other things which affect the mind no less powerfully, as a chalice of wood from the tree called *ceiba*, in whose shade was celebrated the first mass at Havana, on the 19th of March, 1519; Captain Cook's cane; idols of the savages; flint chisels with which the Indians of Porto Rico fashioned their idols before the discovery of the island. And beyond this there is another great room where, on entering, one finds one's self in the midst of a fleet of galleys, caravels, feluccas, brigantines, sloops, and frigates—ships of all seas and of all ages, armed, gayly decked, and provisioned, so that they need only a wind to put to sea and scatter to all parts of the world. In the other rooms there is an exhibition of machinery, ordnance, and naval armor; paintings which represent all the maritime exploits of the Spanish people; more portraits of admirals, navigators, and mariners; trophies from Asia, America, Africa, and Oceanica, crowded and piled one above another, so that one must pass them on the run to see everything before nightfall. On coming out of the Naval Museum it seems as if you are just returning from a voyage around the world, so much have you lived in those few hours.

There is also at Madrid a large museum of artillery, an immense museum of the industrial arts, a fine archeological museum, a remarkable museum of natural history, as well as a thousand other things that are worth seeing; but it is

necessary, however, to sacrifice the description of them for the marvellous Museum of the Fine Arts.

The day on which one enters for the first time a museum like that of Madrid forms a landmark in a man's life. It is an important event, like marriage, the birth of a child, or the entrance upon an inheritance; for one feels the effect of it to the end of one's life. And this is true because a museum like that of Madrid or that of Florence or that of Rome is a world: a day passed within its walls is a year of life: a year of life stirred by all the passions which are able to animate one in real life: love, religion, patriotism, glory; a year of life in the enjoyment it gives, in the instruction it imparts, in the thoughts it suggests, in the pleasure to be derived from its memory in the future; a year of life in which one reads a thousand volumes, feels a thousand sensations, and meets with a thousand adventures. These thoughts were in my mind as I approached with rapid steps the Museum of the Fine Arts, situated to the left of the Prado as one comes from the street Alcalá; and so great was my pleasure that on reaching the doorway I stopped and said to myself, "Let us see: what have you ever done in your life to deserve an entrance here? Nothing! Well, then, on that day when some misfortune comes upon you bow your head and consider that your account is balanced."

As I entered I unconsciously raised my hat: my heart beat fast and a slight shiver ran through me from head to foot. In the first room there are only some large paintings of Luca Giordano. I passed them by. In the second I was no longer myself, and, instead of staying to look at paintings one by one, I postponed that examination and made the circuit of the gallery almost on the run. In the second room there are some paintings of Goya, the last great Spanish painter; in the third, which is as large as a square, are masterpieces of the great masters. On entering you see on one side the Madonnas of Murillo, on the other the saints of Ribera; a little farther on, the portraits of Velasquez; in the middle of the hall, paintings of Raphael, Michelangelo, Andrea del Sarto, and at the end those of Titian, Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, Correggio, Domenichino, and Guido Reni. You turn back and enter a great room to the right. There you see at the end other paintings of Raphael; on the right and left, more of Velasquez, Titian, and Ribera; opposite the entrance, Rubens, Van Dyck, Fra Angelico, and Murillo. Another is devoted to the French school—Poussin, Daguet, Lorraine. In two other rooms of vast size the walls are covered with paintings of Breughel, Teniers, Jordaens, Rubens, Durer, Schoen, Mongs, Rembrandt, and Bosch. In the other rooms, of equal size, there is a medley of the works of Joanes, Carbajal, Herrera, Luca Giordano, Carducci, Salvator Rosa, Menendez, Cano, and Ribera.

You walk for an hour and have seen nothing. For the first hour a war is

waging: the masterpieces struggle for the possession of your soul. The *Conception* of Murillo blots out Ribera's *Martyrdom of Saint Bartholomew* with a flood of light; Ribera's *Saint James* obliterates Joanes' *Saint Stephen*; Titian's *Charles V.* dooms the *Count-Duke de Olivares* of Velasquez; Raphael's *Pasmo de Sicilia* casts all the paintings around it in the shade; the *Drunkards* of Velasquez, with their reflection of bacchanalian joy, somewhat disconcert the faces of the neighboring saints and princes; Rubens overthrows Van Dyck; Paolo Veronese triumphs over Tiepolo, and Goya kills Madrazo.

The conquered turn against those still weaker than themselves, or in their turn win lesser victories over their conquerors. It is a struggle of the miracles of art, in the midst of which one's restless soul trembles like a flame fanned by a thousand gusts of wind, and one's heart expands with a sense of pride in the power of the genius of man.

When the first enthusiasm has subsided one begins to admire. In the midst of an army of such artists, each of whom would require a volume for himself, I restrict myself to the Spaniards, and among these to the painters who aroused within me the most profound admiration and whose canvases I remember most distinctly. The most recent of these is Goya, who was born toward the end of the last century. As a painter he is the most Spanish of the Spaniards, the painter of *toreros*, of the people, of contrabandists, hags, and robbers, of the War of Independence, and of that old Spanish life which melted away before his very eyes. He was a fiery son of Arragon, of iron temper, passionately devoted to bull-fights, so that even in the closing years of his life, when he was living at Bordeaux, he was accustomed to come once a week to Madrid with no other reason than to witness those spectacles; and he would go back like an arrow, not even so much as saluting his friends. A genius rigorous, cynical, imperious, awe-inspiring—who in the heat of his violent inspirations would in a few moments cover a wall or a canvas with figures, giving the finishing touches with whatever came to hand—sponges, brooms, or sticks; who in sketching the face of a person whom he hated would insult it; who painted a picture as he would have fought a battle; very bold in composition, an original strong colorist, the creator of an inimitable style, with frightful shadows, hidden lights, and resemblances distorted and yet true to life. He was a great master in the expression of all terrible effects of anger, hate, desperation, and the thirst for blood; an athletic, turbulent, indefatigable painter; a naturalist like Velasquez, fantastical like Hogarth, vigorous like Rembrandt, the last ruddy spark of Spanish genius. There are several of his paintings in the museum of Madrid,

[Image not available: The Immaculate Conception, by Murillo]
The Immaculate Conception, by Murillo

and among them is a very large canvas representing the entire family of Charles IV. But the two paintings into which he put his whole soul are the French soldiers shooting the Spaniards on the second of May, and the fight of the people of Madrid with the Mamelukes of Napoleon, in which the figures are life-size. These are paintings which make one shudder. One cannot imagine anything more terrible, nor is it possible to give overbearing power a form more execrable, to desperation a more fearful appearance, or to the fury of a battle an expression of greater ferocity. In the first of these paintings there is a murky sky, the light of a lantern, a pool of blood, a confused mass of corpses, a crowd of men condemned to death, a row of French soldiers in the act of firing: in the other, bleeding horses, cavaliers dragged from their saddles, stabbed, trampled down, and mangled. What faces! what attitudes! One seems to hear the cries and see the blood run; the actual scene could not have been more horrible. Goya must have painted these pictures with flashing eyes and foaming mouth, with all the fury of a demoniac. It is the final point which painting can reach before it is transferred into action; beyond this point the brush is flung aside and the battle begins. Anything more terrible than these paintings must be slaughter; after these colors comes blood.

Of Ribera—whom we know also by the name of *Spagnoletto*—there are enough paintings to form a museum. They consist in great part of life-size figures of saints; a martyrdom of Saint Bartholomew, full of figures; a colossal Prometheus chained to a rock. Other paintings of his are found in other museums, at the Escurial, and in the churches, for he was very productive and industrious, like almost all the Spanish artists. After seeing a painting of his, one recognizes all the others at a glance, nor is it necessary to look at them with the eye of a critic to do this. There are old emaciated saints with shaved heads and naked, so that one can count their veins; with hollow eyes, fleshless cheeks, furrowed brows, and sunken chests, through which one can see their ribs; arms and hands which are only skin and bones; bodies worn out and exhausted, clothed in rags—yellow with the deathly pallor of corpses, full of sores, and covered with flood; carcases which seem to have been just dragged from the tomb, bearing on their faces the impress of all the spasms of pain, torture, famine, and sleeplessness; figures from the anatomist’s table, from which you might study all the secrets of the human organism. Admirable? Yes, for boldness

of design, for strength of color, and for the thousand other merits which won for Ribera the fame of a most powerful painter. But true and great art—ah, it is not that! In those faces there is none of that celestial light, that immortal ray of the soul, which reveals with sublime pathos, noble aspirations, those “subtle flashes” and “limitless desires”—that light which draws the eye from the sores and calls down the thought of heaven. There is only the crude suffering which causes repulsion and fear; there are only weariness of life and the presentiment of death; only that fleeting mortal life without a suggestion of the immortality drawing near. There is not one of those saints whose image one recalls with affection: one looks and is chilled at heart, but the heart beats none the quicker. Ribera never loved. Yet as I hurried through the halls of the museum, in spite of that strong repugnance which many of these paintings inspired in me, I was obliged to look at them and could not withdraw my eyes, so great is the attractive force of truth, even if it be despicable. And how true are the paintings of Ribera! I recognized those faces: I had seen them in the hospitals, in the morgues, behind the doors of churches—the faces of beggars, of the dying, of those condemned to death, which haunt me at night even now when I hurry along a deserted street, pass by a graveyard, or climb a mysterious staircase. There are some of them which I could not look at—a naked hermit, stretched on the ground, who seemed like a skeleton covered with skin; an old saint whose shrunken skin gave the appearance of a flayed body; the Prometheus with his entrails bursting from his breast. Ribera delighted in blood, mangled limbs, and butchery; it was his delight to represent suffering; he must have believed in an Inferno more horrible than that of Dante and in a God more terrible than that of Philip II. In the museum of Madrid he represents religious dread, old age, torture, and death.

More cheerful, more various, and more splendid is the great Velasquez. Almost all his masterpieces are there. They form a world: everything is pictured in them—war, the court, the street, the tavern, Paradise. It is a gallery of dwarfs, idiots, beggars, buffoons, revellers, comedians, kings, warriors, martyrs, and gods, all alive and speaking, in bold and novel attitudes, with serene brow and smiling lip, full of animation and vigor; the great painting of Count-Duke de Olivares on horseback, the celebrated paintings of the Beggars, of the Weavers, of the Revellers, the Forge of Vulcan, and of the surrender of Breda—large canvases full of figures which seem to be stepping out of the frame, which on once seeing you remember distinctly by some trifling characteristic, a gesture or a shadow on the face, as though they were real persons whom you have just met; people with whom you seem to have talked, and of whom you think long afterward as of acquaintances of a forgotten time; people who might inspire

cheerfulness and provoke a smile of admiration, causing you to regret that it is possible only to enjoy them with the eyes and not to mingle with them and share a little of their exuberant life. This is not the effect of a preconceived opinion which the name of the great artist has given, nor need one be a connoisseur of art to experience it. The poor ignorant woman and the boy stop before those pictures, clap their hands, and laugh. It is Nature painted with a fidelity higher than any imagination. One forgets the painter, does not think of the art, nor try to discover its meaning, but says, “This is true! This is the very thing! It is the picture I had in my mind!” One would say that Velasquez has not put anything of himself in it, but that his hand has only drawn the lines and put the colors on the canvas from a likeness which reproduced the very persons whom he was painting. There are more than sixty of his paintings in the museum of Madrid, and if one saw them only once, and hurriedly at that, not one of them would be forgotten. It is with the paintings of Velasquez as with the romances of Alessandro Manzoni—when one has read them for the tenth time they become so interwoven and confused with one’s personal memories that one seems to have lived them. So the persons in Velasquez’s paintings melt into the crowd of friends and acquaintances; the neighbors and strangers of our whole life present themselves and entertain us without our even remembering that we have seen them on the canvas.

Now let us speak of Murillo in our gentlest tones. Velasquez is in art an eagle; Murillo is an angel. One admires Velasquez and adores Murillo. By his canvases we know him as if he had lived among us. He was handsome, good, and virtuous. Envy knew not where to attack him; around his crown of glory he bore a halo of love. He was born to paint the sky. Fortune gave him a mild and serene genius, which bore him to God on the wings of a tranquil inspiration, and yet his most admirable paintings breathe an air of gentle sweetness which inspires sympathy and affection even before admiration. A simple nobility and elegance of outline, an expression full of sprightliness and grace, an inexpressible harmony of colors,—these are the qualities that impress one at first sight; but the more one looks at the paintings, the more one discovers, and surprise is transformed little by little into a delicious sense of pleasure. His saints have a benign aspect, cheering and consoling; his angels, whom he groups with marvellous ability, make one’s lips tremble with a desire to kiss them; his Virgins, clothed in white, with long flowing draperies of azure, with their great black eyes, their clasped hands, delicate, graceful, and ethereal, make one’s heart tremble with their beauty and one’s eyes fill with tears. He combines the truth of Velasquez, the vigor of Ribera, the harmonious transparency of Titian, and the

brilliant vivacity of Rubens. Spain has given

[Image not available: Virgin of the Napkin, Murillo]
Virgin of the Napkin, Murillo

him the name of the “Painter of Conceptions” because he is unsurpassed in the art of representing that divine idea. There are four grand Conceptions in the museum of Madrid. I have stood for hours in front of those four paintings, motionless and entranced. I was enraptured, above all, by that incomplete one, with the arms folded over the Virgin’s breast and a half moon across her waist. Many prefer the others; I trembled on hearing this, for I was filled with an inexpressible love for that face. More than once as I looked at it I felt the tears coursing down my cheeks. As I stood before that painting my heart was softened and my mind was lifted to a plane of thought higher than any I had ever before reached. It was not the enthusiasm of faith; it was a longing, a boundless aspiration toward faith, a hope which gave me visions of a life nobler, richer, and more beautiful than that which I had yet known—a new feeling of prayer, a desire to love, to do good, to suffer for others, to make atonement, to elevate my mind and heart. I have never been so full of faith as in those moments. I have never felt so good and affectionate, and I believe that my soul has never shone more clearly in my face. *The Lady of Sorrows*, *Saint Anna Teaching the Virgin to Read*, *Christ Crucified*, *The Annunciation*, *The Adoration of the Shepherds*, *The Holy Family*, *The Virgin of the Rosary*, and *The Child Jesus* are all admirable and beautiful paintings of a soft and serene light which appeal to the soul. One should see on a Sunday the children, the girls, and the poor women before those pictures—see how their faces light up and hear the sweet words upon their lips. Murillo is a saint to them, and they speak his name with a smile, as if to say, “He is ours!” and in so saying they look as though they were performing an act of reverence. The artists do not all regard him in the same manner, but they love him above all others, and they are not able to divorce their admiration from their love.

Murillo is not merely a great painter; he is a great soul. He has won more than glory: he has won the love of Spain. He is more than a sovereign master of the beautiful; he is a benefactor, an inspiration to noble deeds, for a lovely image, when once seen on his canvas, is carried in the heart throughout life with a feeling of gratitude and religious devotion. He is one of those men whom some secret prompting tells us we must see again, and that the meeting will be a

reward: such men cannot have disappeared for ever; in some place they still live where their life is as a lamp of constant flame, which must one day appear to the eyes of mortals in all its splendor. “The empty dreams of fancy,” one may say, but, ah, what pleasant dreams!

After the works of these four great masters there are the paintings of Joanes to admire—an artist imbued with the Italian feeling, whose correct drawing and nobility of character have won for him the title, although it must be spoken in an undertone, of the Spanish Raphael. He resembles Fra Angelico in his life, not in his art, for his studio was an oratory where he fasted and did penance. Before beginning his work he used to take the communion.

Then there are the paintings of Alonzo Cano; the paintings of Pacheco, the master of Murillo; the paintings of Pareja, Velasquez’s slave; of Navarrete the mute; of Menendez, a great painter of flowers; of Herrera, Coello, Carbajal, Collantes, and Rizi, and there are a few works of Zurbarán, one of the greatest Spanish artists, worthy to stand beside the three first. The corridors, the antechambers, and the halls are full of the works of other artists, of less importance than those mentioned, but nevertheless admirable for particular points.

But this is not the only art gallery in Madrid; there are hundreds of pictures in the Academy of San Fernando. In the chambers of Fomento and in other private galleries one would have to spend month after month to see everything well, and to describe it would take an equal time, even if one had sufficient ability to do so. One of the ablest French writers, a great lover of art and a master of description, when it came to the point was frightened and knew nothing better to do than to avoid the dilemma by saying that it would take too long to describe it all; and if he thought well to keep silent, it must appear that I have said too much already. It is one of the saddest consequences of a pleasant journey to discover that one has in one’s mind a crowd of lovely images and in one’s heart a tumult of grand emotions, and to be able to express only so small a part of them.

With what profound contempt could I destroy these pages when I think of those paintings! O Murillo! O Velasquez! O my poor pen!

A few days after my arrival at Madrid, as I was coming from the street Alcalá into the square of the Puerta del Sol, I saw King Amadeus for the first time. I felt it to be as great a pleasure as if I had met my most intimate friend. It is strange to find one’s self in a country where the only person one knows is the king. One could wish to run after him saying, “Your Majesty, it is I; I have arrived.”

Amadeus pursued his father’s course at Madrid. He rose at dawn and walked in the gardens of Moro, which lie between the royal palace and the Manzanares,

or else he visited the museums, walking through the city on foot with only one attendant. The maids, running home in breathless haste with their well-filled baskets, told their sleepy mistresses how they had met the king, how they had passed him so near that he could have touched them; and the Republican matrons would say, “And so he ought to!” And the Carlists would make a grimace and mutter, “What sort of a king is that?” Or as I heard one say, “He seems determined to get shot at any cost.” On returning to the palace he received the captain-general and the governor of Madrid, who, in accordance with the ancient custom, are obliged to present themselves every day to the king to ask if he has any orders to give to the army or the police. Next came the ministers. Besides seeing them altogether in council once a week, Amadeus received one of them every day. On the departure of the minister the audience began.

Amadeus gave an audience every day of at least one hour’s duration, and many times prolonged it to two hours. The demands were innumerable, and the ends sought may be easily imagined—subsidies, pensions, positions, favors, and decorations. The king heard them all. The queen also received—not every day, however, on account of her variable health. To her lot fell all the deeds of charity. She received all sorts of people in the presence of the major-domo and a lady of honor at the hour of the king’s audience—ladies, laboring-men, peasant-women, hearing with pity their long recitals of poverty and suffering; moreover, she distributed in works of charity a hundred thousand francs a month, without counting her liberal donations to hospitals, asylums, and other benevolent institutions, some of which she herself founded.

On the bank of the Manzanares, in sight of the royal palace, in an open smiling place, one sees a brightly-colored cottage surrounded by a garden, when as one passes one hears the laughter, the crowing, and the crying of babies. The queen had this house built to shelter the little children of washerwomen, who, while their mothers were at work, used to remain in the streets exposed to a thousand dangers. There are teachers, nurses, and servants who provide for all the needs of the babies: it is at the same time a refuge and a school. The funds for the construction and maintenance of the house were appropriated from the twenty-five thousand francs a month which the state had granted to the duke of Puglia. The queen also instituted a foundling hospital, a home or sort of college for the children of the tobacco-workers, and kitchens where soup, meat, and bread are distributed to all the poor of the city. She herself went unexpectedly sometimes to assist at the distribution, to assure herself that no abuse was made of it, and, discovering that some trickery was practised, she provided against its repetition. Besides these acts, the Sisters of Charity received every month thirty

thousand francs with which to succor those families that by reason of their social position were not able to come to the distribution of soup. These private deeds of benevolence which the queen performed were very difficult to discover, because she was accustomed to do them without speaking to any one. Little is known of her habits, because she did everything unostentatiously and with a reserve which would be considered excessive even for a private lady.

None of the court ladies knew that she went to hear the sermon at San Luis de Francis; a lady saw her there for the first time, by chance, among the other worshippers. In her dress there was nothing distinctive of royalty, not even on the days of the court dinners. Queen Isabella wore a great red mantle with the arms of Castile, a diadem, ornaments, and insignia; not so Donna Victoria. She usually dressed in the colors of the Spanish flag, with a simplicity which proclaimed her royalty much better than splendor and magnificence would have done. It was not Spanish gold which had to do with this simplicity: all the expenses which were incurred for herself, her children, and her servants were paid from her privy purse.

When the Bourbons were on the throne the whole of the royal palace was occupied. The king resided in the left wing toward the plaza of the armory; Montpensier lived in the part opposite to that of the queen; the princes had each an apartment looking toward the garden of Moro. When King Amadeus resided there a great part of the immense edifice remained empty: he occupied only three small rooms—a study, a bed-chamber, and a dressing-room. His chamber opened into a long corridor which led to the two little rooms of the princes, opposite to which was the queen's apartments, for she would never be separated from her children.

Then there was a reception-room. All that part of the palace which served for the entire royal family was formerly occupied by Queen Isabella alone. When she learned that Amadeus and Victoria were content with such small quarters, she is said to have exclaimed with astonishment, "Poor young things! they won't have room to turn around."

The king and queen used to dine with a major-domo and one of the court ladies. After dinner the king smoked a Virginia cigar (if the detractors of this prince of cigars care to know it) and entered his cabinet to attend to the affairs of state. He was accustomed to take a great many notes and frequently consulted with the queen, especially when he was trying to reconcile the ministers or to conciliate the heads of departments. He read a great many magazines of every bias; anonymous letters which threatened him with death and those which gave him advice; satirical poems, schemes of social revolution,—everything, indeed,

that was sent to him. About three o'clock he left the palace on horseback; the guards blew their trumpets and a squire in red livery followed him at a distance of fifty paces. To see him one would have said that he did not know he was the king: he looked at the children as they passed him, at the signs of the shops, the soldiers, the coaches, and the fountains with an expression of almost childish curiosity. He rode the whole length of the street Alcalá slowly, like an ordinary citizen thinking of his own affairs, and would turn into the Prado to enjoy his part of the air and the sunshine.

The ministers clamored against it; the Bourbons, accustomed to the imposing equipage of Isabella, said that he was trailing the majesty of the throne of San Fernando through the streets; even the squire who followed him looked around with a shamefaced air, as if to say, "See what folly!" But whatever they might say, the king gave no sign of fear. And the Spaniards, it must be said, did him justice, and, whatever may have been their opinion of his administration and government, they never failed to add, "So far as courage goes, there is nothing to say."

Every Sunday there was a court dinner. Invitations were extended to deputies, professors, academicians, and illustrious men of letters and scientists. The queen talked with them all on every subject with a confidence and grace which, for all they had previously heard of her genius and culture, quite exceeded their expectations. The people naturally exaggerated in speaking of her attainments, and talked of Greek, Arabic, Sanskrit, astronomy, and mathematics. But true it is that she talked intelligently on subjects far removed from the ordinary course of feminine studies, and not in the evasive and superficial manner of those who know only the names and titles. She had made a careful study of the Spanish language, and finally spoke it as though it were her own; the history, literature, and customs of her adopted country were alike familiar to her, and she lacked only the desire to remain in Spain to have made her a thorough Spaniard. The Liberals murmured, the Bourbons said, "She is not our queen," but they all regarded her with profound respect. The bitterest journals went no farther than to call her the wife of Amadeus instead of the queen. The most violent of the Republican deputies in alluding to her in a speech at the Cortes could do no less than pronounce her illustrious and virtuous. She was the only person of the royal household against whom no one would permit a slur either by tongue or pen. She was like a white figure left in the centre of a group of spiteful caricatures.

As for the king, it seemed as though the Spanish press enjoyed an unrestrained liberty, and under the safeguard of the titles the *Savoyard*, the *foreigner*, and the *young courtier* the journals which were opposed to his rule

could say in substance whatever they chose; and didn't they say charming things? One took it to heart that the king was homely in face and figure, another was displeased because he walked so stiffly, a third tried to ridicule his manner of returning a salute, and other trifling matters which are almost incredible. Nevertheless, the people of Madrid had for him, if not the enthusiasm of the Azenzia Stefani, at least a very real sympathy.

The simplicity of his habits and his kindheartedness were proverbial even among the children. It was known that he bore no malice toward any, not even toward those who had treated him badly; that he had never given an affront to any one; that no bitter word against his enemies had ever escaped him. If one spoke of the personal dangers which he incurred, every good citizen answered indignantly that the Spanish people respect those who trust them; his bitterest enemies spoke of him with anger, but not with odium; the very men who would not raise their hats on meeting him in the street felt their blood boil when others followed their example, and could not conceal a feeling of sadness at the occurrence. There are images of fallen kings over which one casts a dark covering; others are concealed by a white veil which makes them appear more beautiful and venerable: over this one Spain has cast the white veil. And who knows but that one day the sight of this image will call from the breast of every honest Spaniard a secret sigh, like the memory of a beloved one who has been offended, or like a gentle and benign voice which says in sad tones of reproach, "Nevertheless, thou hast wronged me"?

One Sunday the king held a review of the Volunteers of Liberty, a sort of national guard like that of Italy, with this difference—that the Italians do good service voluntarily, while the Spaniards will do nothing even by force.

The *Voluntarios* were drawn up along the avenue of the Prado, where an immense crowd had collected. When I arrived there were already three or four battalions of them. The first was the battalion of veterans, all men above fifty, and not a few very old, dressed in black and wearing the cap *à la Ros*, with gold and silver lace and crosses upon crosses, as spruce and tidy as the students of a military academy, and from the proud and dignified rolling of their eyes they might have been confounded with the grenadiers of the Old Guard. After them came another battalion in a different uniform—gray breeches, a coat open and turned back over the breast, with large lapels of scarlet cloth; instead of the caps *à la Ros*, hats with blue plumes—and carrying guns with fixed bayonets. Another battalion and another uniform—the Ros caps again instead of the hats, and green cloth instead of the red, breeches of another color, and daggers instead of bayonets. A fourth battalion and arms all different. Other battalions come up,

in various array. Some wear Prussian helmets, others helmets without points; some carry bayonets, some straight daggers, some curved and others spiral daggers; here there are soldiers with corded coats, there those without cords, and again those with cords; belts, epaulets, cravats, plumes; everything changes every moment.

All the divisions are gay and pompous, with a hundred colors and a hundred banners which wave, flash, and float in the air. Every battalion has a different banner covered with embroidery, ribbons, and fringe. Among the others one sees soldiers dressed like peasants with any sort of a stripe sewed loosely down a pair of ragged trousers; some without cravats, some with black cravats, open jackets, and embroidered tunics; boys from twelve to fifteen, armed at all points, walking in the ranks; vivandières, with short skirts and red breeches, carrying baskets full of cigars and oranges. At the head of the battalions there is a continual hurrying of mounted officials. Every major wears on his head or on his breast or on his saddle some ornament of his own device; at every moment a courier of some unknown corps passes; one sees lace of liver, gold, and wool on the arms, on the shoulders, and around the neck; medallions and crosses so thick that they conceal half the breast, fastened one above the other, both above and below the belt; gloves of all the colors of the rainbow; sabres, swords little and big, pistols and revolvers—a mixture, in short, of all the uniforms and arms of every army; a variety that would appall ten ministerial commissioners for the modification of dress; a confusion that turns one's head. I do not remember whether there were twelve or fourteen battalions; as each one of them selected its own uniform, there was necessarily the greatest possible diversity among them. They were commanded by the mayor, who also wore a fantastic uniform. There were about eight thousand men.

At the hour assigned a sudden scurrying of staff-officers and a loud blast of trumpets announced the arrival of the king. Amadeus had, in fact, arrived on horseback by the street Alcalá in the uniform of commander-in-chief, with cavalry boots, white breeches, and swallow-tail coat, and behind him a closely-formed group of generals, aides-de-camp, servants in scarlet livery, lancers, cuirassiers, and guards. After he had reviewed the entire front of the army from the Prado as far as the church of Atocha, surrounded by a dense, silent crowd, he returned toward the street Alcalá. Here there was a vast multitude which surged and murmured like the sea. The king and his staff took their stand in front of the church of San José, with their backs toward the façade, and the cavalry with great trouble succeeded in opening a narrow space through which the battalions might march.

They marched in platoons. As they passed, at a signal from the commander, they cried, "*Viva el Rey! Viva Don Amadeo primero!*" It was an unfortunate idea for the first officer to give the cry. The spontaneous cheer of the first became a duty to all the others, and this resulted in the public taking the greater and the less vigor and harmony of the voices as a sign of political demonstration. Some of the platoons gave such a weak, short cheer that it seemed like the cry of a group of sick men calling for aid; then the crowd burst out laughing. Other platoons gave a deafening shout, and that was interpreted as a demonstration hostile to the government. There were several reports passing among the people crowded about me. One said, "There comes such a battalion: they are republicans; you will see they will not cheer." The battalion passed without cheering. The people coughed. Another said, "It is an outrage, a fault of education; I don't like Amadeus much myself, but I keep quiet and respect him." There was some disturbance. A young fellow shouted *Viva* in a falsetto voice, and a *caballero* told him he was impertinent; he resented this, and they both raised their hands, whereupon a third separated them.

Between the different battalions marched citizens on horseback; some did not raise their hats or even look toward the king, and then one might hear different expressions through the crowd, as "Well done!" and "What bad manners!" Others, whose will was good enough to salute him, were afraid to do so, and passed with bowed head and blushing face. Others, on the contrary, disgusted by the spectacle, made a courageous demonstration for Amadeus in the face of them all, marching past, hat in hand, and looking first respectfully toward the king and then fiercely toward the crowd for the distance of ten paces. The king sat until the end of the procession motionless, with an unchanged expression of serene haughtiness. So ended the review.

This national militia, although it is not so disorganized and exhausted as ours, is nothing more than the ghost of an army: the ridiculous has gnawed at its very roots; but as an amusement on a holiday, although the number of volunteers is much reduced (they numbered thirty thousand at one time), it is always a spectacle which far surpasses all the flag-poles and red rags of Signor Ottino.

THE BULL-FIGHTS.

The thirty-first of March inaugurates the spectacle of the bull-fights. Let us discuss them at leisure, for they form a worthy subject.

He who has read Baretti's description may consider that he has read nothing. Baretti saw only the bull-fights of Lisbon, which are mere child's play beside those of Madrid. Madrid is the home of the art: here are the great artists, here the

stupendous spectacles, here the skilled spectators, here the judges who distribute the honors. The circus of Madrid is the Theatre della Scala of the art of bull-fighting.

The inauguration of the bull-fights at Madrid is even more important than a change of the ministry. A month beforehand the news spreads throughout all Spain: from Cadiz to Barcelona, from Bilbao to Almeria, in the palaces of the grandees and the cabins of the poor, they talk only of the artists and the breed of bulls; they arrange fights for pleasure between the provinces and the capital; he who is short of money begins to save so as to get a good place in the circus on that great day; fathers and mothers promise their children to take them if they will study well; lovers make similar promises to their sweethearts; the papers assure you that it will be a good season; the famous *toreros*, who already begin to appear in Madrid, are pointed out with the finger; rumors are afloat that the bulls have arrived, and some have seen them or have arranged to do so.

There are bulls from the pastures of the duke of Veragua, the marquis de Merced, and of Her Excellency the dowager of Villaseca, prodigious and terrible. The office is opened to receive subscriptions; the dilettanti crowd around, together with the servants of the noble families, the brokers, and friends commissioned by the absent. The first day the manager has received fifty thousand francs, on the second thirty thousand, and a hundred thousand in a week. Frascuelo, the famous *matador*, has arrived; Cuco has arrived; Calderón has arrived, and all the others three days before the time. Thousands of people can talk of nothing else; ladies dream of the circus; ministers have no thought for other affairs; old dilettanti can hardly contain themselves; soon laboring-men stop buying their cigarettes to have a few pennies on the day of the spectacle. Finally, on Saturday morning, before dawn, they commence to sell tickets in a room on the street Alcalá. A crowd collects before the doors are opened, yelling, pushing, and knocking each other about; twenty policemen with revolvers in their belts are scarcely able to keep decent order; there is a continuous stream of people until night.

The long-expected day has arrived. The spectacle commences at three o’clock; at noon the people start from all directions toward the circus, which stands at the edge of the suburb of Salamanca, beyond the Prado, outside of the gate of Alcalá; all the streets which lead there are crowded with a procession of people. The circus looks like a great anthill; troops of soldiers and Volunteers of Liberty arrive, headed by bands of music; a crowd of water-carriers and orange-sellers fill the air with their cries; ticket-sellers run here and there, hailed by a thousand voices. Woe for him who has not yet bought his ticket! He will pay

double, treble, quadruple! But what cares he if a ticket costs even fifty or eighty francs? They are looking for the king; they say the queen is coming too. The chariots of the great guns begin to arrive; the duke Ferdinando Nunes, the duke d'Abrantes, the marquis de la Vega de Armijo, a crowd of the grandees of Spain, the goddesses of the aristocracy, the ministers, generals, and ambassadors—all that is beautiful, splendid, and powerful in the great city. One may enter the circus by many doors, but before entering one is deafened by the noise.

I entered. The circus is immense. The outside is in no way remarkable; it is a low circular yellow building without windows, but on entering one feels the liveliest surprise. It is a circus for a people, where ten thousand spectators can be seated and in which a regiment of cavalry might drill. The arena is circular, and so vast that it could hold ten of our equestrian circuses. It is encircled by a wooden barrier about even with a man's shoulders, provided on the inside with a narrow ledge a little way from the ground, on which the toreros place their feet to jump over when the bull chases them. Beyond this barrier there is another higher one, for the bull often leaps over the first; between the two a narrow course, a little more than a metre in width, runs all the way round the arena; here the toreros stroll before the combat, and here stand the attendants of the circus—the carpenters ready to repair the gaps which the bull has made, the guards, the orange-venders, the dilettanti who enjoy the friendship of the manager, and the great guns who are allowed to transgress the rules. Beyond the second barrier rises a tier of stone seats, and beyond this are the boxes; below the boxes runs a gallery containing three rows of seats. The boxes are each large enough to hold three or four families; the king's box is a great drawing-room; next to it is that of the city officials, in which sits the mayor or whoever presides at the spectacle. Then there is the box for the ministers, for the governors, and for the ambassadors; every noble family has one; the young *bon tons*, as Giusti would say, have a box to themselves; then there are boxes to let which cost a fortune.

Every seat in the tiers is numbered, every person has a ticket; so the entrance is made without the least disorder. The circus is divided into two parts—one in the shade, the other in the sunshine; in the first one pays more; in the second sit the common people. The arena has four doors at equal distances from each other—the door through which the toreros enter, the door for the bulls, another for the horses, and a fourth, under the king's box, for the heralds of the spectacle. Over the door through which the bulls enter rises a sort of sloping platform which is called the *toril*, and well for him who can find a place there! Upon this platform, in a little box, stand the men who at a sign from the mayor's box sound the trumpet and drum to announce the entrance of the bull. Facing the *toril* on the

opposite side of the arena along the stone balcony is the band of music. The whole balcony is divided into compartments, each of which has its own door.

Before the show begins the people are allowed to enter the arena and to walk through all the passages of the building. They go to see the horses enclosed in a courtyard, and most of them destined to be killed, more's the pity! They go to see the dark chambers where are confined the bulls, which are driven from one enclosure to another until they reach a corridor and dash into the arena; they go to see the infirmary where the wounded toreros are borne: once there was a chapel to visit in which mass was celebrated during the combat, and there the toreros went to pray before confronting the angry brutes; then they go to the principal entrance, where are exhibited the *banderillas* that are to be inserted in the bulls' necks, and where one sees a group of old toreros—one lame, another without an arm, a third on crutches—and the young toreros who have not yet been admitted to the honors of the circus of Madrid. One buys a copy of the Bulletin of the Bulls, which promises miracles for the doings of the day. Then one gets from the guard the programme of the spectacle and a printed leaflet divided into columns for noting the strokes of the spear, the thrusts, the falls, and the wounds. One climbs along endless corridors and interminable stairways in the midst of a crowd which comes and goes, ascends and descends, crying and shouting, so that the whole building trembles, and finally one returns to one's seat.

The circus is crowded full, and presents a spectacle of which it is impossible to form an idea unless one has seen it: it is a sea of heads, hats, fans, and hands waving in the air; on the side where sit the better classes in the shade all is dark; on the other side, in the sun, where the common people sit, a thousand brilliant colors of vesture, parasols, and paper fans—an immense masquerade.

There is not room enough for another child; the crowd is as compact as a phalanx; no one can go out, and it is difficult even to move one's arms. It is not a buzzing like the noise of other theatres; it is different: it is an agitation, a life altogether peculiar to the circus; everybody is shouting, gesticulating, and saluting each other with frantic joy; the women and children scream; the gravest men frolic like boys; the young men, in groups of twenty and thirty, shout in chorus and beat with their canes against the stone balustrade as a sign to the mayor that the hour has arrived. In the boxes there is an overflow of spirits, like that in the galleries of the regular theatres; the discordant cries of the crowd are augmented by the howls of a hundred hawkers, who are throwing oranges in every direction; the band plays, the bulls bellow, the crowd outside roars; it is a spectacle which makes one dizzy, and before the struggle commences one is

exhausted, intoxicated, and stupefied.

Suddenly there is a cry, “The king!” The king has arrived; he is come in a chariot drawn by white horses, with mounted grooms in picturesque Andalusian costumes; the glass doors of the royal box swing back, and the king enters with a stately crowd of ministers, generals, and major-domos. The queen is not there: one foresaw that; every one knows that she has a horror of this spectacle. Oh! but the king would not miss it; he has always come. They say he is mad over it. The hour has come, the spectacle begins. I shall remember to my dying day the chill which passed over me at that moment.

A blare of trumpets; four guards of the circus on horseback, with cap and plume *à la Henri IV.*, with black mantles, tight-fitting jackets, jack-boots, and swords, enter by the gate under the king’s box and slowly make the circuit of the arena. The people separate; every one goes to his seat; the arena is deserted. The four cavaliers take their places, two by two, in front of the door opposite the royal box, which is still closed.

Ten thousand spectators fix their eyes on that spot; there is a universal silence. For through it will come the *cuadrilla*, with all the *toreros* in gala dress to present themselves to the king and the people. The band plays, the door springs open, there is a burst of applause; the *toreros* advance. First come the three *espadas*, Frascuelo, Lagartijo, and Cayetano, the three famous ones, dressed in the costume of Figaro in the *Barber of Seville*, in satin, silk, and velvet, orange, scarlet, and blue, covered with embroidery, fringe, lace, filigree, tinsel, spangles of gold and silver, which almost conceal their dress; enveloped in full capes of yellow and red, with white stockings, silken girdles, a bunch of tassels on the neck, and a fur cap. Next come the *banderilleros* and the *capeadores*, a troop covered like the others with gold and silver; then the *picadores*, on horseback, two by two, each with a great battle-lance, a low-crowned gray hat, an embroidered jacket, breeches of yellow buffalo skin, padded and lined inside with strips of iron; then the *chulos*, or servants, dressed in their holiday best; and altogether they walk majestically across the arena toward the box of the king. One cannot imagine anything more picturesque than this spectacle: there are all the colors of a garden, all the splendors of a royal court, all the gayety of a rout of maskers, all the grandeur of a band of warriors; on closing one’s eyes one sees only a gleaming of gold and silver. They are very handsome men—the *picadores* tall, stout of limb like athletes; the others slight and nimble, with chiselled forms, swarthy faces, and great fierce eyes—figures like the ancient gladiators, clothed with the magnificence of Asiatic princes.

The entire *cuadrilla* stops in front of the royal

[Image not available: Implanting the Bandillera]
Implanting the Bandillera

[Image not available: The Charge]
The Charge

box and salutes; the mayor makes a sign that they may begin; the key of the *toril*, where the bulls are confined, is tossed from the box into the arena; a guard of the circus picks it up and gives it to the custodian, who places himself before the door ready to open it. The band of *toreros* separates, the *espadas* leap over the barrier, the *capeadores* scatter through the arena, waving their red and yellow *capas*; the *picadores* retire to await their turn; the rest spur their horses and take their positions to the left of the *toril* at a distance of twenty paces apart, with their backs to the barrier and their lances in rest.

It is a moment of keen excitement, of unexpressible anxiety: all eyes are fixed on the door by which the bull will enter; all hearts are beating high; a profound silence broods over the whole circus; one hears only the bellowing of the bull as he advances from cell to cell in the darkness of his vast prison; one can almost hear him crying, “Blood! blood!” The horses tremble, the *picadores* grow pale: another instant a blare of trumpets, the door is thrown wide open, and the terrible bull dashes into the arena saluted by a terrific shout, which bursts at that moment from ten thousand throats. The butchery has begun.

Ah! it is a good thing to have strong nerves: at that moment one turns as white as a corpse.

I can only remember confusedly what followed in the first instance: I do not know where I could have been. The bull rushed against the first *picador*, retreated, continued his course, and rushed upon the second; if there was a struggle, I do not remember it; then a moment later he rushed against the third, ran to the centre of the arena, stood and looked about him: I too looked about and covered my face with my hands. All that part of the arena where the bull had passed was streaked with blood; the first horse lay dead on the ground with his belly ripped open and his entrails scattered about; the second, with his breast torn by a deep gash from which blood was streaming, staggered about here and there; the third was thrown to the ground and tried in vain to rise; the *chulos*

hurried in, raised the *picadores* from the ground, took the saddle and bridle from the dead horse, and tried to help the wounded one to his feet: an infernal yell resounded from every part of the circus; thus the spectacle usually begins. The first to receive the onslaught of the bull are the *picadores*; they sit firmly awaiting him and plant the lance between the head and shoulders of the bull as he is in the act of fastening his horns in the horse. The lance, be it noted, has only a small point, which cannot make a deep wound, and the *picadores* are obliged by sheer force of arm to ward off the bull and save their steeds. To do this one must have a sure eye, an arm of bronze, and a dauntless heart; they do not always succeed; indeed, they usually fail, and the bull plants his horns in the horse's belly and the picador is thrown to the ground. Then the capeadores run forward, and while the bull is shaking his horns free from the entrails of his victim they wave their *capas* before his eyes, turn his attention, make him follow them and leave the fallen horseman in safety; whereupon the *chulos* come to his aid, and help him again into the saddle if the horse can still stand, or carry him off to the infirmary if he has broken his head.

The bull stood panting in the middle of the arena with bloody horns, looking around as if to say, "Have you had enough?" A band of *capeadores* ran toward him, surrounded him, and commenced to tease and badger him, making him rush here and there, waving their *capas* before his eyes, passing them over his head, leading him on, and escaping with the nimblest turns, to return to tease him again, and again flee from him. And the bull turns on them one after another, and chases them as far as the barrier, where he butts his horns against the boards, stamps, cuts capers, bellows, buries his horns in the bodies of the dead horses as he passes, tries to jump into the course, and rushes around the arena in every direction. Meanwhile the other *picadores* come in to take the places of the two whose horses had been killed, and take their positions at some distance from each other, over beside the *toril* with lances in rest, ready for the attack of the bull. The *capeadores* dextrously draw him in that direction, and, seeing the first horse, he made a plunge toward him with lowered head. But this time his blow was parried: the lance of the *picador* was fixed in his shoulder and checked him.

The bull was stubborn; he strained and lunged forward with all his weight; but in vain: the *picador* held firm, the bull retreated, the horse was saved, and a thunderous burst of applause greeted the man. The other *picador* was less fortunate: the bull attacked; he did not succeed in planting his lance firmly; the terrible horns penetrated the horse's belly as quickly as a sword might have done, were violently twisted in the wound, and withdrawn; the intestines of the poor animal fell through and remained dangling, like a great bag, almost down to

the ground; the *picador* remained in the saddle. There a horrible sight was witnessed. Instead of dismounting, the *picador*, perceiving that the wound was not mortal, put the spurs to the horse and rode to another place to await a second attack: the horse crossed the arena with his entrails hanging from his belly, striking against his legs, and impeding his steps. The bull followed for a moment and stopped. At that point there was blast on the trumpets: it was the signal for the *picadores* to withdraw. A gate was opened, and they galloped out one after another; the two dead horses were left, and here and there were pools and streaks of blood which two *chulos* covered with earth.

After the *picadores* come the *banderilleros*. And to the uninitiated this part of the performance is the most entertaining, for the reason that it is the least cruel. The *banderillas* are little arrows about two spans in length, ornamented with colored paper and provided with a metal tip so formed that when it once penetrates the skin it cannot be withdrawn, and the bull with his running and shaking only drives it farther in. The *banderillero* takes two of these arrows, one in each hand, and assumes a position about fifteen paces distant from the bull, and then, by waving his hands and shouting, provokes an attack. The bull rushes toward him: the *banderillero* in his turn runs toward the bull, and just as the bull's head is lowered to plunge his horns into the man's body the banderillero plants the arrows in his neck, one on this side, the other on that, and saves himself by a quick turn. If he stops, if his foot slips, if he hesitates an instant, he will be spitted like a frog. The bull bellows, snorts, tosses himself, and turns with dreadful fury to follow the *capeadores*. In a minute they have all jumped into the course; the arena is cleared, and the brute, with foaming mouth, bloodshot eyes, and neck streaked with blood, stamps the ground, shakes himself, runs at the barrier, demands vengeance, thirsts for blood and slaughter: no one appears to confront him; the spectators fill the air with the cry, "Forward! courage!" "The next *banderillero*!" The next *banderillero* advances and plants his arrows, then a third, and then the first again. On that day there were eight arrows inserted. The poor beast, when he felt the last two, gave a long bellow, distressing and horrible, and, dashing after one of his enemies, followed him to the barrier, took the leap, and fell with him into the course. The ten thousand spectators were all on their feet in an instant, crying, "He has killed him!" But the *banderillero* had escaped. The bull ran backward and forwarded between the two barriers under a rain of blows and thrusts, until he was driven to an open gate and returned to the arena as the gate closed after him. Then all the *banderilleros* and all the *capeadores* rushed toward him again: one passed behind and gave his tail a jerk, and disappeared like a flash of lightning; another as he flew past wound a *capa*

around his horns; a third actually had the audacity to snatch off with one hand a little silk bow which was tied to his tail; a fourth, the most rash of them all, planted a pole in the ground as the bull was running, took a flying leap, and passed entirely over him and landed on the other side, throwing the stick between the legs of the astonished animal; and they did all this with the quickness of jugglers and the grace of dancers, as though they were playing with a lamb. Meanwhile, the immense crowd made the circus resound with their laughter and applause and cries of delight, admiration, and terror.

Another blast of the trumpet; the *banderilleros* are done. Now for the *espada*. It is a solemn moment, the crisis of the drama. The crowd is still, the ladies lean forward in their boxes, the king rises to his feet. The famous Frascuelo, holding in one hand the sword and in the other the *muleta*, a piece of red stuff fastened to a stick, enters the arena, presents himself before the royal box, raises his cap, and in a poetic phrase consecrates to the king the bull that he is about to kill; then, tossing his cap in the air, as if to say, “Victory or death!” followed by a splendid train of *capeadores*, he advances resolutely toward the bull. Here follows a veritable hand-to-hand struggle worthy of Homer’s song. On one side is the brute with his terrible horns, with his enormous strength, his thirst for blood, maddened by pain, blinded by rage, fierce, bloody, terrible; on the other, a young man of twenty, dressed like a dancer, on foot, alone and defenceless but for the short, slender sword in his hand. But the gaze of twenty thousand eyes is bent upon him. The king has a gift at hand; his sweetheart is above there in a box, with her eyes fixed upon him; a thousand ladies are trembling for his life. The bull pauses and looks at him; he looks at the bull and waves the red cloth before him. The bull dashes under it; the *espada* springs aside; that terrible horn grazes his hip, strikes the red cloth, and cleaves the empty air. A shout of applause bursts from the entire balcony, from all the boxes and galleries. The ladies raise their opera-glasses and cry, “He has not paled!”

All is silence again; there is not a sound; not a whisper. The bold torero flutters the muleta before the eyes of the infuriated animal, passes it overhead between his horns and around his neck, makes him recede, advance, turn, jump; invites an attack ten times, and ten times by the slightest motion escapes death; lets his muleta fall, and picks it up under the eyes of the bull; laughs in his face, taunts him, insults him, and makes sport of him: all at once he stops, puts himself on guard, raises his sword, and takes aim; the bull looks at him; another instant and they will rush toward each other. One of them must die; ten thousand glances run with lightning rapidity from the point of the sword to the tips of the horns; ten thousand hearts beat fast with anxiety and terror; the faces are all

tense with excitement; one does not hear a breath; the vast crowd seems petrified. Another instant—the time has come! The bull dashes forward; the man brandishes his sword; a single loud cry, and then a tempestuous burst of applause breaks forth on every side; the sword has been buried to its hilt in the bull's neck; the bull reels and with a stream of blood flowing from his mouth falls as though he had been struck by lightning.

The man has conquered! Then follows an indescribable tumult; the multitude seems to grow mad; all leap to their feet, wave their arms, and cry at the top of their voices; the ladies wave their handkerchiefs, clap their hands, and shake their fans; the band strikes up; the victorious *espada* approaches the barrier and makes the circuit of the arena. As he passes, from the galleries, the boxes, and the balconies the spectators, carried away by their enthusiasm, shower upon him packages of cigars, purses, canes, hats, anything which they can lay their hands on; in a few moments the fortunate torero has his arms full of trophies, calls the *capeadores* to his assistance, throws back the hats to his admirers, thanks them, and responds as well as he can to the salutes, the praises, and the glorious titles with which he is hailed upon every side, and finally comes to the royal box.

Then all eyes are riveted on the king. The king puts his hand in his pocket, takes out a cigar-case full of bank-notes, and tosses it down; the *torero* catches it in the air, and the multitude bursts into applause. Meanwhile the band is playing a dirge for the bull; a gate opens, four enormous mules gallop in, ornamented with plumes, tassels, and ribbons of yellow and red, driven by a band of *chulos*, who shout and crack their whips; the dead horses are drawn out one after another, and finally the bull is removed, whereupon he is at once carried to a little square near the circus, where a crowd of gamins is waiting to dip their fingers in his blood, after which he is flayed, butchered, and sold.

The arena is again free; the trumpet sounds, the drum beats: another bull dashes from his prison, attacks the *picadores*, rips up the bellies of horses, offers his neck to the *banderilleros*, and is killed by an *espada*; and so, without any intermission, six bulls are presented in the arena one after the other.

How many shocks, how many tremors, how many chills at the heart and rushes of blood to the head does one feel during that spectacle! how many sudden pallors! But you, stranger, you alone are pale; the boy beside you is laughing, the girl in front of you is wild with delight, the lady whom you see in the next box says she has never enjoyed herself so much. What shouting! what exclamations! That is the place to learn the language! As the bull appears he is judged by a thousand voices: "What a fine head! what eyes! he will draw blood! he is worth a fortune!" They break out into words of love. He has killed a horse.

“*Bueno!* see how much has fallen from the belly!” A *picador* misses his stroke and wounds the bull badly or is afraid to confront him; then there is a deluge of insulting names: “Poltroon! imposter! assassin! go hide yourself! go and be hanged!” They all rise, point with their fingers, shake their fists, throw orange-peel and cigar-stumps in his face, and threaten him with their canes. When the *espada* kills the bull with one stroke, then follow the delirious words of lovers and extravagant gestures: “Come here, angel! God bless thee, Frascuelo!” They throw him kisses, call to him, and stretch out their hands as if to embrace him. What a profusion of epithets, witticisms, and proverbs! What fire! what life!

But I have spoken only of the doings of one bull; in the entire *corrida* a thousand accidents occur. In that same day a bull thrust his head under a horse’s belly, raised the horse and horseman, and, carrying them in triumph across the arena, threw them both to the ground like a bundle of rags. Another bull killed four horses in a few minutes; a third attacked a *picador* so violently that he fell, struck his head against the barrier, fainted, and was carried out. But not for this nor for a graver wound, nor even for the death of a *torero*, is the spectacle interrupted—it is so stated in the programme; if one is killed, another is ready. The bull does not always attack; there are some cowardly ones which run toward the *picador*, stop, and after a moment of hesitation run away; others, naturally gentle and placid, do not in the least respond to provocations; they allow the *picador* to approach them to plant his lance in their neck, back off, shake their heads as if to say, “No, thank you!” run away, and then turn suddenly to look with astonishment at the band of *capeadores* who follow them, as though they would ask, “What do you want of us? What have we done? Why do you wish to kill us?” Then the crowd bursts forth in imprecations against the cowardly bulls, against the managers, and against the *toreros*; and first one of the dilettanti over the *toril*, then the spectators on the sunny side, then the gentlemen on the shady side, then the ladies, then all the spectators in the circus, cry with one voice, “*Banderillas de fuego!*” The cry is directed toward the mayor. The *banderillas* of fire serve to infuriate the bull; they are *banderillas* provided with a fire-cracker, which goes off at the moment the point penetrates the flesh and burns the wound, causing extreme pain; the animal is tortured and enraged to the point of changing from a coward to a daredevil, from quietness to fury. The permission of the mayor is required to use the *banderillas de fuego*: if he hesitates to give it, all the spectators leap to their feet, and there follows a wonderful sight: one sees ten thousand handkerchiefs waving like the ensigns of ten regiments of lancers, from the boxes to the arena, all the way around, forming a fluttering band of white which almost conceals the crowd, and ten thousand voices cry, “Fuego! fuego!

fuego!” Then the mayor may yield, but if he is obstinate in his refusal, the handkerchiefs disappear, fists and canes take their places, and curses burst forth: “Don’t make a fool of yourself! don’t spoil the fun! The *banderillas* for the mayor! fire for the mayor!”

The agony of the bull is terrible. Sometimes the *torero* does not strike where he should, and the sword is buried to the hilt, but not in the direction of the heart. Then the bull commences to run about the arena with the sword sticking in his body, sprinkling the ground with blood, bellowing deeply, writhing and twisting in a thousand ways to free himself from that torture; and in his impetuous course sometimes the sword flies out, sometimes it is driven deeper in and causes death.

The *espada* is frequently obliged to give the bull a second thrust, and not rarely a third or a fourth; the blood flows in torrents; all the *capas* of the *capeadores* are sprinkled; the *espada* is besmeared and the barrier bespattered; everything is covered with blood; the indignant spectators load the *torero* with abuse. Sometimes the bull falls to the ground badly wounded, but does not die, and lies there motionless with his head high and threatening, as if he would say, “Come on, assassins, if you have the courage!” Then the struggle is ended, the agony must be shortened: a mysterious man climbs the barrier, approaches with stealthy steps, places himself behind the bull, and, watching his chance, gives him a blow on the head with a dagger which penetrates to the brain and kills him. Often this blow does not succeed, either; the mysterious man must strike twice, thrice, or even four times; then the indignation of the people bursts forth like a tempest. They call him an executioner, a coward, an infamous wretch, wish he were dead, and if they had him in their hands would strangle him like a dog. Sometimes the bull, mortally wounded, staggers a little way before he falls, and, reeling with slow step from the place where he was stricken, goes to die in peace in a quiet corner; all the *toreros* follow him slowly at a short distance, like a funeral train; the crowd watches all his movements, counts his steps, measures the progress of his agony; profound silence attends his last moments; his death has in it something majestic and solemn. There are some indomitable bulls that will not bow the head even in drawing the last breath—bulls that, while the blood runs in streams from their mouths, still threaten; bulls pierced by ten sword-thrusts, stabbed, and bleeding to death, that still raise their heads with a superb motion which makes the crowd of their persecutors recede halfway across the arena; bulls whose death-agony is more terrible than their first fury; bulls that tear dead horses, break through the barrier, furiously trample the *capas* scattered through the arena, jump into the course, and run around with a high head, looking at the spectators with an air of defiance, fall, rise again, and die

bellowing.

The agony of the horses, though not so prolonged, is more dreadful. Some have a leg broken by the bull, others the neck pierced through and through; others are killed at one blow with a thrust of the horn in the breast, without shedding a drop of blood; others, overcome with fear, take to flight, and, running straight ahead, come in violent collision with the barrier and fall down dead; others welter a long time in a pool of blood before they die; others, wounded, bleeding, disembowelled, and mutilated, still gallop about with desperate fury, run against the bull, are felled to the ground, rise and fight again until they are carried away, ruined but alive, and then the intestines are replaced, the belly sewed up, and they serve again; others, terrified at the approach of the beast, tremble violently, paw the ground, recoil, neigh, and do not wish to die; and these most excite one's pity. Sometimes a single bull kills five horses; sometimes in a *corrida* twenty are killed; all the *picadores* are drenched with blood; smoking entrails are scattered through the arena, and the bulls grow tired of slaughter.

The *toreros* also have their ugly moments. The *picadores* now and then, instead of falling under the horse, fall between the horse and the bull; then the bull plunges forward to kill them; the crowd gives a cry, but a brave *capeador* throws his *capa* over the bull's eyes and at the risk of his own life saves that of his comrade. Often, instead of rushing at the *muleta*, the bull turns and rushes toward the *espada*, grazes him, attacks and follows him, and obliges him to throw away his weapon and save himself, pale and trembling, on the other side of the barrier. Sometimes he strikes him with his head and throws him down; the *espada* disappears in a cloud of dust; the crowd cries, "He is dead!" but the bull passes, the *espada* is saved. Sometimes the bull rushes unexpectedly, raises him with his head, and tosses him to one side. Not infrequently the bull does not allow him to take aim with the sword; the *matador* does not succeed in striking in the breast, and, as he is compelled by the laws to strike in a given place, and in that place only, he makes futile attempts for a long time, grows confused, and runs a thousand chances of losing his life; meanwhile, the crowd howls, hisses, and insults him, until finally the poor man in desperation resolves to kill or to be killed, and strikes at random; and he either succeeds and is lauded to the skies, or fails and is despised, derided, and pelted with orange-peels, even though he may be the most intrepid, bravest, and renowned *torero* in Spain.

In the crowd, too, a thousand incidents occur during the spectacle. Suddenly two spectators fall to fighting. The people are so closely packed that some one of

the neighbors receives a blow from a cane; then they seize their canes and join the fray. The circle of the combatants grows wider; the row extends through entire compartments in the gallery; in a few moments there are hats flying through the air, torn cravats, bloody faces, a din which rises to heaven; all the spectators are on their feet; the guards run about; the *toreros* cease to be actors and become spectators. At other times a group of lively young fellows turn in one direction and shout all together, “There he is!” “Who?” No one, but meanwhile the persons next to them get up, and those at a distance stand on the seats; the ladies lean from the boxes, and in a moment the whole circus is topsy-turvy. Then the group of young men give a loud laugh; their neighbors, so as not to appear ridiculous, do the same; the laugh spreads to the boxes and through the galleries till ten thousand people are laughing. At other times it is a foreigner, seeing his first bull-fight, who faints; the news spreads in a trice; they all get up, stare, shout, and make a pandemonium that baffles description. Again, it is a good-humored man who hails his friend away on the other side of the theatre in a voice which sounds like a clap of thunder. That great crowd is stirred in a few moments with a thousand contrary emotions, passes with incessant change from terror to enthusiasm, from enthusiasm to pity, from pity to anger, from anger to delight, admiration, and unbridled enjoyment.

The final impression which this spectacle makes upon the mind is indescribable: it is a mingling of sensations, among which it is impossible to recollect anything clearly or to know one’s thoughts. At one moment you turn in horror to flee from the circus, and swear you will never come back; a moment later, astonished, enraptured, and almost intoxicated, you hope the spectacle will never end; now you are almost sickened; now you, too, like your neighbors, shout, laugh, and applaud; the blood makes you shudder, but the marvellous courage of the men exalts you; the danger clutches at your heart, but you are reassured by the victory; little by little the fever which works in the crowd steals into your veins; you do not know yourself, you are another person; you too are stirred by anger, ferocity, and enthusiasm; you feel bold and valiant; the struggle fires your blood; the gleaming of the sword enrages you; and then the thousands of faces, the clamor, the music, the bellowing, the blood, the profound silences and tumultuous bursts of applause, the vastness, the light, the colors, the indescribable grandeur, courage, cruelty, and magnificence, dazzle, amaze, and bewilder you.

It is a fine sight to see the people go out; there are ten torrents which pour from ten gates and flood in a few moments the suburb of Salamanca, the Prado,

the avenues of the Recoletos, and the street Alcalá; a thousand carriages wait at the exits of the circus; for an hour, wherever one turns, one sees only a swarm of human ants as far as the eye can reach; and all is silent: their passions have exhausted them all; one hears only the roar of passing feet; it seems as if the crowd wishes to steal away secretly; a sort of sadness succeeds their clamorous joy. I, for my part, as I came from the circus for the first time, had scarcely strength to stand on my feet; my head was spinning like a top; my ears buzzed, and everywhere I saw the horns of bulls, eyes swimming in blood, dead horses, and flashing swords. I took the shortest way home, and as soon as I arrived there tumbled into bed and fell into a heavy sleep.

On the following morning the landlady came in great haste to ask me, “Well, how did it strike you? Did it amuse you? Are you going again? What do you say?”

“I do not know,” I replied; “it seems like a dream. I will tell you later; I must think it over.”

Saturday came, the day before the second bull-fight. “Are you going?” asked the landlady. “No,” I replied, thinking of something else. I went out, turned into the street Alcalá, and found myself accidentally in front of the shop where tickets are sold; there was a crowd of people. “Shall I go?” I asked myself. “Yes or no?”

“Do you want a ticket?” a boy demanded: “a shady seat, No. 6, near the barrier—fifteen reales?” “Done!” I replied.

But to clearly comprehend the nature of this spectacle it is necessary to know its history. No one knows certainly when the first bull-fight took place: the tradition tells that the Cid Campeador was the first cavalier to descend with his spear into the arena and on horseback kill the terrible animal. Later, the young nobles devoted themselves with great ardor to this sport; bull-fights were held at all the solemn feasts, and only to the nobility was granted the honor of taking part in them; even the kings entered the arena. All through the Middle Ages this was the favorite spectacle of the court—the chosen exercise of warriors, not only among the Spaniards, but among the Moors as well; and they both waged war in the circus as well as on the battlefield. Isabella the Catholic wished to prohibit the bull-fights, because she had been horrified on once seeing them, but the numerous and powerful patrons of the spectacle dissuaded her from putting her purpose into effect. After Isabella the circus received great encouragement. Charles V. with his own hand killed a bull in the great square of Valladolid; Ferdinand Pizarro, the celebrated conqueror of Peru, was a valiant *torero*; King

Sebastian of Portugal won many laurels in the arena; Philip III. adorned the circus of Madrid; Philip IV. fought in it; Charles II. fostered the art; in the reign of Philip V. a number of circuses were built by order of the government, but the honor of fighting belonged exclusively to the nobility; they fought only on horseback, splendidly mounted, and yet the only blood shed was that of the bull.

It was not until the middle of the last century that the art became popular, and *toreros*, properly called artists of the profession, who fought on foot and on horseback, came into existence. The famous Francisco Romero Deronda perfected the art of fighting on foot, introduced the custom of killing the bull face to face with the sword and *muleta*, and established the practice. Thereupon the spectacle became national and the people welcomed it with enthusiasm. Charles III. forbade it, but his prohibition only served to increase the popular enthusiasm into a complete epidemic, as a Spanish chronicler puts it. King Ferdinand VII., who was passionately fond of bulls, instituted a school of bull-fighting at Seville. Isabella II. was more enthusiastic than Ferdinand VII.; Amadeus I., it is said, was not a whit behind Isabella II. And now bull-fighting flourishes more than ever before in Spain; there are more than a hundred great proprietors who raise bulls for the spectacles; Madrid, Seville, Barcelona, Cadiz, Valencia, Jerez, and Puerto de Santa Maria have circuses of the first order; there are no less than fifty small circuses, with a capacity of from three to nine thousand spectators; in all the villages where there is no circus they hold the *corridas* in the square. At Madrid they are held every Sunday, and in the other cities whenever it is possible, and they are always attended by a vast concourse of people from the neighboring cities, villages, countryside, mountains, islands, and even from foreign countries.

If is true that all the Spaniards are not mad over this spectacle; many never attend; not a few disapprove, condemn, and would be glad to see it driven out of Spain; some journalists now and then raise a cry of protest; a deputy the day after a *torero* is killed talks of petitioning the government; but its enemies are all timid and feeble.

On the other hand, apologies are written in defence of the bull-fights, new circuses are built, old ones are renewed, and the foreigners who cry out against Spanish barbarity are laughed to scorn.

The *corridas* held in the summer are not the only ones, nor is the spectacle always equally good. In the circus there is an exhibition every Sunday through the winter, but there are not those noble and fiery bulls of the summer season, neither are there the great artists whom Spain admires; there are bulls of smaller size and less courage, and *toreros* not yet proficient in the art; but there is a

spectacle, at all events, and, although the king does not attend or the flower of the citizens as in the summer-time, the circus is always well filled. Little blood is shed, only two bulls are killed, and the spectacle concludes with fireworks; it is an amusement fit for servants and children, as the passionate lovers of the art say in deprecation.

But there is one episode in the winter spectacles which is especially amusing. When the *toreros* have killed the *toros de muerte*, the arena is placed at the disposal of the dilettanti; from every part the people jump down, and in a moment there are a hundred workmen, scholars, and street arabs, some with cloaks in their hands, others with shawls, others with any sort of a rag, who crowd to right and left of the *toril* ready to receive the bull. The door opens; a bull with swathed horns rushes into the arena, and there follows an indescribable tumult; the crowd surrounds, follows, and drags the bull here and there, hitting him with their mantles and shawls, plaguing and tormenting him in a thousand ways, until the poor animal, entirely exhausted, is driven from the arena and another takes his place. It is incredible with what audacity those boys dart under him, twist his tail, and jump on his back; incredible too is the agility with which they dodge the blows. Sometimes the bull with a sudden turn strikes some one, knocks him down, tosses him in the air, or lifts him high on his horns; again he upsets at one blow a half dozen, and bull and men disappear in a cloud of dust, while the spectator fears for an instant that some one has been killed. Nothing of the kind! The intrepid *capeadores* jump up with bruised limbs and dusty faces, shrug their shoulders, and face him again. But this is by no means the best episode of the winter spectacles. Sometimes the bulls are confronted by *toreras* instead of *toreros*: these are women dressed like tightrope-walkers, with faces before which not the angels, but even Lucifer, would

"Make with his wings a cover for his eyes."

The *picadoras* ride on mules; the *espada*—the one I saw was an old woman of sixty, Martina by name, an Asturian, known in all the circuses in Spain,—the *espada* fights on foot with the rapier, and the *muleta* like the most intrepid matador of the stronger sex. The entire *cuadrilla* is accompanied by a train of *chulos* with great wings and humps on their backs. These unfortunate women risk their lives for forty francs! A bull on the day when I witnessed the spectacle broke the arm of one *banderillera* and tore the petticoat of another, so that she was left in the middle of the circus with scarcely enough clothes on her back to cover her nakedness.

After the women, the wild beasts. At various times they made the bull fight

with lions and with tigers; it is only a few years since one of these combats was held in the circus of Madrid. It was that celebrated event which the count-duke de Olivares commanded in honor of the birthday, if my memory does not fail me, of Don Baltasar Carlos of Asturia, prince of the Asturias. The bull fought with a lion, a tiger, and a leopard, and succeeded in conquering them all. Also in a combat a few years ago the tiger and the lion got the worst of it; they both jumped impetuously upon the back of the bull, but before they were able to fasten their teeth in his neck they fell to the ground in a pool of blood, pierced by the terrible horns. Only the elephant—a huge elephant which still lives in the gardens of Buen Retiro—carried the day; the bull attacked him, and he simply placed his head on the bull's back and pressed, and the pressure was so delicate that his reckless assailant was crushed as flat as a pancake.

But it is not easy to imagine what skill, what courage, and what imperturbable tranquillity of mind must be possessed by a man who with his sword faces an animal that kills lions, attacks elephants, and tears in pieces, crushes, and covers with blood everything that he touches. And there are men who face them every day.

The *toreros* are by no means artists, as one would suppose, to be placed in the same category with mountebanks and those for whom the people feel no other sentiment than that of admiration. The *torero* is respected even outside of the circus; he enjoys the protection of the young aristocrats, has his box in the theatre, frequents the best cafés in Madrid, and is saluted in the street with a low bow by persons of refinement. Famous *espadas* like Frascuelo, Lagartijo, and Cayetano receive the nice little sum of about ten thousand francs a year; they own houses and villas, live in sumptuous apartments, dress with elegance, spend heaps of money on their costumes embroidered with gold and silver, travel like nabobs, and smoke Havana cigars. Their dress out of the circus is very curious: an Orsini hat of black velvet; a jacket fitting closely around the waist, unbuttoned and reaching barely to the trousers; a waistcoat opened almost to the waist, which allows a white shirt of very fine texture to be seen; no cravat; a sash of red or blue silk about the loins; a pair of breeches fitting the limb like the tights of a ballet-dancer; a pair of low shoes, of morocco leather, ornamented with embroidery; a little periwig falling down the back; and then gold studs, chains, diamonds, rings, and trinkets; in short, an entire jewelry-shop on their persons. Many keep their saddle-horse and some their carriages, and when they are not killing bulls they are always walking in the Prado, at the Puerto del Sol, or in the gardens of Recoletos with their wives and their sweethearts, splendidly dressed and proudly affectionate. Their names, their faces, and their deeds are

even better known to the people than the deeds, faces, and names of their commanders and statesman. *Toreros* in comedies, *toreros* in song, *toreros* in pictures, *toreros* in the windows of the

[Image not available: Matadors, Madrid]
Matadors, Madrid

print-shops, statues of *toreros*, fans painted with *toreros*, handkerchiefs with figures of *toreros*,—these one sees again and again, on every occasion and in every place.

The business of the *torero* is the most lucrative and the most honorable to which a courageous son of the people may aspire: very many, in fact, devote themselves to it, but very few become proficient; most of them remain mediocre *capeadores*, a few become *banderilleros* of note, still fewer famous *picadores*; only the few chosen ones of nature and fortune become brave *espadas*: it is necessary to come into the world with that bump developed; one is born an *espada* as one is born a poet. Those killed by the bulls are very few, and one may count them on one's fingers for a long period of time; but the crippled, the maimed, those who are rendered unfit for the combat, are innumerable. One sees them in the city with canes and crutches, some without an arm, others without a leg. The famous Tato, the first of the *toreros* of modern time, lost a leg; in the few months which I spent in Spain a *banderillero* was half killed at Seville, a *picador* was seriously wounded at Madrid, Lagartijo was injured, and three amateur *capeadores* were killed at a village. There is scarcely a *torero* who has not bled in the arena.

Before leaving Madrid I wished to talk to the celebrated Frascuelo, the prince of *espadas*, the idol of the people of Madrid, the glory of the art. A Genoese captain who knew him took it upon himself to present me: we fixed the day and met at the Imperial Café at the Puerta del Sol. It makes me laugh when I think of my emotions on seeing him in the distance and watching him come toward us. He was very richly dressed, loaded with jewelry, and resplendent as a general in full uniform; as he crossed the café a thousand heads were turned and a thousand eyes fixed upon him, my companion, and myself: I felt myself growing pale. "This is Signor Salvador Sanchez," said the captain (Frascuelo is a surname). And then, presenting me to Frascuelo, "This is Signor So-and-So, his admirer." The illustrious *matador* bowed, I bowed more profoundly; we sat down and

commenced to talk. What a strange man! To hear him talk one would say that he had not the heart to stick a fly with a pin. He was a young man, about twenty-five years old, of medium stature, quick, dark, and handsome, with a firm glance and the smile of an absent-minded man. I asked him a thousand questions about his art and his life; he answered in monosyllables; I was obliged to draw the words from his mouth, one by one, by a storm of questions. He replied to my compliments by looking modestly at the tips of his shoes. I asked him if he had ever been wounded; he touched his knee, thigh, shoulder, and breast, and said, “Here, and here, and here, and here too,” with the simplicity of a child. He obligingly wrote out the address of his house for me, asked me to come and see him, gave me a cigar, and went away. Three days later, at the bull-fight, I had a seat near the barrier, and as he paused near me to gather up the cigars which the spectators threw him, I tossed him one of those Milan cigars which are covered with straw; he picked it up, examined it, smiled, and tried to discover who had thrown it: I made a sign, he saw me and exclaimed, “Ah! the Italian!” I seem to see him yet; he was dressed in gray embroidered with gold, and one hand was stained with blood.

But, in conclusion, a final judgment on the bull-fights! Are they or are they not a barbarous sport, unworthy of a civilized people? Are they or are they not a spectacle which corrupts the heart? Now for a frank opinion! A frank opinion? I do not wish to answer in one way and to draw upon myself a flood of invective, nor to answer otherwise and put my foot in a trap, so I must confess that I went to the circus every Sunday. I have told about it and described it: the reader knows as much as I do; let him judge for himself and allow me to keep my own counsel.

I saw at Madrid the famous funereal ceremony which is celebrated every year on the second of May in honor of the Spaniards who died in battle or were killed by the French soldiery eighty-seven years ago, on that terrible day which filled Europe with horror and led to the outbreak of the War of Independence.

At dawn there was a booming of cannon, and in all the parish churches of Madrid and before an altar erected near the monument they began to celebrate mass, and continued to do so until nightfall. The ceremony consists of a solemn procession, which usually forms in the vicinity of the royal palace, proceeds to the church of Saint Isadore, where until 1840 were interred the bones of the dead, to listen to a sermon, and then to march on to the monument to hear mass.

In all the streets where the procession is to pass there are drawn up the volunteer battalions, the regiments of infantry, squadrons of cuirassiers, the civil

foot-guard, the artillery, and cadets; everywhere bugles and drums are sounding and bands are playing; one sees in the distance, over the heads of the crowd, a continual passing of the hats of generals, the tossing plumes of adjutants, banners, and swords; all the streets are full of the carriages of members of the Senate and the Cortes, as large as triumphal chariots, gilded even to the wheels, upholstered in velvet and silk, adorned with fringes and tassels, and drawn by superbly plumed horses. The windows of all the houses are ornamented with tapestry and flowers; the whole populace of Madrid is astir.

I saw the procession pass through the street Alcalá. First came the huntsmen of the city militia; then the boys from all the schools, refuges, and hospitals of Madrid—thousands of them, two by two; then the wounded veterans of the army, some on crutches, some with bandaged heads, some supported by their companions, some so feeble that they had to be almost carried—soldiers and generals in their old uniforms, with their breasts covered with medals and lace, with long swords and plumed hats; then a crowd of the officers of the various corps, shining with gold and silver and dressed in a thousand colors; then the high officers of state, the provincial deputies, the members of Congress, the senators; then the heralds of the municipality and the chambers, with flowing robes of velvet and maces of silver; then all the municipal clerks and all the judges of Madrid, dressed in black with medallions at their throats; finally, the king in a general's uniform, on foot, accompanied by the mayor, the captain-general of the province, the generals, ministers, deputies, officers of ordnance, and aides-de-camp, all with bared heads. The procession was ended by a hundred mounted guards, resplendent as the warriors of the Middle Ages; the royal guard on foot with great shakos, after the fashion of the Napoleonic guard; red swallow-tail coats, white breeches, wide shoulder-belts crossed over the breast, black gaiters to the knee, swords, epaulets, cordons, buckles, and ornaments; then the volunteers, soldiers, infantry, artillery; and the people. They all marched with slow step; all the bands played, the bells tolled; the people were silent, and altogether, the children of the poor, the priests, magistrates, wounded veterans, and the grandees of Spain, presented an appearance of dignity and magnificence which inspired at the time a feeling of sympathy and reverence.

The procession turned into the Prado and proceeded toward the monument. The avenues, the lawns, and the gardens were full of people. Ladies were standing in their carriages, on chairs, and on the stone seats, holding their children in their arms; there were people in the trees and on the roofs; at every step there were banners, funeral inscriptions, lists of the victims of the second of May; poems pinned to the trunks of trees, newspapers with borders of black,

prints representing episodes of the massacre, wreaths, crucifixes, little tables with urns for alms, lighted candles, pictures, statuettes, and toys for children, with a model of the monument—everywhere memorials of 1808, emblems and signs of sorrow, festivity, and war. The men were almost all dressed in black; the women in gay holiday attire, with long funeral trains and veils; there were groups of peasants from all the surrounding villages dressed in lively colors, and through all the crowd one heard the discordant cries of water-carriers, guards, and officers.

The monument of the second of May, which stands at that point where the greater number of Spaniards were shot, though it does not possess an artistic value equal to its fame, is—to use a much-abused though significant word—imposing. It is simple and bold, and to many appears heavy and ungraceful; but it arrests one's glance and one's thought, even if one does not know what it is; for on first seeing it one perceives that some event of importance must have transpired in that place. Above an octagonal base of four steps rises a great square sarcophagus adorned with inscriptions and arms and a bas-relief representing the two Spanish officers who were killed on the second of May in the defence of the Artillery Park. On the sarcophagus rises a pedestal in the Doric style, on which stand four statues, symbolic of Patriotism, Bravery, Constancy, and Virtue. In the midst of the statues rises a high obelisk which bears in characters of gold the words, *Dos de Mayo*. Around the monument there extends a circular garden intersected by eight avenues which converge toward a common centre; all of the avenues are shaded by rows of cypresses, and the garden is enclosed by an iron railing, which in its turn is encircled by marble steps. This grove of cypresses, this solitary enclosed garden in the midst of the gayest promenade of Madrid, is like a vision of death mingling with the joys of life; one cannot pass without turning to look at it, and one cannot look at it without thinking: at night, as it lies in the moonlight, it seems like a fantastic apparition and breathes an air of solemn mystery.

The king arrived, mass was celebrated, all the regiments marched past, and the ceremony was ended. So to the present time they celebrate the anniversary of the second of May, 1808, with a dignity, an affection, and a veneration which do honor not alone to the Spanish people, but to the human heart. It is the true national festival of Spain, the only day in the year when party strife sleeps and all hearts are united in a common sentiment. And in this sentiment, as one can readily believe, there is no bitterness against France. Spain has thrown all the blame of the war and the massacres which it occasioned upon Napoleon and Murat; the French are welcomed amicably, like all other foreigners; the ill-fated

days of May are mentioned only to celebrate the honor of the dead and of their country; everything in this ceremony is noble and grand, and before that sacred monument Spain has only words of pardon and peace.

Another thing to be seen at Madrid is the cock-fighting.

I read one day in the *Correspondencia* the following notice: “En la funcion que se celebrarà mañana en el circo de Gallos de Recoletos, hubrà, entre otras dos peleas, en las que figurarán gallos de los conocidos aficionados Francisco Calderón y Don Josè Diez, por lo que se espera serà muy animada la diversion.”

The spectacle commenced at noon: I was there. I was impressed by the originality and grace of the theatre. It looks like a mosque standing on a little hill in a garden, but yet is large enough to hold at least a thousand persons. In form it is a perfect cylinder. In the middle rises a sort of a circular stage about three hands high, covered with green carpet and surrounded by a railing about as high as the platform; this is the battle-ground of the cocks. Between the iron uprights of the railing is stretched a very fine wire netting which keeps the combatants from making their escape. Around this cage, which is about as large as a dining-table, runs a circle of arm-chairs, and behind them a second higher circle, and both of them are upholstered in red cloth. Several of the chairs on the first row bear inscriptions written in big letters, *Presidente*, *Secretario*, and other titles of the persons who compose the tribunal of the spectacle. Beyond the arm-chairs rise tiers of benches running back to the walls, and above them extends a gallery supported by ten slender columns. The light comes from above. The lively red of the arm-chairs, the flowers painted on the walls, the columns, the light, and, in a word, the atmosphere of the theatre, have about them something novel and picturesque which pleases and exhilarates. At first sight it seems like a place where one ought to listen to joyous and refined music rather than witness a fight between animals.

When I entered there were already a hundred persons present. “What sort of people are these?” I asked myself, and truly the frequenters of the cock-fights do not resemble those of any other theatre: it is a mixture *sui generis*, such as one sees only in Madrid. There are no women, no boys, no soldiers, and no working-men, for it is a work-day and at an inconvenient hour. But, nevertheless, one sees here a greater variety of feature, dress, and attitude than at any other popular gathering. The spectators are all persons who have nothing to do the livelong day—comedians with long hair and others with bald heads; *toreros*—Calderón, the famous *picador*, was there—with red sashes around their waists; students bearing on their faces the trace of nights spent at the gaming-table; dealers in

cocks; young dandies; old amateur fanciers dressed in black with black gloves and cravats. These sit around the cage. Behind them are the *rari nantes*, some Englishmen, some blockheads, of the class one sees everywhere; the servants of the circus, a courtesan, and a policeman. With the exception of the foreigners and the guard, the others—gentlemen, *toreros*, dealers, and actors—all know each other, and talk among themselves, in one voice, of the quality of the cocks announced in the programme, of the exhibition, the bets made the previous day, the chances of the struggle, the talons, feathers, spurs, wings, beaks, and wounds, displaying the very rich terminology of the sport and citing rules, examples, the cocks of former days, fights, and famous winnings and losses.

The spectacle began at the appointed hour. A man presented himself in the middle of the circus with a paper in his hand and commenced to read; they all became silent. He read a series of figures which indicated the weight of the different pairs of cocks that were to fight, because, pair by pair, the one cock must not weigh more than the other, in accordance with the rules laid down for cock-fighting. The conversation began again, and then was suddenly hushed. Another man came in with two small cages under his arm, opened a gate in the railing, stepped up on the platform, and fastened the cages to the arms of a pair of balances suspended from the ceiling. Two witnesses assured themselves that the weights on the two ends were almost equal; everybody sat down; the president took his position; the secretary cried *Silencio!* the weigher and another attendant each took one of the cages, and, going to opposite doors in the railing, opened them simultaneously. The cocks stepped out, the gates were closed, and for some moments the spectators observed a profound silence.

They were two *Andalusian cocks of English breed*, to repeat a curious definition given me by one of the spectators. They were tall, thin, and straight as arrows, with long necks, very flexible and totally bare of feathers along the back and from the breast up; they were without crests, and had small heads and eyes which betokened their warlike nature. The spectators looked at them closely without saying a word. The fanciers in a few moments judge by the color, the form, and the movements of the two animals which will probably be the victor; then they offer their bets. It is a very uncertain judgment, as any one may understand, but it is the uncertainty which gives zest to the sport. Suddenly the silence is broken by an outburst of cries: “A crown on the right one!”—“A crown on the left!”—“Done!”—“Three crowns on the black!”—“Four crowns on the gray!”—“Eighty francs on the small one!”—“Done!”—“I take the bet on the gray!”

They all shout and wave their hands, and signal to each other with their

canes; the bets cross in every direction, and in a few moments there are a thousand francs at stake.

The two cocks do not look at each other at first. One turns in one direction, the other looks the opposite way; they crow, and crane their necks toward the spectators, as if they are asking, “What do you want?” Little by little, without making any sign of having seen each other, they approach; it seems as though one is trying to take the other by surprise; suddenly, as quick as a flash, they spring at each other with open wings, strike in the air, and separate in a cloud of feathers. After the first encounter they stop and plant themselves one before the other, with their heads and beaks almost touching, motionless, and looking fixedly, as though they wish to poison each other with their eyes. Then they dash together again with great violence, and after that the attacks follow without interruption.

They strike with their talons, spurs, and beaks; clasp each other with their wings, so that they look like one cock with two heads; they dodge under each other, strike against the wires of the cage, chase each other, fall, slip, and fly. Soon the blows fall faster; feathers fly from their heads; their necks turn as red as fire and they begin to bleed. Then they fall to pecking each other on the head, around and in the eyes; they tear the flesh with the fury of two maniacs afraid of being separated; they seem to know that one of them must die; they utter not a sound or a groan; one hears only the beating of their wings, the sound of breaking feathers and of beaks striking the bones; there is not a moment’s respite; it is a fury which leads only to death.

The spectators watch all their motions intently, count the fallen feathers, and number the wounds, and the shouting becomes all the time more excited and the wagers heavier: “Five crowns on the little one!”—“Eight crowns on the gray!”—“Twenty crowns on the black!”—“Done”—“Done!”

At a certain point one of the cocks makes a motion that betrays his inferior strength and begins to show signs of weakening. While he still resists his pecks become slower, the strokes of his spurs feebler, and his springs lower. He seems to know that he must die. He fights no longer to kill, but to keep from being killed, retreats, flees, falls, raises himself, returns to fall again, reels as though seized with vertigo. Then the spectacle begins to grow horrible. Before the failing enemy the victor grows fiercer; his pecks fall fast and furious, striking the eyes of his victim with the regularity of the needle of a sewing-machine; his neck flies back and forth with the strength of a spring; his beak seizes the flesh, twists and tears it, then darts into the wound as if seeking for the most secret fibre; then he pecks the head again and again as though he wishes to crack the

skull and tear out the brain. There are no words to express the horror of that pecking, continuous, insatiable, inexorable. The victim defends himself, flees, and runs around the cage, and after him, beside him, hovering over him like a shadow, with his head stretched over that of the fugitive, follows the victor like a confessor, always pecking, piercing, and tearing. He has about him the air of a jailer and executioner; he seems to be whispering in the ear of his victim and to accompany every blow with an insult: “There! take that! suffer! die! No! live; take this blow and this, and still another!” A little of the cock’s sanguinary fury is instilled into your veins; that cowardly cruelty inspires a longing for revenge; one would strangle the creature with one’s hands and crush its head with one’s feet. The conquered cock, all bedraggled with blood, featherless, and tottering, still tries now and then to return the attack, gives a few pecks, turns to flee, and dashes against the irons of the railing to find a way of escape.

The bettors become more excited and shout even louder than before. They can no longer bet on the struggle, and so begin to bet on the agony: “Five crowns that it does not make three attacks!”—“Ten crowns that it does not make five!”—“Four crowns that it does not make two!”—“Done!”—“Done!”

At this point I heard a remark which made me shudder: “*Es ciego!*” (“It is blind.”)

I approached the netting, looked at the conquered cock, and averted my face in horror. It had no skin, it had no eyes; its neck was only a bloody bone, its head a skull; its wings, reduced to three or four feathers, hung down like two rags; it seemed impossible that wounded as it was it could still live and walk; it no longer had any form.

Nevertheless, that remnant, that monster, that skeleton dripping with blood, still defended itself and fought on in the dark, raising its broken wings like two stumps, stretching out its fleshless neck, shaking its skull at random, here and there, like a new-born puppy.

It was so disgusting and horrible that I closed my eyes to blur the sight. And the executioner continued to peck at the wounds, to pierce its eyeballs and beat its naked skull; it was no longer a fight; it was torture; it seemed as though the cock wished to torment without killing; sometimes, when its victim remained still for a moment, it bent over and examined it with the scrutiny of an anatomist; sometimes it stepped off and looked down at it with the indifference of a grave-digger; then, again, it would leap upon it with the greed of a vampire, peck, suck, and tear it as vigorously as at first. Finally, the dying fowl stopped suddenly, bent its head to the ground as though overcome by sleep, and its executioner looked at it attentively and desisted.

Then the shouting was redoubled; it was no longer possible to bet on the convulsions of its agony, so they bet on the symptoms of death: “Five crowns that it will never raise its head!”—“Three crowns that it raises it twice!”—“Done!”—“Done!”

The dying cock slowly raised its head; the ready executioner leaped upon it with a storm of blows; the shouting burst out again; the victim made another slight movement, received another pecking, shook itself; received another blow; blood rushed from its mouth; it tottered and fell. The victor, coward that he was, began to crow. An attendant came and carried them both away.

All the spectators jumped to their feet and a clamorous conversation followed; the winners laughed loud and long, the losers swore, and one and all discussed the merits of the cocks and the chances of the struggle: “A good fight!”—“Good cocks!”—“Poor cocks!”—“They were no good!”—“You don’t understand it, sir!”—“Good!”—“Bad!”

“Be seated, *caballeros*!” cried the president; they all sat down, and another fight started.

I glanced toward the battlefield and went out. Some may not believe it, but that spectacle seemed to me more horrible than my first bull-fight. I had no idea of such ferocious cruelty; I did not believe until I saw it that one animal, after rendering another powerless, would be able to abuse, torment, and torture it in that manner with the fury of hate and the luxury of revenge; I had not believed that the rage of a beast could reach the point of presenting the character of the most extravagant human vice. Even now—and it is a long time since—whenever I remember that spectacle I involuntarily turn my head to one side as if to avoid the horrible sight of that dying cock, and I never chance to place my hand on a railing without casting down my eyes with the expectation of seeing the ground sprinkled with feathers and blood. If you go to Spain, take my advice, gentlefolk, and be content with the bulls.

THE CONVENT OF THE ESCURIAL.

Before leaving for Andalusia, I went to see the famous convent of the Escurial, the Leviathan of architecture, the eighth wonder of the world, the grandest pile of granite on the earth; and if you wish other high-sounding names, you have only to create them, but you will find none that has not previously been applied to the edifice. I left Madrid early in the morning.

The village of the Escurial, which gives the convent its name, lies about eight leagues from the city, a short distance from the Guadarrama; the road crosses a

desolate, arid plain bounded by a horizon of snow-clad mountains. When I arrived at the station of the Escurial a cold, drizzling rain was falling, which chilled me through.

From the station to the village there is a climb of half a mile. I entered a diligence, and after a few minutes' ride was set down in a solitary street bordered on the left by the convent, and on the right by the houses of the village, and closed in the distance by the mountains. At the first sight one can make out nothing clearly: one expected to see a building, and sees a city; one does not know whether one is already in the convent or still outside of it; on every side there are walls; one goes forward, and finds one's self in a square, looks around, and sees streets, but has scarcely entered these before the convent again closes around, and one has lost one's bearings and does not know which way to turn. The first feeling is one of sadness. The entire building is of dirt-colored stone pointed with white lines; the roofs are covered with plates of lead. It seems like a building of earth. The walls are very high and bare, and there are a great number of windows, which look like loopholes. One would call it a prison rather than a convent. Everywhere one sees that sombre, dead color; there is not a living soul stirring, and the silence of an abandoned fortress broods over it; beyond the black roofs rises the black mountain, which seems to hang over the edifice and give it an air of mysterious solitude. The place, the lines, the colors, everything, seems to have been chosen by the founder for the purpose of offering to the eyes of man a sad and solemn spectacle.

Before entering you have lost your gaiety; you no longer smile; you think. You are arrested at the doors of the Escurial by a sort of trepidation, as at the gates of a desolate city; it seems that if the terrors of the Inquisition still linger in any corner of the earth, they must be found within these walls; you would say that here one might see its last traces and listen to its last echo.

Every one knows that the basilica and convent of the Escurial were founded by Philip II. after the battle of San Quintino, in fulfilment of a vow to Saint Lawrence made during the siege where the besieging force was obliged to storm a church consecrated to that saint. Don Juan Batista of Toledo began the work, and Herrera finished it; twenty years were spent in its construction. Philip II. wished the edifice to present the form of a gridiron, in commemoration of the martyrdom of Saint Lawrence, and such indeed is its form. The foundation is a rectangular parallelogram.

At the four corners rise four great square towers with pointed roofs, which represent the four feet of the gridiron; the church and the royal palace, which rise on one side, are symbolic of the handle, the interior buildings, which connect the

two sides lengthwise, answer for the cross-bars. Other smaller buildings rise beyond the parallelogram at a short distance from the convent, and extend along one of the longer sides and one of the courts, forming two great squares; on the other two sides are gardens. The façades, the doorways, the vestibules—everything is in harmony with the grandeur and dignity of the edifice, and it is useless to add description to description. The royal palace is most splendid, and it is well to see it before entering the convent and the church, so as not to confuse the different impressions. This palace occupies the north-east corner of the structure. Some of the rooms are full of paintings; others hung from floor to ceiling with tapestries designed by Goya, representing bull-fights, popular balls, sports, festivals, and Spanish costumes; others royally furnished and adorned; the pavement, the doors, the windows covered with marvellous workmanship in mosaic and superb gilding.

But the chamber of Philip II. is the important one among all these rooms—a cell rather than a room, bare and squalid, with an alcove which opens into the royal oratory of the church, so that from the bed, when the doors are closed, one may see the priests saying mass. Philip II. slept in that cell, there he had his last sickness, and there he died. One may still see some chairs which he used, his writing-desk, and two small benches on which he rested his gouty leg. The walls are white, the ceiling is flat and without ornament, and the floor is of brick.

After seeing the royal palace one leaves the building, crosses the square, and re-enters by the principal doorway. A guide attaches himself to your person; you are led through a large vestibule and find yourself in the Courtyard of the Kings.

Then, for the first time, you are able to form an idea of the vast skeleton of the edifice. The courtyard is entirely surrounded by walls; on the side opposite the doorway rises the façade of the church. From the spacious platform rise six enormous Doric columns, each of which supports a great pedestal and every pedestal a statue. There are six colossal statues by Battista Monegro, representing Jehosaphat, Ezekiel, David, Solomon, Joshua, and Manasseh. The courtyard is paved with stone sprinkled with bits of mouldy turf; the walls look like rocks cut in vertical lines; everything is rigid, massive, and heavy, and offers the fantastic appearance of a building carved by Titans out of the solid mountain, ready to defy the shocks of time and the thunderbolts of heaven. There one begins to understand what the Escurial is.

One mounts the platform and enters the church.

The interior of the church is bare and gloomy; four enormous pilasters of gray granite bear up the vaulted roof painted in fresco by Luca Giordano; beside the great altar, carved and gilded in the Spanish style, and between the columns

of the two royal oratories, one sees two groups of bronze statues, kneeling figures with clasped hands stretched toward the altar—on the right, Charles V., the empress Isabella, and several princesses; on the left, Philip II. with his wives. Over the doorway of the church, thirty feet from the ground, at the end of the great nave, rises the choir, with two rows of seats, in the Corinthian style and simple in design. In a corner near a secret door is the seat where Philip II. used to sit. Through that door he received letters and important despatches without being seen by the priests chanting in the choir. This church, which, compared with the whole edifice, seems very small, is nevertheless one of the largest churches in Spain, and, although it appears so devoid of ornament, contains a vast wealth of marbles, gold, relics, and paintings, which a dim light in part conceals, and from which the attention is diverted by the gloominess of the building. Besides the thousand works of art which one sees in the chapels, in the rooms which open out of the church, and on the staircases which lead to the galleries, there is in a corridor behind the choir a superb white marble crucifix, the work of Benvenuto Cellini, which bears the inscription, *Benvenutus Zalinus, civis Florentinus, facebat 1562*. In other parts one sees paintings by Navarrete and Herrera. But all surprise is overwhelmed by a feeling of sadness. The color of the stone, the dim light, the profound silence which encircles you incessantly draw your thoughts to the vastness, the hidden recesses, and the solitude of the edifice, and leave no place for the indulgence of your admiration. The appearance of that church inspires an inexpressible sense of restlessness. You would know by intuition, if you had not learned it otherwise, that around those walls for a long distance extend only granite, shadows, and silence; you feel that measureless structure without seeing it; you feel that you are standing in the midst of a forsaken city; you would hasten your steps to see it at once, to free yourself from the incubus of that mystery, and to seek, if anywhere they might be found, light, noise, and life.

From the church, through several bare, cold rooms, one passes into the sacristy, a large, vaulted chamber, along one of whose walls runs an unbroken row of wardrobes made of various fine woods. It contains also a series of paintings by Ribera, Giordano, Zurbarán, Tintoretto, and other Spanish and Italian painters; and at the end stands the famous altar of the *Santa forma*, with the very celebrated painting of poor Claude Coello, who died of a broken heart when Luca Giordano was summoned to the Escurial. The effect of this painting is truly above all expectation. It represents with life-size figures the procession which once marched to place the *Santa forma* in that very spot; it depicts the sacristy and the altar, the prior kneeling on the steps, with the casket and the

sacred Host in his hands; around him are grouped the deacons on one side, Charles II. on his knees, and beyond the monks, priests, collegians, and the other worshippers. The figures are so life-like and natural, the perspective so true, the coloring, shading, and light so effective, that on first entering the sacristy one mistakes the painting for a mirror which reflects a religious ceremony being celebrated at that moment in the next room. Then the illusion vanishes, but one is still deceived as to the background of the picture, and it is actually necessary to approach close enough to touch it before one believes that it is only a painted canvas and not another sacristy. On the festival days the canvas is rolled up, and there appears in the centre of a little chapel a small temple of gilded bronze, within which one sees a magnificent casket, which contains the sacred Host, adorned with ten thousand rubies, diamonds, amethysts, and garnets arranged in the form of dazzling rays.

From the sacristy we went to the Pantheon. A guide led the way with a lighted torch: we descended a long granite staircase and came to a subterranean door, where not a single ray of light penetrated. Over this door one reads the following inscription in gilded letters of bronze:

"God great and omnipotent!

"A place consecrated by the piety of the Austrian dynasty to the mortal remains of the Catholic kings, who are looking for that day of their desire, under the great altar sacred to the Redeemer of the human race. Charles V., the most illustrious of the Cæsars, desired this for the last resting-place of himself and his lineage; Philip II., the most prudent of kings, planned it; Philip III., a monarch of sincere piety, made a beginning of the work; Philip IV., great in his clemency, constancy, and devotion, enlarged, adorned, and brought it to completion in the year of our Lord 1654."

The guide entered: I followed him and found myself surrounded by sepulchres, or rather in a sepulchre, as dark and cold as a grotto in a mountain-side. It is a little octagonal chamber built entirely of marble, with a small altar on the side opposite the door, and in the remaining space from floor to ceiling, one above the other, tombs adorned with bronze ornaments and bas-reliefs; the ceiling is under the great altar in the church. To the right of the altar are the tombs of Charles V., Philip II., Philip III., Philip IV., Louis I., the three Don Carlos, and Ferdinand VII.; on the left, the empresses and queens. The guide placed his torch near the tomb of Maria Louisa of Savoy, the spouse of Charles III., and said to me with an air of mystery, "Read." The marble is ruled in different directions; with a little study I was able to distinguish five letters; they form the name *Luisa*, written by the queen herself with the point of her scissors.

Suddenly the guide extinguished his torch and we were left in the dark; the blood froze in my veins. "Light it!" I cried. The guide laughed a long, ghostly laugh, which seemed to me like a death-rattle, and replied, "Look!" I looked: a faint ray of light, entering through a chink near the ceiling, stole along the wall almost to the pavement, shedding light

[Image not available: Tomb of Charles V, Escurial]

Tomb of Charles V, Escurial

enough merely to make visible some tombs of the queens: it seemed like a beam

of moonlight, and the bas-reliefs and the bronzes on the tombs gleamed in that uncanny glimmer as though they were dripping with water. At that moment I perceived, for the first time, the odor of that sepulchral air, and a tremor of fear seized me: in imagination I entered those tombs and saw all those stiffened corpses; I sought an escape through the vaulted roof, and found myself alone in the church. I fled from the church and lost myself in the labyrinth of the convent; presently I came to myself in the midst of the tombs, and felt that I was truly in the heart of that monstrous edifice, in its deepest part. I seemed to be a prisoner entombed in that mountain of granite, which was everywhere closing in upon me and pressing me on all sides, and would finally crush me, and I thought, with indescribable sadness, of the sky, the country, and the free air as of another world, “Sir,” said the guide solemnly before going out, extending his hand toward the tomb of Charles V., “the emperor is there, just as he was when they placed him there, with his eyes still open, so that he seems alive and speaking: it is a miracle of God performed for purposes of his own. He who lives will see.” And speaking these last words, he made the sign of the cross, as though he was afraid the emperor might hear, and led the way to the stairs.

After the church and the sacristy one goes to visit the picture-gallery, which contains a great number of paintings by artists of every nation, although not the best examples, for they were taken to the Madrid gallery, but, at any rate, paintings of sufficient merit to warrant a visit of a few hours.

From the picture-gallery one proceeds to the library by the great staircase, over which rises a high vaulted ceiling wholly covered with frescoes by Luca Giordano. The library consists of a hall of great size adorned with large allegorical pictures: it contains more than fifty thousand precious volumes, four thousand of which were presented by Philip II. There is also another room, containing a very rich collection of manuscripts.

From the library one goes to the convent. Here the imagination of man is lost. If any of my readers has read the *Estudiante de Salamanca* of Espronceda, he will remember how that indefatigable youth, in pursuing a mysterious lady whom he met at night at the foot of the chapel stairs, followed her from street to street, from square to square, from alley to alley, turning and twisting and going in circles, until he reached a point where he saw no longer the houses of Salamanca, but found himself in an unknown city, and how, as he continued to turn corners, cross squares, and hurry through the streets, the city seemed to enlarge as he advanced, and the streets to stretch away, and the alleys to make a thicker network, and how he went on and ever on without rest, not knowing whether he was asleep or awake, drunken or mad; and fear began to penetrate his

iron heart and the strangest fancies crowded upon his bewildered mind. So is it with the stranger in the convent of the Escurial.

You pass through a long subterranean corridor, so narrow that you can touch the walls with your elbows, so low that your head almost strikes the ceiling, and damp as a submarine grotto, until you reach the end, turn around, and find yourself in another corridor. You go forward, come to doors and look through them: other corridors stretch away as far as the eye can reach. At the end of one you may see a ray of light, at the end of another an open door which allows you to peep into a suite of rooms. Now and then you hear the echo of a passing footstep; you stop and the sound dies away; then it comes again, but you cannot tell whether it is over your head, to the right or left, behind or in front. You step up to a door and turn back terrified. At the end of the interminable corridor along which your glance has run you have seen a man standing motionless as a spectre, looking at you. You hurry on and come out into a narrow courtyard surrounded by very high walls, grass-grown, hollow-sounding, and lighted by a wan light which seems to descend from an unknown sun—places like the courts of the witches of which they told us in our childhood.

You leave the courtyard, mount a flight of stairs, enter an upper gallery, and look around: it is another court, silent and deserted. You turn down another corridor, climb another staircase, and find yourself in a third court; then, again, corridors and stairs and suites of empty rooms and narrow courtyards; and everywhere granite, grass, a sickly light, and a sepulchral silence. For a little while you think you can retrace your steps; then the mind becomes confused, and you remember nothing; it seems as though you had walked ten miles—that you have been a month in this labyrinth and can never escape.

You approach a courtyard and say, “I have seen this already.” No, you are mistaken; it is another. You believe that you are in a certain part of the edifice when you are in the opposite part. You ask the guide where the cloister is, and he replies, “This is it,” and you walk on for half an hour. You seem to be dreaming: you see a succession of long walls flitting past, frescoed, hung with paintings, crosses, and inscriptions; you see and forget and ask yourself, “Where am I?”

You see the light of another world; you have never seen just such a light: is it the reflection from the stone, or does it come from the moon? No, it is daylight, but sadder than darkness—unreal, gloomy, and fantastic. And as you go on from corridor to corridor, from court to court, you look ahead with misgivings, expecting to see suddenly, as you turn a corner, a row of skeleton monks with hoods over their eyes and crosses in their hands; you think of Philip II., and seem to hear his heavy footsteps slowly retreating through the dark passages;

you remember all that you have read about him, of his terrors and the Inquisition, and everything becomes clear to your mind's eye with a sudden light; for the first time you understand it all: the Escurial is Philip II. You see it at every step, you feel it at every breath; he is still there, alive and terrible, with the image of his dreadful God. Then you would rebel and raise your thoughts to the God of your heart and your aspirations, and conquer the mysterious terror which the place inspires, but you cannot: the Escurial surrounds, holds, and crushes you; the chill of its walls penetrates to your marrow; the gloom of its sepulchral labyrinthine passages invades your soul; if you were with a friend, you would say, "Let us go out;" if perchance you were with a loved one, you would clasp her to your heart in trepidation; if you were alone, you would flee. Finally, you climb a staircase, enter a room, approach a window, and with a cry of gratitude hail the mountains, the sun, liberty, and the great and beneficent God who loves and pardons.

What a long breath you draw at that window!

From it you see the gardens, which fill but a small space and are very simple; but who can tell how elegant and beautiful they are, and in what perfect harmony with the building? You see twelve graceful fountains, each surrounded by four plots of myrtle, which represent royal shields, designed with exquisite taste and trimmed with such nicety that as one looks down at them from the windows they look like fabrics of plush and velvet, and form a very grateful contrast to the white sand of the paths. There are no trees, flowers, nor arbors: in all the garden one sees only the fountains, the plots of myrtle, and the two colors, green and white; and so charming is that dignified simplicity that one cannot bear to leave it, and when one has looked away the memory returns there and rests with a sweet subdued sense of pensive sadness.

In a room near that from which I looked at the garden the guide made me look at a collection of relics, which I examined in silence, without allowing him to suspect my secret feeling of doubt. There is a piece of the Holy Cross, presented by the Pope to Isabella II.; a bit of wood stained with the blood of Saint Lawrence, which is still visible; Saint Theresa's inkhorn, and other objects, among them a little portable altar which belonged to Charles V., a crown of thorns, a pair of tweezers used for torture, found I know not where. Thence I was led to the dome of the church, from which one enjoys a splendid view. On one side the view extends over all the mountainous country which lies between the Escurial and Madrid; on the other one sees the snowy mountains of Guadarrama; below one comprehends at a glance the whole of the measureless edifice, the long lead-colored roofs, the towers, the courtyards, the cloisters, the porticoes,

and the galleries; one may pass in thought through the thousand windings of the corridors and stairways, and say, “An hour ago I was below there—here—up there—down there—over yonder,” marvelling that one has made so great a journey, and delighted to have escaped from that labyrinth, those tombs and shadows, and to be able to return to the city and see one’s friends again.

An illustrious traveller has said that after passing a day in the Escurial one ought to be happy throughout the rest of one’s life, with the single thought that one might still be within those walls; and it is almost true: even now, after so long a time, on rainy days, when I am feeling sad, I think of the Escurial, and then look at the walls of my room and congratulate myself; in sleepless nights I see again the courtyards of the Escurial; when I am sick and my sleep is broken and uneasy, I dream of wandering through those corridors alone in the dark, followed by the ghost of an old friar, crying and pounding at all the doors without finding a way of escape, until I rush headlong into the Pantheon, and the door clashes on my heels, and I remain entombed among the sepulchres. With what pleasure did I see again the thousand lights of the *Puerta del Sol*, the crowded cafés, and the great noisy street of Alcalá! On re-entering the house I made such a racket that the servant, a good simple Galician girl, ran breathless to her mistress and said, “I think the Italian has gone mad!”

I was more amused by the deputies of the Cortes than by either the cocks or the bulls. I was successful in obtaining a little corner in the reporters’ gallery, and went there every day, staying until the very end with infinite pleasure. The Spanish Parliament has a more youthful appearance than ours—not because the deputies are younger, but because they are nattier and better dressed. One does not see those dishevelled heads of hair, those unkempt beards, and colorless surtouts which are to be seen on the benches of our Chamber: one sees smooth and shiny beards and hair, embroidered shirts, long black coats, light trousers, tan gloves, silver-headed canes, and button-hole bouquets. The Spanish Parliament follows the fashion-plate. And as is the dress, so is the speech, lively, gay, flowery, and brilliant. We are continually lamenting that our deputies are more careful of form than is becoming to political orators, but the Spanish deputies observe this even more studiously, and, it must be admitted, with even greater grace. Not only do they speak with marvellous facility, so that one very rarely hears one of them pause in the middle of a period to find a word, but, moreover, every one tries to speak correctly and to add to his speech a certain poetical lustre, a little classical polish, and a slight impress of the grand oratorical style. The gravest ministers, the most timid deputies, the sternest

financiers, even when they use arguments utterly foreign to rhetorical treatment, embellish their speeches with verses from the anthology, with happy anecdotes, and famous quotations, and apostrophes to culture, liberty, and patriotism; and they talk as rapidly as though they were reciting something committed to memory, with an intonation always measured and euphonious, and a variety of pose and gesture of which one never tires for an instant. And the journals, in criticising the speeches, praise the elevation of their style, praise the purity of their language, *los rasgos sublimes* (the sublime flashes), which appear admirable if they are writing of their friends, be it understood, or, on the other hand, they say in disparagement that the style is slipshod, the language corrupt, the form—that precious form!—in a word unpolished, base, and unworthy of the splendid traditions of Spanish oratory.

This cultivation of form, this great facility of speech, degenerates into vanity and bombast, and it is true that one must not search in the Parliament of Madrid for examples of genuine political eloquence; but it is none the less true, as is universally conceded, that this Parliament, among all those of Europe, is richest in oratory in the general acceptation of that word. One should hear a discussion on some important political measure which stirs the passions of the deputies. It is a veritable battle! There are no longer speeches, but torrents of words which drive the stenographers mad and confuse the heads of those in the galleries. There are tones, gestures, violent expressions, bursts of inspired eloquence, which remind one of the French Assembly in the turbulent days of the Revolution. There one hears Rios Rosas, a most violent orator, who rules the tumult with a roar; a Martos, an orator of distinguished figure, who destroys by ridicule; a Pi y Margall, a venerable old man, who terrifies by his gloomy predictions; a Colantes, an indefatigable speaker, who crushes the Chamber under an avalanche of words; a Rodriguez, who with marvellous flexibility of argument and illustration pursues, entangles, and strangles his enemies; and, in the centre of a hundred others, a Castelar, who conquers and enslaves both friends and enemies by a flood of poetry and harmony. And this Castelar, famous throughout Europe, is really the most perfect expression of Spanish eloquence. He carries the cultivation of form almost to idolatry; his eloquence is music; his argument a slave to his ear; he says a thing or leaves it unsaid, or says it in one sense rather than in another, according as it turns or fails to turn a period; there is a harmony in his mind which he follows and obeys, and to which he sacrifices everything that can possibly offend; with him a period is a strophe, and one must hear him to believe that human speech without the cadence of poetry and the aid of song is able to approach so closely to the harmony of song and poetry. He is

more of an artist than a politician, and he has not only the genius, but the heart, of an artist—the heart of a child incapable of anger or resentment. In all his speeches no one can find a ground of offence; in the Cortes he has never provoked a serious dispute of a personal nature; he never has recourse to satire and never uses irony; in his most violent philippics there is no touch of bitterness; and this is a proof of these assertions: although he is a Republican, an opponent of all the ministers, an aggressive journalist, a continual adversary to every one who exercises any power, and of every one who is not a fanatic on the subject of liberty, he has never had an enemy. Consequently, his speeches are enjoyed and are not feared; his words are too beautiful to terrify; his character too ingenuous for him to exercise a political influence; he does not know how to fight, to conspire, and to accomplish his ends through bribery; it is his function only to please and to shine: his eloquence even at his grandest is tender, his most beautiful speeches make one weep. To him the Chamber is a theatre. Like an improvisatore, to have a full and serene inspiration he is obliged to speak at a given hour, at a predetermined moment, and with a certain period of time at his disposal. Accordingly, on the day when he wishes to speak he makes his arrangement with the president of the chamber; the president so disposes the business that his speech may begin when the galleries are crowded and all the deputies are in their seats; his papers announce his speech on the previous evening in order that the ladies may procure tickets, for he must have popular attention. Before speaking he is restless and cannot be still for an instant; he enters the Chamber, goes out, comes back, turns to go out again, hurries along the corridors, goes to the library to consult a book, rushes into a café for a glass of water, seems to be stricken with fever: he imagines that he will not be able to pronounce two words—that he will appear ridiculous and be hissed: not a single idea of his speech remains clear in his mind; he has confused and forgotten everything. “How is your pulse?” his friends ask him with a smile. The solemn moment arrives; he rises from his seat with bowed head, trembling and pale, like a man condemned to death, resigned to lose in a single day the glory won in so many years and with so great labor. At that moment his very enemies pity his condition. He raises his head, casts a glance around, and says, “*Señores!*” He is saved; his courage is renewed; his mind clears, and his speech takes form again like a forgotten air; the president, the Cortes, the galleries vanish; he feels only the irresistible flame which burns within him—the mysterious force which sustains him. It is fine to hear him say these words. “I no longer see the walls of the Chamber,” he says; “I see distant lands and people never seen before.” He speaks hour after hour, and not a deputy leaves the hall, not a person moves in the galleries, not a voice interrupts, not a motion disturbs him; not even when he

transgresses the rules has the president courage to stop him; he pictures at his pleasure the image of his republic clothed in white and crowned with roses, and the monarchists do not rise in protest, for when so clothed they too find her beautiful. Castelar is the ruler of the Assembly; he thunders, lightens, sings, roars, and flashes like fireworks, provokes laughter, calls forth shouts of enthusiasm, ends in a tremendous tumult of applause, and disappears with head erect. Such is the famous Castelar, professor of history in the university—a most fertile writer on politics, art, and religion; a publicist who annually receives fifty thousand francs from the journals of America; an academician unanimously elected a member of the *Academia española*—pointed out in the streets, hailed with joy by the people, loved by his enemies, noble, vain, generous, and happy.

While we are on the subject of political eloquence let us glance at literature.

Imagine a hall in the Academy full of noise and confusion. A crowd of poets, novelists, and writers of every sort, nearly all of them having a French air in their expression and manner, although very studious to conceal it. They are reading and declaiming from their own works, each one trying to drown the voice of the others, to the end that he may make himself heard by the people who crowd the galleries, while they, on their part, put through the time by reading the papers and discussing politics. Now and then a clear, sonorous voice rises above the tumult, and then a hundred voices burst forth together from one corner of the room, crying, “He is a Carlist!” and a flood of hisses drowns the cry; or, on the other hand, “He is a Republican!” and another flood of hisses from the other side drowns the clear, sonorous voice. The academicians crush their papers into balls, throw them at each other, and shout in each other’s ears, “Atheist!”—“Jesuit!”—“Innovator!”—“Weathercock!”—“Traitor!”

By listening attentively to those who are reading one may catch harmonious stanzas, well-turned periods, powerful phrases: the first effect is agreeable; the prose and poetry are indeed full of fire, life, flashes of light, and happy comparisons, drawn from everything that one hears and sees in the sky, the earth, and the sea; and it is all dimly lighted with the colors of the Orient and richly clothed in Italian harmonies. But, alas! it is literature only for the eyes and the ears; it is only music and painting; on rare occasions the Muse drops a gem of thought in the midst of a shower of flowers, and of this bright shower there remains only a lingering perfume in the air and the echo of a dying murmur on the ear.

Meanwhile one hears in the street the shouts of the people, the firing of guns, and the beating of drums; at every moment some artist deserts the ranks and goes to wave a banner among the crowd; they separate in twos and threes and in

larger groups and go to swell the crowd of journalists; the turmoil and the continuous turning of Fortune's wheel dissuade the most industrious from lengthy works; it is in vain that some solitary figure in the crowd cries, "In the name of Cervantes, stop!" A few strong voices are raised above this clamor, but they are the voices of men who hold themselves apart, many of whom will soon make that voyage from which there is no return. There is the voice of Hartzenbusch, the prince of the drama; the voice of Breton de las Herreros, the prince of comedy; the voice of Zorilla, the prince of poetry; there is the Orientalist, Gayangos; the archeologist, Guerra; a writer of comedies, called Tamayo; a novelist, Fernand Caballero by name; Amador de los Rios, a critic; Fernandez y Gonzalez, a novelist; and a host of other able and productive writers. In the midst of these there still lives the memory of Quintana, the great poet of the Revolution; of Espronceda, the Byron of Spain; of a Nicasio Gallego, a Martinez della Rosa, and a duke di Rivas. But the tumult, the disorder, and the discord burst through like a torrent and engulf everything.

To leave allegory, Spanish literature finds itself in a condition similar to ours—a group of illustrious writers whose powers are failing, but who have had two grand sources of inspiration, religion and love of country, or both in one—men who have left a distinct and enduring mark in the field of art; and, on the other hand, a body of young men who are groping their way forward, asking what it is they have to do, rather than actually doing it, wavering between faith and doubt; either possessing faith without courage or taught by custom to simulate it when they have it not; not even certain of their own language, and vacillating between the academies, which cry, "Purity!" and the people, who cry, "Truth!"—hesitating between the weight of traditions and the need of the moment; thrust aside by the thousands who give fame or spurned by the few who seal it; obliged to think in one way and to write in another—to conceal their inmost self, to let the present escape so as not to break with the past, to steer as best they can between opposing obstacles. Good fortune may be able for a few years to keep their names afloat amid the torrent of French books which is pouring in upon the country. Hence arises the discouragement, first to their own individual effort, and then to the national genius; and from this follow imitation which sinks into mediocrity, and the abandonment of the literature of broad scholarship and large hopes for the ease and profitable scribbling for the newspapers.

Alone among so many ruins stands the theatre. The new dramatic literature lacks the marvellous invention, the splendid form, and the pristine impress of the nobility and grandeur of the old, which was the expression of a people who ruled Europe and the New World. Still less does it possess the incredible

productiveness and the endless variety; but, in compensation, it possesses a more wholesome influence, a deeper observation, a finer delicacy, and a greater degree of conformity to the true scope of the theatre, which is to purify manners and to ennoble the heart and mind.

In all the forms of literature, moreover, as in the drama, in the novels, the popular songs, the poems, and histories, there always lives and rules the sentiment which informs the literature of Spain more powerfully indeed than any other European literature, from the first rude lyrics of Berseo to the noble martial hymns of Quintana—the sentiment of national pride.

And here it is appropriate to speak of the Spanish character. The national pride of the Spaniards is still so great to-day, after so many misfortunes and so grave a fall, that the stranger who lives among them is doubtful whether they are the Spaniards of three centuries ago or the Spaniards of the nineteenth century. But it is an inoffensive pride, a pride which runs to harmless rhetoric. They do not depreciate the other nations which seem to rise higher than themselves. No; they respect, praise, and admire them, but show a feeling of superiority which draws a clear inference contradictory to their praise. They are benevolent toward other nations, with that benevolence which Leopardi justly remarks is peculiar to men full of self-conceit, who believe that they are admired by all, and love their avowed admirers because they think that a duty attendant upon the superiority with which they imagine fate has blessed them. Surely there has never existed in the world a people with greater enthusiasm for their history than the Spanish. It is incredible. The boy who shines your boots, the porter who carries your valise, the mendicant who begs for alms, raises his head with flashing eyes at the names of Charles V., Philip II., Hernando Cortez, and Don John of Austria, as if they are heroes of his own time, and as if he had witnessed their triumphal entry into the city only the day before. The people pronounce the word *España* with an accent like that with which the Romans of the most glorious times of the Republic would have pronounced *Roma*. When they speak of Spain modesty is thrown aside, even by men of extremely modest nature, without the least indication in their faces of that exaltation because of which one may sometimes pardon intemperate speech. They boast in cold blood, from habit, without being conscious of so doing. In the speeches of Parliament, in the newspaper articles, in the writings of the Academy, they speak of the Spanish people without circumlocution as a nation of heroes, the great nation, the wonder of the world, the glory of the ages. It is a rare thing to hear any one speak or read a hundred words before an audience without sooner or later recognizing the burden of the song in Lepanto, the Discovery of America, or the War of Independence, the

mention of which always elicits a burst of applause.

And it is precisely this tradition of the War of Independence that constitutes to the Spanish people a powerful inherent force. One who has never lived in Spain for a long or short period cannot believe that a war, however fortunate and glorious, could leave to the people so steadfast a faith in their national valor. Baylen, Victoria, San Marcial, are throughout Spain even more potent traditions than are Marengo, Jena, and Austerlitz in France. Even the martial glory of the armies of Napoleon, seen through the War of Independence, which shrouds it like a veil, appears to the eyes of the Spanish less splendid than to any other people in Europe. The idea of a foreign invasion provokes among the Spaniards a smile of proud disdain; they do not believe it possible to be conquered in their own country; one should hear the tones in which they speak of Germany when it is rumored that the emperor William has determined to uphold the throne of the duke d'Aosta with his arms. And doubtless if they were obliged to fight a new war of independence, they would fight, possibly with less fortunate success, but with a bravery and constancy equal to those which they once so marvellously displayed. 1808 is the '93 of Spain; it is a date which stands out before the eyes of every Spaniard in letters of fire; they glory in it, from the women and the boys to the babies who are just learning to lisp; it is the war-cry of the nation.

And they have a similar pride in their writers and artists. The beggar, instead of saying *España*, says sometimes the *country of Cervantes*. No writer in the world has ever gained such popularity among his own people as the author of *Don Quixote* in Spain. I believe that there is not a peasant or a shepherd from the Pyrenees to the Sierra Nevada, from the coast of Valencia to the hills of Estremadura, who if asked about Cervantes will not reply with a smile of complacence, "He is the immortal author of *Don Quixote*!" Spain is perhaps the country where the anniversaries of the great writers are most generally celebrated; from Juan de Mena to Espronceda, each one has his solemn day, when they offer at his tomb a tribute of song and flowers. In the squares, the cafés, the railway-carriages, wherever you are, you hear lines of the famous poets repeated by all sorts of people; he who has not read them has heard another read; he who has not heard them read repeats the quotation as a proverb learned from others; and when any one repeats a verse, they all prick up their ears. Any one who knows a little Spanish literature may make a journey in that country with the assurance of always having something to talk about and something with which to inspire sympathy wherever and in whatever company he may happen to be. The national literature is truly national.

The defect of the Spanish which from the first strikes the stranger is this—

that in their estimate of the affairs, the men, and the achievements of their time and their country they over-estimate their measure, if one may so speak. They exaggerate everything, they see everything, as it were, through a lens that magnifies to vast proportions. For a long time they have had no immediate part in the common life of Europe, and hence they have lacked opportunity for comparing themselves with other states and of judging themselves by such comparison. On this account their civil wars, the wars in America, Africa, and Cuba, are to them not what the little war of 1860 and ’61 against the Papal army, or even the revolution of 1860, are to us, but what we regard the great Crimean War and the wars of 1859 and of 1866. They speak of the combats—which exalt the Spanish armies in those wars, sanguinary doubtless, but not great—as the French speak of Solferino, the Prussians of Sadowa, and the Austrians of Custozza. Prim, Serrano, and O’Donnell are generals who in comparison dwarf the most illustrious commanders of other countries. I remember the to-do made at Madrid over the report of the victory gained by General Merriones over four or five thousand Carlists. The deputies in the lobby of the Cortes exclaimed emphatically, “Ah! Spanish blood!” Some even said that if an army of three hundred Spaniards had found itself in the position of the French in 1870, it would have marched straight to Berlin. Certain it is, that one cannot doubt the valor of the Spanish, which has been proved on so many occasions, but one may safely assert that there is a great difference between disorganized Carlists and Prussians in battle array—between the soldiers of Europe, to speak more comprehensively, and the soldiers of Africa—between great pitched battles, where canister sweeps away its thousands, and the combats of ten thousand soldiers on either side with great disparity in equipment and discipline. And as they speak of war, so they speak of everything else; and this is true not only of the common people, but of the upper classes as well. They lavish high-sounding praises upon their writers; they give the title of *grande poeta* to many whose names are never heard outside of Spain; adjectives of exalted sublimity and wonder are current coin given and taken without the least doubt of its value as legal tender. One may say that Spain regards and judges everything like an American, rather than a European, people, and that it is separated from Europe by an ocean instead of the Pyrenees, and joined to America by an isthmus.

In other points how similar they are to us! To hear the people talk of politics, one would think one was in Italy: they do not argue, they express opinions; they do not censure, they condemn; a single argument is enough for any judgment, and to form an argument an inference alone is sufficient. As for this minister, he is a rascal; that one, a traitor; and this one a hypocrite: they are all a pack of

thieves. One has sold the trees in the gardens of Aranguez; another has robbed the Escurial of its treasures; a third has drained the coffers of the state; a fourth has sold his soul for a bag of money. They have lost all faith in the very men who have had a hand in all the political movements of the last thirty years; even among the lowest people there is creeping in a spirit of discouragement which gives rise to the expressions that one hears very often and on every side: “Poor Spain! Unhappy country! Wretched Spaniards!”

But the violence of the political passions and the fury of the civil struggles have not changed the foundation of the ancient Spanish character. Only that part of society known as the political world, only this is corrupt; the people, though always inclined toward those blind and at times savage impulses of passion which betray the mingling of the Arabian and Latin blood, are good and loyal and capable of magnanimous action and sublime bursts of enthusiasm. “The honor of Spain” is still a motto which quickens every pulse. And, moreover, their manners are frank and refined; perhaps less polished, but certainly more amiable and ingenuous, than those for which the French are praised. Instead of smiling at you, they offer you a cigar; instead of paying you a compliment, they press your hand, and are more hospitable in actions than in protestations. Nevertheless, the forms of address still preserve their ancient courtliness; the gentleman says to the lady, “I am at your feet;” the lady to the gentleman, “I kiss your hand.” Among themselves the gentlemen sign their letters Q. B. S. M.—*que besa sus manos* (I kiss your hands), like a servant to his master; only friends say *Adios*; and the people preserve their affectionate salutation, *Vaya Usted con Dios!* (God be with you!), which is worth more than all the kissing of the hands.

With the warm, generous nature of this people it is impossible to spend a month in Madrid without making a hundred friends, even though one does not seek them. Think how many one might make if one did seek them! This was my case. I cannot say that they were real friends, but I was acquainted with so many persons that it did not seem at all like being in a foreign city. Even the illustrious men are very easy to approach, and hence there is no need, as elsewhere, of a pile of letters and messages from friends in order to meet them. I had the honor of knowing Tamayo, Hartzenbusch, Guerra, Saavedra, Valera, Rodriguez, Castelar, and many others, some famous in letters and some in the sciences, and I found them all alike—open, cordial, fiery; men with silvered hair, but with the eyes and voices of young men of twenty; passionately devoted to poetry, music, and art; cheerful and animated, with a fresh, ringing laugh. How many of them did I see, as they read the lines of Quintana or Espronceda, grow pale, weep, and spring to their feet as though touched by an electric spark, revealing their whole

soul in a radiant glance! What youthful spirits! What ardent hearts! How delighted I was to see and hear them—to belong to that same poor Latin race of which we now say such hard things! and how happy I was in the thought that to a greater or less degree we are all formed in the same mould, and that, although we may accustom ourselves, little by little, to envy the qualities of others, yet we are never wholly successful in obliterating our own!

After three months and more of sojourning in Madrid I was obliged to take my departure, in order that I might not be caught by the summer in Southern Spain. I shall always remember that beautiful May morning when I left, perhaps for ever, my dear Madrid. I was going to see Andalusia, “the promised land” of travellers, the ideal Andalusia, whose wonders I had so often heard sung by poets and romancers in Italy and Spain—that Andalusia for whose sake, I may say, I had undertaken the journey; and yet I was sad. I had passed so many happy days in Madrid! I was leaving so many dear friends! On my way to the station to take the noon train I passed along the Alcalá, saluted from a distance the gardens of the Recoletos, passed the Museum of Painting, stopped to take a last look at the statue of Murillo, and reached the station with an aching heart. “Three months?” I asked myself a few moments before the train started. “Have three months passed already? Has it not been a dream? Yes, it seems as if I have been dreaming. Perhaps I shall never again see my good landlady, nor Señor Saavedra’s little daughter, nor the sweet, serene face of Guerra, nor my friends of the Café Fornos, nor any one else. But what is this? Shall I not return? Return! Oh, no! I know well that I shall not return. And so ... farewell, my friends! farewell, Madrid! farewell, my little room in the street of Alduana!” At this moment my heartstrings seem to be breaking and I must hide my face.

END OF VOL. I.

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A.

B.

H.

N.

S.

Typographical errors corrected by the etext transcriber:

All instances of Alcalá and Alcala changed to=>Alcalá
All instances of Espana changed to=>España
All instances of Calderon changed to=>Calderón
All instances of Zurbaran changed to=> Zurbarán
Gothic facade of the Chapel=> Gothic façade of the Chapel {pg 26}
there is in Barcleona=> there is in Barcelona {pg 20}
gypsy or a Basque mountainer=> gypsy or a Basque mountaineer {pg 23}
paintings by Villadomat=> paintings by Viladomat {pg 26}
officials or secret emmisaries=> officials or secret emisaries {pg 52}
Let Don Amadens make it plain=> Let Don Amadeus make it plain {pg 80}
there lines of varid green break=> there lines of varied green break {pg 92}
Alas for the supurb=> Alas for the superb {pg 133}
Architectually, it is dignified=> Architecturally, it is dignified {pg 137}
traicion=> traición {pg 148}
casa de huespedes=> casa de huéspedes {pg 157}
I ate it like an out-and-out glutten=> I ate it like an out-and-out glutton {pg 161}
Gutierrez=> Gutiérrez {pg 169}
pay double, treble, quardruple=> pay double, treble, quadruple {pg 208}
Poltroon! imposter! assasin!=> Poltroon! imposter! assassin! {pg 224}
Café at the Puerto del Sol=> Café at the Puerta del Sol {pg 242}
los pasgos sublimes=> los rasgos sublimes {pg 275}
the achivements of their time=> the achievements of their time {pg 287}
Hatzenbusch=> Hartzenbusch {pg 291}

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