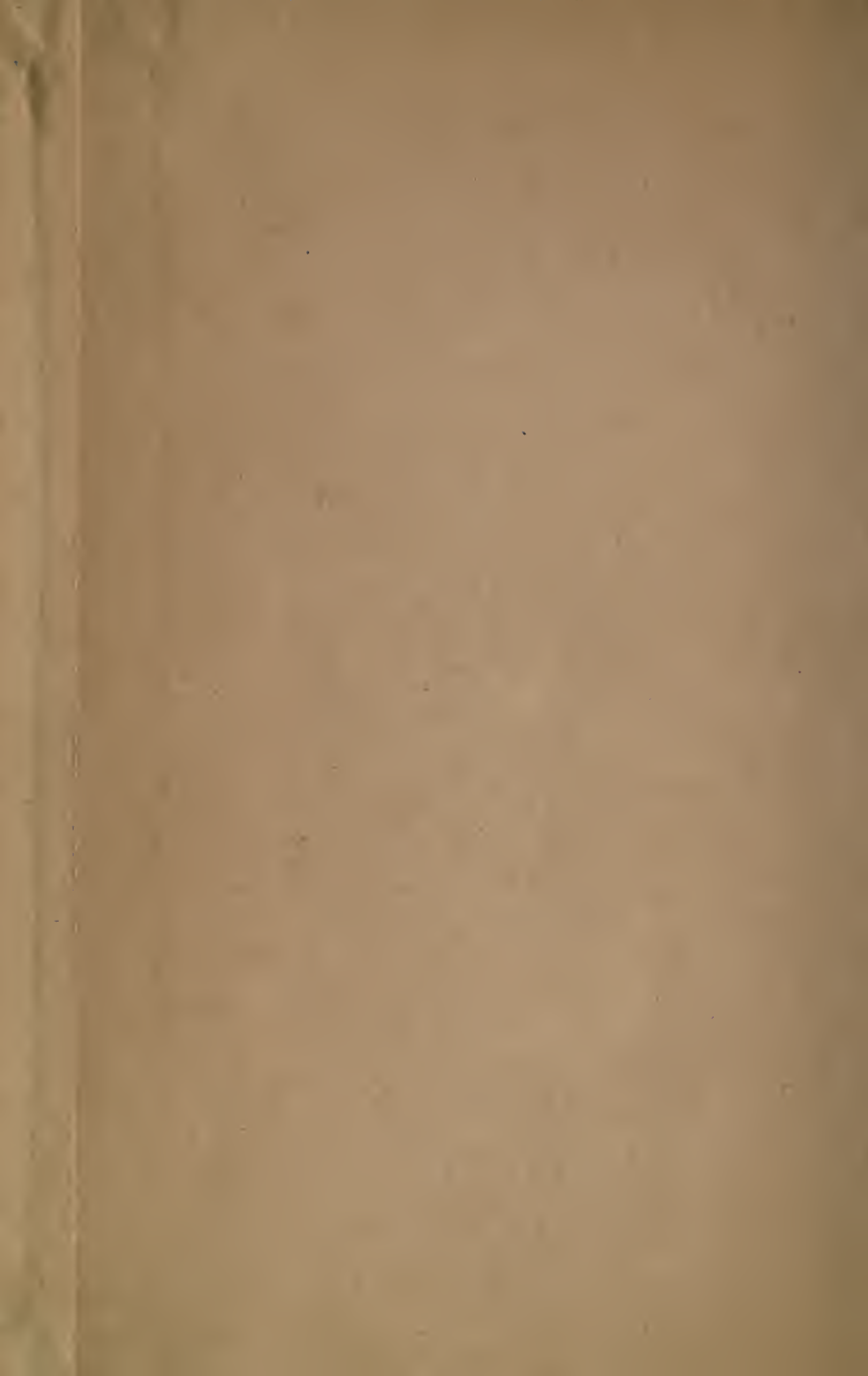


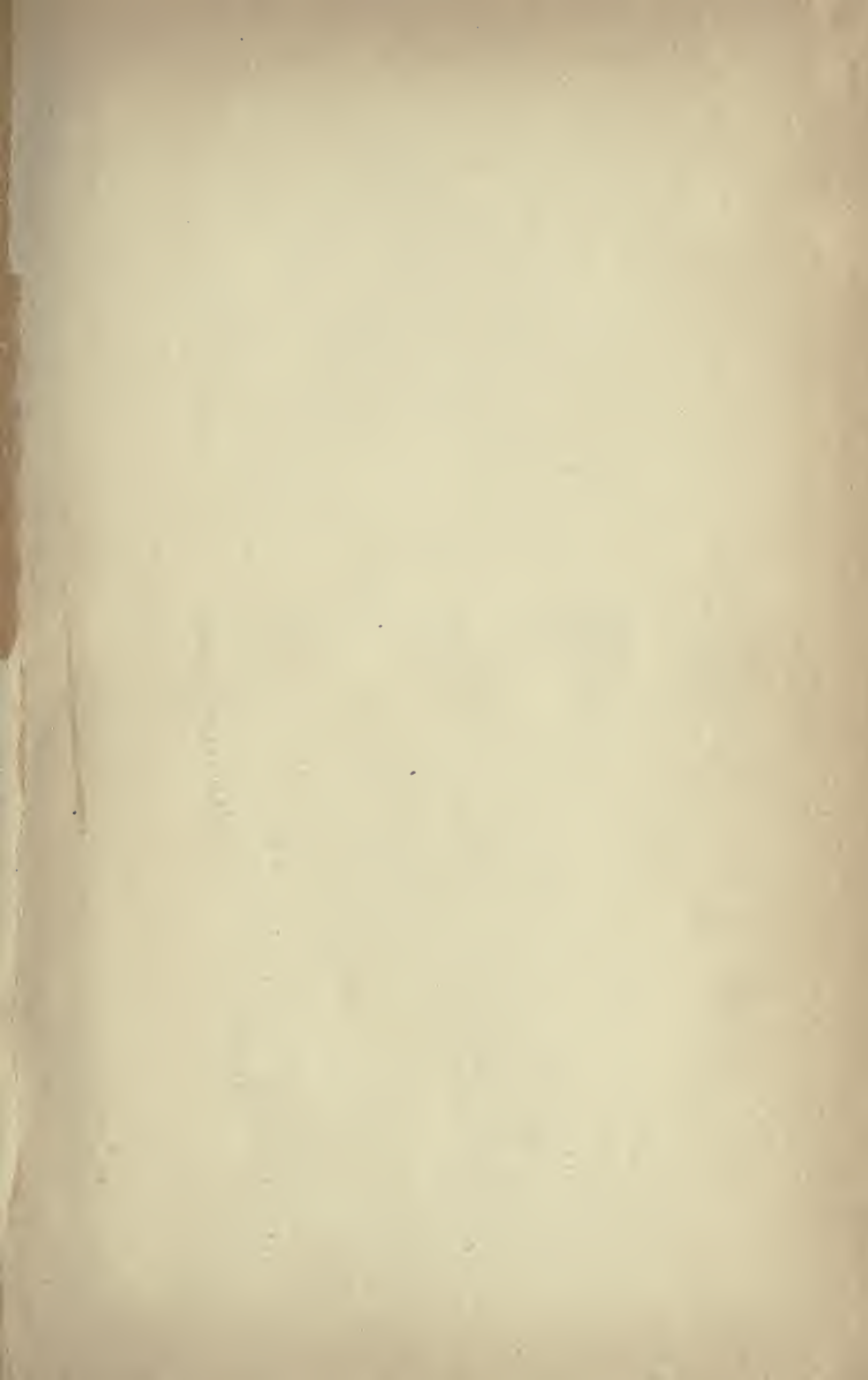
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Spain and Her People

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IN THE ALHAMBRA IN MOORISH COSTUME

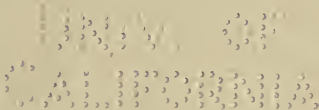
Spain and Her People

By

J. ZIMMERMAN, LL. D.

Red

FULLY ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



LONDON

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GEORGE H. BUCHANAN COMPANY
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TO HER WHO HAS BEEN THE
COMPANION OF MY LIFE AND TRAVELS
THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

247690

PREFACE

WE have written this book because we believe there is a legitimate place for such a work, and especially because of our recent relations with Spain. We have not sought to "write up" Spain nor to write her down, but we have written our impressions as an appreciative observer of her country and people, and from a conscientious study of her fascinating history.

We are persuaded that it will be helpful to all who may visit Spain, and we hope that it may bring pleasure and instruction to that much larger number who cannot see for themselves this intensely interesting country, but who may be enabled to enjoy, through the description of another, the most unique country in Europe. We look upon the many rare objects of historic interest, the magnificent remains of Roman and Moorish architecture, the world renowned cathedrals, the famous galleries of art, the thousand scenes of picturesque beauty in the quaint cities, and the horrible spectacle of the bull ring, the indolence and pride of the people, such as characterized them when the most cultured, wealthiest and mightiest nation of Europe; for their national decadence, their loss of the colonial empire, and the recent destruction of their fleet, did not affect their pride.

Unfortunately, Spain is not a modern country ; her glory is in the past, and she lives and prides herself in her past traditions, as though her glory and her future were not before her. She clings to the past, and rejects the methods that would secure progress and intelligence, and hence it is difficult to forecast the future of Spain. With her seventy per cent. of illiterates, the lack of individual enterprise and patriotism among her people, the need of cohesion among the different provinces, and the constant friction from various quarters ; together with the prevailing poverty and a depleted treasury, we confess that the outlook is not promising.

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Spain and Her People

I

From Algeciras to Grenada

SPAIN is a vast museum of art and history. Many of her once prosperous cities seem to be going into decay, and numerous towns are slumbering, and show little signs of awakening. There are some notable exceptions, as in the case of Madrid, Barcelona, Seville, and a few rapidly growing cities, due to the development of local mines. From a population of 70,000,000 in the days of the Emperor Augustus, Spain has dwindled to barely 18,000,000. Once she occupied the first place among the nations of Europe in power, wealth and culture, but now she has fallen to a third rate power and has been called the most beggarly country in Europe, while seventy per cent. of her people can neither read nor write.

Once her dominion extended far beyond the Peninsula of Spain and within a century claimed the whole of South America, with the exception of Brazil, whilst Central America, Mexico and vast portions of the

United States belonged to Spain, as well as Cuba and other West Indian Islands, and the far off group of the Philippines. She has lost this vast territory and possesses little beside her own particular country of Spain.

Spain alone is responsible for the loss of the colonies that rebelled because of her corrupt abuse of government, which caused deterioration and left her colonial dependencies several centuries behind the world's progress.

There is much in Spain to fascinate the ordinary traveler, but especially the student of art and history, for here are traces of the march of centuries, when Carthaginians, Romans, Goths and Moors in turn invaded the country, and though we may miss the surviving traces of Hannibal, we may easily follow in the track of Scipio Africanus and Julius Cæsar. We are ever connecting the past with the present, for the people of to-day in many places are wholly unlike those of the other countries of Europe, but are a distinctive type, which fact may be easily accounted for when we recall their remote ancestors.

The ancient people were repeatedly changed by invasion and conquest, and as intermarriages between Goths and Moors was not prohibited, but even encouraged at times, it is not strange that in the less frequented portions of the country, and far away from the centres of modern civilization, we should discover

the distinctive traits of the successively conquered and conquering races.

We are often surprised at the strange and marked characteristics, and peculiar local customs of the people in certain provinces. The traveler is wholly unprepared for these racial peculiarities that he encounters, and in their features and manners he can easily recognize the surviving traits of the ancient Berbers, who once possessed the soil, for here we see their lineal descendants.

Not only in the living are we reminded of their ancient ancestors, but in the many monuments we behold the works of past centuries, as when we visit the amphitheatres and aqueducts of the days of the Roman occupation, and look upon the colossal statues of Hercules and Julius Cæsar, that surmount the lofty columns in the Alameda of Hercules at Seville.

For years we had cherished an ardent desire to visit Spain, and since our hope has been realized, and our experiences were so satisfactory, we have been persuaded to put our impressions and studies in a permanent form, and where we trust they may contribute some pleasant information to others who may entertain the hope of visiting Spain, and especially to that large number who may see the country only by following us through these pages.

Spain should have special interest for our country since the Spanish-American war, by which we took

our place as a world power among the nations, and Spain was reduced to a third rate power.

We had heard some strange stories about Spain and the character of her people, and no wonder that so few Americans who go to Europe visit Spain, for the descriptions of some writers would make your blood curdle, as though the traveler passing through the lonely and narrow streets of Toledo and Saragossa were in great danger at any moment from the stiletto carried by some cunning and wicked Spaniard. The truth is that there is no more danger in traveling through the cities of Spain than through New York or Chicago.

We would state at the outset that we were much pleased with the people of Spain, including their gracious queen, for they were always courteous, and never did we receive anything but the kindest treatment from them.

Some had expressed serious misgivings as to the possibly cold reception that might await us in Spain, in view of the recent Spanish-American war, but on no occasion was there so much as even the remotest suggestion of discourtesy, because we were Americans. The people feel very kindly toward us, and naturally have a proper appreciation of the greatness of our country, and whilst they are satisfied that we took Cuba and the Philippines, many of them wish that we had taken Spain also, for the Spaniards are a badly

governed people, and they have no hope in their own government. We were assured that Barcelona had declared that if our fleet should appear, not a gun should be fired, but the harbor would be open and a welcome extended. In fact many said to us, "Why did you not send your fleet to Spain and deliver us from our wretched government? We like you better than any nation;"—perhaps because we are so far away. It was evident that they liked our money greatly, preferring it to their own silver, for they gave us a premium of twenty-five per cent. Free silver is well enough as a theory, but fails utterly in practice, as we found also in Turkey.

The people of Spain were surprised at the fighting qualities of our soldiers who had no special training, for they boasted of their military achievements, and looked back to the days of Napoleon Bonaparte: (unfortunately Spain must look backward for her glory), and they told us how Napoleon had triumphed over the most of Europe but met with disastrous defeat in Spain, hence, they concluded they would be a match for us, and especially for our soldiers so recently passed into service. Our navy was an astounding revelation to them and filled their country with consternation, for it was what no one expected, and contrary to the speculations of Europe. However, they admired our humane treatment of their prisoners, and the wounded, and were persuaded that the Americans

were just the people that Spain needed for her friends, and that she could not afford to be our enemy.

Occasionally we met a hot-headed Spaniard, and some of them became very much excited, and with Spanish pride declared that the war had been an insult to the ancient glory of Spain, and that honor would compel them to retrieve the loss; that the Spaniards would never rest contented until they had another war,—that the wives would never submit to the indignity, but would compel their husbands to fight. They said they wanted to fight to the finish; “It must be a finish,” they insisted. We told them that we had tremendous resources and could easily finish Spain if they insisted upon it, just as we had finished their navy, but that we did not want to finish them any further, but preferred peace as we were a peace loving people, and we wanted to be friends and help Spain in the future. Then they assumed an attitude of genuine Spanish dignity and declared that another war was inevitable, that they would never submit to such a humiliating defeat, and “that outrageously forced treaty must be broken”; Spain could not endure it, and, with added emphasis, they reminded us again that the women of Spain would compel the men to go to war against us, and that there was no escape, for the husbands would have no peace with their wives if they should submit to that inglorious treaty of peace. In the meantime, we must sympa-

thize with the husbands of Spain, unless the wives have relented.

When we asked them how they would wage war to a finish with us, since their soldiers had all been returned by our country, they replied at once: "We will send our fleet." We reminded them that Spain had nothing but a submarine fleet, and that we had sunk it so low that they could not reach it, and that it was not available in its present condition. They replied that a remnant of the Spanish fleet had escaped the disaster, and that they could get other ships and fit out merchant-vessels. We assured them of their folly, and they became greatly excited when we told them that we would sink every ship before it came in sight of America, should they attempt to violate the treaty.

These men represent a certain type of the Spaniards, and we met some others belonging to another class. These want to overturn the government, and surprised us when they declared that the people were disappointed and indignant because General Weyler on his return refused to declare himself against the government at Madrid. They believed that Weyler would have won because of the people's dissatisfaction with the condition of affairs at the capital, and because of Weyler's immense popularity. Again we differed, and told them that Spain must have better men than Weyler, for whom every American had the most hearty contempt

because of his inhuman treatment of the Cubans, and that the day had gone by for any Christian nation to have such a man at the head of the State, whose concentrado system in Cuba was a disgrace to our modern civilization. We did not suppose at that time that Weyler would be so highly honored by Spain, and soon after receive the appointment of Captain General at Madrid.

Spain is better off without the Philippines, Cuba, etc. The people of Spain received little or no benefit from all the revenue. That went to the leaders and corrupt officials and captain generals.

We speak of the great quantity of hemp produced in the Philippines, but the poor of Spain never realized any benefit from that valuable product, for they say that even Spain did not get much of the hemp cultivated on those islands, and if all of it were manufactured into rope, there would not be enough to hang all the rogues who had been plundering the treasury, and helping to bankrupt the nation.

The colonies, instead of yielding rich revenues to Spain, were a constant drain upon her finances and upon her young men, who were required to maintain the army and navy that had necessarily grown to such large proportions to meet the requirements caused by rebellion in the colonies.

We made frequent inquiry as to the effect of the war upon the future of Spain, and asked whether, after all,

the loss of her colonies, and with them the discontinuance of the abuse of administration of foreign affairs, the recall of her large military forces, and the concentration of all her thought and energies upon the highest development of the Peninsula,—would not prove in the end that her losses were her gain, and a blessing to Spain as well as to her misgoverned colonies.

We also spoke of the poverty of their country, the universal beggary that prevails, and the vast tracts of uncultivated lands that might be made productive, and yield abundant harvests for the half fed people, and enrich the country as well,—and said that now Spain could send her hundreds of thousands of returned soldiers to cultivate the ground, and how much better that would be for Spain.

These questions in the main brought with them the answers that we expected, although the people could not absolve us from the common charge of selfishness, nor accept the plea that we had interfered for the sake of humanity, for the history of Spain has not educated her people to such lofty ideals. As a rule they expressed but little hope of our success in the Philippines, speaking from their own long and sad experience, and not being acquainted with our civilizing methods.

Speaking of the effect of the war upon Spain, among the many answers, we received the following :

“As to the benefit Spain has derived from the Spanish-American war, it is my opinion that,—taking into consideration the impoverished state of the nation at the time of the American intervention, owing to the three years of fruitless war that had already been waged, both in Cuba and the Philippines, such struggle as would have been sufficient to enervate an even stronger nation than Spain from its nature of pertinacity and invincible resolution, and adding to all these circumstances the powerful one of the unmasked aid the Cubans received from your country, rendered doubly efficient by its close proximity to theirs,—the struggle if prolonged would have logically exhausted Spain’s vital powers; said finale being undoubtedly shortened by the outbreak of hostilities between the two countries and the annihilation of Admiral Cervera’s fleet off Santiago de Cuba. I was inclined to believe that the bulk of the Spanish army, on their return to their native country, might be of use to cultivate the land and to take up various kinds of manual work, but unfortunately fifty per cent. of them have returned from the colonial wars, in such a sore plight, owing to the enervating and sickly climate, both of Cuba and the Philippines, that despite the splendid war material the Spanish soldier affords from a military point of view, they are better suited to be cared for and medically attended than to complete their physical exhaustion by apply-

ing themselves for the present to any trying labor." That is, they were more fit subjects for sanitariums than for farming.

Spain had an expensive military force of 300,000 abroad, and it would have been far better, in the first place, to have sent more of her men to cultivate the farms and less into the army. Then they would have become actual producers and increased the revenues of Spain instead of being a constant drain without positive returns.

What Spain needs is not a larger army, but a larger number of farmers, and such farmers as have developed our country. All the gorgeous display of gold and lace among the arrogant rulers and many useless officers and unscrupulous officials of Spain and the large salaries that they receive are sufficient to keep the common people poor. Twenty years ago the army was commanded by five captain generals, sixty lieutenant generals, 131 major generals and 238 brigadiers. With such an excessive number of prominent officers, we may imagine the expense of the army. Even the navy was commanded by one captain general of the fleet and twenty admirals. The reduction of her fleet may cause a temporary reduction of expense in officering the Spanish Navy, that caused the nation such humiliation because of its sudden disaster.

TRAVELING IN SPAIN.

In many places the coach is still employed, but all

the cities are connected by railroads, although we have not the choice of different roads as in our own country. The railroads of Spain are limited and so are the trains. On certain roads they have the special express trains that run but once a day or but three times a week. The express trains run at a good rate of speed for Spain, but ordinarily even through trains are provokingly slow, although accidents are not as frequent as they would be if the trains went faster, for often the roadbed is wretchedly out of repair as the jolting convinces us. The night express trains have sleeping coaches, and the compartments are far more comfortable and desirable so far as privacy is concerned than the ordinary American sleeper, for each stateroom has a door with lock and key. The rooms open into the corridor that runs through the coach, and there are additional couches, that men may occupy, extending lengthwise along the aisle, and separated by curtains. Some of the staterooms have two berths and others four, similar to those on a steamer. When these are all occupied, then the extra space along the passageway is converted into temporary sleeping quarters.

The cars are comfortable and the trains always arrive on time, for they have old and tried time-tables that have been in use for years, and they scrupulously adhere to them year after year, without revision, for in Spain things remain stationary; for since the fathers

fell asleep things continue as they were, and only a few changes occur, even in the railroad time-tables; and yet this has its advantage, for you can always rely upon your old time-table and there is no danger of missing a train and only receiving the information that "a change was made the first of the month, as you will see by referring to the time-table that came out to-day; and your train left one half hour earlier."

Our first experience in railroad travel in Spain was from Algeciras to Grenada. For a time we made about fifteen miles an hour, and this has its compensation, for we had ample time to see the country, and to ask questions of our courteous fellow-passengers, who gave us much desired information. Often the train went so slow that a boy on foot might have distanced us. At times the train took an extra spurt, but the additional shaking was so uncomfortable that we preferred less rate of speed, for the jolting always increased in the same ratio. Owing to the slow rate of speed we did not suffer from the dust, nor from fear of accident. On several occasions between Bobadilla and Grenada, the train went at so slow a pace that our curiosity was aroused. There was no obstruction on the track, no approaching train, and why were we wasting time? The only information that our inquiries elicited was that we were running on schedule time and that the train must not arrive at Grenada ahead of time.

With rare exceptions we found traveling quite com-

fortable in Spain. This was an agreeable surprise, for much that we had heard and read prepared us to expect all manner of discomforts. We were told that no reliance could be placed upon time-tables, and that trains seldom ran on schedule time, and that from the frequent failure of trains to connect, passengers were obliged to wait for hours, but we met with none of these disagreeable experiences. We never took the wrong train, and hence we always reached the place for which we started, and on time.

To increase the imaginary discomforts of traveling in Spain, we had read that it was almost impossible to get anything to eat at the stations, and that passengers who had not taken the precaution to provide for this emergency, almost famished. We profited by the warning and went prepared, taking a liberal allowance with us from the hotel, although we had always protested against eating cold luncheons. However necessity forced us to prepare to violate a good rule, and we carried the basket. An agreeable surprise was in store for us. We found excellent restaurants where needed, and we experienced no greater inconveniences in this respect in Spain than in other countries.

Our first experience was at Bobadilla, where an abundance of time was given for all the passengers to enjoy an excellent meal. Those who abandoned the Madrid train had nearly an hour before the departure of the train for Grenada. Then there was no rush for

the table, as we had plenty of time. When we were seated at the table, we found a number of plates stacked on our right for immediate use. At once the waiters brought us the soup, and as soon as we had finished it, the dish was removed and replaced by a clean plate. The waiter was on hand with the fish, and this was followed in orderly succession by three courses of meat besides omelette and vegetables, concluding with the dessert, with abundance of excellent fruit. All relished the first meal at a railroad restaurant in Spain, and our subsequent experiences were similar.

No one need go hungry or thirsty for a long time in Spain, for whilst their supply of water is rather limited, as a people they are great water drinkers, and at every station they offer it for sale, calling out, "Agua; Agua."

The vast majority of the people travel in the third class compartments, including the soldiers, although the officers maintain the dignity of their rank by traveling second or even first class, according to their shoulder straps, for colonels, majors and generals in the Spanish army feel their importance in the first social rank of the nation.

The people in Spain have a habit of going to the train a long time before it starts. Why, we could never conjecture, except that they had plenty of time, and as it was a drug on their hands, they might as well squander it in one place as in another. Often it

seemed as though they came so early in order to have ample time for leave taking, for the people are poor, and not such travelers as the Americans, who dwell in a country where single states are much larger than foreign empires, and where we travel distances that seem incredible to the peasantry of Spain. When they are about to take a journey of fifty or one hundred miles, that is a great event in their lives, and their friends accompany them to the station, where they talk and bid farewell, and kiss on both cheeks, and then shed tears, as though the departing friends were going to war, or leaving for a trip around the world.

It was often amusing to witness the familiar scenes, and we recall an interesting picture that we gazed upon at the station of a country town. There was a group of a dozen or more, all in festive attire, and cheerful; laughing as though they were going to a picnic. A bride and groom constituted the chief object of attraction and the rest gathered about them on the platform, exchanging their greetings. The conductor and trainmen looked on, enjoying the scene, for the Spanish people get pleasure from very simple diversion, and as there was plenty of time and to spare in order to reach Grenada, as provided for by the time-table, the train was delayed for some time. When the signal was given, the bride was kissed by all her friends, and the happy couple entered their compartment.

Our two traveling companions, an intelligent merchant and a colonel in the Spanish army, answered our many questions concerning the country and gave us much information respecting the products of the cultivated land, the small wages paid for labor, and the heavy taxes levied, which the poor have no power to escape, whilst the rich have sufficient influence and little enough of conscience to get clear of a large portion of their just taxation.

We were interested in the forests of cork-trees famous in ancient times in Spain, and recently the industry has increased and become more profitable through the introduction of the railroad. Seven years are required to grow the bark before it can be removed for market, and it grows thicker every time the trees are stripped. In places the cork-trees grow in forests, but often we saw them growing with the chestnut and olive-trees, and about Seville we saw great loads of this bark drawn by six and eight mules.

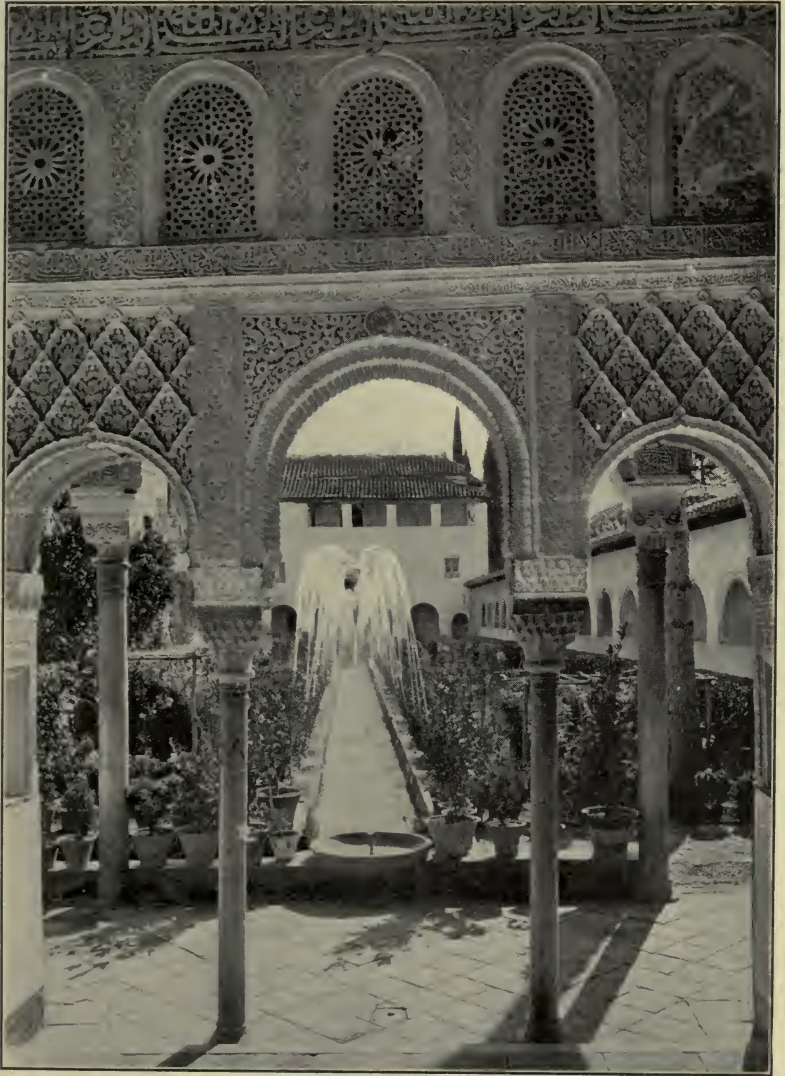
We learned that until quite recently the traveler ran great risk with heavy baggage, and the merchant told us how his trunk had been opened by some one in the baggage car and every piece of his daughter's jewelry stolen. He made his complaint to the proper authorities, but could recover neither the stolen property nor damages. The colonel with a serious look and emphatic nod informed us that he had sent to his son a "large box containing clothing, sausages

and such other delicacies as a Spanish student in college would be supposed to relish." When the box had reached its destination, it was found that it had been opened and a portion of the clothing taken, and all the delicacies were missing. That grievance was too great for the colonel, and he entered complaint against the railroad authorities, but there was no redress.

*robberies
by the road to
Madrid*

He told us of a general, who was more successful, for he had been robbed of considerable valuable property between Madrid and Barcelona. When he examined his trunks and discovered that they had been rifled, the proud Castilian was enraged, and he secured two local police to trace the robbery and after diligent search found most of the stolen articles in possession of the station agent at Barcelona, and he recovered four thousand dollars damages from the railroad. Formerly such robbery had been frequent, and it was a rare exception to recover the stolen property or damages, for few had the commanding influence of the general.

A new system has been introduced as a precaution against having the heavy baggage tampered with, and as this requires considerable time, it is necessary to be at the station, at least a quarter or a half hour before the train leaves, so as to get the trunk prepared for the journey. This special preparation consists, not only in weighing and registering the trunk, but



THE GENERALIFE

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in passing a heavy cord around, and then lengthwise, and finally fastening it with a lead seal that bears the stamp of the railroad company. After all this precaution against rogues, we were assured that in case the trunk should be opened in transit, we would receive damages. This method is similar to that employed by our express companies, when they send our trunks, for they also apply the seal, knowing full well that all the dishonest men do not live in Spain. ↘

The day was perfect, with a bright sunshine and balmy air, and the country presented many strange and attractive pictures. There were hills and plains, and vast tracts of fig and olive-trees, and the farms with the whitewashed posadas added variety to the ever changing landscape. Of course, distance lent enchantment to the beauty of the white buildings, for when we approached them, the illusion vanished,—they were only very plain farmhouses, with the stables for cattle. These buildings were surrounded by a wall, as white as the houses. Toward Grenada we found the country well irrigated, and the land in an excellent state of cultivation, and large numbers of men and women were at work in the fields, using the most primitive methods; not a piece of machinery in sight; not even a plow. This method of agriculture affords employment to a large number of people, but at necessarily low wages. We saw a number of towns in the distance, and in time beheld the summits of the

Sierra Nevada, covered with the mantle of snow. We passed some sugar and alcohol manufactories, which have been introduced by the government in recent years, and the sugar beet is extensively cultivated.

We reached Grenada at 6 P. M., and inquired at once for the conveyance to the hotel Washington Irving, for our minds were filled with visions of the Alhambra, and we wanted to reach the grounds as soon as possible.

We found our obliging conductor, and placed the check for our baggage in his hands, receiving the assurance that the baggage wagon would promptly deliver it. The checking system of heavy baggage in Spain is similar to ours, with the exception that they give you a small strip of paper instead of a metal check.

We were crowded together with some English passengers in a large omnibus and when all was ready, the driver cracked his whip, and a boy ran along beside the horses, slashing continually, for in Spain the horse seems to be without a friend, and they have no Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, although such a society is greatly needed. An American lady was so pained at the cruelty administered to horses, that she felt strongly tempted to write a kind note to the most excellent Queen, calling her attention to this abuse, and urging upon her to use her influence in lessening the evil.

Soon after leaving the station we reached the old city, and then rattled over the rough cobble stones, whilst the English ladies shook their heads in displeasure, and all of us were violently shaken up. At the end of the long street is the interesting arch built by the Emperor, Charles V, and which admits us within the Alhambra grounds. There is a spell that comes over us as we realize our approach to the famous Alhambra. The ascent is through a forest of great elms, planted by the Duke of Wellington. On each side of the road we hear the rippling streams that come from the Sierra Nevada.

Mr. Emil Ortiz, the genial proprietor of the Washington Irving Hotel, greeted us with a warm welcome, for we had become acquainted through a brief correspondence, in which he requested us to bring him two American \$20 gold pieces and four \$10 gold pieces, as he wanted them for presents to some friends. We replied that we would be pleased to bring them, and that we would secure uncirculated pieces with the mint bloom still on them. This information pleased him greatly, for no courtesy is lost upon a foreigner, and he said with a beaming countenance and much enthusiasm, as we entered the hotel: "You are welcome: you are my guests: you are a gentleman; the manner in which you answered my letter showed it, and now I want to please you,"—and he did. The rooms that he assigned us were fit to be

bridal parlors, and perhaps they were. They overlooked the lovely gardens, rich in beauty and fragrance from the many flowers, whilst an unexpected pleasure awaited us. A charming serenade was given us by the nightingales, for here this songster greets us everywhere with his musical notes as perhaps nowhere else. Never shall we forget our first night at the Alhambra, for it was the happy realization of the dream of many years.

It would not have been so safe for us six months before to have visited this place, for then the people had no love for Americans, the national feeling of antipathy ran high, and the mercurial-like Dons were easily excited to mob violence. The very name of anything that was American fell under their proscription. A mob sought to wreak their vengeance upon the Washington Irving Hotel. They confronted the courteous proprietor and demanded that he should take down the long and conspicuous sign bearing the name of Washington Irving.

He protested and began to reason with them, but mobs do not reason, and they threatened him that they would take it down and destroy the building if he did not remove it at once.

He stood firm and replied that he would shoot the men that dared to lower that sign, and that he would take his chances as to the preservation of the hotel. Then they called upon him to remove the same American

name from his omnibus or else they would destroy it by converting it into a chariot of fire like the one that conveyed Elijah to the upper world. Mr. Ortiz was not intimidated by their numbers nor their threats, but declared that he would send them to the lower regions quicker than a chariot of fire could take them if they attempted to destroy his property, and they refrained from further violence.

The fact is that Washington Irving had been his personal friend and had been his guest during the long period that he spent in the Alhambra and he had named the hotel after that honored representative American who has done more than any other person to preserve and make known the many historical associations and artistic charms of that wonderful architectural creation,—the Alhambra. The Spanish-American war entailed a great loss upon Mr. Ortiz of not less than thirty thousand dollars on account of the cessation of travel. He is deservedly popular and thoroughly acquainted with all the details that belong to a first-class hotel. Perhaps he came to this fitness through inheritance, for he was born in this hotel and is the son of the former proprietor. The table was well provided with the best and we heard nothing but praise from his many guests. Every visitor to the Alhambra naturally makes his temporary abode at the hotel Washington Irving, and feels at home as he hears "English spoken" and finds every

ordinary comfort provided for, and at moderate charges.

As we reached the hotel some time before the dinner hour, we walked a few rods beyond the building, where we beheld the Sierra Nevada; its snow covered peaks dazzling in the resplendent sunlight that bathed the lofty range. The view was enchanting, for it seemed but a mile away. On our left we overlooked the walls and towers of the Alhambra. Here was a picture to please the eye, and here were rich and intensely interesting historical associations. We could easily appreciate the wisdom of the Moors in selecting this locality for the capital, and erecting the palaces on this site, for the genial climate and picturesque surroundings would tend to make it an earthly paradise for fallen man.

We could not escape the enchantment of the scene from the lofty mountain range that seemed with bewitching charm to draw us irresistibly on, and we walked a long distance over the excellent roadway. It was a magnificent view and we were filled with rapture. The declining sun still flooded the snow-covered peaks and slopes with its glorious brightness that was dazzling to our eyes, and we wished for the speed of the electric car that we might hasten our approach to the mountain and there bathe in the flood of that marvelous light amid the eternal snow. We

walked on until we saw what appeared to be a large white marble gateway that would admit us to the very bosom of the Sierra Nevada. Alas the illusion, for the distance was greater than it seemed, and when we reached the gateway we saw that the mountain was still far beyond, but that we had reached the end of the road, and that the marble portal admitted us to a *cemetery*. The surprise was as great as the disappointment, and some superstitious one might have suffered a nightmare before morning, produced by gloomy thoughts, lest that unexpected and sudden termination of the road and his introduction into the cemetery was a foreboding of evil. We had the disappointment, but not the nightmare, for we have no faith in signs and superstition, and hence our peace was not disturbed by anticipating trouble.

THE ALHAMBRA.

To the student of history and the lover of art, the Alhambra is full of enchantment. Rich in historical association, and with a wealth of profuseness in its resplendent decorations, and wonderful caprice in Moorish and Saracenic architecture, we seem to behold the realization of the dream of the Arabian Nights. We seem to be transferred to the glories of Bagdad and the period of Haroun Al Raschid, and in imagination we live over those remote times, and witness the enervating luxury and secret plots that

hastened the downfall of the last stronghold of the Moors.

The Alhambra includes three palaces that were constructed at different periods. The first was begun in the year 1248 with the purpose of surpassing in magnificence all similar ones in the East. The third was completed in the fourteenth century. It is difficult to describe so as to convey a clear impression to one who has not seen it, for the architecture is wholly unlike that which we see in other countries of Europe. We had heard much that seemed extravagant in praise of the wonderful beauty of the Alhambra and we were prepared for disappointment, but our expectations were more than realized. The fascination increased as we repeated our visits, and studied the wonders of this masterpiece of Moorish art.

Nowhere is the surprise so great as when after we have crossed the Alhambra grounds, without seeing what we had heard of, and passed through a plain modern doorway, we enter a sort of antechamber that admits us to the Court of Myrtles. In the centre is a great marble basin filled with water that reflects the Moresque decorations of this charming patio, and number of goldfish come to the surface for food and sunshine. About the basin there is a beautiful hedge of myrtle. On two sides are the galleries, behind the latticed jalousies of which the Sultanas

could enjoy the view of whatever was transpiring below, whilst screened from public gaze. The slender columns and arches that support the gallery tend to make this a fit introduction to the far richer and more elaborate decoration of the Alhambra.

The Court of Lions is generally admitted to be the masterpiece of this unrivaled architectural creation of Saracenic art. The patio is a quadrilateral, seventy-three feet by one hundred and twenty-six feet, surrounded by a gallery twenty-two and one-half feet high, supported by one hundred and twenty-four slender, white marble columns, surmounted by capitals of various designs, and over these is the familiar inscription in Arabic: "God alone is Conqueror," for this is repeated time and again on the walls of the Alhambra. The many graceful arches of widely different designs that spring from the supporting columns, make this secluded spot an enchanting picture for the student and artist, and it is not difficult for the imagination to reproduce in all details the voluptuous life of the Moors when they dwelt here in luxury.

The Fountain of Lions occupies the centre, and consists of a mammoth vase of alabaster, supported by twelve lions. As a work of art, the lions are a failure, but as a compromise between the artistic skill and creed of the Moors, which forbade the representation of any living thing, they are a signal

success, for they do bear a striking resemblance to the representation of lions found in the monumental remains of Persepolis, which the Moors may have seen and copied. Although they do not look exactly like a lion, no one would mistake them for being a representation of any other animal.

The Hall of the Two Sisters is one of the finest in the Alhambra, and it opens into the Court of the Lions. Here we observe splendid examples of the exquisite gossamer like stucco work that adorns the walls. As we gaze upward into the marvelous stalactite vault, composed of nearly 5,000 pieces, the mind is captivated by the enchanting view, but what wonderful effect must have been produced when the gilding and rich colors were perfect, and the scene continually changing with the varying tints of light that were reflected from the different colors of vermilion, yellow, blue and green. The Moors constructed the vaulted ceiling in the form of stalactite grottoes of varying size and height; these pendants resembling the many cells that make up the honeycomb, and the whole appearing like the interior of so many beehives, and one might read in the Arabian Nights that this fantastic decoration was at least suggested by the work of the bees, for there are grottoes and clusters of pendants like cells that form the vaulted ceiling; so unique that having once seen it, one can never forget it.

The wealth of decoration, the exquisite and in-

tricate scroll work, the delicate grace and artistic design, and the aerial lightness, all combine to give an enchanting effect, which we cannot describe.

There is bewitching grace and beauty everywhere; harmony of effect in spite of lack of symmetry in grouping of columns, and uniformity of many arches, and variations in portals, and inequality in galleries. A magic charm pervades this unique and famous production of the Moors. The arched windows set in the walls of those richly decorated rooms of the Alhambra, present a beautiful picture of illusion, for the subtle designs of the splendid mural decorations in stucco that surround them have a crystalline lace-like curtain effect that charms every visitor. When we look upon the degenerate Moors in Morocco to-day, it is difficult to realize that their ancestors centuries ago built these wonderful structures.

The Hall of Ambassadors is the largest room in the Alhambra, thirty-seven feet square and seventy-five feet to the highest point of the vaulted ceiling. It embraces all the space of the Tower of Comares and is one of the most attractive rooms, and has special historical interest. There is a dado of tiles around the room four feet high; above this there are oval medallions in pattern or designs of lace-like work and Arabic inscriptions. Light is admitted through nine windows, and this hall was the audience chamber on some famous occasions.

For some time a partial truce was made in 1457 by Aben Ismael, King of Grenada, with Henry IV., King of Castile and Leon, in consideration of which an annual tribute was to be paid to the Christian ruler at Cordova. When the son, Muley Abel Hassan, came to the throne in 1465 he refused to pay tribute, and it was withheld for some years, but when Ferdinand and Isabella came into power, they determined to enforce the conditions of the truce, and in the year 1478, sent Don Juan as an ambassador to Grenada to present the demand for payment, including all arrearages. He was received in the Hall of the Ambassadors by the fierce warrior. When the ambassador from the Christian sovereigns had delivered his message, the defiant Moor replied: "Tell your sovereign that the kings of Grenada, who used to pay tribute in money to the Castilian crown, are dead. Our mint at present coins nothing but blades of scimetars and heads of lances."

From one of the windows we enjoy a magnificent view, and from the Alhambra, Boabdil must often have witnessed the fierce conflicts between his hosts and those of the invader, as he looked away toward Santa Fe, the headquarters of Ferdinand and Isabella whilst besieging Grenada. It was to a window of the Hall of the Ambassadors that the mother of Boabdil led her weak son when learning of his purpose to surrender, and calling his attention to the situation, shel-

tered by the white mantled Sierra Nevada, a paradise of beauty, with a view of mountains, plains, ravines, orchards and vineyards; and then reproaching him with a spirit he did not possess, said: "See what you are about to surrender, and remember that all your ancestors died kings of Grenada and that with you their line will end."

It was in this hall that Columbus, soon after the conquest of the city, obtained an audience with the King and Queen, and received material aid for fitting out his fleet for the voyage of discovery. Here also the Emperor Charles V. was married to Isabella of Portugal.

Much of the Alhambra has been destroyed, but it is by no means "in hopeless ruins." Much of it is in almost a perfect state of preservation; some portions have been restored and others reproduced: notably the Court of Myrtles, but the Court of the Lions and magnificent chambers and halls remain, though due to modern restoration. For many years it was abandoned to neglect, decay and the destruction of vandalism. Even Charles the Fifth destroyed a large portion to make room for his palace, which remains unfinished to this day, a huge monument of his folly. It suffered greatly from the occupation by the French army in 1810, and special credit is due to Washington Irving for its preservation and restoration, a fact that the Spaniards fully recognize.

From the plain exterior of the Alhambra we would never suspect the wealth of grace and beauty that we find within. For many years the gipsies are said to have dwelt within these magnificent buildings, and they wrought irreparable destruction.

Not far from the Alhambra, on a higher elevation, stands the famous Generalife, the "Garden of the Architect," a magnificent summer palace for the Moors, and from the various terraces we enjoy a commanding view of the picturesque surroundings. Our approach is through a long avenue of venerable cypresses, through which the proud Moors sauntered centuries ago. The garden court of the Generalife is fragrant with a variety of flowers, for the place is well watered by a series of pipes with a thousand perforations, so that there is a constant spray from the jets of these miniature fountains. The roses grow in great profusion and the walls are covered with a wealth of the yellow rose that we see so frequently in Spain. The Moorish architecture makes this summer palace a charming retreat for every visitor, and here we rest, and meditate upon the lost fortunes and the departed glory of the once celebrated Moors.

THE GIPSIES

There is a great contrast in passing from the rooms of the Alhambra to the gipsey quarter, but this seems to be a natural transition for the traveler, and curiosity

led us thither, but we did not care to remain for a long time. Nowhere else in Spain is there such a large colony of this worthless class, and no other city is jealous of this distinction, nor anxious to dispute the claim. They occupy what was once one of the most prominent quarters of the city when the Moors held Grenada, but now it is a sort of ghetto, and the southern slope of Albaicin is occupied by the most squalid, if not the most degenerate class. The women and children are notorious beggars and thieves, and the fathers and sons have a well earned reputation for being shrewd and unscrupulous horse traders, and with them David Harum would have found his match, for they have wonderful influence over horses, a sort of hypnotism, making worthless ones appear most desirable pending a trade, whilst they are credited with exerting a kind of Satanic power over the best of horses, so that for the time all their best qualities disappear, rendering them worthless until the trade has been made in favor of the gipsey.

We were beset by many ragged beggars, the little children and older ones being so importunate that timid people, unless well attended, hesitate to visit the gipsey quarter. We saw no policemen there, and helpless ones would be at the mercy of the irrepressible beggars who resort to every device to obtain money. They offer their simple wares for sale ; they will dispose of their jewelry ; take off their earrings

and sell them; they will sing, dance or tell your fortunes, or pick your pocket, if the opportunity affords itself, for money.

After much persuasion, we dismounted and entered one of their habitations to witness a genuine gipsey dance. Their houses are not attractive, and are limited as to space and number of rooms, for most of their dwellings consisted of just one room, and this served for sleeping-room, parlor, dining-room, kitchen and nursery. This one room is occupied by the entire family, which often includes the chickens, a cat, dog and pig. These unattractive and dingy places are caves or "dug outs," burrowed into the hillside, with a single door, but without windows for ventilation, and generally dependent upon the door for daylight.

The women are highly imaginative as well as unscrupulous, and make expert fortune-tellers, and they hesitate not to exaggerate and make the fortune a perfect Alhambra of wealth, beauty and pleasure for the curious and credulous who come to have them reveal the secrets of their future destiny. This mixture of lie adds pleasure, and makes them more willing to pay the tawny Sibyl. We did not desire any revelations through the occult art, believing that "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," and why do people want to cross the bridge before they come to it?

We tarried a short time to witness the dance and

hear the musical accompaniment. It is natural for them to dance, for they are full of action and graceful in movement. They play the tambourine, guitar and castanet with much skill. They played, danced and sang vigorously at the same time, so that there was a din in that small subterranean chamber. They were full of simplicity and as unsophisticated as a child of the forest. They are poor and ignorant, and without ambition. As the dance continued, the movements of the feet and arms became exceedingly rapid, and the noise and whirl almost dazed us. It is as natural for the gipsy to dance as it is for the wind to blow, and they danced all over, with lips and eyes, as well as with hands and feet, whilst their arms swayed with perfect precision, although furnishing the music for the dancing. The gipsies who followed us with the "hope that we would visit them and witness another dance" to the increase of their revenue, did all they could to make us think the entertainment worthy of our presence by applauding in the most enthusiastic manner. We paid the price and then retired before the performance had ended, and left the gipsy quarter with our curiosity fully satisfied.

On different occasions, we saw their so-called gipsy king. He was a marked character, and frequently appeared in the Alhambra, where he offered his picture for sale, or would pose for a consideration, whilst we took a snap shot. He was erect and full of action ;

of dark complexion, and sharp, lively eyes, and wore a most fantastic suit, appearing more like a simpleton than a king. We give a picture of this so-called king from a photograph by Garzon and Senan, to whom we are indebted for our best illustrations.

The gipsies have gained for themselves an unenviable reputation, and Spanish writers have accused them as peculiarly guilty of all manner of crimes. Cervantes pays them his respects in these uncomplimentary terms: "It seems that they are only born to be thieves and robbers; their fathers are robbers; they are reared as robbers, and they are educated as robbers."

The cleverness of the thieving propensity of the gipsies has been well illustrated by the following incident of a gipsey at confession. In the midst of the confession, his penetrating eyes caught sight of a silver snuff-box in the monk's pocket, and quick as thought he transferred it to his own pocket. Continuing his confession, he said: "Father, I accuse myself of having stolen a silver snuff-box." The following dialogue ensued: "Then, my son, you must certainly restore it." "Will you have it yourself, my father?" "I, certainly not; you must return it to the owner." "The fact is, that I have offered it to the owner and he has refused it." "Then you can keep it with a good conscience," replied the unsuspecting confessor, and the gipsey withdrew, rejoicing in his success.

The gipsies are the horse shearers of Spain, for the horses, mules and donkeys, like the sheep of other countries, are sheared or trimmed, according to the taste of the owner. They are very dexterous with the shears, and convert the sides of the horse or mule into a sort of public educational medium for familiarizing the people of Spain with geometrical figures. If the donkey would only keep quiet, he might pass for a zebra, for the gipsey by a skilful use of the shears has wrought a wonderful transformation by covering the animal with stripes that make him closely resemble a zebra. The effect is highly suggestive of the dark ways and aptitudes of the gipsey in the temporary effect that he produces upon horses, preliminary to the trading.

Many of the men are blacksmiths, although they were once forbidden to engage in any iron work. Their shops are dug out of the hillside, and as we look upon the smoked, dust covered, dark skinned and brawny men at work at the forge, it does not require much imagination, when later, visiting the gallery at Madrid we gaze upon that remarkable painting of the "Forge of Vulcan" by Velasquez, to conclude that the great artist received his impressions and perhaps his study, from one of the Vulcan-like gipsies of the Albaicin at Grenada. The origin of the gipsies is doubtful, but probably they dwelt on the banks of the Indus and were expelled by Tamerlane, when he con-

quered that country, but they did not reach Spain until 1425.

Grenada has a population of 65,000, but contains little to attract the traveler besides the Alhambra. Many of the streets are very narrow, crooked and uneven, and sadly in need of repairs, like the whole of Spain. There are abundant evidences of poverty and the beggars meet us everywhere. Even in the ticket office, a beggar stood on either side of the window, and both of those pitiable objects were entitled to a place in the hospital, for their infirmities were repulsive, except to those who have been hardened by such familiar scenes.

To a traveler arriving in Grenada for the first time, it seems strange to hear the bells jingling from the horses, especially at a season when the temperature suggests anything but sleighing time. We speculated as to the reason, for there is a reason for every custom, though a poor one, and on the following day, we were reminded of it when driving through the very narrow and winding streets, in which two carriages could not pass, except at certain places where provision has been made; hence, the necessity of the bells for a signal.

The houses were plain and unattractive, and we frequently saw a palm branch fastened to the iron balcony, as a precaution against lightning, or as a remnant from Holy Week.

Every morning and evening the goats are driven through the streets to deliver fresh milk to the customers. The method is a very primitive one, for the goats are milked on their route. A little pail is let down from an upper story by a cord. The money is taken out and replaced by the milk, and then the goats are driven to the next door. This method has its advantages, especially in such a poor city as Grenada, for it dispenses with the expense of horses, milk wagon and cans. Besides, the milk is always absolutely fresh, and there are no temptations to adulterate it, and no possibility from accident, by which the milk at times becomes watered.

The Cathedral of Grenada is a vast and attractive building, undertaken with ambitious designs, and not to be surpassed by any church in Christendom. Whilst the extravagant aim was by no means realized, nevertheless, it contains much to interest the traveler, who cannot fail to admire this splendid and unexcelled example of the Græco-Roman style of architecture. It occupies the site of a great mosque, and was begun in 1529, or thirty-seven years after the conquest of the city, but was not completed until more than a century later. Whilst the interior is lacking in many of the rich decorations that characterize many other cathedrals, we admire its grandeur and simplicity, which are made impressive by the sombre light. During a certain hour of the day, many are attracted to this church

to hear the grand organ and the chants of the choir. This is one of the pleasures that lives in our memories.

We were shown a silver statue of the Virgin Mary that weighs half a ton, but it was of special interest to us, because the church authorities removed it during our war with Spain, and offered it to the government when the national treasury was depleted, but later they became displeased with the ministry at Madrid and the statue was restored to its former place, for their first outburst of patriotism had subsided.

The chief place of interest is the royal chapel which adjoins the cathedral, and to which a door admits us. On either side of the high altar are kneeling figures, carved in wood, painted, and representing Ferdinand and Isabella. They are of exceeding interest, inasmuch, as they are said to be exact likenesses of these two celebrated characters of history, represented in the costumes that they wore. The chapel had been previously built by order of the King and Queen, who, as the inscription informs us, "Crushed heresy, expelled the Moors and Jews from these realms, and reformed religion."

In the centre of the chapel are two magnificent sepulchres;—on the one recline the marble effigies of Ferdinand and Isabella, facing each other. On the other mausoleum are similar effigies of their daughter Jane and her husband, Philip of Burgundy, with faces averted.

Through an iron trap-door, we descended to the vault, where are five plain iron-bound lead coffins, that contain the mortal remains of those just mentioned. The casket of Ferdinand is designated merely by the letter F, and the others are also marked by their initial letter. Never had we seen receptacles so plain contain the remains of royalty so distinguished. These plain old lead coffins and unadorned vault form a striking contrast to the magnificent tombs of the kings and queens in the palatial Escorial. In that famous place designed by Philip II, we have grand mausoleums for the dead, with imposing surroundings, that are suggestive of royalty. No one would suspect this small, plain and dingy vault at Grenada as being the resting-place for the bodies of kings and queens. If any sovereigns of Spain deserved distinction for their mortal remains after death, they were Ferdinand and Isabella.

A pathetic interest attaches itself to the casket of Philip I., who came to an untimely end; the grief that his wife endured bordered almost on madness, so that she is known as "Crazy Jane." We are told that in her excessive devotion to Philip, she refused to be separated from his remains, and that wherever she journeyed, that same lead casket was taken in the carriage with her. The carriage is shown us in the royal stables at Madrid. The statement must be accepted with some limitations, for during the greater part of

the forty-five years that she survived her husband, she was practically a prisoner in the Convent of Santa Clara, near Fardesillas, and did not enjoy the liberty of traveling about.

The fifth lead casket contained the body of the Prince of Portugal, the infant son of Philip I. and Joanna. He came to his sad and untimely death by being thrown from a pony when riding through the streets of Grenada. If the streets were as rough then as they are now, it is not surprising that the child met with this fatal accident, for a much larger boy would run some serious risk in galloping over the cobble stones.

In the sacristy of this royal chapel, we were shown some precious relics, including the sceptre, sword and scabbard of Ferdinand, a missal, and a plain silver gilt crown of Isabella; also the flags of Castile and Aragon that were carried in their army, when battling against the Moors. There is, too, an embroidered standard, the work of Queen Isabella, which was hoisted over Grenada after the victory of the Christians.

That which interests an American most is a gold casket, engraved with exquisite art, and inlaid with a few precious stones. That small casket is full of significance, though now empty, for it once contained the jewels of the celebrated Queen of Spain, one of the greatest queens of history. She was moved by

the pleas of Columbus, and as the long and expensive wars had well-nigh exhausted the nation's resources, she had her jewels brought and offered to pledge them as security to raise the necessary money to fit out a fleet for Columbus, that he might go forth on his voyage of discovery. Her sacrifice, however, was not necessary, for Ferdinand was won to the cause, and he allowed 17,000 florins to be taken from his treasury to second her royal ambition, for she was persistent in behalf of the navigator's schemes, and when the Court did not favor the project, she showed her independence and proudly said: "I undertake the enterprise for my own Crown of Castile, and will pledge my jewels to raise the necessary funds." In addition to the King's grant, provision was made for the additional requirements, for Ferdinand was shrewd and grasping enough not to lose the opportunity of possible enrichment through the enterprise, and others were encouraged to aid the undertaking.

The jewels are gone, and the casket is empty, but full of eloquence, for that was one of the wisest and far reaching schemes that Isabella ever promoted, which gained for her a proud immortality, and inseparably connected her name with America.

After Columbus had failed in his overtures to Juan II. of Portugal, relative to fitting out an expedition, he then turned to Spain, while his brother went to England with the hope of receiving aid. Columbus

was granted an audience with Ferdinand and Isabella at Cordova in May, 1486, but without any successful results, for they were engaged in a disastrous war against the Moors, and the public treasury was strained to meet the excessive demands. Besides, Columbus had imposed the most extravagant condition in case the expedition should prove successful. He and his descendants must be viceroys and grand admirals of the Indies forever, with ten per cent. toll of all transactions, import and export, and of all mineral produce, etc. And yet later at Grenada in 1492, they acceded the full terms that Columbus demanded. Whilst the queen was ready to pledge her jewels for a loan, this was not necessary, as already stated, for the King effected a sufficient loan from his household treasurer, Luis de Santangel, an Arragonese of Jewish blood. No doubt Ferdinand signed the unfavorable conditions of the contract under a protest, and if not with mental reservation, at least, with his habitual personal understanding that he would keep the contract just so far as he found it to his own advantage, for he did not keep the terms of that agreement made in the Alhambra.

We visited the pretentious city hall and saw a number of the leading officers. We were much pleased with their general appearance, for they were an unusually dignified and intelligent looking body of men. All were well dressed in black suits, with

Prince Albert coats, buttoned, and wore silk hats that looked as though they had just come from the hatter. They were faultlessly attired, and all were above the average size and well fed, without a suggestion of the poverty that prevails. If their general appearance is borne out by their integrity and efficiency, then Grenada is to be congratulated upon the excellent character of her city fathers.

There are many picturesque street scenes, but every one is interested in the narrow, winding passages in the locality of the old cathedral, and especially that very narrow street which was once the silk bazaar of the Moors. We still see the remains of the Moorish stucco work, and their peculiar, rich ornamentation.

As we are interested in antiquities, we searched the cities of Spain for shops that offer these articles for sale. We began with Tangier and Gibraltar and saw many interesting and curious things, but Spain is by no means so rich in such objects as some other countries of Europe.

II

Seville

Andalusia
Granada

WHEN we reached Seville, we found the city in a wild state of excitement, for a special tax had been imposed and the common people had denounced it. The streets and squares were crowded, and there were acts of violence, so that a general riot was feared. All the shops were immediately closed, and the shutters fastened, for no window was left exposed for fear of being broken by the lawless ones, who threw stones and threatened insurrection. It was on Thursday, the day for the bull fight, but that amusement was deferred, for it would have been extremely dangerous to allow so many people to congregate at such a time. The policemen and soldiers were busy, but besides some broken heads and windows, the riot did but little damage, and the clamoring poor yielded as though they were fated to endure whatever burdens might be imposed upon them.

We found much in Seville to interest us, for whilst it bears some striking resemblance to an oriental city, and is far more like a mediæval one than any city that we would expect to find in other countries of Europe, at the same time it differs very much from

any other city of Andalusia, so far as the activity and lively character of the people are concerned. Although it is in Southern Spain, and a whitewashed city, the people are alert and bent on pleasure.

The stores are attractive, and there is considerable stir, if not bustle on the street. The people walk faster; show more energy, and seem to have more to live for. Laziness does not seem to be so great a luxury; at least, the people do not so generally indulge in it, but exert themselves to find some enjoyment. We never envied them any genuine pleasure that they might find in the promenade, fan flirtation, dance, theatre, or bull-fight, for where the people seem to have so little to enjoy, we could not deny them any effort to make themselves think that they were having a good time.

Seville has a population of about 125,000, and is located on a flat plain, without picturesque or beautiful surroundings. The soil is fertile and a variety of fruit abounds. The Guadalquivir flows through the city, and because of the low situation, the banks often overflow, and there is great damage at times because of winter inundations. Such floods make the frequent whitewash of the submerged houses a necessity. The houses are generally but two stories high and with very plain exteriors, the monotony being relieved by balconies. The interiors are far more attractive, for they are built for comfort, and the patio or inner

court, furnished with a fountain and orange-trees, or vines in many instances, make it a delightful place for rest and protection from the sun in this warm climate.

Seville can boast of having the finest dining-room in Spain. Whilst the hotels of Spain are comfortable, and even excellent in the larger cities, you will look in vain for such hotel buildings as you will find in our leading cities. Even Madrid, which makes such desperate efforts to imitate Paris, has no large and magnificent hotel, such as we find in other capital cities of Europe. The hotels are comfortable, for the thick stone walls keep out the excessive heat during the summer months, and as the heavy wooden shutters are closed during the day, the sun and hot air without do not materially affect the delightful temperature within. The beds were cool and comfortable, and not preoccupied by any of those unmentionable creeping things. We found the proprietors exceedingly courteous as well as honest, and never had occasion to ask them to correct the bill, as was a common experience in Italy.

The Hotel Madrid in Seville is a rather small and low building, with very plain exterior, and is situated on a very narrow street, but it has a most inviting interior, for the large patio is furnished with a refreshing fountain, trees, vines and flowers. An open gallery extends around the second story, into which

the rooms open. On the wide verandas on the ground floor, refreshments are served, and at different places there are private tables ; and few more charming spots could be imagined to sit with friends for an hour's pastime. The large dining-room is unique in artistic beauty, for it is Moorish, and by far the finest dining-room in Spain, and we believe also that the hotel is the best in the whole peninsula. The sides of the dining-room are covered with tiles and paintings. The French style of cooking prevails in all the leading hotels, and we never found the vile olive oil and stale butter that some travelers tell about. They must have gone to some very inferior hotels, and they can find poor butter at such places in any country. We were not looking for olla podpida, and puchero, the national dish of the poor in Spain, nor for the onions, leeks and garlic, rancid oil and butter, and hence, we did not find them ; and we have no complaints to utter against the leading hotels of Spain. We had plenty of butter, the article that some travelers say they rarely met with. Evidently they were not looking for it, for we generally find what we are looking for. Spain has so many actual sins to answer for, that travelers should not be so strongly prejudiced as to be unable to see the real condition of things, and should give honor to whom honor is due. Some are chronic grumblers, indulging in their propensity continually, perhaps because it is such a

cheap intellectual exercise, and requires but little effort.

We traveled some years ago with a man of this class, and he was constantly annoying us by his complaints, finding fault with everything. He was impatient to reach Jerusalem, hoping to find something there worth seeing, and "a decent hotel." Finally we reached that memorable city, and we felt somewhat relieved in the hope that the grumbler would undergo a transformation, but alas, he became profane when he entered "the filthy streets of that poverty stricken city"; and that was all he could talk about. It was a hot day, and we could restrain our patience no longer, and said: "The trouble with you is that you have too much money, and too little wit." That caused his temperature to rise considerably, and he answered with a hot rejoinder, for he was too old to mend his ways.

Seville is an historic place, and we easily go back in mind to the time when Julius Cæsar was established here in the ancient city of Hispolis, as it was then called, whilst Cordova espoused the cause of his rival. Pompey Cæsar's fleet came up the river Guadalquiver, besieged the city, and after a successful battle, won the mastery, and the city still bears witness to the Roman occupation. At the entrance to the Alameda de Hercules, tower two lofty columns, bearing colossal statues, the one represent-

ing Hercules, and the other Julius Cæsar, the Conqueror.

Seville is full of historic interest. Columbus, Cortez and Pizarro sailed from this city down the Guadalquivier to the Atlantic on a voyage of discovery and conquest for gold.

This river has been important in the history of Spain, and we found a number of vessels anchored near the Golden tower.

The value of the Guadalquivier to the people may be estimated from the fact that it has been claimed that in the prosperous days of the Moors, no less than 5,000 mills were located on the banks of this river, but they are no longer used, although we may still see some of the square towers that mark the sites.

Many of the streets are very narrow and winding, and the principal business street, the Sierpes, is so much so that no vehicle is permitted to traverse it, and we never encounter a horse, for there are no sidewalks and the limited passage is wholly reserved for the men and women who come here to do their shopping or for idle gossip. This is the most interesting street in Seville and is always full of life. Both sides are lined with stores, and the best clubs and cafés are on this street, hence, it is a popular promenade.

There are many picturesque street scenes. In

places we see immense loads of cork drawn by six and eight mules, driven tandem.

The mule is a most patient and industrious animal. Fortunately nature has endowed him with a thick skin, for the Spaniards are not contented with loading him with great burdens, but in addition they constantly inflict heavy blows upon him ;—whether from force of habit, or for an opportunity of venting their spleen, we know not.

We often wondered what the effect would be if like Balaam's ass, the much abused mules of Spain might be able to speak Spanish at times and rebuke their profane and cruel masters, for the driver is ever screaming at them, cursing and cracking the whip over their heads, and laying the heavy lash on their piebald sides. Certain it is that the mule does not seem to have a friend in Spain. It is not that it is more headstrong than in our country, for often the driver was more obstinate than the mule and exercised as little common sense. As a rule, the mule goes straight ahead, carrying immense panniers, filled with all manner of articles ; provision for the cattle and for the culinary department, building material, fruit, vegetables, bread, fowls, eggs, crockery, flower-pots, jars of water, dry goods and babies. Often they are overburdened, and occasionally they resent the injury. We have vivid recollections of such an occasion. Perhaps there was a sensitive or

injured back. At all events the mule began kicking fore and aft, until he had relieved himself of the oppressive burden. Our only regret was that he did not succeed in kicking his unworthy and cruel master.

The mule is the most useful, faithful, and the most abused animal in Spain. He is in the most literal sense a beast of burden, for whilst he often draws the heavily loaded cart or wagon, he most frequently carries an immense burden on his back. He is a strong and hardy animal, and we were often surprised at the immense burdens of fuel, provender, or household effects that he carried. He is small, but mighty, and his kick is as famous as his much abused obstinacy. Mules are indispensable in the Spanish cities of narrow and tortuous streets, where they serve the people as water-carriers and delivery wagons, for they can crowd their way through uneven and winding passages that are as formidable as a barricade to any vehicle. The patient mule draws his burden through the narrow maze of streets, whilst often his great load sweeps both sides, and the passer-by gives him the right of way by stepping in a doorway. They carry immense panniers, each basket filled with a variety of articles, almost equaling those to be found in a country store.

Often the mules that draw wagons are richly caparisoned with highly colored trappings of barbaric splendor. There is a profusion of polished brass in

various ornaments, which cover the high projection that rises above the collar. The rest of the paraphernalia is of cheap but showy material, consisting of plaited worsted cords and tassels of bright colors. The mules and donkeys furnish one of the picturesque street scenes, for they are fancifully clipped with various geometrical figures, although without adding to the intelligence of the animal. The shearing process leaves them with a variety of colors and forms which add to the kaleidoscopic sights of a quaint Spanish city.

We shall always have a kind word to say for the mule of Spain, but not for the "Spanish Mule" of the Inquisition, on which so many were tortured, and we may still see this horrible instrument in museums.

The English were buying thousands of mules in Spain and sending them to South Africa for the war against the Boers. We saw several thousand in a pen at Gibraltar about to be transferred to the transports. It seemed a pity to send this faithful animal out of the country, when it is so much needed at home for cultivating the vast tracts of neglected lands that could easily be made productive, and would yield large revenues to the owners, as well as provide a means of support for many of the poor, who are now obliged to beg for a bare existence. The pity was all the greater because it was to be sacrificed to the god of war.

The oldest, one of the most conspicuous, and

by some, regarded as the most beautiful building in Seville, is the Giralda. It is forty-nine feet square at the base, and 350 feet in height, and was built by the Moors between 1184 and 1196, as a minaret for the mosque. It was originally but 230 feet high, and the Spaniards made the addition. It is surmounted by a dome, on which stands a female figure, thirteen feet high, weighing a ton and a quarter, but so perfectly poised that it serves as a weather vane, and is the sport of every wind. We ascended by an easy incline of thirty-five sections, for the interior construction is similar to the Campanile of St. Marks in Venice. Then by seventy-five steps we reached the clock and stood above the great bells. We came just before the hour of twelve to see the striking of the bells, and it was interesting to see the intricate machinery, equaling the mechanism of a watch, though on a much larger scale.

Many of the lower stories were occupied by families, and we wondered why they chose to live so high above the ground, for they had a long distance to go for water and provision, and they must walk, since there is no elevator.

Seville enjoys the proud distinction of having the largest cathedral in Spain, and only surpassed in the world by St. Peter's at Rome. It is a magnificent building of vast proportions, and everything is on a grand scale, with a wealth of artistic effect. Here is imposing

grandeur, as we contemplate colossal pillars, massive beyond description, and then gaze up into the lofty vault of this stupendous piece of work, fashioned into a temple. It is far more ; it is a vast museum of art and history ; a treasury of the most resplendent robes and jeweled objects, fashioned in silver and gold, as we shall see in the great sacristy, for here are treasures of rare magnificence. The Tenebrario, or Bronze Candlestick is a masterpiece of art, and unrivaled of its kind. It is twenty-five feet high, richly ornamented with exquisite workmanship, and is used during the services of Holy Week. It was made in 1562 at an enormous cost.

The cathedral has suffered much at times from earthquakes, and on August 1st, 1888, one of the great pillars, fourteen feet square, fell, bringing down with it two arches and adjoining portion of many tons of masonry. Twelve years have not been sufficient to repair the damage.

There are some beautiful pictures in the cathedral, and one with which all are familiar through the copies and prints of the Guardian Angel by Murillo. It is a fine picture, and much admired because of the truth it represents ; the angel leading the child.

The most celebrated painting is by the same artist, and hangs in the Chapel of the Font. It is a large canvas, and contains a number of life-size figures. It represents St. Anthony of Padua in the attitude of

prayer, in a kneeling posture and with hands outstretched as if to receive the infant Jesus, who is floating in the air, surrounded by cherubs and angels. It is one of the masterpieces of this great artist, who has invested the child Jesus with a sort of divinity that impresses the beholder with feelings of devotion, and we admire the wonderful naturalness of St. Anthony. His coloring is unique; his shadows are transparent, and he floods the entire picture with an atmosphere that is peculiarly his own. There is a charm of loveliness and warmth about the picture that we feel, but cannot describe, except to say that they are perfect. The conception is ideal, and the simplicity and lifelike expression of the cherubs is one of the charms that never escapes us. The hands, as in all the works of Murillo, show the mastery of the artist. The picture as a whole is a marvel of art; the lifelike expression of the face of the saint and the wonderful coloring, are faultless achievements.

There is an interesting history connected with this picture of the appearance of the Christ Child to St. Anthony of Padua, for on the night of November 4th, 1874, some one cut out the kneeling figure of the saint from the lower right hand corner of the frame and carried it away. The following morning, when the sacristan drew the curtain from the picture, to his astonishment, he beheld the vandalism. We can imagine the sad feeling of the people of Seville, for they had

rejected the Duke of Wellington's offer of \$200,000, made many years before. That vast piece of canvas, eighteen feet by ten, was the largest of all the paintings of Murillo, and one of his very best productions, but now it was destroyed. At once the government made every effort to recover the stolen saint by sending photographs and descriptions to their representatives in every country. Two months later, a Spaniard offered the same to a German artist, William Schaus of New York, for \$250.00. He at once recognized the stolen treasure, and informed the Spanish Consul, who recovered the painting, and arrested the thief. Some months later the stolen portion was back in its place, and so skilfully was the work of restoration done by the expert, Sr. Martinez of the Madrid Museum, that it can only be recognized when viewing the painting from the side. Fortunate was Seville and the world in having recovered the stolen saint, for without it, the great masterpiece of one of the world's greatest artists would have been destroyed, and nowhere else would the presence of that saint mean so much, for only in the entirety of the artist's conception and creation could the story in the face of St. Anthony be read.

We do not wish to moralize, but it is difficult to refrain from the reflection that here is a veritable example of "total depravity," when such a moral degenerate will enter the sanctuary at night and commit

such a deed of sacrilege by robbing the house of God of one of its choicest treasures, and make the world poorer by destroying one of its masterpieces of art, with the sole purpose of adding a few hundred dollars to his own use. Surely avarice is a vice, and "the love of money is the root of all evil."

Behind the choir in the cathedral, a plain marble slab marks the resting-place of Fernando Colon, son of the famous discoverer, Christopher Columbus. The only decoration consists of two small caravels carved in the stone and the following quaint inscription in Latin: "Of what avails it that I have bathed the entire universe in my sweat, that I have thrice passed through the new world, discovered by my father, that I have adorned the banks of the gentle Beti, and preferred my simple tastes to riches, that I must again draw around thee the divine ties of the Castilian Spring, and offer thee the treasures already gathered by Ptolemy, if thou in passing this stone in silence, returnest no salute to my father, and givest no thought to me." We did think of his father, and also saw the place they are preparing to receive what are supposed to be the remains of the famous discoverer, taken from their long resting-place in Havana and transferred to the Cathedral in Seville, for Spain refused to have them to remain in the lost Colony.

In the Capella Real, behind the high altar, we saw the shrine of Ferdinand III., the saint who conquered

Seville, November 23, 1248. We saw the embalmed body enclosed in a silver coffin, placed on an altar of jasper. It was on the day of the year that the body was exposed to view, with much ceremony. A temporary stairway or ladder was provided and we had an excellent opportunity to view the mortal remains of this celebrated personage; some claim that they can still distinguish the swelling of his gouty foot. The foot is visible, although the swelling has subsided, so as not to be apparent, without the aid of the imagination.

Near by is the Pantheon, containing the bodies of some famous actors in the history of Seville, but that of Peter the Cruel, was the one that impressed us the most. It suggested his cruel and bloody reign, and it was a great relief to know that he was dead, for he was a terror to friend and foe while living, and it is far better for the world that it has outgrown such unscrupulous and hard-hearted rulers. And yet, there are some people who have never heard of Peter the Cruel, and his kind, and they tell us of the good old times of the past, and assure us that the world is growing worse. To such unhappy people ignorance is not bliss.

The Alcazar at Seville is in some respects the rival of the Alhambra. It is on a much more limited scale, and yet there are some rooms that fascinate us with all the charms of Moorish art that we find at Grenada.

It was the work of centuries, and the ambition of Moorish and Spanish kings. Here we have the same characteristic features of Arabic decorative art in architecture. The slender columns, the horseshoe arches, the lattice work, and delicate lace-like tracery in stucco designs, with open balconies and the usual bright colors. We do not find the honeycomb or stalactite-vaulted ceilings that produce such wonderful effect in some of the chambers of the Alhambra, but we do find the very ideal of grace, beauty and loveliness in these charming apartments of the Alcazar at Seville.

There are some sad associations connected with this attractive palace, for the cruel Peter dwelt here, and foully murdered his royal guest, Abu Said of Grenada, for the sake of securing his rich jewels, including the largest ruby in the world, which is now among the choice treasures of the Tower in London, for Peter finally gave it to the Black Prince.

In Seville as in some other cities of the Nocturnal Sereno, the old custom continues, of having a watchman go through the streets with a lantern and club, and call out the hour of night, just as though it were of any interest whatever to the sleeper to know when midnight has come. It always seemed to us to be much ado about nothing; it would have been different if trains left at all hours of the night, and most of the people were bent on travel. However, those watchmen perform many

other duties of a more practical nature, and they are by no means an unmitigated evil, for they are trusty messengers about the city, and a menace to evil doers; they see that the doors are secured, and they say that should a man return from the casino or café in a condition that would render him unable to find the key-hole, the Sereno will relieve his embarrassment and unlock the door for him. They may also serve the purpose of valuable watchmen, and Seville may need them, for in no other city did we see such insignificant looking policemen. They were decidedly under-sized men, and had the appearance of a lot of weaklings, walking stupidly about with an ignorant and vacant look, and lacking all force and energy, being poorly paid and underfed.

THE TOBACCO MANUFACTORY.

This is a vast and imposing structure, with splendor sufficient for a palace, for which we mistook it. It was erected in 1757 at a cost of \$850,000, and is one of the largest buildings in Spain; 662 feet in length, 524 feet in width and 60 feet in height. It has been diverted from its original purpose, and when looking at the exterior, no one would suspect it of being a tobacco manufactory, but when once admitted to the first room, not even a blind man would mistake it for being anything else, for the odor of the immense quantities of tobacco manufactured here

is so pungent that it affects the eyes and throat of the uninitiated, although the operators seem accustomed to it.

No harem of even the most powerful Moor ever contained a tithe as many women, and we had never seen so many at one time. Five thousand of them, old and young, are employed in making cigars and cigarettes. There were hundreds of long tables, and beside these the women sat and rolled the cigars. Many of them had their babies on their lap or in the cradle, and they rocked the naked cherub with their feet, whilst with their deft fingers they converted the unshapely mass of tobacco into Spanish cigars. Besides, the most of them were chattering so that there was a perfect din from the babel of voices.

In one room there were 1,200 women, and whilst we saw no less than 5,000, we did not discover many of the Spanish beauties that poets dream of. The Andalusian women were there, but they were poor, plain and very commonplace looking. They were not tidy, and there was a marked lack of taste and neatness, but not of boldness and impertinence. The American working women are far more attractive and tidy, and dress in incomparably better taste. We might have discovered some bewitching types of Andalusian beauties, had there been a more generous application of soap and water, for there were many

interesting faces, with large black, flashing eyes, full of expression, such as Murillo might have taken for models. Their love of flowers was apparent; some were placed in water, but more frequently they were gracefully stuck in the hair, and these somewhat relieved the abandon of neglect in dress. Many of these women are gipsies, and numerous reflections are cast upon their character. A number of the women had relieved themselves of a portion of their unnecessary apparel, for they were not in full dress, but in their comfortable working attire, which was not for public inspection. The cast off clothing decorated the walls where it hung until taken down at the close of the day's work.

It is rather depressing to walk through the immense rooms of this building, for the sad condition of the women excites our pity. It is a strange and picturesque scene, for there are variety and many bright colors, but poverty, ignorance and lack of refinement were in evidence throughout the building. It was by no means a savory breathing place for the visitor, for the atmosphere was heavily charged with the foul air, cast off by this crowded mass of humanity, which was partly relieved by the smell of tobacco. It is a disagreeable place, which we went to see, but where we would not want to prolong our visit. The presiding mistress of each room scrupulously maintained the inflexible customs of Spain, by asking us

Always wanted money

for a gratuity. Of course, many of the women working at the tables held out their hands and looked beseechingly for a peseta, or something less. It would be difficult to find a place in Spain where they do not beg, as it seems to be an honorable calling and thousands follow it, perhaps through necessity.

Spain needs a large tobacco manufactory, for the Spaniards are inveterate smokers, and thoroughly devoted to the weed. They do not chew, but only smoke, and in this way they burn their idol whilst enjoying it, until it is wholly reduced to ashes.

We are told that formerly the priests at the altar and the devout worshippers on their knees indulged in this weed, burning the weed whilst offering their incense of prayer and praise.

The chapter of the cathedral at Seville complained of this abomination to Pope Urban VIII., who on the 30th of January, 1642, issued a Bull, forbidding the abuse under penalty of excommunication. It appears from the language used that the sinners of that day chewed and smoked, as well as snuffed in the sanctuary, and that clergy as well as laity, women as well as men, participated in these reprehensible acts.

It seemed strange to us to see men smoking in that fine dining-room of the Hotel Madrid, at the table d'hote, for as soon as they had finished the courses as far as coffee, they lighted cigar or cigarette, although

others were just beginning,—and with wife and daughters at the same table. It is a custom and it did not seem strange to them, but they rather seemed to enjoy it from the fact that it enlivened conversation and added to good fellowship.

The Spaniards have some other table manners that we need not copy. They not only eat with their knives and rest their elbows on the table, but the women use the tooth-pick at the table, and take no pains to conceal it.

SPANISH BEAUTIES.

Seville is famous according to some people for the Andalusian type of beauty, and this you may occasionally see in the public thoroughfares. We had heard much of the Spanish beauties, but our own country easily excels Spain in this respect also. Our women do not have that peculiar black eye, but there is more frankness, sympathy, intelligence and goodness in their face. Our young women look younger, and our middle aged women do not look so old. Our women dress in better taste, and the poor dress much better than the poor of Spain. The latter have black hair and dark complexion, and the black, liquid, olive-shaped eye gives them their characteristic expression. They make a too liberal use of face powder, and they make no attempt to disguise this universal art. The effect is marked, and in striking contrast to their

natural complexion, as there is a sort of bluish cast produced. All are lavish in the use of powder and paint, the poor as well as the rich, and not merely on state occasions. The men must like this extravagance, for evidently the women endeavor to please and attract the men. Surely there is no accounting for tastes, and we concluded that there had been much waste of words about the Spanish beauties, of whom we had heard so much; we failed to see any more beauties than in some other countries. We did see more painted faces, and never did we see so many plain faces painted with so much paint. The Spanish women excel in the excessive exercise of this art, and we do not envy their admirers. We prefer the American face without so much Spanish paint.

We did often admire the lace mantilla that forms the plain, but graceful head-dress of many of the women. It is more comfortable and convenient than the hat, though by no means so ornamental. It is not so destructive to the beautiful birds, for a fragrant flower is the simple adornment for the mantilla, instead of a dead songster. This may account for the serenade that we enjoyed at the Alhambra from the nightingales. If the substitution of the mantilla for the hat and bonnet would stop the slaughter of the little innocents in gay plumage, then we would wish that the mantilla might become universal, and hats be seen only in our museums. As a matter of fact there is a

great scarcity of birds in Spain, because there are so few trees. The presence of the nightingales at the Alhambra is due to the forest of elms that the Duke of Wellington planted.

THE SPANISH FAN.

Many of the fans are beautiful and expressive when wielded by the graceful hand of the Andalusian, who understands the language of every movement and makes them eloquent as speech when opening and closing them. They are the *sine qua non* of every young lady, for they serve as a substitute for the parasol in this southern climate, and are used as a screen to shut out the most revolting scenes in the bull-fight, besides producing an artificial breeze. It is an indispensable part of a Spanish lady's outfit, for she carries it on all occasions; a resident for many years in the country tells us of a number of women who were bathing one morning in the Guadalquivir; they were sitting on the boulders in the river, up to their shoulders in the water, robed in gaudy colors, and were holding an umbrella with one hand and fanning themselves with the other. Never before did we suppose that a fan was necessary whilst taking a bath in a river, especially when sheltered by an umbrella; although it might be used to advantage in the Turkish bath.

We had been thoroughly informed as to the graceful and coquettish use of the fan, so captivating that

the least susceptible would not be secure from its seductive charms. We had heard that there was a magic art in the subtle movements of grace that gave eloquence silence and made captivating the many blandishments of the lips, and of the dark eyes that sent forth glances resembling a "Combine of Velvet fire."

We would report that we escaped all this dreadful fascination, and not by lashing ourselves to the mast as did Ulysses of old, to escape the charms of the sirens; but we went through all the leading streets, and went where the Sevillian beauties are to be seen on the Sierpes, in cafés, clubs, churches, museums, and bull ring,—and always with open eyes, and yet, we never felt the potent spell of the alluring magic, produced by the bewitching movements of an Andalusian fan. Hence, we concluded that this oft repeated story, like that of the fabled Ulysses, is apocryphal, the result of the copyists, and not of observation or actual experience, but the creation of a highly wrought imagination, which has no existence outside of the books.

It is easy to recognize in the Spanish women of to-day, the well-known female types that Murillo transferred to canvas: with their characteristic small nose and the olive-shaped black eyes. Either the color of the hair has changed, or else the great painter selected the rare examples of golden hair from preference, for black hair is almost universal in Spain at this time.

In the picture gallery are treasured some of the masterpieces of Murillo, among them the one that the artist loved most, that of St. Thomas giving alms. The saint's head is an epitome of charity and goodness; the kneeling beggar is life itself. Never have we seen finer color, composition, chiaroscuro, expression—in fine everything that makes a masterpiece. There are many choice gems in this collection, and here Murillo can be studied at his best, and this gallery alone is worth a visit to Seville.

In the church hospital of La Caridad are some good pictures of various Spanish artists, including Murillo. There is a notable one that shows mastery in realism, although the subject is far from pleasing. It is by Valdes Leal, and represents the half decayed body of a bishop. It was characteristic of the style of subjects that the artist selected, and as Murillo looked at it, he exclaimed: "One cannot look at your pictures, Leal, without holding one's nose." It was a compliment to his mastery of execution, but not to his refined taste in the choice.

ITALICA.

A dusty drive of an hour brought us to the old Italica of the Romans. It was founded 210 B. C. by Scipio Africanus, that his soldiers might recuperate after the wasting war with the Carthaginians. It is famous in history from having been the birthplace of

three Roman Emperors, Trajan, Hadrian and Theodosius. There are still extensive ruins that attest to the extent and importance of this early Roman city, with its aqueduct, palace, temple and amphitheatre. Much of the palace of Trajan existed as late as 1755, when it was destroyed by an earthquake. We spent some time in examining the vast remains. The immense amphitheatre that once accommodated 20,000 spectators, is in a fair state of preservation, and although broken in many places by that common destroyer, the earthquake, which has shattered so many great buildings in Spain, still it is full of historic interest. In imagination, we endeavored to reproduce the exciting scenes once witnessed here, as we wandered through the many subterranean galleries, and explored the dark and damp chambers, that were once the dens of wild beasts, intended for the cruel sports of the arena. We also entered the Sudarii, where the gladiators prepared for their entrance to the bloody fight, and where the wounded were removed for treatment; for the details of the arrangements have been laid bare for the eyes of the modern beholder in these extensive remains.

We stood on the platform where the magistrates once sat, and walked across the encircling rows of seats. Many objects of great interest were discovered here, and they have been transferred to the museum in Seville. Doubtless vast treasures of art and history

still remain buried at ancient Italica, and some day will bring them to light. For centuries this was a prominent city, but when the Guadalquiver changed its course and abandoned Italica, the Moors had wisdom enough to change their city, and they followed the river, so that from its banks arose the present city of Seville.

On our way to Italica we pass some poor houses and villages, and see the country or peasant life of Spain. At the poverty stricken village of Santiponce, there was for centuries a convent, founded by the Cistercians, and later occupied by the Hieronymite Friars. There are some large churches to be seen, but the homes and appearance of the people show their poverty, and the decadence of Spain.

There is an interesting place between Italica and Seville, called Castileja de la Cuesta, where in the Calle Real, Hernan Cortez lived and died, December 2, 1547, at the age of eighty-six, a broken hearted victim, like Columbus and Cardinal Ximenez, of his country's ingratitude. After having been stripped of his honors, in desperation one day, he forced his way through the Emperor's attendants, and ventured to present himself before the ruler, Charles V. The cold and haughty Emperor resented the intrusion, and with withering accent said: "Who are you?" He received the equally haughty reply: "I am a man, sire, who has given your Majesty more kingdoms than your an-

cestors had towns." The Emperor turned from him, and Cortez retired to the castle to die. His training in Mexico ought to have made his heart callous to ingratitude, for he was guilty of the most barbarous and inhuman cruelty, that showed his own heartlessness. Perhaps he suffered retribution in his lonely retreat, as he reflected upon his treachery and devastation in Mexico, where he slaughtered the people by thousands and disregarded their prayers for mercy. He may have often recalled the dying words of the tortured and martyred Montezuma, as he lay suffering upon a bed of live coals: "Am I reposing upon a bed of roses?"

All visitors remark upon the squalor and desolation seen at Triana, a sort of a suburb of Seville and just beyond the river, but connected by a substantial bridge. The people belong to the lower class, and many of them are gipsies, who are far down in the social scale. A number of them are engaged in cheap traffic, and they peddle their wares, whilst a large number of the women find employment in the cigar manufactory. The men clip mules and engage in horse trading. The women resort to various means for a livelihood and many of them dance and tell fortunes. The streets, houses, shops and wagons of Triana are typical of desolation and decay. There was but one exception that we found, and that was a porcelain manufactory, which has been in successful operation for many years.

The gipsies are more pagan than Christian, and as they do not intermarry, they preserve their racial identity. Their features attest their oriental origin, and it may be true that their original home was on the banks of the Indus, but that driven out by political changes, they appeared in Europe about the end of the fourteenth century.

It was in the Moorish Castle at Triana that the Inquisition was held, and just outside the city was the Quemadero where they burned to death Jews and heretics in great numbers. Politics got the better of religion, and an easy way to get rid of a political rival was by appealing to conscience, thus making the Christian religion responsible for the horrible crimes of the Inquisition. It was the Church leagued with bad company, and made a slave to passions that had none of the elements of love and mercy, and that knew not the Golden Rule.

THE BULL-FIGHT IN SEVILLE.

It was on Friday at 4 P. M. that we drove to the Plaza de Tauros to witness a bull-fight, that had been deferred, owing to the riot of the preceding day. This is the national sport, and the most popular amusement in Spain to-day, as it has been for centuries. The Spaniards are as devoted to this revolting spectacle as were the Moors, and the Emperor Charles V. is represented in art, fighting a bull at a fête, given

in honor of the birth of Philip II; he is credited with having been a skilful toreador, and well he might have been a master picadore, for like the ancient Parthians, he spent much of his life in the saddle. Queen Isabella is said to have attended but one of the bloody spectacles, for two of the men lost their lives on that occasion, and she discouraged its continuance, but it had a strong hold upon the people and they clamored for it. This act was to the credit of the noble Queen, but it is to be regretted that she was not more merciful on all occasions, for the wrongs of the bull-fight were not comparable with the awful crimes of the Inquisition that she fostered.

The bull-fight is a spirited and highly spectacular performance, and were it not for the grossly revolting features of the first act, it might be a legitimate entertainment for many of the excitable Spaniards, who have inherited their cruel tendencies from a long line of history. The richly colored and picturesque costumes of the various grades of the actors, together with their skill and rapid movements, contribute to make this amusement singularly fascinating to the people of Spain. They understand it from start to finish, and they see a thousand points of interest that escape us, for there are many rules for the actors to observe; scientific niceties that they see as we do when watching a game of foot or baseball, that we understand, but which escapes the superficial observer. Their

minds have been trained in this pastime, and even the poor are thoroughly learned in the important science of the bull-ring. In this particular, at least, not even the lowest class can be charged with ignorance. Yes, we went to see the bull fight, and we plead guilty to the charge. It was curiosity that overcame prejudice, for we wanted to see for ourselves, and if possible discover the philosophy of the fascination that it has for the Spanish people. We found no pleasure in it, for we did not go for enjoyment, and hence, we were not disappointed, but we have no curiosity to see it again. We had a choice seat from which we witnessed the sickening and revolting spectacle, and our impressions are as vivid as a flash of sheet lightning, but far more permanent. We made extensive notes and took a number of snap shots, and we shall endeavor to describe what we saw in as vivid and realistic a manner as possible.

We confess to a peculiar sensation as we approached the amphitheatre, and the jostling crowd reminded us of that seen at a great circus, or at Buffalo Bill's inimitable Wild West Show. We had tickets to a private box, where we were protected from the sun, and we entered the immense amphitheatre somewhat as the Romans ascended the different stories to reach their seat, for the building has been fashioned after the same style, and the bull-fight itself is a legitimate offspring of the Roman games. A bas-relief has been

discovered on a tomb in the Street of Tombs in Pompeii, that represents a gladiator with muleta, baiting and fighting a bear after the fashion of the Spanish espado, and we may reasonably conclude that the suggestions came from the sports of the Roman amphitheatre, that were witnessed in every city. A bull-fight is an expensive entertainment, because of the slaughter of the bulls, and the valuable services of the trained men, who incur some danger.

The three principal classes of the actors are: First, the picadores or spearmen, who are mounted, and need no special skill as do the rest, but a strong arm to hold steady a long spear. They wear a broad brimmed hat or sombrero and a plain suit with leather trousers, which conceal the armor that encases his lower limbs as protection from the horns of the bull.

The next in rank are the banderilleros; each armed with two barbed darts, which they are to place in the neck of the bull, after he has run down the picadores and horses and become master of the arena. The matador or espada is the highest in rank, and is handsomely dressed in a most picturesque costume. He is armed with a Toledo blade and a red banner.

With this prelude by way of explanation, let us imagine ourselves in the vast amphitheatre at Seville. The encircling seats widen as they extend upward from the arena, and as the sun scatters its warm rays on the exposed heads of the people, the desirable seats

are those in the shade, which accordingly command a higher price. Around the outer edge are the private boxes, this portion of the building being covered, and we occupy a small chair in crowded quarters. The poor people occupy the seats in the sun. Opposite the entrance is the place for the celebrities and the President, and over the balcony are the words: "Vive Espagne." An excellent band furnishes the music, and a squad of soldiers is present to prevent or quell any possible disturbance.

At a given signal the door opens, and mounted men dressed in black, and wearing the graceful mantle, advance to the royal box and bow to the President, who throws to them the key that unlocks the stables, when they withdraw. Then fifteen footmen, gorgeously attired, advance, followed by eight on horseback and two teams of three horses each, that will enter again at the close of each course to drag out the slaughtered animals. The grand procession marches around the arena and salutes the audience, who respond with applause. That procession composes the entire dramatic personæ, with one important exception, who is the chief character and causes all the excitement. The two teams and some of the horsemen withdraw, for the arena is cleared for action.

The footmen exchanged their red cloaks when they reached the President's stand, for similar ones that had seen some rough service, and they stood about in

groups conversing, but alert with anxious look, for they were the immediate combatants. The four picadores on horseback took their stations near the barriers, facing the entrance, and holding their spears in rest as if awaiting some sudden attack. The signal is given, and all eyes turn toward the entrance, for the door has opened and the bull rushes into the amphitheatre. As he comes suddenly from his darkened den into the full glare of the sunlight, he pauses in the passage for a moment and seems dazed. He is confronted by a strange spectacle, and as he hears the roar of the people, he lifts his head, and then bounds into the arena, ready to attack anything in sight. If he does not charge the horses at once, then the men excite him with the red cloaks, and he wildly rushes toward them, whilst the red cloth that frenzied him receives the attack, and the man who holds it leaps aside and escapes. This is repeated a number of times, until finally he espies the picadore, and turns about and rushes for the doomed horse. The picadore is prepared for the attack, and with a terrible thrust, buries the point of the lance in the shoulder of the black bull, who, maddened by the pain, pushes forward without attacking his real assailant, but buries his horns in the body of the innocent horse and throws him backward with the rider to the ground. The horse is dead, and the picadore is pulled out, and then disappears behind the barrier to have his bruises

cared for. The horse is dead, but the bull is very much alive, although his shoulders are reddened with streams of blood. The red mantle is flaunted before him, so that soon he charges another horse, and this rôle continues with some variations. We had heard that sometimes the bull refused to fight and various devices were resorted to in order to enrage him, such as thrusting explosives under his skin, but no such expedients were necessary with the black bulls that we saw at Seville. They did nothing but fight from the moment they bounded into the amphitheatre and unless the men had been so agile, and so thoroughly trained, there would have been as many dead men as bulls left on the arena. As it was, some had narrow escapes, and four horses were killed in less than ten minutes, while two others were disabled soon after they were brought in, although the picadores had done their bloody work. Often they were in great danger, and a bull rushed upon one who had been unhorsed and could not escape. The infuriated animal had him on the ground and the situation was critical. A number of chulos hastened to the rescue, and by flaunting the mantle attempted to draw off the beast, but he could not be tempted by the attractive bait, for he had the man down and was bent on fighting to the finish. For a time there seemed no hope. They beat and stabbed the animal and finally dragged the man out. Although he had not finished his part

of the program, the bull came so near finishing him that he did not return. The four horses were dead, the bull rushed madly about, pawing the ground and snorting. In less than a minute he had cleared the arena of every man and was master of the situation. It is very exciting when close quarters are reached, and the only way of escape is for the men to leap over the barriers, while the bull buries his horns into the boards instead.

The horses are blindfolded in one eye, at least, and often both, and it is with the greatest difficulty that the picadore can urge them forward, for they realize the danger and tremble. They are doomed from the time they enter, and although they are only "plugs," and suitable for the bone-yard, it is shocking to see the poor animal gored to death, and yet this was not so horribly revolting, as when they were disemboweled, as is frequently the case; in one instance the horse galloped three times around the arena, treading upon and tearing out his own entrails, whilst men laughed and boys applauded. No wonder that all the women carry fans, for they can shut off their vision from the sickening spectacle. It is a compliment to the women of Spain that so few of them attend. The wonder is that such a disgusting performance can become so immensely popular, and be enjoyed by the people through the centuries; yet the strange fascination continues. To cultivate a taste for such cruel and re-

volting spectacles cannot but result in the degradation of the people.

The second scene is the most interesting feature of the performance, for the part of the banderilleros is the most fascinating and the least revolting, although not without its cruelty. Here the most skill is displayed; the actors are athletes, and there is rapid movement, for the bull is thoroughly alive and maddened with rage by his tormentors. The work is done at close quarters, for there is no long spear used, but only the darts, and these are less than two feet in length. The men wave the scarlet mantle and the bull accepts the challenge. He charges, but they evade the attack. The bull is put to a serious disadvantage from the fact that he is obliged to lower his head before making the final rush or attack. The men take advantage of this and leap to one side, or grasping the spear of a picadore, vault over the animal's head and escape. Nevertheless, there are times of great danger, as when the bull rushes madly forward and the men must leap the barrier. Often it requires some time before the banderilleros can accomplish their difficult feat. They must closely calculate the time and distance; as the beast lowers his head to make the charge, this is their opportunity, and before he can execute his movement, they are on tiptoe, and spring,—escaping the horns raised to gore them, and at the same time thrust the two barbed darts in his neck

near the shoulder, one on either side. The bull, infuriated by the pain, shakes his head violently and bellows, but the barbs hold the darts in their place. Another banderillero rushes toward him and plants two in his quivering flesh, and finally another places the remaining two beside them. Their work is done and the spectators loudly applaud their skill and laugh at the tortured bull that has been outwitted by the superior wisdom and skill of his assailants.

The third scene or closing act of the drama is performed by one man, the espado, although the attendants come to his aid when necessary. He is armed with a sword and carries the muleta, or piece of red cloth in his left hand. He walks forth toward the centre of the arena with lordly mien as if to his coronation. He is even more gorgeously arrayed in bright colors of silk and satin than the banderilleros; his garments are richly embroidered and decorated with gold and silver lace. He wears the regulation hat, his profusion of hair is done up in the height of the hair-dresser's art, and he wears fancy velvet knee-breeches. Every movement is made with ease, grace and dignity. He is conscious of his self-importance and knows that he is much admired by many of the women of Seville. He is cheered, and he bows. The bull eyes him with suspicion because of the red cloth, for he has recently had many disagreeable experiences with men similarly equipped. He has suffered much

from violent exercise and loss of blood, and he turns and walks towards the entrance whither he came, for he has lost in spirit and is willing to give up the conflict. However, he is doomed; the attendants begin the work of exciting him to action, and we see that he is far from being dead. Often much time and preliminary work are necessary before the favorable opportunity comes for the espadó to strike the fatal blow, for it is not to be merely a sword thrust, but a successful one, and in a special place that will gain for him the wild applause of the spectators.

He resorts to various devices as he attempts to bait his victim with the *muleta*. He holds it out on the sword, like a banner, to lure the animal on, and then again takes the sword in his right hand, for he sees the decisive moment to strike the blow, since the head is lowered and the charge is to be made. Taking advantage of this movement, he suddenly leaps forward and strikes, burying the Toledo blade up to the hilt between the shoulders and spine. Then the wildest enthusiasm prevails, for the thrust was a skilful one. The poor brute grows "groggy," staggers and falls. Then the *punctillero* draws the *cachete* and severs the spinal cord, for rarely does the sword thrust reach the heart and cause instant death.

The work of the espadó is the most difficult and dangerous, and he requires great skill, a steady hand and nerve, for the variation of a half inch would strike

the bone. In the fourth round the espado made four unsuccessful thrusts, penetrating the flesh but a few inches, and the bull shook his shoulders so violently that in one instance the sword was thrown high into the air. The fatal stroke must be made between the shoulder blade and back bone. As soon as the cachete had severed the spinal cord, the two teams entered and dragged out the carcasses, and the arena was cleared for another act, for seven are included in the drama. We could scarcely endure the four, and we withdrew, never to return to witness such a degrading, cruel and revolting spectacle again.

THE SPANISH DANCE.

This unique entertainment in Seville was arranged for the guests of the hotel, and having nothing special for that evening, in company with others, we witnessed what many regard as one of the special sights of Spain. As we lay no claim to a knowledge of the dance, we present to our readers the excellent description furnished by Mr. Richard Ford, who states that "the great charm of Spanish theatres is their own national dance,—matchless, unequaled and inimitable, and only to be performed by Andalusians." But it must be seen to be understood and enjoyed, "for who can describe sound or motion?" "However laughable the house, laughable the tragedy or serious the comedy, the sound of castanet awakens the most listless.

The curtain draws up ; the bounding pair dart forward from the opposite sides, like two separated lovers, who after long search have found each other again. There is lightness of motion, faultless symmetry ; and no cruel stays fetter her serpentine flexibility—what exercise displays the ever varying charms of female grace and the contours of manly form, like the fascinating dance ? The accompaniment of the castanet gives employment to their upraised arms—who shall describe the advance—her timid retreat, his eager pursuit, like Apollo chasing Daphne ? Now they gaze on each other ; now on the ground ; now all is life, love and action ; now there is a pause—they stop motionless at a moment and grow into the earth. It carries all before it.” No wonder that it has such powerful fascination for the Spaniards.

In Andalusia, especially between Seville and Cordova, we saw great rows of the aloe, a species of cactus, forming hedgerows, which serve as an impenetrable barrier against cattle. It is an economical way of providing fences, for they are grown instead of being built, and this is better adapted to the temperament of the unenterprising farmers, for these fences make themselves. The plants are stalwarts, and the long, wide extending, and saw-edged leaves with their sharp-pointed ends appear as formidable as a cheveu-de-frise to the intruder.

It is a doubly useful plant, for the leaves are con-

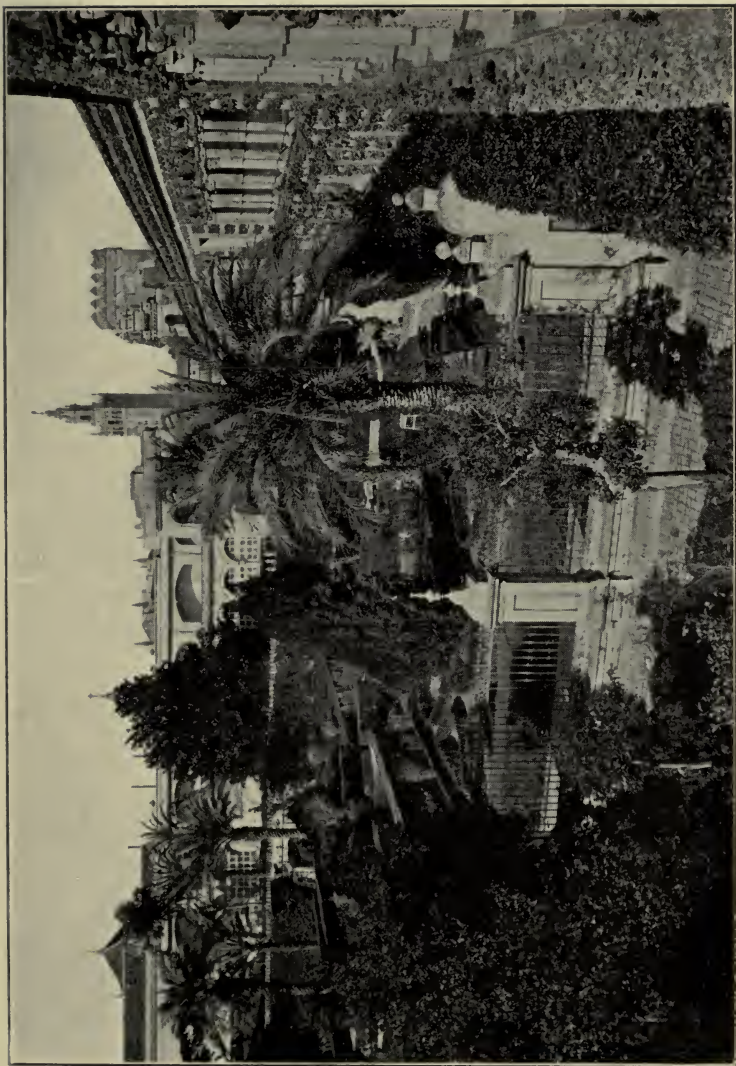
verted into cords that are very strong, and are used for harness in places and for making the alpagatas, a sort of hemp sandal that the peasantry wear instead of shoes. The leaves grow to several yards in length and the fibres are separated from the pulpy matter and manufactured into various articles for wear. The central stem often attains a height of fifteen to twenty feet, and the upper portion has a number of stems, on the end of which grows a yellow flower. Often these long hedges of aloes are the only feature to break the monotony of the plain landscape, where no trees are in sight; nothing but a vast plain, unrelieved by forests or hills. This high plant with its graceful leaves and flowers makes an attractive picture on a treeless plain. When the flowers fade, the plant begins to die.

III

Cordova

*Amsterdam
Presbytery*

THE railroad station is a short distance from the city, and we found several carriages and a hotel omnibus waiting for the passengers. The old Moorish wall that surrounds Cordova is a picturesque though crumbling ruin; a witness to the departed glory. We enter the attractive gateway, and then suffer the affliction of her wretchedly paved streets, for Cordova has the distinction of having been the first city of Europe to have paved streets. That was many years ago, and if they have never been paved since, that fact may account for their present condition. Never before had we ridden over such rough streets, and we attributed it in part to the omnibus, sadly regretting our choice of this heavy vehicle, and resolving that we would not return in it. As soon as we reached the hotel, we engaged a carriage to see the sights and congratulated ourselves that we had escaped the worst, but to our dismay the worst was yet to come, for the light vehicle bounded up and down over the rough and uneven cobble stone pavement, and we were jolted and thrown from side to side, so that the exercise became painful and almost beyond



GARDENS OF THE ALCAZAR IN SEVILLE

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endurance. At times we tried to suspend ourselves between the two seats, but that was a dreadful state of suspense, so we hoped that soon the driver might find a better street. How we wished for an asphalt or brick pavement, or a country mud road,—anything but the dreadful streets of Cordova; for the suffering was suggestive of the tortures of the Inquisition, and it was a great relief to stop for a time in the Plaza Major, and then in memory and imagination go back to the good old days of the past and picture the horrible scenes that the vast majority once witnessed here with delight, as they do a bloody bull-fight to-day, when the autos da fe was so popular, and when the Jews and heretics suffered death for the gratification of the leaders of Spain, who were possessors of a misguided conscience. We entered the dreaded vehicle again, thankful for the better times in which we live, but resolved to break our morning resolution, and to return to the station in the omnibus, for the rickety carriage had been tried and found wanting.

It is difficult to realize that this old whitewashed, declining city of Cordova, was once one of the great cities of the world, when it was the caliphate of the Arabs in Spain; the Athens of culture and learning, and where the sciences of mathematics, astronomy, medicine, chemistry, philosophy, law and divinity flourished in the famous universities. In the tenth century Cordova surpassed every other city in Europe,

including London, Paris and Constantinople. It was the intellectual centre of all Europe, and hither came the men of learning to gain knowledge, and it is difficult to appreciate what the world owes to the schools and learned men of this city, which was the home of literature and art at the period when Moorish civilization was in advance of that of all other nations. Its streets were paved and lighted, when those of the leading cities were muddy and in darkness at night. It was the meeting-place for scholars, who enjoyed the famous library.

The city was surrounded by a wall twenty-seven miles in extent, entered by seven gates, and was supplied by an aqueduct with pure water from a neighboring mountain. The number and splendor of royal buildings, mosques and public baths were on a magnificent scale. The chief palace of Az Zahra is said to have had nearly 4,000 men-servants, and more than 6,000 women were connected with the harem and palace; besides these there were 2,000 Slavonian pages and eunuchs. There was a lavish wealth of splendor and ornamentation in the garden terraces, the golden hall, and the 4,000 perfectly symmetrical columns in the palace building, which was situated in a quiet retreat, about four miles from the city. After making due allowance for the extravagance of the chronicler, we may rest assured of the magnificence and splendor of this period of the tenth century, although no vestige of these

superb palaces remains, for centuries ago they were stripped and destroyed by disastrous wars. The library of the Caliph, Al Hakim, is said to have contained 600,000 volumes, which he collected at great expense, for many of the works were of exceeding rarity, and he sent his agents into distant countries in search of rare literary treasures.

When we read the description of the palace near Cordova, with its profusion of wealth and beauty, it seems like a fairy tale from the Arabian Nights, for it surpassed the amazing extravagance of King Ludwig at Chimsee; yet it did not prove a paradise for royalty. Abd-er-Rahman, who had raised Cordova to the zenith of her glory, with his vast revenues, was the richest and most powerful monarch in Europe, and had done much for the people of his realm during his long reign of fifty years, but among his papers was discovered one, with his signature, expressing the following serious reflection on his fortunate reign: "Fifty years have I been Caliph. Riches, honors, pleasures: I have enjoyed all—exhausted all. Kings—my rivals—have esteemed, feared and envied me. During this protracted reign of apparent felicity, I have calculated the days on which I have been really happy; they amount to fourteen. Mortals, appreciate at their just value, gratified ambition, the world and life."

Cordova was the birthplace of some well-known

writers, including Seneca and Lucan, and in the tenth century there was a population of about 300,000, with 300 mosques and 900 public baths. The present population hardly exceeds 50,000, and in place of the 300 mosques there are a number of indifferent churches, supplied, it is claimed, by 600 priests.

In this city we feel the spirit of the historic past, for here we can easily connect the present with the time of Pompey the Great. The picturesque old Roman bridge, with its thirteen arches, that spans the Guadalquiver is one of the most interesting bridges of Spain.

THE MOSQUE OF CORDOVA.

This is an architectural wonder, and stands without a rival, as the oldest and one of the most interesting examples of Moro-Arabian architecture extant, being 600 years older than the Alhambra. Whilst the Mosque of Cordova was the first magnificent example of Moorish art in Spain, the Alhambra was the last, but they are very different, and the marked contrast is highly suggestive, for as Coppee states: "The former tells of boldness and strength and progress; the latter of a lightness,—of grace and epicurean luxuriousness, which mark the period of decline in strength, and abandonment to torpid pleasures."

It is one of the great attractions of Spain, and the object of our visit, for to see this remarkable build-

ing is worth a long journey. It is sometimes called a cathedral, for vandal hands have destroyed a portion of this wonderful Moorish creation and erected a church in the centre. It is by no means a modern building, for it was erected 1,100 years ago, and represents the earliest grand achievement of Saracenic architecture.

When the Moors captured the city in 711, they destroyed all the Christian churches but the cathedral, which they divided with the Christians, each party worshipping in its respective portion, for they never denied religious liberty to the conquered people. The Moors converted the half reserved for themselves into a mosque adapted to their worship, as they had previously done at Damascus. Seventy years later, they purchased the other portion from the Christians and then removed the entire building, with the view of erecting one that should rival the most celebrated one in the east, and render the distant and dangerous pilgrimage to Mecca unnecessary. It is 642 feet in length and 462 feet in width. The roof was originally flat and is only forty feet high, but appears much lower because of the vast area of the interior.

The exterior is painfully plain and contains no suggestion of what awaits the visitor. The walls are from thirty to sixty feet high and six feet thick. There is no grand portal, with elaborate carvings, but only a plain and medium-sized door, without orna-

mentation. As we enter we are bewildered by the strange view, as by the dim light, the eye wanders through a forest of marble columns. We enjoy many beautiful vistas as we move about the gray columns of this maize of aisles, which cross each other, and almost fade out of sight as they retreat from us into the obscure light of the distant end of the mosque. It was once lighted by more than ten thousand gold, silver and bronze lamps, suspended from the ceiling, 4,700 of which were kept burning during the entire night. It is difficult to imagine the weird effect of this place during the hours of worship, when the Moors assembled here in great numbers.

Originally there were about 1,400 columns, although that number has been reduced to less than 1,000, and as we caught our first view of this unique structure, we recalled the cistern of 1,000 columns at Constantinople. The stone of the various monolithic columns is as varied as the capitals by which they are surmounted. They do not rest on a special base, for that would be an obstruction to the passer-by and occupy too much floor space. The columns differ in size, for many of them were not originally intended for this mosque, but some were removed from classic temples of antiquity. The capitals represent the same variety, exhibiting the various styles of Doric, Corinthian and Arabic. The matchless effect of this wonderful edifice is greatly enhanced by the arcades

or double row of Moorish arches that rest upon the capitals and connect the entire forest of columns.

What a marvelous effect must have been produced when the structure was perfect, as the architects left it. The fretted roof, ornamented in various colors and gilded, became resplendent when illuminated by more than ten thousand lamps. Not only were the arches ornamented with gilding and rich colors, but they were enriched with "studs and bosses of glass mosaic, wrought with so much skill by the Arabs, that they had the effect of rubies and emeralds, topazes and sapphires." We may imagine the illusion and the bewitching effect as the people gazed through the many and long avenues of columns.

Unfortunately this renowned mosque has been sadly defaced by nearly fifty chapels and sacristies constructed around the inner walls, but the climax of vandalism was reached, when in 1523, they intruded into the centre, and removed sixty columns to make room for the erection of a coro or choir, 200 feet in length. When Bishop Alonzo Manrique resolved upon the work of destruction, the members of the municipality did all in their power to dissuade him from this act of stupendous folly, but failing in their appeals, they sent their protestations to the Emperor Charles V., who did not always keep pace with civilization, and he sustained the prelate. Three years later when he passed through Cordova and saw the irreparable loss,

he expressed his disapproval to the Bishop in these melancholy words: "You have built here what you or any one might have built anywhere else, but you have destroyed what was unique in the world." Charles V. cannot escape responsibility for this unfortunate act of vandalism, for he had heard both sides and could have prevented the destruction, but instead he sanctioned it and gave his imperial authority. Besides it is in keeping with what he himself did at the Alhambra, for there he destroyed magnificent works of Moorish art for his projected palace, which he might as well have erected elsewhere. As might be supposed, it is a beautiful church that has been constructed in the centre of this mosque, but though a rich gem of fabulous wealth, it is sadly out of place in this marvelous Moorish casket, for it is an anachronism, and a commingling of divergent styles of ecclesiastical architecture that violates all the laws of harmony, and hence, constitutes a lamentable eyesore to the visitor.

Fortunately several of the original chapels, including the celebrated Mihrab, escaped destruction and have been preserved in part at least. The latter chamber is a beautiful recess, octagonal in form, about fifteen feet in diameter and twenty-seven feet in height. It was the Holy of Holies for the devout Moor. The floor and wall are made of marble, and the ceiling is carved in the form of a shell, from a single block of marble

and is of exquisite workmanship. We enter beneath the horseshoe arch, which rests on marble columns. Within this small chamber are seen the finest specimens of mosaic work, which are nowhere surpassed. Here was preserved the famous "pulpit of Al Hakim II., unparalleled in the world. It was all of ivory and precious woods and stones, inlaid and fastened with gold and silver nails, costing \$1,250,000, equal now to \$5,000,000. In it was kept the famous copy of the Koran made by Othman, and stained with his blood. It was contained in a box, covered with gold tissue, embroidered with pearls and rubies, and placed on a lectern made of aloe with gold nails. This pulpit disappeared not very long ago." This quotation is from O'Shea.

The hotel Suisse in Cordova was all that could be desired. The patio or court was a delightful place for repose, free from the noise, dust and heat of the street. It was also a surprise, for from the plain exterior and narrow alley of a street, no one would expect such a charming retreat within. The proprietor, like all the hotel managers of Spain, was courteous, and the attendants who expected their pesetas and half pesetas, were as plentiful as the beggars, who besieged us on the outside; these were not admitted within the portals, in order to protect the guests from annoyance, and the waiters against any outside competition. It was very thoughtful, for the traveler, who

has no immunity from the ubiquitous beggars of Spain is entitled to a respite when he enters the hotel. The sleeping rooms were comfortable, and the dining rooms by no means ordinary, though not equal to the best in the larger and more alive cities, for Cordova seems almost as dead as Pompeii.

This is especially true during certain hours, but there are portions of the day when in special places there are marked evidences of a temporary resurrection of this lifeless city. During the summer months it is excessively warm in Cordova, and few people are seen on the streets after the noon hour. They avoid the intense heat by remaining in their homes, and the city is almost literally asleep until later in the day.

It is astonishing how such a bankrupt city is ready to support places of amusement, since they pay for expensive toros :—for what is the Spaniard without the bull-fight, although his city may be too poor to boast of any industry or factory? Of course, they support their cafés and gamble away their money and time.

We visited the leading Casino or Club House, and this was an utter surprise, for it was far superior to anything that we would reasonably expect, after having seen the visible portion of the city. It was entirely unlike the semi-oriental and decaying character of Cordova, except that it was rather oriental in its luxurious appointments. About the spacious patio were a number of rooms, similar to those we would find in

one of our large club-houses, though differently located. We were shown through the various parts, and finally entered a large reception or reading room, furnished with easy chairs, divans, and a good supply of papers. A number of men, wearing high hats, were seated, all of them smoking. As soon as we entered, they all arose, took off their hats and bowed courteously, for the guide had obtained their permission to show two Americans through the Casino. They were all well dressed in black suits and Prince Albert coats, and were among the leading men of the city, representing the capitalists and the politicians.

The ancient Alcazar has only sufficient remaining to remind us of its former glory, for these remains are highly suggestive to the one who has seen the Alhambra and the Alcazar at Seville. The extensive gardens at the rear are still attractive, and a great variety of flowers are cultivated. However, we are in the midst of Cordova, fallen, and we behold only the ruin and decay of the splendid achievements of the Moors when their capital city rivaled the greatest in the world.

IV

Madrid

*New
Castile*

MADRID occupies the highest altitude of any capital city in Europe. It is the largest city in Spain, and the chief city of national influence, although Barcelona is the most important commercial city. Like most cities in Spain, it has its legendary history, and puts forth fictitious claims to antiquity. It first appears in authentic history in 933, when Ramiro, King of Leon, captured it from the Arabs. Later they rallied, and recovered it, and it remained in their possession until its conquest about the close of the eleventh century by Alphonso III., King of Leon. When Philip II. transferred the capital to Madrid, he removed the old walls and prepared for the extension of the future capital city of Spain.

Many think that Charles V. made a great mistake when he removed his Court from Toledo to this unattractive region, some 300 years ago, for the situation of Seville was far more favorable for the nation's capital, although not so central, since the Guadalquiver is an important river, and the climate much superior to that of Madrid. And yet we are told that

Charles V. selected this site because he suffered less from his rheumatism than at Toledo, but that seems to be an incredible reason, for the cold winds that blew over Madrid would hardly tend to lessen the twinges of rheumatic gout. A much more plausible reason was that the wise Emperor saw that the most successful way to unite all the various and ambitious rival provinces in one central government, was to select an insignificant city that had never excited envy and rivalry. This was the more important because of the peculiar local character of the people in the different cities, for this spirit of devotion to locality has ever been, and still is, a formidable evil in the way of unifying the people throughout the peninsula into one strong central government. Hence, he abandoned all the old capitals and founded a new one, so as to avoid all jealousies and wounded pride. If we study the masterful and realistic portraits that artists have left us of this proud and ambitious ruler, and in connection with them, study his history, we shall be convinced that he was one of the shrewdest of politicians. His portraits bear a strong resemblance to a famous political boss of New York, and he foresaw the policy of the transfer to Madrid, although the people of the respective provinces would have each urged their city as the one having the highest claims. He prevented such a bedlam of strife and confusion by selecting Madrid for the capital.

Beyond this and the fact of its central position we cannot commend the wisdom of the ruler, for the location is uninviting. It has no claims for beauty of situation, and the surroundings are not attractive.

The climate is very severe, both in winter and in summer, for during the long summer season, we have the intense heat, almost beyond endurance, and in the winter, the icy cold penetrates the very marrow of our bones, and the men walk about with their faces covered with the cloak. Because of the severity of extremes, the old saying prevails that in Madrid they have three months of "inverno and nine months of inferno." The tendency must be to produce pulmonary trouble among men, because of the chilling icy blasts of wind that come from the snow-clad heights of the Guadarrama range, and which penetrate the warmest clothing. We speak from a painful experience on the morning that we took the train north, across the mountains for Segovia. In fact, they say that those icy blasts in the dead of winter penetrate the skin and dry up the moisture in the bodies of men and keep them slender and sinewy, whilst the women seem to grow fat on the same cold arid tonic, for all the women tend to corpulency, and this strange phenomenon has caused a brilliant saying to be applied to this drying and chilling air, designating it as "a most manly air, it will not hurt a woman. It will not blow out a candle, but it kills a man."

Madrid is situated on the so-called river, Manzanares; we say so-called, for during the greater part of the year the river is not there. It flows away with the last of the mountain torrents, formed from the melting snow, and only returns again in the spring-time. However, the river bed remains after the fickle river has run away to the sea. This annual disappearance of the river occasioned the witty remark made by an officer of the victorious French as they were entering Madrid; for laughing at the fleeing Spaniards, and observing that the river had vanished, he said: "What, do Spanish rivers run away too?"

The Manzanares has been a great disappointment to the people of Madrid, for whilst they have provided a magnificent bridge for it, the river abandons them for most of the months, and the view of a wide river bed, almost dry, is not a very attractive one. There are no pleasure yachts, no sails, no skiffs, no picturesque scenes of busy life except that it is converted into a great public laundry, not enclosed by a single board, shingle or shutter, for it is the washing place for the many laundresses of Madrid. The limited flow is turned to practical use and the banks display a lively scene. Scores of women are at work, beating and rubbing the soiled garments, and then putting them into the sun to dry, and every stone and bush is clothed in white, so that the deserted channel seems like a place inhabited by ghosts.

Often the women are compelled to dig holes in the sand so as to reach and hold the water for laundry purposes. It will hardly answer as a satisfactory bathing-place for the people, and it has often been the subject of ridicule and some brilliant wit has been expended upon it. One caricaturist represents a family going down to the river, provided with towels, that they may enjoy the rare luxury of taking a bath, but the water supply is limited and not sufficient to cover the body, and they must content themselves with a mere foot bath, and the artist adds the explanation: "All the bathers you see here, and those decending by couples, come to the Manzanares to have a foot bath."

The present city, however, has an abundant water supply, and the water carriers have passed into history as a thing of the past, for now the water is furnished by an aqueduct that brings pure water from the Guadarrama mountains, a distance of thirty-two miles.

The Spaniards with all their pride, and with due allowance for hyperbole, can never address Madrid as the Jews did their capital, when they exclaimed: "Beautiful for situation; the joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion, on the sides of the North."

All that is beautiful and attractive in Madrid is quite modern, dating from the reign of the Bourbon, Charles III., for he made it what the Spaniards had failed to make it, a city. Most of the public buildings,

including that of the famous picture gallery, belong to his reign, as well as the laying out of the great streets.

Madrid has many fine public squares and some wide and attractive streets, but the architecture is modern and not peculiar to Spain. It lacks all the weird quaintness that is so characteristic of many of the Spanish cities, making them so unique and attractive to the student and general observer. It is the least Spanish city in Spain, with the possible exception of Barcelona. We find none of the Moorish architecture, and none of the famous Gothic churches. The difference between the general appearance of Madrid, Toledo, Cordova, Seville and Grenada is so great that we would not suppose that they belonged to the same country. In the old portions of the city, we find the narrow, crooked and uneven streets, and queer old looking houses, that would make some picturesque scenes for the artist, and yet, Madrid is more of a Paris, than a Seville or Toledo. We wandered through the most tortuous streets, and observed some old-fashioned houses, feeling sorry for the people who had to climb so many stories.

Madrid differs from our cities in that it is compactly built together; and several times we drove the length and breadth of the Spanish capital in an afternoon, besides taking the fashionable drive along the boulevard and through the Prado. Most of the streets are wide, and the houses resemble those of

other European cities, but in the old portions are to be seen the old houses with hanging balconies, open courts, and narrow, winding streets.

The government buildings are large and generally attractive in style of architecture, with imposing columns. The Bank of Spain is a magnificent building, and if the finances of Spain were equal to the building, there would be no danger of bankruptcy. The Chamber of Deputies and War Department have fine buildings, and the latter was highly suggestive of Spain's recent humiliating disasters on land and sea.

Madrid is the most cosmopolitan city in Spain, and nowhere else in the peninsula do we see so much life and gayety, especially in the Puerto del Sol. In many respects this is the heart of the capital and of the peninsula itself. This "Gate of the Sun" is a semi-circular space about 400 feet long and 150 feet wide, with a fountain in the centre. The principal streets converge here, and the tramways and omnibuses depart from this common centre. Here may be seen much of the life of Madrid, so far as the different classes of people are concerned, for at certain hours, the sidewalks are crowded, and we elbow our way leisurely through this surging mass of humanity. Here the rich and poor meet together and jostle one another, and pickpockets reap their harvest. Here, politicians meet, and men exchange courtesies. The

women are busy selling newspapers, matches, flowers and lottery tickets, for gambling is a national vice and the government receives a portion of the revenue. The beggars, whose names are legion, often with shocking deformities, which are exaggerated so as to produce sympathy, hold out their skinny hands with an expression of woe that would touch a heart of stone; they beg, and pointing to their open mouths, inform us that it is bread they want, to keep them from starving. Some of these haggard faces were desolation itself, and they haunt us still. It is a shame that Spain drives them to this abject humiliation of public beggary, and compels them to suffer the gnawings of hunger by being underfed, as their gaunt faces plainly indicate.

The beggar is omnipresent in Spain, and in no other country in Europe have we been so forcibly impressed with our Saviour's saying: "The poor ye have with you always." In Spain, these words are literally and painfully true, and much of our peace is disturbed by the many pitiable objects of humanity that daily confront us with their distressing entreaties.

Strange as it may seem, we meet no Jews and no Moors, for once they were the strength and glory of Spain, but at the time of their cruel expulsion, they were forbidden to return; hence, we miss them in Spain, although there are a few Jews in this rather un-Spanish city of Madrid.

THE QUEEN AND KING

On several occasions we saw the Queen and King drive through the Puerto del Sol on their way from the Prado to the palace. We bowed courteously with raised hat, and received a gracious bow and smile in return. Ordinarily the passing of the Queen attracts but little attention, from the fact that her appearing in public is so frequent, for she can be seen daily on the leading thoroughfare, the new boulevard, going to the park and returning by way of the Puerto del Sol.

We arrived in Madrid on the morning of the King's birthday, May 15th. We stopped at the Hotel de la Paix, one of the leading hotels, which faces the Puerto del Sol. The city was crowded, for it was an important national holiday, and there was great demand for hotel accommodations. The proprietors improved their opportunity by advancing their prices, but as the same policy is resorted to in our country on special occasions, we took no exception in finding that Spanish hotel proprietors were also wise in the present generation, even though the government is so lacking in wisdom in the administration of national affairs. We have nothing but praise for the managers of the leading hotels of Spain, for they are courteous gentlemen, and the Hotel de la Paix is an excellent example.

Whilst the streets were crowded, we saw no dis-

turbance, no intoxication, and we felt as safe as in our own city. We saw many strange and picturesque costumes among the peasantry, who had come for miles to enjoy the annual event, and perhaps to see their King and Queen, but by all means to witness the national amusement that was to take place at the Plaza de Tauros. Our guide told us that all the Spaniards could afford to enjoy the spectacle of the bull-fight. The truth is that many are too poor, and many go who cannot afford to go. On the King's birthday, there was naturally a great demand for seats, and the prices were advanced accordingly, even fivefold in many cases. Still the people went by thousands, for this disgusting performance has a strange fascination for the Spaniard, who will economize, gamble, borrow, trade, pawn, sell or go hungry in order to witness the bull-fight.

On the morning of May 15th, we drove to the palace that we might see the King and Queen. It is a large and magnificent building and hardly surpassed by any royal palace in Europe. It was built by Philip V., who was ambitious to rival the famous palace at Versailles. The work was begun in 1737 and completed twenty-seven years later, at the enormous cost at that time of \$5,000,000. The architectural design is attractive as well as the location, for it occupies a commanding situation, and even the distant snow-capped heights of the Guadarrama range may be seen

from this site, as the rugged outline seems to touch the sky. We entered the court, ascended the grand staircase and visited the rooms that are shown to the public. The palace contains much of unusual interest, for everything is on a vast and magnificent scale, and there is a wealth of art and beauty treasured in the various apartments that ought to satisfy the proud royalty of Spain.

While waiting for the King and Queen to appear, we saw that interesting though daily occurrence of the changing of the guards, and enjoyed the music furnished by the royal military band, of which Spain may well be proud. We then took our position near the entrance to the palace and awaited the appearance of the Queen and the young King. There was a great crowd, but no crowding, and perfect order was preserved. There was a flutter of expectation and excitement when the announcement was made that they were descending the grand staircase. The military guards were at their stations, dressed in brilliant uniforms, as became Spanish traditions.

The Queen's carriage was drawn by four fine black horses, and the evidences of royalty and luxury were apparent in the handsome equipage and richly caparisoned steeds, each one of them mounted by a postilion, in elaborate livery that reminded us of the pomp of the Middle Ages. Unfortunately Spain still clings to too many customs that ought to have passed away

with the Middle Ages; hence she has declined instead of keeping abreast with the great and progressive nations that have so greatly distanced her, because she rejected all innovation of modern intellectual culture and advanced methods in political and ecclesiastical reform.

They drove directly by our carriage, and as we were facing them, both the Queen and King saluted us, and we responded by bowing most courteously. The Queen occupied the rear seat and the boy King the front seat facing his mother, for he was yet in his minority and the mother was the Queen Regent. We could not but admire this noble Queen and mother, in every way worthy to be the Queen of Spain. Her charming face was full of lovely character and pleasing expression as she accompanied her bow with a gracious and generous smile, as though recognizing a kindred spirit in the faces of her American friends, who could not help but say in their hearts: "God save the Queen." She did not seem to be conscious of her royal station; there was no proud or stern Castilian bearing, but a face beaming with gentle and frank expression that told of the Austrian heart that beat within.

Her manner was in striking contrast with that of her son, for he acted more like an automaton, although with military precision, as he saluted us by bringing his hand to a vertical position and touching

his cap, but without moving a muscle of his pale, expressionless face, and scarcely looking toward the right or left. No doubt he has inherited some of the physical weaknesses of his noble father, whose worthy reign was brought to an untimely end.

THE ARMORY

The armory is within the palace grounds and has the distinction of being unrivaled in all Europe. Among the many varied objects of beauty and historical interest, we observed the swords of Ferdinand, Isabella, Boabdil, Charles V., Philip II., Hernan Cortez and Pizarro, which recalled their various conquests and destructive wars. As we pass through this royal armory, we seem to be moving about with the distinguished heroes of Spanish history, for here are the suits of armor that they wore as a protection against the weapons of their enemy, when their proud hearts beat beneath, and could these mail-clad figures speak, what wonderful stories they would disclose. Here are the armored suits once worn by Ferdinand and Isabella, more than 400 years ago, when battling against the Moor for the conquest of Grenada, and as we look upon the effigies of the departed, we see how they appeared to their devoted followers, for only the invisible soul is wanting to make those military figures move again. The size and general appearance of those celebrated characters of Spanish history may

be studied from these close fitting armors, somewhat as we study the likenesses of the ancient Egyptians from the mummied remains that survive them. In fact, from a notable armor of Charles V., Titian painted that masterpiece which is universally admired as one of the gems of the Madrid gallery, and unequaled by any equestrian painting. It has special historical interest inasmuch as it represents the armor that the Emperor wore at the battle of Muhlberg in 1547, when John, Elector of Saxony, was taken prisoner. The fidelity of the painting may be verified by comparing it with the magnificent suit of armor which is so highly prized in this valuable collection.

Among the numerous suits of armor that belonged to Charles V., there is one that he wore when he entered the city of Tunis. Many of those gold incrustated armors are remarkable specimens of the art, and we can easily imagine the brilliant display when on dress parade, and the clattering noise when in mortal conflict on the field of battle, contending with spear, sword and mace.

The finest armors are not the product of Spanish art, but were made in Augsburg and Milan. As we look upon the immense armor worn by Columbus, which weighs forty-one pounds, we may conclude that he was a man of large frame, and great physical strength.

We were interested in the collection of flags, that

were once the inspiration of the Spanish army when on the march, in the camp, or on the field of battle. With these are ranged many of the banners that they captured from the enemy in the conquest of Spain, and there are a number that were taken from the Turks at the battle of Lepanto. Here too, is preserved the litter on which at times, the Emperor Charles V. was carried, when the gout prevented him from riding.

As we move through the narrow passages of this royal armory, that has been crowded with the many objects of historical interest, we recall the many stirring scenes of war with which Spain is inseparably connected. It is not the place of disembodied spirits, but of armored suits once worn by the heroes of Spain, and beneath those breastplates once beat brave hearts that feared not to meet the enemy at close range. Around the room stand the armored knights as if on dress parade, some with the visor up, revealing the small opening through which once flashed the eyes. The equestrian figures with lance in rest, seem waiting for some grand tournament, or for the signal to rush to battle. As we look upon the halbert of Don Pedro the Cruel, we recall the savage deeds of this heartless ruler and feel thankful that the times have changed for the better, and that he has been retired from the stage of action.

The royal stables and coach-houses are situated on

the hillside, not far from the palace. Whatever the lack of the Queen and King may be, it is certain that they are not in need of more carriages and horses, for here is a superfluity of both. There are about 125 coaches and vehicles of various sizes and styles ; some of them costing the enormous sum of \$75,000. Whilst many are of modern make, some are rather archaic in style, and a very large coach of Charles V. has been likened to Noah's ark. This, and similar ones of past generations are exceedingly interesting, and many are richly decorated with paintings and gilding, and inlaid with precious stones. The State and Coronation coaches attract special attention because of their royal style and gorgeous decorations. A pathetic interest is connected with the black and heavy coach that Crazy Jane used for carrying with her the lead coffin, which contained the body of her husband Philip, as the guide tells us.

In the stables we saw many fine horses, mules and ponies. The horses are well fed and the stall of each animal bears the name of the occupant.

In another building we passed through long aisles to view the royal collection of saddles and harness. They belong to royalty, and to an earlier age, for festive occasions ; and what a brilliant spectacle, when the royal processions moved through the streets with such gorgeous paraphernalia. There is a wealth of gold embroidery, the handiwork of the

various nations of Europe, including the Moor and the Turk.

THE ROYAL PICTURE GALLERY

The Royal Picture Gallery is the most attractive place in Madrid, and is generally admitted to contain the finest collection of paintings in the world. The force of this claim will be recognized when we recall the fact that here are some of the masterpieces of the most celebrated artists, for it was when art flourished that Spain had the culture to select and the wealth to purchase, giving her the power to acquire whatever works of art she desired. The gallery is not so extensive as some others, but it contains many valuable gems and few inferior paintings. Here are many choice examples of a long array of the well-known masters of the various schools, including Van Dyck, Rubens, Snyder, Teniers, Brueghel, Wouverman, Claude Lorraine, Pouissin, Paul Veronese, Titian, Raphael, Ribero, Zurbaran, Alonzo Cano, Velasquez and Murillo.

We must go to Madrid to see the masterpieces of Velasquez, although he has enriched other galleries of Europe, especially the National in London. He was not only a master of his art, but one of the greatest artists of any country. His genius is apparent in his wonderful creations, drawing and coloring, and his strict fidelity to nature. No one who has seen his

picture of the "Borrachos" or drunkards can ever forget that bacchanalian group of revelers, for the realism is so perfect that we forget we are looking at painted figures on canvas. The faultless technical execution of his historic masterpiece, "The Surrender of Breda," makes a profound impression upon the beholder; the wonderful composition and the contrasts between the Spanish and Dutch soldiers, and the suggestive attitudes of the victor and the vanquished, leave a mental picture that never fades from memory. From various prints all have become familiar with that attractive picture of the child prince, Don Baltasar Charlos, mounted on his chestnut brown pony, and so true to nature is the art that you not only see the galloping action of the pony, but it seems as though the prince would ride across the canvas and out of the frame. In all this there is no trick or degradation of art for mere effect, but it is unswerving fidelity to nature that has produced this transcendent example of realism.

As Velasquez was the favorite at the Court, and had his studio in the Alcazar, or old palace, it is not strange that he should so frequently have transferred the portrait of his royal patron to canvas, and made all travelers so familiar with Philip IV., for none having once seen his striking picture could fail to recognize it, no matter in what gallery it might appear. This is largely due to the fact that the King was by no

means a handsome man, and the realism of his famous artist, who painted with conscientious fidelity to nature, did not improve upon the looks of his patron when he transferred the image of that face to canvas. It was the house of Hapsburg that Velasquez immortalized in art, painting them just as they were, and it is claimed that no family in history possessed such a marked facial type; the unbalanced face of Philip IV., with the distinctive character of that repulsive mouth and senile, melancholy look, shows the physical and mental degeneracy to which the Hapsburgs finally came. The artist has not only represented the King in various attitudes, with the family and on horseback, but he has preserved his entire Court on canvas, including the male and female dwarfs, and whether or not these creatures of deformity succeeded in the rôle of jesters, they do represent in a supreme degree the very opposite of everything that is handsome. We cannot imagine the reason for selecting such ugly creatures, unless it was that the uncomely King might not be brought into unfavorable contrast by the selection of attractive jesters.

The Royal Museum was closed on the King's birthday and many of the people, especially those who came from the country, were greatly disappointed when they found that entrance was prohibited on that day. They lingered about some time and endeavored

by means of the influence of guides to gain admission. They made many and loud complaints, and in various ways showed their displeasure. We were more fortunate, and through a representative sent our card to a director, who appeared, and after a formal introduction in which we informed him that we were Americans, were greatly interested in their famous museum, and that we were perfectly willing to pay for the special courtesy of being permitted to visit it on this national holiday, we were instructed to retire for a short time, until the people had disappeared, and then they would be pleased to admit us. We returned in due time and were most courteously received, and we spent the remaining hours of the day among those rare treasures of art, to which we returned with added interest, for many days of study cannot exhaust the marvelous charms of the many masterpieces of the Madrid gallery.

AMUSEMENT

In the capital of Spain, the people endeavor to get all the enjoyment they can out of life, and the cafés and places of amusement are well patronized. There are some fine cafés about the Puerto del Sol, and we recall our first experience in endeavoring to get a cup of chocolate. French is generally understood among the cultured classes in Madrid, and mastering the best French at our command, after being seated at a table,

we gave our order for two cups of "chocolate." We were politely informed that they had no such drink. We went to another café, where the same experience was repeated. We went to a third and received a similar shrug of the shoulder. We felt that there must be some mistake and we appealed to an intelligent looking man and stated our difficulty. He was a courteous Spaniard and understood French perfectly, and he informed us that in Spanish, *chocolate* was pronounced with an extra syllable, resembling *shok-o-lah-teh*; after that we had no more difficulty in getting chocolate, but we have often thought that the waiters were rather stupid in not being able to recognize the resemblance in the words, especially when we told them that it was a hot drink, but neither tea nor coffee.

Many of the people begin work late in the day and continue pleasure or amusement until late at night, as we realized one evening when going to the theatre. The entertainment was divided into different parts or functions, and you can sit until after midnight and witness the entire program, or go at certain hours, according to the particular play you wish to see. The "Maid of Zaragoza" had been recommended as the best attraction in that evening, occupying the hour from ten to eleven. After the crowd of spectators of the previous part had withdrawn, with the exception of those who had tickets for the succeeding play, we

entered and took our seats in the dress circle. Whilst it was one of the leading theatres in Madrid, and first-class in all its ways, we were surprised to find that all the men were smoking, and all the women enveloped in clouds of smoke that ascended from the Spanish idol, which was being consumed in every part of the house. As there was a great variety in the quality of the tobacco smoked between the hours of eight and ten o'clock, it is needless to say that we did not enjoy the incense that filled the house, for much of it was stale and of a poor grade, and would not have been acceptable even to any pagan divinity.

The play was a highly spectacular one, full of excitement, and with a noise at times that might have reminded us of the famous siege of Zaragoza itself. Yet, strange to add, twice during a lull in the storm, the writer fell asleep, for it was the hour for retiring, the labor of the day had been exhausting, and we longed for nothing so much as sleep. The people were demonstrative, and they were generous in their applause, for there was some excellent acting, and clever burlesque of certain parties that was highly suggestive, especially in view of the prolonged applause that followed, but unfortunately, being in Spanish, it was not intelligible to us.

The famous old Plaza Major in Madrid is well worth a study because of its historical associations. It was often the scene of great royal fêtes, tourna-

ments, bull-fights and autos de fe, for they were once the favorite spectacle of the people and leaders of Spain, whose hearts were not saddened by the flow of blood and the cry of human woe. This public square was surrounded by the highest houses in the city, and they were provided with ample balconies from which the spectators could behold and enjoy the cruel and barbaric spectacles of the Inquisition. Here on June 30, 1680, sentence was pronounced against twenty-three heretics, who were taken to the Quemadaro, or special place of burning outside the city, and here were added to the mournful procession, the effigies of thirty-six other condemned heretics, who had perished in prison because of the severity of their punishment. The unfortunate victims of intolerant bigotry suffered near the gate Fuencarral, and at four o'clock the great fire was lighted for the Spanish entertainment, for the spectators seemed to enjoy the horrible spectacle of seeing their fellow-men suffering for hours in the flames. Whilst they were undergoing the agony of the fire, the tormentors were regaling themselves with iced drinks and choice viands, disposed in refectories set up for the event. The King, Charles II., it is reported, remained the whole time seated in his balcony, not inconvenienced by the heat, fumes or noise of the crowd; but so deeply was he absorbed in the fact of the extermination of the heretic that he remained until satisfied that they were dead, and their bodies reduced

to ashes. Neither was his peace of mind disturbed by their suffering, but he rather seemed anxious to have the scene prolonged, for, when he saw that the last unfortunate one had been consumed, although he had watched for hours, that no heretic might escape, his heart was untouched, and he calmly asked of the executioner if there were no more to be burned.

✚ The bull-fight still continues in Madrid, and it is revolting enough, but it is not to be compared with the awful horrors of the Inquisition, which now fortunately have ceased; in the suppression of the latter and the substitution of the former, we recognize a remarkable advance in human progress in the Peninsula. The Plaza Major remains, but the old scenes are witnessed no more. They live only in the memory of the people, and this large and memorable square has been transformed into a pleasure garden where the people find innocent diversion. A magnificent equestrian bronze statue of Philip III., erected in 1616, is the most conspicuous and attractive feature in this famous central Plaza, where thousands congregate.

We formed the acquaintance of some prominent citizens of Madrid, and we admired their warm-hearted spontaneity, as well as their proud Castilian chivalry. It is easy to recognize the fact that they are the lineal descendants of a knightly people, for, in spite of all the adverse vicissitudes through which Spain has passed, the dignity and high-minded bear-

ing of the people, betokening the born gentleman, show that this common inheritance has descended upon the present generation. Whilst the streams of the nation have often been diverted by revolution, anarchy and political corruption, nevertheless they may be traced to a common source, for certain features of Spanish character are so indelibly fixed, whatever the social station of the people may be, that they witness to a proud ancestry, when Spain was imperial and pointed with pride to her supreme culture and splendid achievements. We cannot but admire this transmitted inherent greatness, and sympathize with the people who have suffered so many wrongs, but who in the face of all their misfortunes still maintain as a native heritage the marked traits of the dignified and courtly gentleman.

One of the most interesting Spaniards that we met is his Excellency, Señor Quintana, now Spain's representative in Canada. He is one of the notable men of Spain, and has represented his country at various foreign courts for many years, having been but recently transferred to Montreal. He is a highly cultured gentleman and author of ability, and comes of a remarkable family. He is a nephew of the famous poet, Manuel José Quintana, who for years was a prominent figure in the affairs of his country, but during that dark period of despotism and anarchy that finds no parallel in modern civilization, when the

government was administered without "justice and mercy," and when "the gallows was the sole instrument and argument by which they ruled," his political faction fell under the ban and for many years Quintana languished in prison. In time deliverance came, and the highest honors in the gift of Spain were offered him, but he declined them all and with characteristic Castilian pride replied,—“I am greater than a duke. I am Quintana.” Then he was presented before the court, and Queen Isabella, taking the crown of Spain from her head, placed it for a moment upon the head of Quintana, saying that the country would honor him as he deserved. It was not only a gracious act in recognition of his character and preëminent services, but it was unique in the history of Spain, and we believe that it has no parallel in the history of any other country. The honored nephew was filled with emotion, as he rehearsed those stirring scenes, but he recalled with supreme pride the greatness of his uncle. An artist has represented on a great canvas the scene when the Queen placed the crown upon the head of the poet Quintana, and that representation has been indelibly fixed upon our mind. The nephew told us many things concerning the misfortunes of his people and their present condition, and declared his unbounded loyalty as he said: “I am a Spaniard; I love my people, and Madrid is my home.”

V

The Escorial

THIRTY-FIVE miles northwest of Madrid stands the celebrated Escorial, unique in character and design, and unrivaled. It is a royal mausoleum; a monastery, palace, church and museum of art. It is a vast granite building in the form of a parallelogram, 744 feet long, 580 wide and nearly one mile in circuit, containing sixteen courts, eighty staircases, 1,200 doors, 2,673 windows, fifteen cloisters, forty altars, 3,000 feet of fresco painting, and thirty-six leagues or 108 miles for walking. Although Philip II. in his latter days retired entirely to the Escorial, it was not necessary for him to go outside for exercise, for the combined length of the various rooms, cloisters, halls, aisles, corridors, passages and staircases aggregate the distance of more than 100 miles without any overlapping. Everything is on a gigantic scale, both as to vast proportions and wealth of magnificence. No wonder that the Spaniards call this mountain of granite architecture the eighth wonder of the world. The roof is made of the same imperishable material. The exterior of the immense building might have been

rendered more attractive if the plainness had been relieved by some decoration in arches or columns, or if the windows had not been made so small, for this stupendous pile of granite bears too strong a resemblance to a barrack or prison, and is not in keeping with the grandeur of the interior. However, it is in harmony with the dreary surroundings and the gloomy soul of the ascetic King Philip II., who built it.

It stands at the southern base of the Sierra Guadarrama in the midst of a scene of desolation and gloomy surroundings; the mountain rising with its desolate and rocky sides as the background, or nature's barrier to this gigantic pile that was reared in a wild country, so bleak and cheerless as to be inviting only to an anchorite; where the icy winds of winter penetrate the warmest clothing and almost freeze the blood and chill the marrow. In fact, there is nothing here but a barren mountain; a wilderness that John the Baptist might have chosen for his ascetic life, and if Philip II. had not been as truly a monk as he had been a king, he would not have selected this place for his latter years, and as the final resting-place for the mortal remains of the kings of Spain. This cold, barren and rocky site was to be the dwelling-place of Philip II., who had become a devout monk, and here his mortal remains were to repose in a splendid pantheon after death.

There are eight massive towers, about 200 feet high, and another that rises from the church to the height of 320 feet. It was constructed in twenty-one years, at a cost of more than \$3,000,000; and there were loud complaints, for the King had well-nigh drained the treasury and the country was on the verge of bankruptcy. The royal builder was equal to the situation, and he answered the mutterings by placing a large gold brick high up in the central tower, to show that all the gold had not been exhausted and that he still had more to waste. As we gaze upon that shining block of gold, we are reminded that this was an insignificant piece of folly as compared with some of the colossal wrongs committed during his reign, and which had much to do in wrecking the fortunes and staining the glory of Spain with his intolerance, persecution and inhuman wars in the Netherlands, where, according to Gibbon, more Christians were slaughtered for their religion during the cruel Reign of Terror, by the Duke of Alva, than had suffered death from the pagan Roman emperors during the first ten generations of Christianity.

The Escorial is one place that far surpassed all our expectations. Here we may be prepared to expect great things, for we shall not be disappointed. The realization will exceed all anticipation, and it must be seen to be understood and appreciated, for no words of description can picture it to the mind and awaken

the impressions that are made as we move about this wonderful building. Some have mournful impressions as they walk through these granite halls and corridors of the dead, and these feelings are intensified by the sombre light and chilling dampness, the heavy iron doors, and the footfalls on the stone floor, that echo through the long vaults and remind us that we are in the chamber of death.

We did not experience any sensations of gloom in this palatial crypt for the royalty of Spain. As we entered the Pantheon and looked upon the gilt bronze caskets that enclosed the mortal remains of some of the cruel tyrants who once ruled in Spain, we experienced great relief in knowing that they were dead, and that all civilized countries have far more humane rulers to-day.

The Pantheon is an octagonal chamber, thirty-six feet wide and about the same in height, with an opening above that is directly under the high altar. One of the eight sides is taken up by the door, and in another stands the altar, leaving six sides for the porphyry sarcophagi; thirty-six in all; six being arranged on each side, one above the other. They are all reserved for kings and the mothers of kings, and are all of the same style and size and inscribed with gilt letters to designate the occupant. We gazed with special interest at the one placed first in order, that of the Emperor Charles V., and below it that of his son,

Philip II. There is also a sarcophagus waiting the ex-Queen, Isabella, who lives in Paris.

The magnificence of these vaults for the repose of the royal dead of Spain, is in striking contrast with the humble crypt that contains the very plain lead coffins of Ferdinand and Isabella at Grenada; or the kings of France in the church of St. Denis near Paris; or the kings and queens of Austria in that dingy and unadorned, cellar-like, imperial vault chamber beneath the Capuchin Church in Vienna, where some magnificent caskets are crowded together, without order and fitting surroundings to form a worthy setting for the distinguished dead, and the imposing mausoleums that enclose all that is mortal of their royal rulers.

After leaving the place of the dead, it is natural to desire to see the room that Philip II. occupied during his latter years, when he practiced all the stern austerities of the most devout monk, although still the King of Spain, far from those limited quarters for fourteen years, according to his boast, he governed two worlds. It is a small plain chamber, provided with simple furniture and no suggestion of comfort or luxury. It was near the high altar, and from his secluded retreat, he could look through a small window and see the celebration of the mass and hear the chants of the choir. Here is the chair that he occupied and the foot rest with which he sought to find relief in changing positions; for he suffered greatly in body

from a most painful and loathsome disease that has been likened to that from which Herod Agrippa I. suffered all the tortures of the damned. Thus Philip II. endured an agony of affliction for fifty-three days, until death came to his relief. He was carried into the smaller chamber overlooking the high altar, and holding the crucifix that his father held in his last moments, he gazed upon it until he expired.

In that strangely decorated room of the sacristy, more than 100 feet in length, are preserved many sacred relics, with their history, often stranger than fiction. The immense pictures are not so valuable as works of art as they are for their cotemporary representation of old dress, customs, mode of warfare and the faith of the people. A picture by Coello was made to portray a startling ecclesiastical phenomenon, but one which is commonly represented under varied forms and circumstances throughout Spain, and during a period of several centuries. This particular one illustrates a marvelous incident that transpired in 1525 at the battle of Gorcum, when the defeated Hollanders, as the legend states, trampled upon the sacred host, which bled as it was crushed by the feet of the heretics. This miraculous wafer was naturally held very precious, and later was given to Philip II., and is now treasured in the most holy place in the sacristy.

The reliquary in the church containing the astonishing quantity of relics collected by Philip II.

shows that he was as much of an enthusiast in bringing together a great number of relics as he was ambitious as a bigot to rid the country of heretics. The relics were counted in 1764 by P. Ximenes, a local monk, who estimated the number at 13,000.

The library contains about 20,000 volumes of practically unknown works, and the labeled backs have been inverted, with the edges facing us, as though even the casual visitor were not to know so much as the titles. We were deeply interested in the many old parchment manuscripts that lie open in the glass cases. Many rare paintings adorn the pages, and the illuminated capitals are rich in colors and gold. The decorations are gorgeous, and represent the best period of parchment illumination.

Before the railroad was built, it was a long, rough and dusty drive of eight hours from Madrid, and the kings and their suite must have suffered at times in making this long journey. Unless the roads were watered, the dust made by the galloping mules would have been stifling. In the winter they suffered from the extreme cold and icy winds, and in the summer from the excessive heat. To us, it appeared unfortunate that a site was not selected much nearer the capital for the final resting-place of the royal families of Spain.

VI

Segovia

Old Castile

OUR principal object in visiting Segovia was to see the magnificent Roman aqueduct, which like a mighty Colossus reaches across the valley from hill to hill, and strides the houses of the city and the people in the streets below as though they were but Lilliputians.

We left Madrid on a cold morning. When we reached the station, we began to realize the effect of the blasts of chilling wind that swept down from the mountains, and we wished for an extra wrap, for we were going north and expected even colder weather. As there was some time before the departure of the train we looked about, hoping for something to "turn up." Presently we saw a railroad employee carrying a blanket across his arm, which I wished to have about my shoulders and I followed him. He entered the mail car, threw the rug upon a shelf and prepared for work. He had no immediate use for it and I saw my opportunity. I asked him whether he was going as far as Segovia. He could only speak Spanish, but I held a peseta in my hand, and that language he un-

derstood. I told him as best I could; suiting the action to the word by a generous use of mnemonics or sign language, that I would give him a peseta if he would allow me to wear the blanket as far as Segovia. No interpreter was necessary, and he assented at once by handing me the coveted article, for money talks, in no unknown tongue, but in a universal language that all can understand without study. I returned to my compartment and made myself comfortable. As a distinctive trait of the Spanish character, I should mention that he refused to receive the coin, to show that he was generous, and that the blanket was mine for the time that I needed it, but he courteously accepted both when I willingly gave them to him on our arrival at Segovia.

We had some agreeable companions, but we did not like their poor tobacco, and as we had no better to offer them, were forced to submit to the infliction. This was relieved, however, by the strange country through which we passed, for much of the distance was over a bleak and rocky region and we enjoyed an extended view. The scenery was so picturesque that the barrenness did not make it appear monotonous, and in the distance we saw the snow-clad range of the Guadarrama. At times for long distances there was nothing but a rocky, treeless, and windswept waste, and no place for human habitation.

When we reached the railroad station at Segovia,

we were some distance from the city, which was not in sight, for the railroads in Spain seem to avoid the cities and towns as we would contagion. Of course, we make exception of railroad centres, but for the most part you have a long drive from the station. Whatever reason there may be for this, for in Spain the reason for doing certain things does not always appeal to our judgment, there is one advantage in its precaution against accidents, for no boy loses an arm or leg by being tempted to jump on a passing train, since trains are not allowed to run through the streets, and the Spaniards do not equal us in the number of juvenile cripples.

On our arrival we engaged a two-horse vehicle that excited our curiosity. It was a survival of the remote past and ought to have been placed in a museum. It was not a wagon, for in the years gone by it must have been a coach, but we could not dignify it with that term when we saw it. It recalled the incident of an absent, wayward son, who endeavored to impose upon his much abused father. The father, despairing of all hope to reform the boy, refused in any way to give him aid and disinherited him. After the lapse of time the father received a telegram from some unknown one in a distant city, informing him of the death of his son and requesting him to send money for the burial. The father suspected the shrewd device of his degenerate son, and replied with

this brief message: "Send on his remains." He received the answer: "There are no remains; a mule kicked him." The vehicle I secured was a rickety skeleton, or only the *remains* of what had once been a coach. There was no choice, for the only other one present was like unto it.

We had engaged the carriage for a specified route, and we urged the man to drive faster. He looked like a relic from primitive times, and his picturesque costume of many styles and colors—and rags was a curiosity, such that he would have attracted crowds if engaged for a traveling show. He was a natural product of the town, and dressed and lived in harmony with his surroundings, for Segovia belongs to the past, and what still remains is the deadest town above ground that we ever saw, not excepting Cordova. The horses had suffered from declining years, and a slow dog trot under the most favorable circumstances was the best that we could hope for. Perhaps it was all for the best, for had he driven at a rapid pace the old wagon might have fallen to pieces. The horses were good specimens for any one interested in their anatomical study, but a bale of hay, with a good supply of oats, would have greatly improved their looks and capacity for speed. When we reached the town we experienced no inconvenience, for we had ample time for observation in most places, without stopping the team. The people looked and stared at

us as the horses dragged their burden through the city, as though Noah's ark had been resurrected.

Segovia is unique among cities. There is only one Segovia and you would never mistake it for any other place, even if it could be transferred into another country. There is nothing modern about it, but it is an old Gothic, Spanish city, surrounded by thick walls and eighty-three towers, and if the men who once fought behind these could speak, they would tell some awful tales of war. It is one of the most interesting and venerable cities of Castile, and there are some features in its general aspect that recall Toledo. Whatever the antiquity of Segovia may be, its name shows it to be of Iberian origin.

The most attractive object of interest is the old Roman aqueduct, attributed to Trajan, although the common people have a fanciful legend, which they do not believe, that "His Satanic Majesty was in love with a Segoviana, and offered to do anything that she might require of him in return for her favors; and she, tired of going up and down hill to fetch water, promised to consent, provided he would build an aqueduct in one night, which he did;" hence, they call it the Devil's Bridge. It is a wonderfully picturesque structure of Cyclopean masonry, and is the most interesting and extensive of Roman remains in Spain. It was built without cement or mortar, except the channel through which the water flows, and the

granite blocks have remained firm without iron clamps, defying the wasting ravages of the elements and the devastating wars that have been so destructive to the ancient architecture of Spain. It suffered most from the Moors in 1071, when they besieged the city and destroyed thirty-five of the one hundred and nineteen arches. The damage was not repaired till 1483, by Isabella. It is still in use and conveys water from the Fuenfria of the Guadarrama mountains, a distance of about nine miles. The elevated portion that spans the valley of the Eresma is 2,700 feet long, and from twenty-three to one hundred and two feet high, and about one-third of the length contains two tiers or stories of arches. It is an imposing example of ancient architecture, and shows that the Romans were great builders, with permanency in their work, and that they built with honor, although without mortar.

Whilst taking snap shots of this magnificent structure, the hour for closing the school came, and soon the building was emptied, for the boys even in slumbering Segovia are not unlike our boys and they rushed out pell-mell, full of youthful spirit, and in good humor crowded about the stranger, who heartily welcomed them.

Although they could not understand my language, they all could read my face, and at once we became friends. They shouted and cheered, and I felt at home with them, for their hearts were warm and their

buoyant spirit and vivacious manner were in striking contrast with the gloomy and archaic-appearing school building from which they recently emerged. It is not difficult to win the children of any country, for they understand sign language and are not easily deceived, for even the dog can read the language of the face, knowing when he is wanted and recognizing his friend at once. Our hearts warmed toward these Segovian boys, for they were so natural, and insisted upon our taking their picture as well as that of the old gigantic Roman aqueduct, for they were interested in the present rather than in the past, just as the youth of our country are, and after all, even a little boy is greater than the vast aqueduct that I had been photographing. The boys arranged themselves in a large group, but no one could keep them quiet even for a moment, for they were not under the restrictions of the schoolmaster and they were bent on having a good time.

We were not inclined to restrain their freedom, and they cheered as our boys do when celebrating the Fourth of July. However, the difficulty came after their pictures had been taken, for they crowded about us and wanted to examine the kodak. We endeavored to gratify their youthful curiosity by exhibiting the mysterious instrument that had taken, and held their pictures in the secret dark room that we could not expose to their excited vision.

They talked with their lips, eyes and hands and made us understand that each one wanted a picture, and we would cheerfully have given them this pleasure by sending the pictures, had we the necessary information. We need hardly add that they maintained the traditions of their country for begging, for true to the Spanish character, they put out their little hands and then pointed to their open mouths and pinched faces, that they had the skill of contracting for the occasion by sucking in their cheeks. We cheerfully responded, for they had greatly added to our pleasure and enriched us with new thoughts that still linger, and we had the satisfaction of knowing that we had left them happier by contributing one more cheerful reminiscence to their youthful lives. We have often recalled this happy episode, and the picture enables us to reproduce the lively scene that was in such striking contrast with the decadence and lifeless character of the interesting city of Segovia.

The population of this decadent city has dwindled to 13,000. It occupies a hill more than 300 feet above the valley, and we walk through narrow, rough and winding streets. The city seemed asleep, for there were but few people stirring. We passed some shops, and finally reached the public square on the higher ground, although the open space was too irregular to be called a *square*. There was little or no business transacted in the stores that we sought in the

vain endeavour to find some souvenir to carry away, for they had nothing of local manufacture, and there were no interesting antiques. We did meet with a few surprises in seeing the Eastman's Kodak and Carter's ink for sale. The town has been going to decay for centuries, and what remains belongs to the Middle Ages. The woolen manufactories that once made Segovia famous throughout Europe have disappeared; even the monasteries have been deserted and the two immense cathedrals, so interesting in their splendor and magnificence are ample in size to accommodate the entire population, although there are other churches. The cathedrals have a plain exterior and the walls are massive enough for fortresses.

It is difficult to realize that this was once a city of great commercial and political importance, and that between thirty and forty thousand workmen were employed in the manufacture of woolen goods alone. The superior quality of the Segovia fabrics was celebrated throughout Europe.

There is nothing remaining of the mills, but the peculiar character of the picturesque dress worn by the people of this old town may be accounted for by supposing that they have never changed their styles since the mills were closed, for the natives look as though they had survived many generations and were greatly in need of some new clothes as well as many other modern improvements.

The Alcazar was originally built by the Moors, later underwent extensive repairs, and suffered greatly from a fire in 1862. The restoration is still going on, and we see what an old Castilian castle was when governments were not as stable as they are to-day, and when Kings needed fortifications and battlemented towers for palaces. It occupies a commanding site, and we enjoy a grand and extended view from the tower. From one of the windows, Infant Don Pedro, son of Enrique II. was let fall in 1366 by a lady of the Court of Henry III., for which fatal accident she was put to death. It was from this Alcazar that Isabella was proclaimed Queen of Castile, December 13, 1474. We were interested in the old drawbridge, which is still shown, as well as other objects of historical character. For a long time this building was the treasury for the gold and silver coinage, for the national mint was located near by, and motive power was furnished by the ample stream of the Eresma. It was not until 1730 that the mint was transferred to the capital. The washer-women have converted the vale of Eresma into a sort of public laundry, and scores of them were busy at work, for the shallow stream and rocky bed make this an admirable place for a rock-bottom laundry.

There were special reasons why we were anxious to see the old Romanesque church of Vera Cruz, that the Knights Templars erected in 1204, but which has

long since been abandoned and is fast going to decay ; for Masonry in all its forms fell under the ban of the Inquisition and was crushed, when it was regarded as a crime to claim religious liberty and freedom of conscience, and when men held it to be a pious duty to put such offenders to death and suppress all intellectual freedom. The old Knights Templars church of Vera Cruz at Segovia stands as a silent monument to the stupendous folly of Spain during that period of darkness which was so often lighted up by the fires of the men who became living torches because they followed the dictates of their conscience, and were honest in what they believed to be right and true. Their voices are no longer heard in that Templar church, for many of them were hushed in the flames or their owners died in the agony of cruel torture in the prison rack. No one ministers at the altar, and no worshipers crowd about the empty chamber, but all is mournful and silent as the tomb, and yet there is eloquent meaning in the profound silence of that deserted place. Long before we sailed we had thought of the Templars in Spain and determined to visit this surviving church at Segovia. The style of the building is peculiar, it having twelve sides and a little chapel within, in imitation of that in the church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. The building is modest in size and is surmounted by a square tower. Over the door there are representations of our Saviour carved in stone. We thought of scenes

once witnessed here as we contemplated this historic monument of Knights Templars in Spain. What men once entered this portal and what thoughts filled their soul as they crossed the threshold to worship before the altar, breathing out adoration to the King of kings, though threatened by the kings of Spain!

It was on the first day of December, 1307, that Jayme II. of Aragon received Clement's edict to proceed against the Templars. He had disregarded the instructions of Phillipe le Bel of France, and instead informed that King that the Templars of his kingdom were deserving of the highest praise, and that he would not arrest them unless expressly commanded by the Pope himself. The papal bull gave him no alternative, and many Knights were arrested, but many others entered their castles and defended themselves with brave resistance against the forces of the King. In time some were compelled to surrender to the overwhelming numbers of the royal troops. Ramon La Guardia, the Preceptor of Mas Deu in Rousillon and the acting commander of Aragon, rejected with stubborn resistance the severe and ungrateful ultimatum of the King and made an appeal to the Pope, in which he reminded him of the signal service that the Knights Templars had rendered to the cause of religion, often at sacrifice of their liberty and their lives. He appealed to the fact "that

many Knights captured by the Saracens languished in prison for twenty or thirty years, when by abjuring they could at once regain their liberty and be richly rewarded. Seventy of their brethren were at that moment enduring such a fate. They were ready to appear in judgment before the Pope or to maintain their faith against all accusers by arms, as was customary with Knights, but had no prelates or advocates to defend them, and it was the duty of the Pope to do so." The appeal was in vain, and the Templars had no alternative but to surrender to the powers that sought their property, for their possessions excited the cupidity of the State and the Church, and each contended for the spoils. King Jayme ordered the Knights to be delivered to the inquisitors, though contrary to the laws of Aragon which forbade torture, and Clement sent "special papal inquisitors to conduct the trials." By order of the King the Templars were not only thrust into prisons, but their confinement was made more cruel by being placed in irons, although no guilt had been established against them. In order to hasten their conviction Clement grew impatient to obtain from the prisoners themselves confessions that would convict them and hence, in March 18, 1311, he "ordered them to be tortured, and asked Jayme to lend his aid to it, seeing that the proceedings thus far had resulted only in vehement suspicions." In time the order was dissolved, for the influence of

the Pope, enforced by the rulers of the country prevailed. It is an interesting fact of history, but an embarrassing one to the abettors of the crime, that the council held at Tarragona October 18, 1312, to investigate the charges brought against the Templars, after a thoroughly searching and vigorous examination of all the evidence and facts possible, resulted in a complete vindication of the accused Knights, and the verdict was publicly read on November 4, in which was declared an "unqualified acquittal from all the errors, crimes, and impostures with which they were charged; they were declared beyond suspicion, and no one should dare to defame them."

But what was the atonement for the grievous wrongs, and cruelty committed against them? The decree for the dissolution could not be reversed, not even to right a wrong, as though that premature judgment had been infallible. Their property had been wrested from them and transferred to the Hospitalers, but as pensioners they were cared for, providing they continued in their former dwelling-places. It is recorded that for the most part they maintained their moral and religious integrity, and that many of them withdrew from human society and retired to the solitude of the mountains, where, like the Essenes of old, they lived the life of the anchorite.

Since that evil day the Order has not been established in Spain, although Free Masonry has its follow-

ers there. In many respects they are still under the ban of intolerance, and in Madrid we were told that the Premier of State was a member of the Order, but that when this fact was revealed to the Archbishop, the latter boldly informed the high official that he must renounce Free Masonry or else be excluded from the Spanish Ministry. Like Pilate, he was unwilling to make the sacrifice for conscience' sake, and instead of following his convictions, he abjured the Order with his lips at least, although doubtless with mental reservation and inner protest against the spirit of the Inquisition which still lives in certain quarters in the peninsula, and which would usurp divine authority by invading the rights of liberty of conscience.

No wonder that Masonry has been proscribed and kept under the ban in that country, where once the intellectual light of Europe shone, and where the great seats of learning were established, but where now so much ignorance and bigotry prevail, and where for centuries there has been stagnation. Of this fact, the decadent city of Segovia is in evidence, for though situated on a hill, it stands as a crumbling monument that reminds every traveler of Spain's departed glory, whilst the old Templar Church just beyond the vale of Eresma, though the voice of every Knight has been hushed, speaks with that profound eloquence of silence which cannot be gainsaid, declaring to every

thoughtful visitor and student of history, that intolerance was one of the national evils which imperiled the welfare of the nation and brought Spain to the verge of her ruin. The prosperity and greatness of the country must lie in a different direction, and when the people recognize this fact there may be a future, even for Segovia.

VII

Toledo

TOLEDO was once an imperial city, and it is one of the oldest and most interesting in Europe. It is beautiful for situation, and for centuries was in turn the joy and pride of the Jew, the Roman, the Goth, the Moor and the Christian, but to-day "Ichabod" might be written over the gates, for its glory has departed, never to return. The city stands high above the valley, on a sort of rocky promontory that is almost precipitous at places, and is washed on three sides by the Tagus, which flows along the rock-bound channel, thence across the plain, and later through the mountainous defiles and canyons of Portugal to the Atlantic.

As we approach Toledo, we are impressed with the remarkable picturesqueness of the city from its commanding height. The Alcazar with its vast proportions crowns the slight eminence, whilst the lofty spire of one of the most magnificent cathedrals rises toward the clouds. The houses that crowd upon one another are plain in style and strong as fortresses to resist an invader. They have been exposed to the elements for centuries and seem to have risen out of the

rocky foundation that nature provided before the creation of man, for they closely resemble the dark cliffs upon which they have been built. As we get our first view of this imposing city, surrounded by massive walls, it impresses us as one vast fortress, and before the introduction of firearms it was almost impregnable.

We enter the city by the castellated bridge of Alcantara, which spans the river with two immense arches. At each end of the bridge there is an imposing gate tower through which we pass, and then we begin the ascent of the rocky hill by a winding road, and finally enter the city through the Puerto del Sol and the Puerto Visagra, both gates being fine examples of Saracenic architecture. Once within the city we are impressed with the singular character of this ancient place, for we are walking the streets of centuries, and in many respects Toledo is one vast museum of the past. It is the slumbering city of many generations, and there are no signs of awakening, but the massive walls of the buildings and the ramparts remind us of its eventful wars.

Toledo will remain an interesting city for the student and artist, for in many places we are crowded with historical associations. Often we may stand in the centre of those rough, uneven, and winding maze of streets, so narrow that with outstretched arms we can touch the houses on either side, and at the same

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time feel that we are in touch with widely separated centuries. We may still look upon many of the heavy wooden doors, studded thick with large headed wrought iron nails, which strengthened the portal for a barricade in stormy times of insurrection and war through which this city passed.

Here are houses that the Moors once occupied, and the keys are still preserved in many of the homes of the Moors in Morocco, in the vain hope that they will yet be restored to the heritage of their fathers, which was wrested from them by the fortunes of war. The doors that they so often opened in the morning and locked at night still swing in their sockets in Toledo, and are in possession of the present occupants of the land, but the exiled Moors hold the keys. This circumstance recalled a little brass cannon that an English officer showed us at Quebec, which the English had captured at the battle of Bunker Hill. On a certain occasion, when the officer at Quebec pointed to the trophy with pride and added a word of explanation, an American visitor replied: "True, you have the cannon, but we have the hill." So with the unfortunate Moors who were expelled from their country, and their homes; they have only the keys and no more, but the Spaniards have all the peninsula and the Moors will never be able to recover it.

The cathedral is the principal object of attraction in Toledo, and this alone is well worth a visit to the

city, for it is one of the most magnificent of Gothic structures. The location is most unfortunate, for with the exception of the small space in front of the façade, it is surrounded by narrow streets and houses, and hence it was impossible to get a satisfactory picture with the kodak. The remarkable beauty of the façade is enhanced by the immense portal, with its infinity of sculptured decorations. The lofty spire reaches the height of 328 feet, but the interior is that which fascinates and charms the beholder, who realizes that he is in the midst of one of the great attractions of Spain. The cathedral was begun in 1227 and finished in 1493. Unfortunately, as in all the cathedrals of Spain, the coro or choir stands in the centre, and prevents us from obtaining a general impression of this stupendous interior. The dim religious light is relieved by the many varied tints that are cast upon the floor, walls and pilasters by the rays of light that with subdued radiance or intensity have been reflected through the 750 stained windows, especially the three gorgeous *rosaces* or wheel windows, which are of immense size. These are superb and unrivaled examples of painted windows when this art reached its height. There are eighty-eight pillars many feet in circumference, each composed of from eight to sixteen columns. Whilst it is a sanctuary, it is also a museum of art, and enshrined with centuries of church history. It is a vast and imposing monu-

ment of ecclesiastical art; the embodiment of the struggles, the triumphs and the sad reverses through generations of cruel tyranny, when intolerance wrote its enforced decrees in the blood of the helpless minority.

Every visitor to this remarkable cathedral is impressed with the wonderful illusion produced above the high chapel, for here we behold what seems to be the angels and saints ascending and descending, and yet ever floating in the dim canopy of space. "This marvelous effect has been produced by the skill of the artist and architect, for over the roof, arches and flying buttresses, the joints of the stones, as well as the upper half of the piers, are gorgeously gilt, and painted blue. From half-way down the piers are decorated with an infinity of statues of kings, archbishops and saints, together with a multitude of angels with outspread wings, playing on different instruments, that want but incense to raise them again from the spot."—O'Shea.

This is one of the wealthiest churches of Christendom, and here are treasured objects of almost fabulous value. The two silver Custodia for the elevation of the host weigh nearly one ton each, and one of them is surmounted by a statuette of our Saviour, adorned with 800 diamonds. Many precious relics are treasured in the sacristy, but the statue of the Virgin del Sagrario carved from black wood and resembling ebony

is the most famous. This effigy of the Virgin is provided with a most extensive wardrobe, with a sufficient variety for a different dress each day in the year. Some of the robes are richly jeweled with gems that are estimated to be worth several millions of dollars, and as we considered this useless extravagance, we could not help but think that it would be more to the glory of God, and the welfare of the many poor of Spain to dispose of a portion of that wardrobe, and invest the proceeds in buying clothing and food for the many poorly clad and hungry beggars of this poorly governed country.

Here is also preserved, by way of absolute proof as to the genuine character of the reputed relics, an original letter that St. Louis of France sent to the chapter of Toledo with the sacred relics he added to their collection, and which reads as follows: "Luye by the Grace of God, King of the French, to his beloved in Christ, the canons and all the clergy and church of Toledo, salutation and love. Desiring to adorn your church with a precious gift, by the hand of our beloved John, the venerable Archbishop of Toledo, and at his prayer, we send to you some precious parts of our venerable and excellent sanctuaries that we had from the treasure of the Empire of Constantinople, as follows: 'Some wood from our Lord's cross, a thorn of our Lord's holy crown, some of the glorious Virgin's milk, some of our Lord's crimson

garment, worn by Him; of the napkin He wound around Him when He washed His disciples' feet, of the sheet in which His body was wrapped in the sepulchre, and some of the Saviour's swaddling clothes. We beg and pray of your friendship in the Lord to accept and guard these sacred relics, and in your masses and offices to keep us in benign memory.' Given at Etampes, the year of our Lord, 1248, month of May."

The small but old church of Christo de la Luz possesses peculiar interest, for it is still a mosque, as when the Moors worshiped in it, so far as the architecture is concerned, and were they to return they would find it still adapted to their worship. When Toledo fell into the hands of the Christians, on May 25, 1035, the conqueror, Alonzo VI., halted in front of it and ordered mass to be said in gratitude for the victory, and then hung his shield on the wall in commemoration of that religious devotion. This edifice was once occupied by the Knights Templars. It received the name Christo de la Luz, Christ of the light, according to the following legend: "In the time of Atangildo, there hung over the door a crucifix much venerated by the Toledanos, and it entered the minds of two foolish Jews, Sacao and Abisain, to outrage it. They pricked a lancet hole in the side, and instantly blood gushed forth. In consternation they carried off the cross to hide it in their dwelling, and the Christians hunting everywhere for their stolen crucifix, traced it by the

blood marks to the house of these stupid Jews. The Jews were torn to pieces, of course, and a solemn procession led back the insulted image to its revered spot. Then the incorrigible Jews, to avenge the death of Sacao and Abisain, are said to have poisoned the feet of the statue, so that the Christians prompted to kiss them should be destroyed. A woman knelt to perform this pious act when to her surprise and terror, the statue withdrew its foot from her kiss," and she was saved from the fatal plot. The name "Christ of the light" comes from Moorish days. When the Moors took Toledo the sacred image was hidden by an outer wall with space enough to permit a burning lamp being placed before it. This lamp, unreplenished, burned the entire 370 years of Moorish dominion, and was discovered still aflame on May 25th, when Alonzo VI. entered the town. Passing the hidden spot as he rode along the Valmardones, the King's horse suddenly knelt; some say, "it was the Cid's." The King and the Cid dismounted; the wall was instantly broken down, and he discovered the crucifix and the burning lamp fixed in the wall of a Moorish mosque.

The Saracen has left his lasting and unmistakable impress of former dominion in this city, and there are many interesting remains of Moorish art, although limited to a small portion of the original, such as an arch, a portal or window. San Juan de los Reges is

one of the famous moresque architectural monuments of Toledo. There is a prodigality in the superb splendor of its sculptured decorations. Adopting the language of Helen M. James: "You will admire the octagonal vault, the pinnacles, the gallery, the pierced parapet and the highly wrought choir. You will marvel at the statues, the foliage, the rich Gothic fancies, the shields, all the magnificent elaboration of detail, the rarest to be found anywhere. Nothing could be richer or more effective than the elaborately decorated sides of the transept. Such a splendid prodigality of Gothic sculpture was surely never lavished on so small a space." When in a perfect state it was unsurpassed, if indeed, it was equaled, as an example of the florid Gothic art that attained its perfection of execution at the time of the Renaissance.

The Alcazar was once the magnificent palace of Charles V., which he built and occupied in royal splendor. It was built in the Moorish style of architecture, and is vast in its proportions, the grand staircase surpassing in size any in all Europe. It occupies the highest ground of the city and from one of the towers we enjoyed a wide extended view of the country and could study the compact character of the city and the buildings, streets, walls, and rocky sides,—through which flowed the Tagus,—nature's moat for the defense of this city, which once was almost impregnable. The Alcazar was originally built when the

Moors held dominion, when the green banners of Islam were seen upon the ramparts, but when reverses came and the crescent was supplanted by the cross, the Conqueror Alphonso VI. made additions in 1085, and Charles V. greatly enlarged and beautified it so as to be worthy of an imperial palace. Disastrous wars and destructive fires have stripped this once gorgeous structure of all its wealth of splendor. The work of restoration, which goes slowly on, may in time clothe the massive walls and vaults, arches, chambers and corridors with reproductions of the glorious Saracenic art that once captivated the eyes of many generations, so that we may yet witness the transformation, and behold with admiration an imitation of the original; but to-day the visitor is filled with disappointment at what he sees of the Alcazar.

Toledo is invested with the charm of romance and history, and as we walk these old streets that have echoed the footfalls of so many generations, and look upon the buildings and doorways that their eyes once looked upon, we feel the irresistible influence of the law of association that gives a vivid realism to the famous actors, who once played their part in that historic drama of the stirring vicissitudes of centuries. Walking through some of the lonely, narrow and winding streets, when the evening shadows are falling, as some Toledon appears suddenly in the distance for a moment and then vanishes in passing across the

street,—the indistinct form seems like a spirit of the past that has revisited this ancient capital.

Down the picturesque old Moorish archway, leading to Zocodover, we may enter the court-yard, and look upon the decaying balcony from which Cervantes, the famous Spanish author, entered his room where he spent so many days in writing. The same columns support the wooden balcony, the size of the court-yard has not been altered, and even the general appearance has not been materially changed. Doubtless the Zocodover, or old Moorish Market-place, presented a different scene, for there was a different and larger population to frequent this public place; there was more wealth, splendor and extravagance, and the people were much more alive. It is still the open air market-place and we saw the men sitting on the ground, offering for sale their plain wares. The only attractive thing that we saw was the fruit. The poor men and women, who sat by the side of their various articles of merchandise—and the variety was limited,—lacked all energy, and looked as if they had gone to seed. Toledo needs some new life and she needs it badly, for she is dying of slow decay. The square is exposed to the sun, for there are only a few trees, which seem to be struggling for existence. Their effort under such unfavorable circumstances ought to put to shame the indolent people. Although the days of these struggling trees are all numbered, no more are

planted, for that would require some energy and ambition, which virtues are wanting in Toledo; hence the sun drives the people from the plaza into the narrow streets during the summer. Gautier with some hyperbole expresses the intolerable heat in Toledo during the summer months as when "Phcebus pours down spoonfuls of molten lead from the sky at the hour of noon," and the exposed flagstones of the Zocodover are so hot that the barefoot dogs "gallop over the stones, howling most piteously. If you raise the knocker of the door, it burns your fingers; you feel your brains boiling inside your skull like a saucepan full of water on the fire."

The horrible autos de fe were once held in the Zocodover, and sad memories linger about this open place, where some of the blackest and most cruel pages of history were written by the misguided Inquisition, and all in the name of the meek, forgiving and loving Christ who taught the Golden Rule, that even His professed followers have so often failed to practice. Standing here we may contrast the errors and cruel practices of those times with the present spirit of toleration and religious freedom, and the teachings of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

In Toledo we may recall the shameful wrongs committed against the Jews, and the treachery and ingratitude of the Castilian Emperor, Alphonso VI., to the Moors.

Whilst the glory of Toledo has departed so far as her material prosperity is concerned, she still maintains her ecclesiastical importance, and holds the Seat of the Primate of all Spain.

VIII

Saragossa

*Central
Oregon*

WE have often thought of the ride from Madrid to this city. We were advised to take the special express that leaves the capital at 5 P. M. and is due at Saragossa at 1 A. M. the morning following. It was a long and wearisome ride, for portions of the way were very rough and we were considerably shaken up at times, and wished that the train might run more slowly. We had many novel and disagreeable experiences, and often wished that we had taken the slow day train instead.

The train was crowded, and as the other passengers in our compartment were bound for Barcelona, there was no hope of our having more room before reaching our destination. The country through which we passed was rather monotonous, although there were some interesting changes of scenery; but on the whole the journey was a very tedious one, with few attractions to relieve the weariness. We were all the more crowded from the fact that our Spanish traveling companions had crammed all their extra baggage in the coach so as to escape the cost of carrying it in the baggage car.

They were courteous companions, even the proud

young officer who was self-conscious, and fully estimated the dignity of his rank, displaying his shoulderstraps and chapeau in a manner that was unmistakable. His hand rested on the beautiful hilt of his sword, which was sheathed in an attractive scabbard. He had a martial bearing and evidently realized that the military held the first rank in Spain. Soon the air was filled with volumes of smoke, for every Spaniard is a devotee to the weed, and at all times and in all places, the Church excepted, he may be seen indulging in this national custom. Traveling is especially favorable for those who smoke, for it enables them to kill time as well as to be social. We did not smoke, but we were smoked, for they continuously sent forth volumes of smoke, so dense that there was no escape from inhaling it. If obliged to take the smoke we preferred not to take it second-hand, or we would have liked at least the privilege of selecting the tobacco, for we seriously objected to the vicious cigarettes, although we could endure a better grade of cigars. Unfortunately they were afraid of the air or else were anxious to retain all the smoke, for they refused to have the windows open; but we finally effected a compromise by lowering one window, and then occupying the seat exposed to the draft.

We talked and observed the country through which we passed until night came on, and then we longed for sleep. However, there was just one passenger too

many to enable us to enjoy the luxury of stretching out on the seat, there being five persons in our compartment. After contemplating the situation for some time, I determined to see whether there was not a vacant seat for a lady in the compartment which was specially reserved for the "dames," and at the next station I hastened back and looked through the window, but to my surprise they started from their seats with a scream, and seemed timid as fawns, with uplifted hands shouting so that I was as much frightened as they, and never stopped to explain the object of the apparent intrusion, but hastily retreated to my own quarters, having abandoned all hope of improving our condition. Three in our compartment were quite comfortable, for each of them was enjoying one-half the length of the seat across the coach, but my portion was occupied by two, so that we were obliged to sit, and make it as disagreeable for each other as possible. I observed that it was no worse for me than for the Spaniard who sat next to me, and I concluded he was just as anxious to secure a whole seat to recline upon as I was, and if so, then it was only a question as to who could endure the situation the longer. About ten o'clock his patience became exhausted, and he passed out at a station to search for more spacious quarters. He was successful and returned with great enthusiasm, and quickly collecting his luggage, he withdrew, as we bade him a most hearty

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"*buenos noctes.*" We made ourselves as comfortable as we could, and then longed for sleep.

We have often recalled the experiences of that ride, and how in the dead of night we drove through the rough streets of Saragossa and finally arrived at the comfortable Hotel Europe in the public square. The courteous proprietor awaited our arrival and we soon forgot all the discomforts of our travel. We wanted to send a telegram of importance back to Madrid, but to our dismay, we found no one about the hotel who could speak any language but this vernacular. After the proprietor assured us that he could speak neither English, German nor French, I asked him if he could *understand* French, and he modestly replied that he could understand "just a little." I felt encouraged, and determined to make that little go as far as possible by repetition and employing simple forms of circumlocution. His face beamed with hope and intelligent enthusiasm as he informed me that he understood me perfectly,—and as evidence of his comprehension, in due time, the desired response came from Madrid, and the obliging Spaniard handed it to me, apparently with as much satisfaction to himself as it afforded me. In this respect he was a typical Spanish hotel proprietor and never failed to show his personal interest in our comfort.

QUAINT PEOPLE OF SARAGOSSA

Saragossa is an old Spanish city and has many at-

tractions for the antiquarian, but possesses little to remind us of this age of improvement, if we except a few of the wide modern streets. It is a city of the past, and the exceedingly quaint dress of some of the people was wholly unexpected. We awoke at an early hour, for the city was all astir, and the music and bustle of the public square denied sleep to those who occupied front rooms. The streets presented a lively and picturesque scene, for it seemed as though all the population had turned out, and thousands of people were pouring in from the country villages about. We soon learned the cause, for it was Ascension Day, one of the great festivals of the Church, and an opportunity was afforded to all to make a pilgrimage to the famous Cathedral del Pilar. Many of the girls and young ladies belonged to certain schools and societies, for great numbers of them marched in a body, in uniform dress, wearing distinctive badges, with broad red ribbons, and other highly colored decorations. They were either on their way to the Cathedral or returning from it. These misses resembled those we meet in our own churches; but there were others that formed a motley crowd: the peasantry from the country, who looked as though they belonged to a former age and different race. They were almost antediluvian in appearance, and nowhere else did we see such fantastic dress, such head coverings and foot gear among civilized men. It

is far easier to remember than to describe; their black hair, swarthy faces, bare sinewy arms, chests and legs reminded us of the degenerate Moor of today. In fact, their fierce features, tawny skin and barbaric dress were evidence of their ancestors, and showed them to be the lineal descendants of the ancient Berber race that was once so powerful and so much dreaded by its foes. It was the natural costume of this stern and hardy people, though it seemed like an anachronism in modern Spain. The costumes of some were so picturesque that they appeared as though gotten up for the occasion; as though the wearers were dressed for some theatricals or masked ball. Instead of the hat of modern civilization for men, they wore a red bandango or handkerchief about the head, looking like a bloody bandage for a wounded head; and the first groups that we saw about the hotel suggested that a military hospital had been cleared several days after the battle. Straggling tufts of hair were sticking out above and below without any reference to order. The top of the head was exposed to the elements and the piercing winds, which blew clouds of dust. Surely there is no accounting for tastes. It is the force of habit, and no doubt they could assign as good a reason for their simple and comfortable head-dress as we can for wearing the unyielding silk hat. Their custom is more becoming to them, and they might

reply to us with as much reason as the Chinaman did to the American lady who condemned the Chinese custom of wearing the small shoe that deformed the foot as nature made it; for the Celestial promptly gave the rejoinder that the American custom of tight lacing was still more injurious to health and a greater deformity of nature.

Many of these peasants from the valley of the Ebro carried or wore a blanket as proudly as the Arab wears it in his country. Others wore Arab-like, jackets with slashed sleeves and a wide colored sash about the waist, knee-breeches and white stockings. We noticed that their feet were badly shaped, for instead of the shoe, they wear the cheap *alpargatas*, an unsightly foot gear, although even the soldiers wear it in the South,—but it would be better adapted to the public bath-room. It is made of white canvas, with thick soles of plaited hemp or grass. It is neither durable nor comfortable for inclement weather and rough roads. The cheapness is the only recommendation, and the poverty of the people makes its use a necessity, but it detracts seriously from the dignity of the soldiers.

The people of Aragon, as in the northern provinces, seem to be a different and hardier race than those in the South, and they are more energetic, though but poorly rewarded for their labors. A common laborer in the valley of the Ebro receives but five pesetas, or \$1.00 per week, working ten hours a day in summer

and eight hours a day in winter. Their hard condition is little better than slavery, so far as oppressive toil is concerned, and their limited means to supply the necessities of life. They always excited our deepest sympathy because of their social condition. The men and women look old at forty, and act still older. The land is fertile and has wonderful possibilities, but they need American thrift and enterprise to develop it, and then the poor laborers would have their condition improved.

We drove about the city through the most interesting streets to enjoy the sights, and then crossed the famous bridge that spans the Ebro to see what the coachman regarded as the modern object of special interest for the visitor to the city of Saragossa. We met scores of the country people who were hastening to the city, the poorer ones walking, and others in wagons of every style (except modern), size and stage of decadence. It was a gala day,—a doubly red letter day, for the churches had special services on this great festival day, and in the afternoon the climax was to be reached in the bull ring. It is true that many we met were late for the churches, but they would reach the city in time for the great object of attraction,—the national amusement; and our driver informed us that he must return by 3 P. M., so as to make as many runs as possible to the Plaza de Toros, for he would have a most profitable hour from three

to four. Many of the people must have been very poor, as their dress would indicate, but they had saved their peseta and they would occupy a cheap seat on the sunny side of the amphitheatre and enjoy the bull-fight with all the supreme independence of a proud Aragonese.

The people of Aragon are charged with extreme obstinacy, and the Castilians have a saying that the Aragonese "will drive nails with their heads rather than use a hammer." It is the old Berber spirit that remains and which may be discovered in many of their fierce features, and firm, obstinate ways, for races die slowly. The walk, the looks and the general bearing of many of the men that we met coming into the city bore a strong resemblance to the men one sees in Morocco.

Some carried considerable luggage, for they would need food before their return, and the heavy blanket would serve as a bed and a covering when night came on, for many of them had come a great distance, attracted by the unusual festivities of this high day. All seemed to be in a hurry, and this was an exception to what the traveler finds in Spain, where the vast majority appear to have decided that laziness is a luxury, and where the most indulge in it, as an antidote for haste, giving you the talismanic word, "*menana*," "to-morrow." When boys, we were taught the maxim: "Never put off till to-morrow

what you can do to-day," but they reverse it and say: "Never do to-day what can be put off till to-morrow;" for to-morrow is always in the future, and the responsibility is deferred.

Many of the younger people in the wagons were gaudily dressed in holiday attire, with a profusion of bright colors, and variety of costumes; for those simple-minded people do not study the fashion plates so as to follow the latest style; and as they wore no hats but the graceful and comfortable mantilla, that never changes style, they were relieved of the great embarrassment and expense that some other ladies annually experience,—but seem to enjoy.

The name of Saragossa is a corruption of Cæsarea Augusta, the name that the Emperor Augustus bestowed upon it when Rome ruled Spain. The city has borne a conspicuous part in history and has sustained some memorable sieges. Once it withstood the Roman legions for fourteen years, and again the Moors in the eighth century, and a siege of five years in the twelfth century, when the Christians sought to wrest the city from the Saracens, and only yielded when starvation came. The French found that the modern people had lost none of the ancient valor and endurance, for in that famous siege of 1809, they met with the most stubborn resistance notwithstanding their superior force and equipment, and sixty-two days of fighting were necessary to

conquer the city. Every house seemed to be a fortress, and every inhabitant, including the women, fought like veteran soldiers, only surrendering after the French cannon had battered down the walls of their churches, convents and dwellings.

This siege has been compared to the siege of Jerusalem by the Roman legions under Titus, for there were daring and reckless deeds of bravery, defiance, and fanaticism bordering on madness. There were desperation, revolting abuses and shocking spectacles that no language can describe. The thick walls of the buildings formed an impassable barrier against the invaders, even after they had forced their way into the city, for both sides of the street offered their resistance and thousands perished in the long and bloody struggle. The blocks of buildings, with massive walls, stood like a fortification, against which the cannon of the French were directed; but the slow work of reducing them was as difficult as it was dangerous. The besieged fought with reckless bravery, and stubbornly contested every advance, but the fortunes of war were against them and the prolonged siege caused indescribable suffering with disastrous ruin. Many fell in the daily conflict, whilst epidemic raged among them and mortality was rapidly reducing their numbers, while famine weakened the garrison. When the inevitable capitulation came, there were only 12,000 sickly and starving survivors

who were able to march out of the city to surrender to superior numbers. Never was resistance more stubborn than during that memorable siege, when the bombardment continued day by day and doomed the poorly armed but brave defenders.

The city itself is not pleasing, for with the exception of a few modern thoroughfares the streets are winding and very narrow. There is nothing beautiful in these labyrinthine and congested passages, beyond some picturesque groups. The buildings have massive walls and were erected to withstand the centuries,—and no wonder that the French encountered formidable resistance from the citizens. The stern monotony of the severe plainness of the old buildings is often relieved by the picturesque balconies that are perched overhead, so that the Aragonese ladies concealed by the curtains and lattice work can enjoy the street scenes, and chat with their neighbor in the overhanging balcony across the way without going out of doors, for they are so near that the occupants in some of the narrow places could almost shake hands.

Our hotel faced the public square, from which the principal streets diverged. The Engracia is a fine boulevard, several hundred feet wide, divided for the street cars, carriages and pedestrians. There are rows of shade trees, and many fine cafés and shops line the street. The people sit in the spacious rooms or on the sidewalk, according to the weather, for a beautiful

corridor or arcade extends along one side of the street for some distance. We frequently passed through this arched way, which was constantly thronged with people, many of them from the country, and presenting a strange medley of quaint and fantastic costumes. We entered the cafés and saw scores of men drinking and gaming, but there was no disorder, and no drunkenness, although some of the rooms were large and filled with people. We visited a number of the cafés repeatedly, for we were interested in the social customs and condition of the people; and whilst they all drank something, we saw nothing to justify the charge that the Spaniards are an intemperate people. Of course drunkenness is seen at times in certain places, for the fools are not all dead, even in decadent Spain, and among the lower classes especially, this evil, though limited, is most pronounced. All the shops and cafés along the arcade were doing a brisk business, for it was the liveliest day in the year, with a possible exception of two. The women were in holiday attire, and there was an excessive profusion of gorgeous colors. All the men were enjoying the cigar and cigarette; Spain is preeminent in her devotion to these.

It was interesting to observe the groups of men and women exchanging courtesies and familiar greetings whilst retailing the gossip of the day. The poor looked very poor, and old for their years; all of them were busy, importuning every one for alms.

THE CATHEDRAL DEL PILAR

The Cathedral del Pilar had attracted thousands of people early in the morning and throughout the forenoon, for it has been the most famous shrine in Spain. According to tradition, St. James journeyed westward to preach the gospel, and when he reached Saragossa he fell into a sound sleep and had a vision in which the Virgin, appeared to him. Standing upon a jasper pillar, and attended by a convoy of angels, she expressed her desire to have a chapel erected on the spot, and in due time the chapel enclosed the jasper pillar, and the Virgin frequently honored it with her presence. The present cathedral was built in 1686, and has become the Mecca of hosts of pilgrims because of this tradition, and the marvelous cures claimed to have been effected by the influence of the Virgin at this sacred shrine. Just as in some of the Italian churches, so here we behold the many memorials of the unfortunate, but grateful ones, who have been healed of their maladies, for there are numerous representations in wax of arms, limbs, etc., exhibited here as evidence of the miraculous cures effected. As many as 50,000 pilgrims have visited this famous shrine on the festival day, October 12th. No wonder that they come in so great numbers to see such wonders performed, as Cardinal Retz informs us that he saw in 1640 "*with his own eyes,*" what was truly a marvel: Miguel Pellicer had suffered the loss of a leg, and on March 29, 1640,

the amputated limb was brought back to its original place and completely restored. There can be no room for skepticism as to the genuineness of the miracle; for we have not only the high authority of the Cardinal's testimony that he saw the marvel *with his own eyes*, but the fact has been represented on canvas so that the most skeptical to-day may see with his own eyes, at least the representation of what others claim to have seen, and to this the modern inquirer is directed for final testimony. There hangs the painting to silence the doubter, and to establish the claims of the miracle, and all bow in submission to the verdict.

This visible evidence recalls a somewhat similar one that was shown us at the Greek Church of Baloukli, outside the triple walls that surrounded Constantinople, and near the gate of Selivria. The church has been erected over what was known for many centuries as the lifegiving fountain, for extravagant claims were put forth for its hygienic properties and many marvels were wrought by the mere touch of the healing waters. Multitudes of people come to see and to drink the salutary water and on two special days of the year more than fifty thousand persons are claimed to have joined the vast crowd, some of whom came in the simplicity of their faith, believing in the virtues of the fountain, and others out of curiosity.

The devoted attendant assured us that on May 29, 1453, when the Turks forced the breach in the

inner wall and poured into the city, a monk was sitting near the fountain engaged in frying fish. Suddenly a priest in great excitement rushed into the church, exclaiming that the Turks had captured the city. The fat friar was undaunted by the startling report, and finally said, "I will never believe it unless those fish jump back into the water!" No sooner had his words been spoken, than the fish already fried to a brown on one side, became alive and gamey as any trout or black bass, and leaped from the frying-pan into the fountain, and there they or their descendants may be seen to this day.

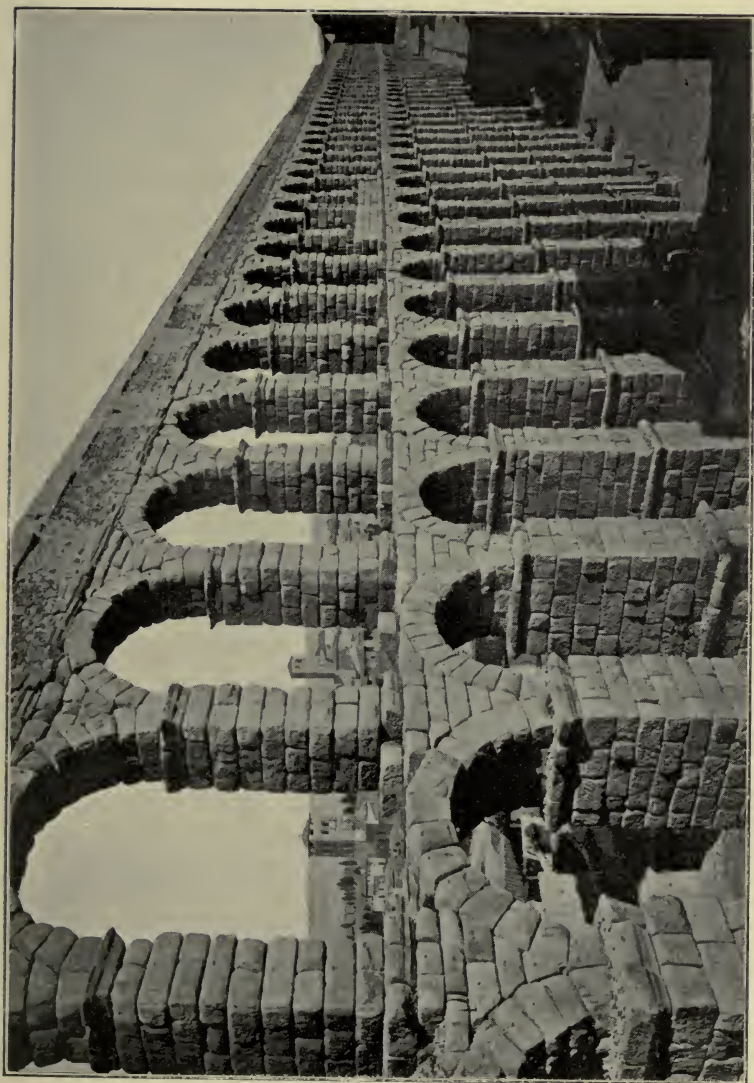
Should the visitor be skeptical and question the truthfulness of the venerable informer, the priest comes to your aid at once, with a burning taper that casts a dim light upon the fountain, but sufficient to enable you to see the fish swimming about, which we are assured, true to their traditions, are still brown on the one side that lay on the frying-pan, a remarkable example of the persistency of certain types in nature to perpetuate themselves. The dim light did not make the evidence clear to us, but it seemed ample to convince the great numbers of common pilgrims among the Greeks who manifested their sincere devotion to the old tradition.

This repeatedly vouched-for fish story from the East need not provoke any undue skepticism, for however incredible it may seem to some of us, we have

been recently assured in our city that it was paralleled by St. Anthony of Padua, who was born at Lisbon in 1195, and whose portrait, of singular loveliness, has become so familiar to the traveler in Spain, especially through that famous masterpiece of Murillo which adorns the chapel of the font in the cathedral in Seville. This distinguished personage was a powerful preacher, according to history, and Father Orlando in a recent sermon informed his hearers, according to the daily press, that "at Rimini the devil had made the minds of the people so bad that when St. Anthony entered the pulpit the audience left, and then went to the seashore, where he summoned the fishes to listen and thousands came to the top of the water and raised up their heads."

It is true, that in this case the fish cannot be produced in evidence, but Spanish artists have immortalized the famous preacher, and enriched the galleries and churches of the peninsula with his charming portraits, for which we are grateful. The people of Spain do not question the marvels that have been attributed to the Saint of Padua and which have been commemorated in art, but we fear that the Italian Father presumed too much upon the credulity of Syracuse, where the extravagant yarns of old fishermen have taught the people to accept all manner of fish stories with certain grains of allowance.

Many of the churches of Spain have famous col-



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lections of relics, and the Cathedral of Oviedo lays claim to some particularly rare ones, such as manna from the days of Israel in the Wilderness, a portion of the rod with which Moses divided the waters of the Red Sea, the mantle of Elijah, some of the bread from the Last Supper, morsels from the fragments taken up after the feeding of the five thousand, the leather wallet that St. Peter carried, and portions of the true cross and the crown of thorns. All these and many others are contained in a duly certified collection that attracts numerous devout pilgrims to this mecca of holy relics.

The Cathedral of del Pilar is a vast structure, and the exterior strongly resembles a Russian Church. The various large domes especially, with their gaudy colored tiles have nothing in common with the architecture of Spain. Inside this spacious structure stands the Santa Capilla. We attended a portion of the morning services and were charmed by the wonderful music. Several hundred were crowded into the chapel at worship. Most of them were on their knees, and we were impressed by the marked contrast between the well-to-do and the poor peasantry. All knelt upon the same marble floor in solemn adoration. This inner sanctuary is the great object of attraction in this immense Cathedral. It is a veritable Holy of Holies, surrounded by dark columns, and through the perforated canopy the eye gazes and beholds the

frescoed dome of the cathedral itself that rises high above. On the right of the altar within this inner sanctuary is an image of the Virgin, with a wealth of jewels and dress, standing upon the hallowed Jasper pillar, which is about six inches in diameter and three and one-half feet in height. This column is so sacred to the people because the Virgin Mary herself once stood where now her image stands, when she appeared to St. James. At the rear of this chapel through a small opening may be seen a portion of the famous column, which has been worn concave by the countless pilgrims of centuries, not only from Spain, but from other countries of Europe, who have impressed it with their lips. We followed the procession and saw multitudes who in silent devotion and prayer touched it with their lips and hands. In many places we saw quantities of copies of the pillar of the Virgin, and these small memorials were largely purchased and treasured by the pilgrims, to whom they were as dear as the statue of Diana was to the Ephesians in the days of St. Paul.

The old Gothic cathedral of La Seo or Salvador is not so famous as a shrine, but we found much to interest the traveler. There was an unusual number of worshipers at the service, and a special feature had attracted a large percentage of men, who are generally most conspicuous by their absence from the churches of Spain. We greatly enjoyed the music,

and were impressed by the profound solemnity of the service. There was a deep reverence for the house of God, and we instinctively recalled the words of the Psalmist: "The Lord is in His holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before Him."

One of the finest chapels in this old cathedral possesses peculiar interest, for it is dedicated to St. Pedro Arbues, the Inquisitor-General, who enjoys the distinction of having established the Inquisition in this city, which sacrificed so many of the noblest citizens. He was finally slain for his cruel autos de fe, that sentenced men to be roasted alive. His magnificent tomb, that was intended to be a monument to his glory stands to-day rather as a witness to his condemnation; for times have changed for the better since he so zealously prosecuted his revolting work of barbarous cruelty. The design on his tomb represents him in the attitude of prayer, borne up on the clouds by two angels, but below his statue are represented the proud works that he did when in the body, for there is a vivid and realistic scene of the Moors writhing in the horrible agonies of the infamous tortures that he inflicted upon them. No one would feel proud of such a monument to-day, nor expect to gain the approbation of heaven for such barbarous works. Angels would be necessary to bear him up. Nevertheless there are some short-sighted people who know so little of the evils of the past, and the good of the present,

that they tell us that the world is growing worse, and that the Church is not Christian, and that if Christ were to come to earth, He would not recognize the Church. Never before has the gospel been so faithfully preached and practiced, and the Christlike spirit of love so manifest in the universal teaching of the Fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man. The Golden Rule is not only preached but practiced more faithfully than in the past. Circumstances might arise that would make it possible for us to become a martyr, but never a *persecutor*, whilst we would abhor all the possible honors attached to the position of Inquisitor-General.

We do not envy the elaborate and costly monument of St. Pedro Arbues in the cathedral of La Seo. We would greatly prefer one with no such barbaric devices, but with the simple inscription: "He loved his fellow-men." However, we must judge the saint according to the times in which he lived, and deal charitably with him, for he was zealous in his cause.

We looked in vain for the famous tower of Saragossa, for this historical landmark, that was erected by the Moors in 1504 had disappeared a few years previous. It was an attractive relic of Moorish architecture; octagonal in form, and eighty-four feet in height, but like the tower of Pisa leaned far out of its perpendicular, some ten feet, and in 1894 the city authorities regarded it as unsafe, and had it taken down.

IX

Barcelona

Catalonia

THIS is the most beautiful, prosperous and important commercial city in Spain, and yet it is the least Spanish. It has a fine harbor and is the Marseilles of the peninsula, and Cervantes described it as "the home of courtesy, asylum of strangers, shelter of the poor, land of the brave, refuge of offenders, the common centre of all that is sincere in friendship; a city unequalled for situation and beauty." The great Spanish writer was acquainted with Barcelona, and in the bay were seen the galleys that Sancho mistook for monsters plowing the deep.

The commodious harbor was filled with many vessels of various size, and her ships carry on an extensive trade with the rest of the world.

From early times, Barcelona has been well-known for her shipping interests, and has been the chief port of commerce for Spain. Here Ferdinand and Isabella received Columbus after his return from the discovery of the New World.

The city has a population of nearly half a million, and there are many marked indications of prosperity and growth. There are some wide and magnificent

streets that indicated that we had reached the border land of Spain. In the older portions we have the narrow and winding streets that are so common to the Spanish cities, and the old cathedral and churches are situated here.

Our hotel was on the famous Rambla, a wide boulevard, through which extend two rows of large shady plane-trees, and the wide space between them is used as a public promenade, whilst on either side is the carriage drive. The market for flowers and birds occupied a block or more on the edge of the walk, and the women who had charge of them carried on a brisk business. The large stores along the Rambla surpassed any that we had seen in Spain, and they were evidence of the business prosperity. There are many manufactories that carry on an extensive trade with other countries of Europe and America. Madrid has a larger population, but Barcelona is easily the chief city in commercial importance. We drove through the principal portions of the city, and found much of interest and profit, but we were delighted with the park or botanical gardens. This far surpassed our expectations, and is worthy of the magnificent artificial mound at the entrance. It was constructed so as to appear like a natural hill, irregular in outline, with caverns and tortuous walks among the trees, the whole crowned by a colossal quadriga. The imposing effect of this splendid classic achievement will

charm every visitor who has an eye for the beautiful, and a soul for magnificent display in nature and art. No park in Spain can be compared with this,—the difference is so great that they can only be contrasted.

We reached the park by the Paseo de Gracia, the principal street of Barcelona, where may be seen the finest turnouts of the city, for it is a splendid drive, and the park with its great variety of flowers, shrubbery, fountains and artificial lakes forms a veritable botanical garden, with a menagerie and extensive collection of birds and fowl; these with an interesting museum, make this place the chief attraction for all the people, especially for those who live in the old and congested portions of the city, for here they have abundance of fresh air, and the most charming surroundings.

We visited the new university and were most courteously received, and shown through this extensive pile of buildings. They are connected, and contain some attractive rooms and halls. It is well equipped, and is second only to the University in Madrid, which has nearly 7,000 students, whilst that at Barcelona has less than half the number.

The Cathedral la Senor Seo is one of the chief attractions to the one in search of history and art. It occupies the site of a pagan temple, and was completed about the middle of the eleventh century,

although but little of the original church remains. When the Moors came into possession of the city, they converted this sanctuary into a mosque. The present structure was commenced in 1298, and completed 150 years later. There are many very attractive features in this cathedral, and besides the stained windows, which are ranked among the finest in Spain, there are many other gems of art. The building is limited in size, being but 275 feet by 122, and poorly lighted, but the dim religious light is impressive in this memorable place, where so much of art and historic interest is crowded together; for the pagan, Moor and Christian have worshiped in succession on this site, and here are the old tombs that contain the mortal remains of some noted Spaniards; the immense head of some unknown Saracen hangs under the organ, but for what purpose we could not divine. It is not an attractive nor becoming feature in the church, and hardly tends to inspire the feelings that would lead to worship, and to the practice of Christian charity. To thus expose the head of an enemy in the place where he is put to shame, is a violation of a common principle of our religion as expressed in the Golden Rule.

There is one object, treasured in the chapel on the right of the altar, that appeals to the curiosity of many, and that is the highly revered crucifix, Cristo Lepanto. As it was carried on the prow of the flagship at the battle of Lepanto it had a narrow escape

from destruction, for the Turks discharged their cannon at this sacred image. It escaped in a marvellous manner by dodging the enemy's shot, and the proof of the marvel is the preservation of the crucifix itself, although the figure never recovered its original erect position, but inclines considerably to one side. To aid the imagination, if not the faith of the beholder, and to make the tradition as realistic as possible, they have prepared a model of the flagship of Don Juan of Austria, which is suspended from the ceiling of the chapel.

Back of the cathedral, in the court of Calle-de-Paradis, among the narrow and tortuous streets are the remains of the portico of an ancient Roman temple. There are six columns, fifty feet in height, surmounted by Corinthian capitals, and architrave. It forms a museum in which have been stored a great quantity of antiquities from the period of the Roman occupation. Here are also evidences of the provision made for the sanitary condition when this was a Roman city, for they had abundant sewers, and cloacæ of such large proportions extend under the Rambla that a man could ride on horseback through the vaulted subterranean passage. The date of the construction is not later than the beginning of the Christian era, and perhaps earlier.

As Americans, we were interested in the magnificent monument of Columbus, situated at the end of

the Rambla and overlooking the harbor. It is 160 feet in height, and is surmounted by a colossal statue of the great navigator. The figure has a commanding attitude, pointing westward where the discoveries were made that helped to make the greatness of Spain.

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X

Spanish Life and Character

THIS analysis is difficult, and must often seem contradictory as applied to certain classes of people in different provinces, for the traits of Spanish character are not so distinctive and uniform as we find among the other nations of Europe. A greater variety of native peculiarities is found in the peninsula, owing to the marked spirit of sectionalism or localism of interests that has prevailed through the centuries; but especially because of the strange and diverse admixture of races that succeeded one another.

When the Roman Empire was falling to pieces, and Spain became an easy prey to any foreign power, the northern tribes saw their opportunity, and invaded the country that had so many natural attractions, such as had tempted in former conquests. The Celts, Goths, Visigoths, Vandals and Suevi invaded the peninsula in turn, and these barbaric hordes fought against one another rather than against the native owners, whose language and manners they adopted.

Then in the early part of the eighth century came the Arab invasion, and soon the Moors were firmly established as the owners continuing as such for more

than 700 years. They allowed the people of Spain to continue in their customs and worship.

During these centuries, the races of Moors and Christians dwelt in the same cities, and at times intermarried, so that the blood of the Arab frequently flowed through the veins of both Christians and Moors. No one who is familiar with the history of Spain need be surprised at the mixture of races found in this small country, for though isolated from the rest of Europe, to a great extent by natural barriers, it became the geographical receiver, but without an exit, for all the successive tribes and peoples that at various times invaded it for plunder or conquest. The Atlantic was the limit of escape for the defeated as well as the boundary of conquest for the victorious invader.

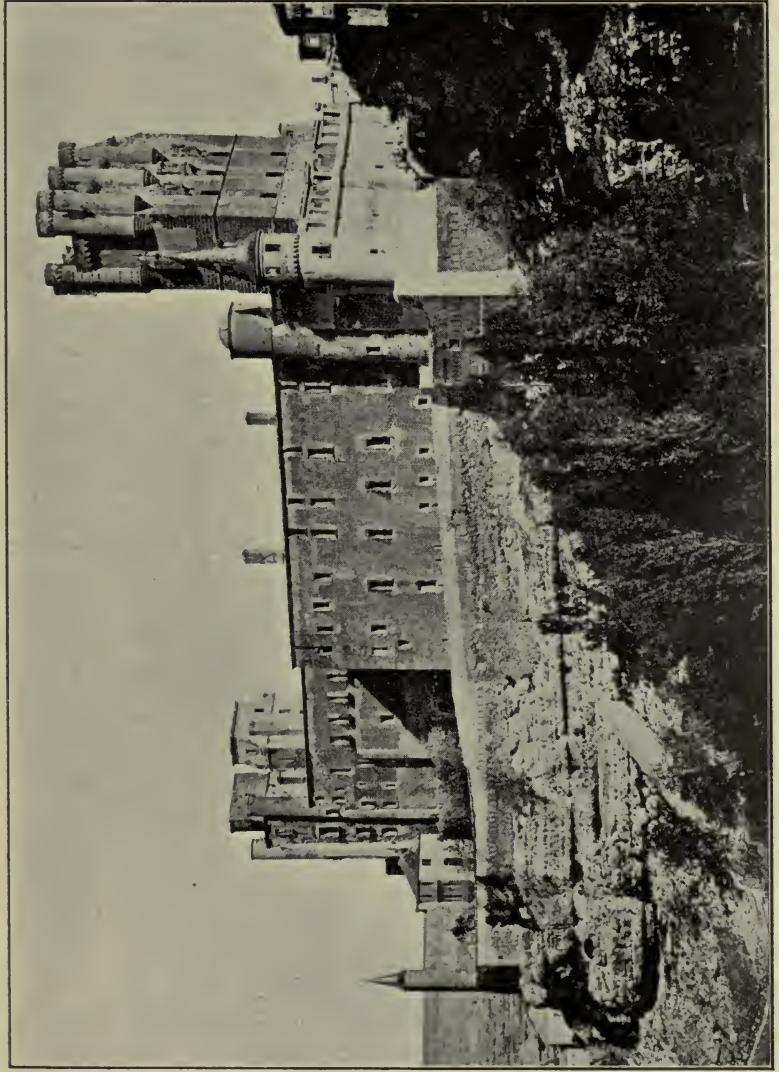
For centuries it was one of the great battle-fields of Europe; many nations met here in mortal conflict, vast armies surged across it in the awful throes of battle, and when the struggle was over, and by the law of necessity the weaker yielded to the stronger, assimilation followed; the conquered being merged, to a large extent, into the conquerors. This was especially true during the earlier history of the country, and hence the admixture of races, for the blood of the ancient Iberian, Roman, Berber, and Moor flows through the veins of many of the Spaniards of to-day. This fact is especially manifest in the marked features of

the peasantry in certain provinces where they have not been affected by the radical changes of modern civilization. The traveler is often surprised at the marked and distinctive characteristics of features, general appearance, dress and manners that he observes among the country people in places remote from the great centres of culture and political influence. The Margatos of Astorga, in the northwest of Spain, are believed to be the lineal descendants of the ancient Berbers that invaded and conquered Spain in 711, for in distant and isolated districts they have maintained their distinctive racial identity by not intermarrying with other people, and thus, like the Jews, they have preserved their peculiar features and customs through centuries of separation.

When we enter our churches, we find that there is one marked and distinctive type that prevails. There is decided uniformity and positive similarity in the general resemblance of features, dress and manners, but this is by no means true of the heterogeneous varieties that we find in the great churches of Spain. One may see a Madridlanes lady in a rich Parisian dress that would be highly fashionable and modern if seen in any of our churches, but by her side may be seen a peasant sister kneeling in a costume so gaudy with bright Oriental colors, and so ancient in style that it might be supposed one of her primitive ancestors had thought she heard the sound of Gabriel's

trumpet, and had returned to join the gathering of the saints. The contrast is equally great in the general appearance of the men. The better class in Spain dress well, and in excellent taste, following the same style that is worn in Paris to-day,—but the peasantry, and the people of some country districts wear such picturesque and mediæval or antemediæval dress that they constitute one of the interesting studies of the traveler, and afford rare opportunities for the artist in search of kaleidoscopic effects.

Our first surprise was a genuine pleasure, and recalled the quaint costumes that we had seen on the stage or in the circus. The transformation was greater than that which Rip Van Winkle experienced after his return from the long sleep. How strange to see them engaged in the solemn services of the sanctuary, for by their marked and grotesque contrast they seemed to have been dressed for some spectacular performance. Often the sublime and ridiculous were brought into juxtaposition, but after a while we became accustomed to the strange incongruity as the novelty passed into a common occurrence. We frequently saw this medley of peculiar anachronisms: the bringing together of the descendants of various races, and the survival of past centuries into one common but non-descript assembly. Though they jostle against one another on the street, and elbow one another in the churches, there is nothing in common so far as tastes



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and fellowship are concerned ; for there is no mutual interchange of thought and interests, not even a look of recognition. Hence, while they appear so near to one another yet they are far apart, except in the one common purpose of worship. They are really separated from one another as widely as the difference in dress would indicate,—as though belonging to a different age and race.

It is interesting to contemplate the fact of their union in worship, for the cross of Christ is the sacred symbol about which we all gather. It is the most precious and the richest in meaning of all symbols, for it tells of God's matchless love, and however much we may differ in language and customs, and forms of worship, and even in certain articles of faith, we all meet together about the cross ; we are not divided here, but all our differences merge into that one common symbol ; and whilst many of the worshippers may speak in an unknown tongue, we all understand the language and the meaning of the Cross. Here we realize the fulfilment and the power of Christ's words when He said : " If I be lifted up, I will draw all the world unto Myself." We may differ, but with all our differences they are less fundamental than those things wherein we agree, for in Christ we meet, and are united.

We found much to admire among the Spanish people ; and their proverbial courtesy never failed

them so far as our observation went. With a wise administration of government, they would become a great people. It is wonderful how they have maintained certain elements, and excellent virtues in spite of all that they have suffered from wars and insurrection, and from the inevitable evils resulting from the abuses of Church and State; for there have been cruel intolerance, injustice, ignorance and poverty to oppress the people.

We were agreeably surprised in this country of vineyards, where so much wine is produced and consumed, to find sobriety an almost universal virtue. The Spaniards are a sober people, and it is an exception to find them given to drink, perhaps three per cent. only even among the miners, although they are not total abstainers, but all are said to take their drink of the *aguardiente* before beginning the day's work. Even among the peasantry of Spain, we do not find the shameful degradation of intemperance that so frequently confronts us on the streets of our cities, and especially in that corrupt city of London. They drink and gamble and dance in Spain, and we frequently saw them engaged in those three favorite pastimes, but we saw no such drunkenness as we witnessed even in our own country.

The abstinence of the people of Spain is remarkable. They are great water drinkers, and judge the rest of humanity by themselves, for at all the railway

stations they surround the train and offer the water for a small gratuity. Water seems to be the staple drink of Spain, although the water supply is rather limited. In the public parks and on the streets they offer this cheap beverage for sale and no one need go thirsty for a long time in the cities of Spain. Of course the cafés abound, and they are furnished with a variety of drinks, fiery and intoxicating as well as cool and refreshing; yet it was a rare experience to find a besotted face. They have few "hangers on," with an unlimited capacity for drink, but with a limited amount of self-respect, who prop themselves against the bar and eye beseechingly every customer for another drink. They are not the victims of "treating," that custom which has proved a curse to our people, and made the most of our drunkards. They have no "saloon dead beats" in Spain; there every man orders and pays for his own drink, and then leisurely drinks it,—and takes no more.

We have not settled the temperance question in our country, and with whatever advances we may boast of, we have failed in many respects because we have labored at the one issue of total abstinence, and the abolition of the manufacture and sale of all intoxicants. That is a tremendous issue, a stupendous undertaking, and far greater, we are persuaded, than many of the wisest and most ardent supporters realize. It seems a very simple problem to them, and theoret-

ically the solution is not difficult, and the method a most reasonable one, for they are aiming at the *source*, they tell us, and as a logical sequence, if they cut off the supply the drinking must cease. All of which is true, providing the people want to cut off the supply, but as long as the people want to drink, they will not want to cut off the supply. We recall the patient who called on the famous English physician, Abernethy. One day a man who was suffering from constitutional ailments sought his medical aid. He made a number of inquiries as to the nature of the trouble and the character of his diet. Then he asked the patient what he drank. The reply came: "I drink coffee and tea; and also ale and whiskey, but the latter do me good, and hence I drink them." The surgeon startled him with the rejoinder: "You lie, you drink the ale and whiskey because you like them." Then he began to describe the pernicious effects of alcoholic drinks upon the human system; so that the patient surprised him by saying: "Doctor, you have thoroughly convinced me of the injurious effects of drinking ale and whiskey; now convince me that I do not like them, and I will stop drinking them." Here is the key to the situation; the intemperate man drinks because he likes it. Men must be changed before prohibition will meet with success.

In studying Spanish life and character there is no difficulty in finding many grave faults, but in some

respects they are not worse than those that prevail in other countries, and with which we have grown painfully familiar in our American cities.

It is true that gambling is a national vice in Spain, and both church and state encourage it, whilst all classes practice it. Many of the poor are made poorer still by losing a portion of their small earnings at the gaming table, or in the many public lotteries, in the vain and rarely realized hope of getting something for nothing. In every city of Spain we were confronted by the sellers of lottery tickets, and the enterprising agents did a lively business, for it was the thing that appealed to all the people. Many of the people have absolutely no interest whatever in politics, for they have no voice, no influence; but in the lottery all classes, the peasant as well as the officers of state and high dignitaries of the church, have an equal *chance*. Besides, the lottery is personal, and appeals to the selfishness in human nature. All have heard of the fortunate ones who drew the lucky numbers, and who can tell but that fortune has decided to favor them at the next drawing,—and since they have lost so often, why shall they refuse to try again when the fates seem propitious? Where so much superstition and ignorance abound, we can easily understand what a powerful motive some dream may have; or the flight of birds, or the suggestion that came on seeing certain numbers; or the newly awakened desire to

purchase some tempting articles they have seen ; or to witness a bull-fight when some famous banderilleros and Espada are to appear. How can they resist—especially when they had a dream that has been interpreted favorably ; or when the dogs have not barked at any time during the night ; and the grounds in the cup clearly indicate that they are to come into possession of some money ; and how, if not from the lottery ? Or, perhaps for the sake of cumulative evidence, and avoiding all possibility of mistake, they consult some tawny Sibyl, who in order to please the unsophisticated but anxious ones, and to make them the more willing to pay the fee, and add thereto a gratuity :—the shrewd gipsy with eye beaming at the happy disclosure whispers to the visitor that he is “soon to get some money.” What need be more conclusive, for every test clearly points to the coming lottery, and they buy as many tickets as they can, so as not to miss the lucky numbers,—for “fortune favors the brave.”

There are many offices or headquarters for the tickets, and these are found on the great thoroughfares or centres of population. They are located in the Puerto-del-Sol in Madrid, and the men and women rush among the crowd crying out the prizes to be drawn with as much enthusiasm as those who sell the daily newspaper. We were surprised to see how generally they were bought by the rich and the poor, for

this passion prevails to a greater extent in Spain than in any other country. Often we would pass by the small and plain looking shops that were kept for the exclusive sale of the lottery tickets; and here the street hawkers returned to replenish their exhausted stock.

We attended a large church fair through the courtesy of a priest, and met the local bishop and vicar general. We conversed with them for some time, and felt quite at home, for they gave us a most cordial welcome. They assured us that they were delighted to hear of the fraternal relations existing in the United States between the ministers of the Protestant churches and the priests of the Roman Catholic churches. They also agreed with us when we assured them that this was pleasing to our Heavenly Father and in accordance with the spirit of Christ's prayer that we all might be one.

We informed them of our delightful conversations with Archbishop Corrigan of New York, who was a fellow-passenger on our steamer and whom we met every day. We told them how we sat side by side and enjoyed each other's fellowship, engaging in friendly converse, discussing books and general topics of the times as well as the greater themes of life, for we realized that the things in which we were agreed were far greater than those in which we disagreed, and we did not quarrel over our differences.

They were much pleased with this information, and expressed their hope for a more universal experience of this sentiment of Christian charity, which is so rare in Spain.

We continued our conversation, but when we told them of the arrangement for Sabbath services made by the captain of our vessel, they looked as if their faith in our statement had suddenly been staggered. The captain, who was a member of the Lutheran church, had arranged for two services on Sunday morning at the hours of ten and eleven, to be conducted by the writer and the archbishop, and most of the passengers, irrespective of their ecclesiastical relations, had resolved upon attending both services;—oddly enough, each speaker had selected for his subject the Gospel for the day with a view of preaching a gospel sermon.

We did not destroy the effect of the story, and relieve them of the shock received, by adding that all our good intentions were frustrated, for old Neptune raised such a storm the night previous on the Bay of Biscay that for the first time we were confined to our stateroom, and unable to maintain that upright position that the dignity of the occasion required,—and all the charms of music furnished by the German band, and visions of the expectant audience, could not inspire us with the necessary confidence and strength to shake off the horribly sickening incubus that had

suddenly come upon us. But we must return to the fair.

We visited all the booths and were introduced to those in charge. We saw many odd articles for sale in that great hall, surrounded by galleries, and we observed everywhere the prevalence of the lottery spirit; for they had chances for everything, and at times there was a scene that recalled the pit in the Board of Trade in our large cities, for the chief attraction was the wheel of fortune, and the greatest excitement prevailed before it started. The crier did all that he could to excite the cupidity of the people, and the numbers were disposed of at a rate that would have distanced the utmost pace of the roulette wheel at Monte Carlo. When we visited the latter place, however, we heard not a sound, not a word was spoken to any one who entered the rooms, and not the remotest suggestion was given to urge any one to invest in the game of chance, beyond the tremendous temptation for some as they saw the handfuls of silver and gold lying on the table, and later saw them raked over to the winner. It was quite different at the fair where there was a perfect babel of voices.

Whilst gambling is a national vice in Spain, our country cannot claim immunity from this evil, where the slot machine invites old and young to drop their nickels, and by this rather insignificant device, we are educating the young to make our country a nation of

gamblers ; for the evolution from the slot machine to gambling for a larger sum is an easy step, which many are taking.

In the lottery system in Spain, the persons holding the tickets just preceding and following the lucky numbers, also receive prizes ; perhaps to escape the sad reflection that whilst they were so near, they just lost the prize. This recalls a new auction method that we witnessed at Ostende. One morning we attended the fish market after the hour for the usual retail trade, and all the fish that remained unsold were placed in lots, ranged in a circle. Then the auctioneer began to dispose of the various lots in order, by selling to the lowest bidder, for instead of beginning at a low figure and then proceeding by an ascending scale, he began at a high figure, beyond which any buyer would offer, and then gradually receded by a descending scale until a point was reached that attracted a bidder. This method is far more exciting than our custom because of the intense excitement that prevails in the mind of every interested one, owing to the state of uncertainty, and the unknown quantity incident upon the silence of the bidder until the offer is accepted. Each one is anxious to purchase the lot at the lowest figure possible, but as there is no competitive bidding until the purchase is actually made by the first bidder, they do not know just when they should bid, for by waiting for another descending

point, they may lose their opportunity. There is no "haggling" for an "advance," no waiting for bids, but the movement is rapid; all is intense, and the bidder throws up his hand quick as a flash, suiting the action to the word as he cries out, "I,"—and the lot is sold.

This novel method has its advantages and we would like to see it tried in our country, for not only would it greatly expedite the sale and save the voice of the auctioneer, but it would help to save the conscience of unscrupulous shopkeepers, and would protect the unsuspecting purchasers against the common fraud of having the auctioneer do the bidding against them under the guise that the advance came from an honest bidder. This is one of the fraudulent methods continually practiced in our cities by the many foreigners who open up their shops during the season, and at the close "sell out for less than cost," as they advertise; the unsophisticated are so credulous as not to suspect their honesty, but attend their auction sales and buy of them the articles they do not need instead of purchasing of their reliable merchants. Perhaps Barnum was right when he declared that the American people like to be humbugged.

The indolent character of the people, especially of southern Spain, is one of the misfortunes of the country. In Andalusia this indolence shows its degenerating influence upon the character and life of the peo-

ple, who are so different from other countries of Europe. This is undoubtedly due, in a measure at least, to their warm climate, and its enervating effect upon the people, who are ever reminding us of the Orientals whom they resemble ; for the characteristics of the Moors are ineffaceably stamped upon many of the inhabitants of southern Spain. The women are not equal in strength and nobility of character to their sisters of Castile and Catalonia. In Catalonia especially, we find a hardy and industrious race of people, the most thrifty in all Spain, so different from those in Andalusia. There is a proverb indicative of their successful energy, which says, "If you give stones to the Catalonian, he will extract bread from them."

In an interview with a merchant regarding the prevalent indolence of the Spanish people, he volunteered the following information :

"Spain, especially the southern portion of it, indeed, presents a striking contrast to other nations, and the lack of commercial activity noticeable in these parts leads one to believe the people possessed of an indolent character. Such thoughts have very likely occurred to you, who belong to a country where a feverish excitement seems to prevail in every line of work. In treating the subject with regard to Spain, however, we must bear in mind her historical antecedents as well as the climatological effects upon the

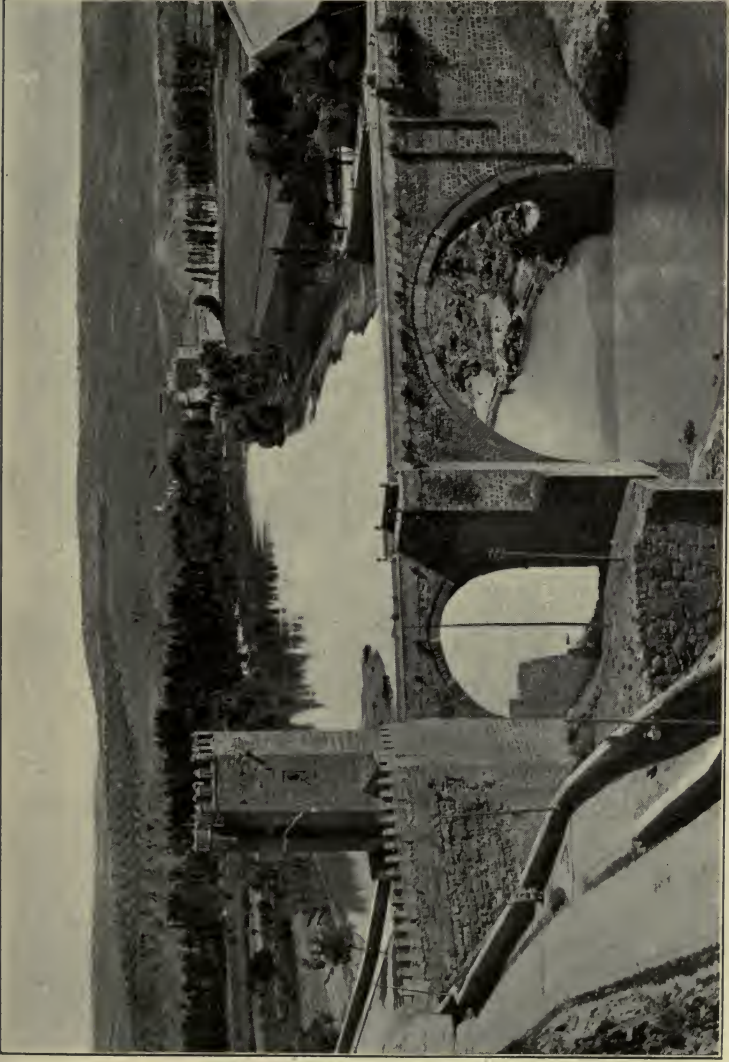
highly strung constitution of the Spaniards which render them addicted to a life of ease. These features are particularly noticed in the southern part of the country. Although we see their great dislike for commercial enterprise and industry, we must not overlook their natural talent for art, which shows a marked romantic tendency. We must also bear in mind that the government is principally to blame for this state of affairs as it never affords any facilities for doing business; on the contrary, it imposes such heavy taxes that it makes the people recoil from any such endeavor. Spain is also a land of poets, painters and musicians, who, not finding in their own country sufficient compensation for their various accomplishments, go elsewhere to develop their respective arts, and rarely fail to awaken enthusiasm and obtain final success."

Andalusia is the largest territory of Spain, and contains the most productive provinces as well as the most interesting cities and architectural monuments, viz., the Alhambra at Grenada, the Cathedral in Seville, and the famous mosque at Cordova. This portion of Spain also surpasses all the other districts in its rich mineral deposits and abundance of fruits and wines. The history of the past is reflected in the present inhabitants and their terms for the different implements of husbandry; their extensive irrigation is a direct inheritance from the Moors, who

introduced this invaluable system, and which by proper energy on the part of the present occupants of the soil would make this portion of Spain to-day a very garden of productiveness; for every kind of fruit and vegetable could be cultivated here. That extensive plain, the Vega, is as fertile as a garden, and the rich coast of the Mediterranean from Valencia to Barcelona is famous for its fertility, and enriches the owners with its abundant products.

Whilst Spain is not a large country, its territory presents a marked variety of contrasts in plains and mountainous regions, and corresponding productiveness. It has the icy cold in the north and the semi-tropical climate in the south. In contrast to the fertile Vega, are barren rocky hills, and almost desert places; the arid wastes in the Estramadura, and the bleak wind-swept uplands of the Guadarrama. With all this marked contrast in the natural features of the country, we find great differences in the traits of character among the people. We observe the difference in their general appearance and bearing, for the easy going people of Andalusia and the proud Castilian are very different from the sturdy and active people of the North.

Spain is centuries behind the progress of some other nations in Europe, for she is on the whole rather mediæval than modern. The strange contradiction presents itself that whilst they do not take naturally to



BRIDGE OF ALCANTARA AT TOLEDO

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labor, yet they seem to make labor as hard as possible, clinging to the rude heavy implements of husbandry that have long since been supplanted in other countries by improved methods for cultivating the soil and gathering the harvests. Hence, instead of the plow, they employ the slow process of digging the ground by means of a primitive and heavy mattock, and frequently where a modern light hoe would serve the purpose better. We are constantly reminded of their great waste of physical energy, but corresponding conservation of mental force, for if they did more *thinking*, they would abandon the clumsy mattock and take life easier, whilst accomplishing greater results.

In erecting a building, instead of first dressing the stones, they have been guilty of carrying them in the rough up a twenty-five or forty foot ladder, and then chipping off the rough parts until reduced to one-half the weight. Why do they not do less carrying and more thinking? If they used their heads more they might spare their backs many unnecessary heavy burdens. Whatever may cause the death of the people, there is no danger of their dying of brain fever.

The farmers of Castile employ very primitive methods, and their wooden plow is no improvement upon those used in Egypt and Palestine several thousand years ago, for on the ancient monuments of Egypt we may see representations of the plow and

the cart in use in Spain to-day. Instead of a modern reaper, they cut the grain with the small hand sickle, and instead of the thresher, they employ the ancient Oriental method of separating the grain by means of a roller, or treading it out by the feet of oxen. It was a strange anachronism that we witnessed in that once mighty and cultured city of Cordova as an ox cart passed by—the wheels without a tire, felloe, spokes or hub, but a relic from the ancient people of the Orient; instead of a modern wheel, there was nothing but a heavy circular plank that creaked horrible on its rude axle. Strange as it seems to an American, it was in keeping with much that we found in Spain, for they have not outgrown the customs and thought of past centuries. Their pitiable ignorance, inertia, aristocratic poverty, national pride, and lack of sympathy with other nations, lead them to reject any proposed reform in the methods of agriculture, and the introduction of any improved implements of husbandry. Their conservatism of centuries has led to stagnation and produced a sort of fossilized state, and blind to their condition, they boast of their glory and spurn proposed innovation of those ideas and methods that made other nations great, the introduction of which is the only hope of Spain.

The interior towns of Spain know nothing of modern progress, but continue the methods that their fathers practiced centuries ago. Their streets are un-

paved and malodorous, for cleanliness is not regarded as a virtue, and we see what is constantly reminding us of familiar scenes in Oriental villages. The people present a primitive appearance, looking indeed like the descendants of Adam, but hardly as belonging to the present century. We were not prepared to see so many nude male children, some of them large enough to wear trousers. You might have supposed that they had prepared to take a bath, and they all looked as though they were greatly in need of it; in all probability their little bodies had not been washed for many months, and even years, for the people seem to have a positive prejudice against bathing, perhaps because the Moors whom they so ardently hated, indulged so frequently in the luxury of the bath.

The peasantry are very poor, and doubtless their careless habits and indifference to cleanliness are due to their poverty and deplorable ignorance. We have heard in certain countries that plain water is not for drinking but for bathing purposes. In Spain they would reverse the order and say that water is for drinking purposes and not to be wasted for bathing, for they avoid the bath as they would contagion, and one is thankful that some of them, especially the fat friars, do not travel in first-class coaches, for distance is more desirable. They economize in soap because of their indifference to bathing, and Castile soap is as rare an article among the poor Castilians as

Mount Carmel soap is among the unwashed natives of that region in Palestine. Neither country should export an article that they need so much at home, and for this reason we should have some scruples about using Castile and Mount Carmel soap in America.

Spain possesses the material in strong men and women to make a prosperous people, and if it were only possible for the present generation to free itself from past national traditions and customs, and adopt the best ideas and ways of other European nations, then there would be a speedy redemption of the country; Spain must look forward instead of backward, for her future is not in the past although her glory is there. The people need radical reforms in their ideas and habits of industry, and all the arable land should be cultivated by industrious and enterprising farmers. Irrigation would convert the arid and desert places into fertile fields for vineyards, orchards and golden harvests. They know nothing about the dignity of manual labor, but shun it as much as possible, whilst they are not ashamed of idleness, but indulge in it as an honorable luxury. Were it not for this native indolence, and lack of enterprise and ambition to rise, then the thousands of acres of waste and neglected arable lands would become productive, and the vast underfed population of Spain would be greatly reduced. There are millions of olive-trees, and many thousands of people are employed in the

industry of gathering the olives and laboring in the mills, pressing out the oil. We saw miles of orchards of the olive-tree, each one yielding from one to ten bushels, so that three hundred pounds of olive oil have been produced from an acre of land. The olives are gathered by the men and women, who dress in similar garb for the purpose of convenience in climbing the trees.

There is great simplicity among the poorer people and in the country districts. A lawyer invited two travelers to dine with him, and they were greatly surprised at the frugal meal and the primitive table manners. There were eleven members in the family and the guests increased it to the unlucky number thirteen. It was a very plain dinner; no elaborate menu to be served, and without tea, coffee or wine, but plenty of water, and only one dish for the entire family, including the two guests. That one large dish or bowl of puchero occupied the centre of the table. Puchero is the national dish of Spain, the *olla podrida*, a sort of Spanish hash, or more correctly, a Spanish stew, composed of meat and a variety of vegetables; the garbanzo or chick pea being the chief element, for this grows extensively, without much expenditure of cultivation, and is the food for many of the poor. When it is served as one of the ingredients of the puchero, it becomes a savory dish for the poorer classes. Imagine the unlucky thirteen limited to the

one central dish of puchero. It was a plain dish, and a still plainer way of eating it, for there were no individual plates to receive the divided portions; no knives, no forks, no spoons, no napkins, no table cloth; all ate as we may imagine that our ancestors ate before the invention of knives and forks. In fact, the head of the family picked with his fingers some savory morsels of meat from the stew, and with true Spanish politeness, passed them to the mouth of his two guests as one might feed a pet dog, and yet they call that living,—in Spain. True, fingers were made before knives and forks, but that is no reason for continuing to use them in this civilized age.

With such a social condition it is not strange that Spain is known as the most beggarly country in Europe. Begging is universal in Spain, and the eyesore of every traveler, for the beggars meet us everywhere; at the ticket window in Grenada an aged and infirm man guarded the approach, and a poor mother with babe in her arms stood at the exit, and they appealed to every traveler for alms. Many of the beggars are afflicted with sad physical infirmities that appeal strongly to our sympathies, and lasting impressions were made by the pathetic entreaties of a little girl and her blind brother whom she led about the grounds of the Alhambra, beseeching every visitor to give something to the "*pauvre aveugle*." This persistent little girl hurried up to us with her

charge every day, as we entered the Alhambra, and the plaintive tones of that voice have not yet died away. The infirmities of some of the beggars were sickening, and these they displayed with tragic effect. One of the common and most pitiable class of beggars was the aged mother, carrying her child. The mother, clad in rags and half starved, had the look of desolation stamped upon her pinched face. The necessity of begging in Spain is a disgrace to the country, for they should provide for the wants of the helpless and worthy poor.

Under the present system this class must beg or starve, and the people acquainted with this fact treat the beggars with courtesy and give them a small pittance. This prevalent system of beggary may cultivate sympathy on the part of some, but it leads to many abuses and tends to the degradation of mankind, for at most they eke out a miserable existence. The children are precocious beggars, and seem to come to it by natural inheritance. They will pose with dramatic expression and act their part to perfection, as with plaintive voice and appealing eye they put out their little cherub hands and utter these oft repeated and familiar words: "*cinco centimos.*" They are extremely modest in their request, only one cent, for that amount seems to be the measure of their expectation or the standard of gratuity among the Spaniards. The young, whose features have not yet

suffered from the pinch of hunger, will make their faces look as emaciated as possible by sucking in their cheeks and pointing to their open mouths to impress you that it is bread they want to feed their hunger. Undoubtedly the vast majority are deserving of our sympathy and our alms ; yet it is only natural to suppose that there are many impositions, and that many beg who are too lazy to work. It is a strange anomaly as it appears to us, but quite natural in Spain, that many a poor but proud Castilian sacrifices his self-respect by preferring to beg as a gentleman of leisure than to work for an honest living ; they are not ashamed of their mendicancy, but beg with dignity as their profession and right, and make no apology.

The indolent and undeserving are often tempted to join the professional beggars, and some of them become shrewd actors in disguise by affecting various infirmities, and thus impose upon the tender sympathy of the unsuspecting. This practice has been well expressed in the following lines :

“The armless man has written a letter :
The blind man finds the writing clear :
The mute is reading it aloud,
And the deaf man runs to hear.”

In discussing the subject of the beggars in Spain with one familiar with them, he expressed himself to us as follows :

“With regard to the *beggars*, we can account for their excessive numbers not from a natural inclination or instinctive idleness, but from absolute *necessity*, owing to the scarcity of work and manual labor, which prevails all over the province of Andalusia. This in itself is the effect of the lack of energy which characterizes the higher classes, not affording work for the total of the lower ones, thereby forcing them to beg for their livelihood. Nevertheless, in the northern provinces, trade is on a fair level. The Catalonians, also, have always distinguished themselves as a sober, industrious and hard-working people.”

Spain was a land of mourners when we visited it, for nearly 100,000 of her sons had perished from wounds or disease in Cuba and the Philippines. An unusual number of women were in black, probably on account of the recent wars. The Spaniard has a rather serious and sad expression, and his general bearing lacks the buoyancy of some other nations. He may have come to this by a natural inheritance, due to the generations of national reverses and social customs. In spite of all this, some Spaniards are given to sports and various amusements, for gayety befits their temperament. They are often a strange contradiction; a composite character, the product of the commingling of various races.

There is apparently much patient resignation among the Spaniards, and the lower classes seem resigned to

their lot as though it had been irrevocably fixed with no possible hope for improvement. Their resigned spirit recalls the name of the celebrated St. Francis of Sales, for when dying he said to the Bishop: "God has taught me a great secret: to ask for nothing and to refuse nothing." Hence they take things as they come without making a strenuous effort to improve their condition. In fact it requires but little to give contentment to the peasantry and the poor of Spain. They are not so ambitious for money getting as the people of our country. As we look upon the poor in the dance, rattling the castanets, or strumming the guitar, which appears like a very talking machine to the peasants, they seem contented with their poor estate, for they know nothing of a life higher than that they lead.

The Spaniards are famous for their profanity, and the most uneducated excel in this form of vulgarity. They swear, without mental reservation, by all the saints and martyrs, for they have an extensive vocabulary of these terms. If the country people would cultivate farming as thoroughly as they do profanity, then their ground would be far more productive, and there would not be so many hungry and underfed people in the land. Even in Castile, all cannot boast of good character and courteous manners, for many of the poor and ignorant people are very low in the social scale, and there is often a very low state of morals

also among the higher classes of society. Where there is so much intrigue and corruption in public affairs, and such a decided want of feeling of personal responsibility for moral conduct,—it is not strange that there should be a half civilized stage among the people in the interior; although the proud Spaniard would resent this imputation. The moral purity of many homes is sadly affected, notwithstanding all the precautions before marriage.

The young Spanish daughters do not enjoy the freedom of their sisters in our country; they are not allowed to walk the streets alone, nor accompanied by their lover or prospective husband, but they must be attended by their mother or some elder escort of the family. When the young man calls, if admitted within the home, a silent surveillance on the part of the mother is observed, for she is never absent from the young couple and few secrets can escape her. Among the higher classes, the seclusion is equally strict, for the young lady can never see her lover in private and alone; and the whispers that disclose the secrets of his heart are likely those that he may give when standing outside the iron grating of her window. It is courting under difficulties, and yet there may be some redeeming compensations, although the customs appear unnecessarily severe. The Spaniards seem to recognize this fact, and one of their poets notes the contrast as he writes: "What would an Englishman,

Dane or Swede do to convince a lady of his adoration? Would he willingly deprive himself of a night's rest? Let us see: he would twirl his moustache, arrange his locks so as to fall languishingly over his forehead, sigh, look suicidal, and retire calmly to rest. But with us, behold the difference! A *majo*, guitar in hand, his mantle tossed negligently over his shoulders, sings and sighs his love patiently beneath a balcony, regardless of weather: he waits until daybreak, dreading the frown of his lady love should he quit his post a moment too soon." He sings: "If to-night thou dost not appear at thy window, of my death, alas! thou wilt hear on the morrow."

The situation would seem to be as critical for the wooer as it is wearisome, were the words to be taken seriously, but it is a poetical effusion of sentiment, and the rash alternative is seldom resorted to by the Spanish lover, for there are other maidens in Spain. The *novia* often spends a part of each night singing and talking to his *novia* betrothed, who is seated behind the iron grating, which invariably protects the lower windows of the house. Whenever we witnessed a nocturnal tête-à-tête of this sort, we heard the couple whispering together, and the *novia* could be seen clinging with trembling hand to the iron railing. Serenaders may accompany the lover, but it is to be supposed that the Andalusian beauty is more inter-

ested in the whispering of her lover than in the musical accompaniment of the guitar.

The peasant women of Spain, like our American Indians, dress in bright and gaudy colors. Nature has been kind to them in providing them with a heavy covering of black hair for their heads to protect them against the warm rays of a tropical sun. They wear neither hat nor bonnet, nor do they carry an umbrella; and when too poor to wear the mantilla, or on ordinary occasions, they merely tie a handkerchief about their head. Many of the women go bare-foot, and others wear sandals of asparto grass.

The women are very abstemious and drink nothing but water. As a rule, the hands and feet of the Spanish women are small and well shapen, as Murillo never fails to represent them in his masterpieces. The mouth is rather lacking in beauty, and whilst there are undoubtedly Spanish beauties, they have many plain sisters that belong to the vast majority. Their dark and lustrous eyes, however, have bewitching powers of expression; and their rich tresses of raven black add glory to the women of Spain.

Rev. Hugh James Rose, Chaplain to the English, French and German mining companies of Linares, who spent some years in Spain, and carefully studied the character and social condition of the people, especially in the interior, has given us some sad and dark pictures. They have very little knowledge of the

Bible, and know even less of the comforting and sustaining power of religion, for he says: "Of this personal religion—of this childlike trust—of this calm Christian resignation in time of suffering or death,—of this bright hope of immortality, little,—passing little—is found in the character of the Spaniard of the same social condition" as the Englishman, with whom he is making the contrast. However, "his strict sense of honor and his easy good nature are marked."

The Spaniard is blessed with the spirit of contentment, and endures his hard lot without much murmuring, although his pay is small and luxuries are unknown. He ekes out a mere existence; yet strikes for higher wages are not attempted, and a mirthful and cheerful disposition is preserved through all adversity.

The poor cannot afford coal to warm their little homes, and the necessity of merely warming their feet over the "tiny brasero of carbon or charcoal," is a poor substitute for one of our stoves. The climate is very severe in the mining regions, and as many of the miners are exposed to the wet and moisture in the mines, it is not strange that the rate of mortality is so great, especially in view of the poison from the ores that destroys the health of many and shortens the lives of nearly all. Besides, many suffer from frequent accidents, for they are expert miners, and they are both daring and careless in their dangerous em-

ployment. Said one: "The Spanish miner will run like a cat up a nearly perpendicular wall of granite without fear, just grasping with naked foot and hand the little projecting pieces of the rock; and as to ladders, they do not care whether they are safe or unsafe." For this labor the men receive from forty to fifty cents a day.

The strict sense of honor that we mentioned as a marked characteristic even of the Spanish miner, has reference to his chivalry and high-minded spirit, knightly courage and courtesy, rather than to the purity of his moral character, for there is an alarming prevalence of impurity and of vulgarity in speech as well. An example will illustrate this sense of Spanish honor. "A short time since two Spanish pitmen quarreled below ground, and decided upon repairing to the bank to settle their quarrel by the knife. The one went up by the ladder; his adversary, feeling weak, requested to be wound up in the bucket, showing his perfect trust in the good faith of his foe. Most carefully, indeed with extra precautions, when he arrived at the bank, the miner brought his adversary safely to the surface. The two men fought, and the man who had so carefully brought his adversary into the daylight fell, mortally wounded by his hand." Often a great crowd of miners will form a ring to witness the deadly fray, but never will they reveal the secrets,—even should the wounded one live or re-

cover, he will do all that he can for the escape of his assailant. Life is held cheaper in Spain than in any other country, and no one can charge the Spaniard with cowardice. His fight is to the finish and very unlike the so-called duel of the Frenchman. Some of the Spaniards boasted of their bravery as shown in the manner of their settling their quarrels, for they said: "It must be to a *finish*." They showed contempt for our method of settling personal disputes with the fist, and as soon as one is struck or hurt a little, declaring the fight off. They assured us that they would never call such an exhibition a fight. It must be to a finish to satisfy the impulsive, reckless and proud Spaniard.

The disregard for human life in Spain has been appalling at times because of the many murders and deaths caused from fighting with knives. At times laws were enacted forbidding any one to carry knives, just as firearms have been proscribed in other countries, but the law became a dead letter. The Spaniard is impulsive by nature, and a provocation suddenly throws him into a passion of rage, and instead of reasoning together like men, with uncontrollable anger, they draw their knives and fight to the death or until one or both are seriously disabled. Their indifference, beyond fear of the law bringing them to justice, is evidence of their partial deadness to a sense of personal moral responsibility, for they seem to fear

no retribution beyond what the laws of Spain may inflict, and they suffer no compunction of conscience.

No wonder that they can enjoy a bull-fight, and that they are so cruel to the mule, and can beat and kick him most unmercifully, as though it were their nature. It is in keeping with the characteristics of the Don in history. Rev. Mr. Rose sums up the Spanish character in a few terse sentences, from which we quote because of the worth of his estimate: "The Spaniard is naturally intelligent, although the Spaniard is uneducated. He has no sense of truth or truthfulness; he never reads, but is talkative; he has no sense of personal religion; he thinks nothing of cursing, and he composes profane doggerel. He is ever contented, and has an abundant store of natural wit. His wine and food are light. The Spaniard is loose in morals, and cruel to his beast. He is somewhat idle and lives in an untidy stone shanty. The Spaniard seldom shows his religion by his word. He is a sober man; very affectionate; very warm-hearted with a certain keen sense of honor,—bright, cheerful, genial, sober and full of courage. The Spanish miner's chief faults, perhaps, are his untruthfulness, his passionateness and his want of purity. And as to his social condition, it will hardly bear comparison with his brother in England. Not one miner in five can read or write."

There is a native courtesy and hospitality about the

Spaniard that is always pleasing. We observed this in our car soon after the train had left Algeciras. A fellow-passenger looked at his watch, for we were running on time, and discovering that the hour for lunching had arrived, he opened his small basket and offered to share his provision with us. We as courteously declined his offer for we did not wish to limit his own supply, nor to blunt our appetite for the meal that awaited us at Bobadilla. It is thought discourteous to partake of any refreshments in the car without offering to share with the other passengers, for this is a custom that Spaniards always observe.

As an example of native courtesy and chivalry under rather strained circumstances, we would cite the following as an instance where it did not fail even the outlaws: Once the Sierras were infested by bandits or robbers, who plundered their victims and often extorted ransom. In 1874, a band of brigands captured a Mr. Haselden, connected with the Linares mines, and demanded a ransom of \$200,000, although they finally agreed to accept \$30,000. His foreman, who had been arrested with him several miles from the mines, was given the letter to take back to his relatives. The chivalrous Spanish character was not wanting even in these brigands. Outlaw villains as they were, they did not overlook the needs of their victim, but the chief gave Mr. Haselden \$30.00, saying that his foreman might need it on the way.

XI

The Spanish Inquisition

THE Inquisition, though not confined to Spain, entered so largely into its national character and history, that it is inseparably connected with the peninsula. The Inquisition wrought unspeakable evil to Spain, for it paralyzed intellectual activity and crushed the spirit of inquiry, making religious liberty and freedom of conscience a crime to be punished by a cruel death. Whilst destroying the lives of thousands of men, expelling Jews and Moors, the nation itself was impoverished and enfeebled, for all true conviction and freedom of thought had been stifled. Hence intellectual stagnation followed; there was no advancement in science and the industrial arts; no attempts at invention; no enthusiasm for discovery, for every inducement had been withdrawn and it was rather dangerous to think, except in prescribed channels. All independent thought or suggestion of innovation was liable to the suspicion of heresy and mortal sin, and was subject to the vengeance of that horrible politico-ecclesiastical institution of the Inquisition, whose promoters were without love or mercy.

This iniquitous engine for the invasion of human rights wrought such incalculable harm to Spain and played such a prominent part in the history of the country, that we have introduced the subject, although we avoid the shocking details. No amount of devotion to the truth, as we understand it, can ever atone for the crime of the majority in coercing the minority contrary to their personal convictions, for religious liberty is a God-given heritage of which no majority has a right to deprive us. By the suppression of liberty of conscience and the free exercise of thought, intolerant fanaticism became the substitute of an intelligent faith, and untrammelled critical intellect that proves all things and holds fast to that which is good. This error has caused to be committed, in the name of religion, some of the most shocking crimes, and to be written some of the saddest and darkest pages of history.

Queen Isabella refused for a time to have this horrible tribunal of the Inquisition introduced into her realm, but yielded in September, 1480, and in January of the following year, the fires of persecution were lighted. By November no less than 2,300 had been burned alive, and 17,000 punished and degraded in the city of Seville and the surrounding district. The famous Thomas Torquemada was then appointed the first Inquisitor-General of Spain, a devout ascetic, with a supposed marvelous faculty for scenting out

heresy in the thoughts and intents of men; with a relentless hatred he sought its extermination, unmoved by appeals for mercy. This fanatical bigot was an ideal Inquisitor-General, and during the eighteen years of his work, it has been estimated that 8,800 were burned to death and 96,504 otherwise punished, many with sufferings and hardships worse than death. It seems strange in our day of religious liberty and Christian charity to read that they were not contented to wreak their vengeance upon the living, but that at Seville, as Prescott states, "the mouldering remains of many, who had been tried and convicted after their death, were torn up from their graves with a hyena-like ferocity which has disgraced no other court, Christian or Pagan, and condemned to the funeral pile." The Jews especially suffered under the awful scourge of Torquemada, for in his day the Inquisition was almost wholly directed against them.

Spain has been designated by a Jewish poet as the "hell of the Jews," referring to the Inquisition and their final expulsion. Many of the old families were related to nobility and in the possession of great wealth—occupying positions of trust and holding offices of state, they belonged to the influential class of citizens, and they did not anticipate the appalling calamity that would suddenly overwhelm them. Their sufferings were bitter, and for some time "the smoke of the burnt offering of innocence ascended up to

heaven" from the Quemadero or place of burning at Seville. The first auto-de-fe was held on January 6, 1481. Some of the Jews fled to Rome to escape the persecution, and they appealed to the Pope in person to intercede in behalf of their persecuted people. Whilst the Pope, Sixtus IV., had issued the edict for the establishment of the Inquisition, he did not anticipate such shocking abuses, and on January 29, 1482, he wrote a severe letter of censure to the sovereigns of Spain. Later he was won over by Spain and sanctioned the Inquisition in other provinces, and the crimes increased to a most revolting degree when Torquemada became Inquisitor-General. Of the situation, Graetz, in his history of the Jews, says: "Terrible though the tribunal had hitherto been, though many thousands of compulsory proselytes and their descendants, during its three short years of existence, had been cast in the flames, left to rot in its dungeons, driven from their country or reduced to beggary, it was child's play compared with what it became when placed under the control of a man whose heart was closed to every sentiment of mercy, whose lips breathed only death and destruction, and who united the savagery of the hyena with the venom of the snake." "Torquemada was the incarnation of the Inquisition with all its devilish malice, its heartless severity, its bloodthirsty ferocity. In those days Spain was filled with the putrefaction of the dungeon,

the stench of corpses, and the crackling of the flames in which were burning innocent Jews, forced into a faith" that they repudiated. Torquemada was not only the soul of the Inquisition, but his heart was in the bloody work, the remembrance of which still causes the heart of humanity to shudder. He was bent upon the extinction of the heresy of Judaism from the Spanish realm. A contemporary Jew, Isaac Arama, has left us an account of the awful situation of his people: "In these days the smoke of the martyr pyre rises unceasingly to heaven in all the Spanish kingdoms and the isles. One-third of the Marranos, (New Christians or forced converts from the Jewish faith), have perished in the flames, another third wander homeless over the earth, seeking where they may hide themselves, and the remainder live in perpetual terror of a trial." The eleven tribunals established in the various cities had converted the "fair land of Spain into a blazing Tophet."

In the Triana quarter of Seville, we have still pointed out the place of the large fortress where the dreaded tribunal met and where some of the best men were put to death under the shocking delusion that it was pleasing to God. We need to recall those times in order to appreciate the vastly better ones in which we are living, for never were the love of God and the brotherhood of man so manifest in the world, as at the present day.

About the middle of the sixteenth century, Pius V. was so shocked by the revolting character of the bloody bull-fight that he could no longer endure the scandal that had become the universal passion in Spain, and he issued an edict in which he reproved the clergy and the people for their indulgence in this cruel sport. However, this ineffectual edict did not prevent him from issuing another less merciful one in favor of continuing the torturing and barbaric cruelties of the Inquisition. Whilst his former edict became a dead letter, the latter was most scrupulously carried out by the leading dignitaries.

It is to be regretted that the remarkable life and character of Isabella should have been so intimately associated with this inhuman and un-Christlike institution. She must be judged with charity and in the light of her age and the influences by which she was surrounded; although that does not as by a magic word transform the crimes of the Inquisition into virtues, and we dare not call evil good.

Prescott, speaking of the Inquisition, says, it "contributed largely to counterbalance the benefits resulting from Isabella's government: an institution which has done more than any other to stay the proud march of human reason; which, by imposing uniformity of creed, has proved the fruitful parent of hypocrisy and superstition; which has soured the sweet charities of human life, and, settling like a foul mist on the

goodly promise of the land, closed up the fair buds of science and civilization ere they were fully opened. Alas! that such a blight should have fallen on so gallant and generous a people! That it should have been brought on to it, too, by one of such unblemished patriotism and purity of motive as Isabella! How must her virtuous spirit, if it be permitted the departed good to look down on the scene of their earthly labors, mourn over the misery and moral degradation entailed on her country by this one act!" He regards the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella as the most glorious epoch in the annals of any of the Christian sovereigns of Spain.

The same compulsory methods of coercion were resorted to in Portugal, and Bishop Coutinho, who did not approve of enforced baptism, says: "I have seen many dragged to the font by the hair, and the fathers clad in mourning, with veiled heads and cries of agony, accompanying their children to the altar, to protest against the inhuman baptism. I have seen still more horrible and indescribable violence done them." The two neighboring countries had much in common, and they shared and suffered alike some of the worst abuses of intolerant bigotry, reinforced by the power of the State, that paralyzed hope and resistance.

It was the terror and power of the Inquisition that prevented the success of the Reformation in Spain, in

the sixteenth century. In view of the relation of the Emperor, Charles V., with Germany and the Netherlands, it was natural that officials should gain some knowledge of the reformers, and become tainted by their doctrines. The New Testament had been translated into Spanish, and Lutheran preachers boldly proclaimed the truth, so that in time prominent Spaniards were numbered among the converts.

The reform movement in Spain was mainly confined to the higher classes, but, if unchecked, it has been held that the people in a short time would have been won to the Reformation. Then that dreadful engine of the Inquisition, manned by the Church and sustained by the State, kindled the fires of persecution, and indescribable and revolting forms of torture were resorted to. The suspects and preachers of the evangelical doctrine were imprisoned and put on the rack. Philip II. determined to stamp out the Lutheran reform by every means in his power and he encouraged the system of espionage by offering as a reward to the informer one-fourth of all the property of the person condemned, at the same time pledging absolute protection to the informer by keeping the name a secret. Every sense of honor was violated in the endeavors to extort confession and exposure of those affected by the evangelical faith, and in the years 1559-60, there were two famous autos-de-fe at Seville, when many

were burned at the stake, and others died from cruel treatment in prisons.

The Protestant movement at Valladolid and elsewhere was also checked by similar measures. Prominent families were involved, who suffered a most cruel death for the faith, their property being confiscated. Even the Archbishop of Toledo, the Primate of Spain, was arrested in 1558 by the order of the Grand Inquisitor-General and summoned to Valladolid, where after being judged, he was committed to prison, there to endure the wrongs of his enemies for seven years. Then an appeal was made to Rome, and he was confined in the Castle of St. Angelo for six years more, and finally in a Dominican convent, where he died in 1576 after eighteen years of imprisonment.

The functions of the Inquisition were of such a thorough character and so clearly defined in detail, that it was most difficult for either real or supposed heresy to escape the ecclesiastical gauntlet of Spain. The censorship of the press was as severe and Argus eyed as that of Russia to-day, so that it was extremely difficult to introduce any heretical writings. The strict vigilance that was enjoined, guarded every avenue of approach, and there was severe punishment in store for any infraction of the laws against heresy. Inasmuch as Spain traded with other countries, and strangers came on her ships, she enacted special laws

to be observed by the owners of vessels, and among the eight different items we transcribe the fifth: "What books have been brought in the vessel from which to recite prayers or for amusement? Those which they have must be examined to see whether they are prohibited; if in foreign tongue, great care must be exercised to ascertain what they are. Here it must be observed that if the people are Lutherans, they usually bring the Psalms of David which they sing at sea."

The commissioners became corrupted and the law was not always carried out to the letter, so that prohibited books were smuggled into the country and were welcomed by many readers. The New Testament, Luther's catechism and commentary on Paul's Epistle to the Galatians were most eagerly sought for.

In 1566, a law required the Inquisitors to visit all the shops where books were offered for sale, and to seize all that were prohibited. A penalty of fifty ducats was imposed upon every bookseller who failed to report any private library that might contain a work that was under the ban of the church.

As early as 1521, Spain was warned against the introduction of any of Luther's writings, and in 1524, a captured vessel from Holland had among its cargo two casks filled with Lutheran books, which were burned in the public square at Valencia. Within a year, three ships from Venice carrying a great quantity of Lutheran books were captured and reduced

to ashes. Lest some volumes had escaped the vigilance of the inquisitors, all the public libraries were examined.

Some historians suspect the madness of the so-called Crazy Jane, the mother of Charles V., to have been of a religious character, and that it consisted in her mind being tainted with the doctrines of the Lutheran reformers.

The Reformation soon spent its force in Spain, although many prominent Spaniards, and even high ecclesiastics embraced the faith, but the powerful engine of the Inquisition silenced freedom of conscience and speech by the fires of the Quemadaro. This dreadful substitute for reason and truth is responsible for the deterioration that has taken place in the moral and intellectual condition of the Spaniards.

XII

The Expulsion of the Jews

THIS shameful crime against humanity was committed not wholly on religious grounds, but political and social influences aided the supreme instigation. It was not merely prejudice against their religion, but antipathy against them as a race and people. In the same year that Grenada was taken, Ferdinand and Isabella issued a decree for the expulsion of all the Jews of Spain within four months.

Perhaps no blow had been struck at the Jewish people since the destruction of Jerusalem that seemed more appalling and disastrous to their hopes. Many of their ancestors that escaped from the downfall of their holy city, journeyed westward and sought an asylum in Spain. Here they grew, and, though suffering various vicissitudes, became in time a prosperous and influential people, and by mixed marriages their blood coursed through the veins of many of the chief men of Spain. They filled high positions in the offices of the state, amassed great wealth and became the bankers and financiers of the country. The rulers owed much to the Jews for the material development and prosperity of the peninsula. The land had be-



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come almost as dear to them as the land of Palestine had been, for here their forefathers had dwelt for no less than fifteen hundred years, and the ground had become consecrated by the graves of their loved ones. Here were their accumulated fortunes of centuries, and the most cherished hopes of many generations. But now an awful calamity threatened them, and in their dreadful situation they mourned and prayed, but only despair confronted them as they read the royal but heartless decree. Then arose one, who like Moses of old hoped to be a deliverer, Abrabanel,—a man of culture, wealth and influence; he ventured into the presence of the sovereigns, like Esther, to intercede for his doomed people. He pled with all the fervor of his soul, realizing the terrible situation; promised obedience to the laws of the realm, and as a ransom offered 30,000 ducats. Ferdinand, who loved gold, was inclined to accept the price and terms proposed, when the fanatical bigot, Torquemada, rushed into the audience room where the representative of the Jews was pleading his cause and, drawing a crucifix from under his mantle, held it aloft, and with flashing eye and dramatic effect exclaimed: "Judas sold his Master for thirty pieces of silver; your Highnesses are intending to sell Him again for 30,000 pieces. Here He is: take Him: sell Him quickly!" Without waiting for a reply, he threw the crucifix on the table and departed. The actor's part was well played,

although he did not realize the un-Christlike character of the drama enacted, and the deplorable results that would follow his sensational performance,—an outrageous perversion of the spirit and teachings of the meek and lowly Jesus, who enjoined upon all the practice of the Golden Rule.

Torquemada gained his purpose, for as confessor to the Queen, he wielded a powerful influence over her in all matters that had the semblance of religion ; so that she with Ferdinand, the King, yielded to his inflexible will, and on March 30, 1492, they placed their signatures to the infamous edict. It decreed that “all unbaptized Jews of whatever age, sex or condition should depart from the realm within four months never to return under penalty of death. They were allowed to dispose of their effects of every kind on their own account, and to carry the proceeds along with them in bills of exchange, or merchandise not prohibited, but neither in gold nor silver.” The conditions imposed, in not permitting them to take gold or silver with them, was a species of irony of fate or cruel mockery, for they could not bear away their landed estates.

The Jews were unprepared for this dreadful calamity, which meant ruin and disaster for most of them, with untold sufferings of the most painful and shocking character. Even the semblance of tender mercies, apparently couched in the conditions of their property, was refined cruelty, and insult added to the unspeak-

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able injury. Their defenseless condition was hopeless, for with religious and national prejudice engendered against them, and no protection expressed in the public decree, every undue advantage was taken of them, for they were completely at the mercy of the Spaniards. They could not carry their houses and lands with them, nor their personal property, nor could they exchange them for gold and silver, for they were not allowed to carry either from the country. Besides, continued wars had wasted the country instead of enriching it. Many of the men had been soldiers for years and were without money to buy property. The inevitable result was that the supply was far greater than the demand for the possessions of the Jews, so far as paying for them according to their value. Besides, as they could not take their lands with them, the purchasers bought them for whatever they saw fit to give and shameful advantage was taken of the lawful owners. A contemporary writer states that he had seen a house exchanged for an ass, and a vineyard for a suit of clothes. The situation was deplorable, and yet true to the traditions of their race and religion, the wealthy Jews assisted their brethren, and left their homes and country, their comforts and possessions to endure hardships that they could not have pictured, rather than to yield their faith to their cruel oppressors. It may be safely assumed that no less than 160,000, most

of them on foot, started upon that long and sad journey with the national decree of shame upon them.

Graetz, in his history of the Jews, states that "the pain of leaving their passionately loved country could not be overcome. The nearer the days of departure came, the more were the hearts of the unhappy people wrung. The graves of their forefathers were dearer to them than all besides, and from those they found parting hardest." "The Jews of Segovia assembled three days before their exodus around the graves of their forefathers, mingling their tears with the dust, and melting the hearts of the Catholics with their grief. They tore up many of the tomb stones to bear them away as memorial relics, or gave them to the Moors." It is too sad to describe the dreadful suffering endured by the defenseless Jews. Their hardships were made as grievous as possible, often beyond human endurance, so that many adopted Christianity through stern necessity and not from choice. They were completely at the mercy of those in power, who took every undue advantage of them. They never thought of putting themselves in the place of the crushed minority, for they knew not the principle of the Golden Rule, and had not the spirit to practice it.

The Jews regarded it as their third exodus in history, and they raised loud lamentations over their misfortunes. Their national life was extinguished;

they were to become separated from their homes and country, and from one another, for they sailed for widely different places, not knowing what reception awaited them in strange lands. They suffered greatly from exposure on land and sea, from famine and plague, and many thousands perished. For years they were like so many wanderers, pitching their tents wherever they found a resting-place, but in no permanent abode that they could call their own. On the whole, they were the most favorably received at Naples, through the friendship of the King; but the plague followed them thither and vast numbers perished, and soon the people of Naples clamored bitterly for their expulsion from the coast.

Many sailed for the nearest seaports on the African seacoast, but without being welcomed by the natives. They often met with bloody opposition, and suffered great privations from scarcity of provisions, clothing and shelter. The inhabitants of Fez closed the gates against them, and they were obliged to "encamp in the fields, and live on roots and herbs like cattle. On the Sabbath, they stripped the plants with their teeth, in order not to desecrate the holy day by gathering them. Starvation, pestilence, and the unfriendliness of the Mohammedan people vied with each other in inflicting misery upon the Jews. In their awful despair, fathers were driven to sell their children as slaves to obtain bread. Mothers

killed their little ones that they might not see them perish from the pangs of hunger." The captains of vessels lying in port often took advantage of the starving fathers and mothers by pretended sympathy, and invited their children, with emaciated forms and faces pinched by hunger, to come aboard and receive bread; —only to kidnap them, however, and carry them away to sell them as slaves in distant cities. The pitiable entreaties and wailing cries of the parents failed to touch the hard and steeled hearts of those who loved gold and hated the Jews; for avarice has no ears for the cries of outraged humanity, and no heart to be touched by the most plaintive appeals of human anguish.

Persecution followed the exiles, who suffered from all the dreadful hardships incident upon their outcast condition; not only exposed to the elements of nature, but enduring all the horrible afflictions of the plague and the gnawings of hunger. Avarice attained its most unrestrained and revolting character, for no amount of plunder could satisfy it. A report was spread that the Spanish exiles, who were forbidden to carry gold and silver out of the country, had in their extremity swallowed it, and hence the murderous robbers ripped open the bodies of many Jews in the hope of finding the concealed treasures. It seemed as though all the fates were warring against them, and no wonder that they recalled the most grievous

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national misfortunes of their forefathers, for the cup of their calamity was full to overflowing. They suffered indescribable woes at Genoa from the extreme scarcity of food being reduced to mere skeletons. The plague followed them everywhere and caused the seaports of Italy to deny them the right of landing.

The same Jewish historian sums up the results of the expulsion of his people from Spain in these words: "Exile, compulsory baptism, death in every hideous form, by despair, hunger, pestilence, fire, shipwreck; all torments united, had reduced their hundreds of thousands to barely the tenth part of that number. The remnant wandered about like spectres, hunted from one country to another; and princes among Jews, they were compelled to knock as beggars at the door of their brethren. The thirty millions of ducats, which at the lowest computation the Spanish Jews possessed on their expulsion, had melted away in their hands, and they were thus left denuded of everything in a hostile world, which valued the Jews at their money's worth only."

The most of them journeyed to Turkey, but for half a century, many were still fugitives, unsettled, hopeless, having endured untold sufferings. "The baited victims of Spanish fanaticism would have needed bodies of steel and the resisting strength of stone not to succumb to the sufferings with which they were overwhelmed." The misfortunes entailed upon

the exiles by this heart-rending calamity baffle all efforts of description, for often the enormity of the wrongs committed against them was far worse than death. Their condition was the more critical and humiliating because of the high social condition that they enjoyed in Spain, for they had many representatives among the influential class. They proved themselves the superiors in culture of the Jews that they found in other countries.

They gradually established Spanish and Portuguese colonies in the countries where they settled, whether in Italy, Egypt, Palestine, Flanders or Turkey. They employed the Spanish language, customs, and dignity of bearing, and a half century after their expulsion, a Spanish Christian writer informs us that the Jews of Salonica, Constantinople, Alexandria, Cairo, Venice and other resorts of commerce, transacted their business only in the Spanish language, and that the young Jews pronounced Castilian even better than he.

The Jews of Spain were superior in culture and social position, as well as in religious character and devotion to their religion, to those of their faith that they met in other countries, and this fact was so evident that they soon became the recognized leaders of the Jews in every country where they settled. Many of the Jews migrated to Palestine; and Jerusalem and other cities of the Holy Land received large additions. In a short time also they became the social and

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religious leaders among the Jews in the various countries of Europe where they had established themselves. No one can estimate the severe character of the countless woes inflicted upon the Jews by their expulsion from Spain.

That was not only a crime against the Jews, even in those days of intense bigotry, but it was also a calamity to Spain which the sovereigns should have foreseen and averted. Prescott states the situation when he says that the Jews were driven from Spain "at the sacrifice of the most important of permanent interests, converting their wealthy districts into a wilderness and dispeopling them of a class of citizens, who contributed beyond all others, not only to the general resources, but to the direct revenues of the Crown." "The detriment to the State is not founded so much on any numerical estimate as on the subtraction of the mechanical skill, intelligence and general resources of an orderly, industrious population,—that loss may be deemed irretrievable," as the subsequent history of Spain would indicate.

There should have been wisdom and gratitude enough in Spain to have recognized and freely acknowledged all that the Jews had done for the country during the many years of conflict, but in their short-sighted policy of destructive bigotry, they violated the eternal laws of justice and the fundamental principles of the Golden Rule; and in so doing struck

a ruinous blow at their own nation, for it was one of the criminal mistakes that tended to the downfall of Spain. As partial extenuation of the unpardonable crime of the expulsion of the Jews, it might be stated that the prejudice and hate were not wholly of a religious character, other elements aiding in intensifying them. Had the Jews not become so wealthy and so influential in finance and state, perhaps that anti-Semitic hate would not have become so intense and cruel. They were the bankers, and the government became their financial debtor. The people, too, often suffered from their extortion by way of excessive usury, as we may infer from one of the laws enacted at Toledo, which provided that the Jewish money lenders were not permitted to receive more than thirty-five per cent. on moneys loaned. Even that limit fixed by law was excessive, and we may imagine the shameful and heartless abuses practiced when there were no legal restraints, for the love of money among the Jews in Spain was a root of all evil, and naturally embittered many of the people against them because of their exactions. The rich money lenders who practiced such grievous usury would not only become unpopular with the poorer and less fortunate subjects, but the whole system of abuse would tend to engender an anti-Semitic spirit, which lessened sympathy for them, and made the more possible the persecution that followed. They were in a measure

responsible for their unpopularity, although that cannot condone the unspeakable crimes committed against them, for Spain violated every principle of right and justice in her persecution of the Jews.

The sovereigns offered as a vindication of their act that the Jews were winning back to their heresy the new Christians or Marranos, and that their expulsion was the only safeguard from the contagion which meant a relapse from Christianity to Judaism. Just how thorough and genuine were all the conversions of the Marranos is a question not easily decided, but doubtless with some, there was merely an outward conformity, wearing the mask of Christianity for policy and gain. According to Martin A. S. Hume, an able modern writer on Spanish history; "Ferdinand was probably the most dishonest and unscrupulous politician of a peculiarly unscrupulous age. A master of pretense, with an affectation of frankness, his ingratiating falsity deceived again and again those whom he had cheated before." Of the character of Isabella, he writes: "That her objects were high and noble may be conceded, and that she succeeded in consolidating Spain as no other monarch had done, is true. But at what a cost! She had, in conjunction with Ferdinand, encouraged forces of bigotry and religious hate which flooded her realm with blood and tears and threw it back in the race of nations for centuries. Her patronage of Columbus is more than

blotted out by her patronage of Torquemada: her exalted piety is drowned in the recollection of her treatment of the Jews and Moriscos." "By the irony or perhaps the eternal justice of fate, all the chicanery of Ferdinand,—all the wisdom, the labors and the fervor of Isabella, brought disaster, ruin and death to Spain." "The King and Queen who made Spain great were the worst enemies that Spain ever had." The arbitrary injustice in decreeing the expulsion of the Jews was so great, and so contrary to the spirit and methods employed by Ferdinand and Isabella in conquering the kingdom of Grenada, that as Lea well states: "Human inconsistency has been rarely more conspicuous." It is to be deplored that with all their greatness, they should have violated their solemn pledges, and become responsible for the great crime of Spain against humanity.

It may seem rather anomalous to the reader that the Spaniards directed their first attack upon the Marranos, who had been converted to their faith, and who outwardly conformed to the teachings of the Christian religion. Even though they suspected the absolute genuineness and purity of their faith in certain particulars, it was still much nearer to the Christian religion than was the faith of those who openly avowed all the tenets of Judaism, and who were most devout and loyal to the ancient religion, making no attempt to disguise the fact that they utterly repudi-

ated the new, and did all in their power to prevent their people from apostatizing. We find no satisfactory answer for their violent and inconsistent methods. The Church might have presented as a semblance of a plausible pretext that she had the right to exercise the most absolute authority over all her members in spiritual matters, but they could not put forth the same claims respecting those beyond the pale of the Church. This may have been the logical order, for the step was an easy and natural one to the invasion of all human rights, religious and political.

There is no doubt that the purity of the faith in many places had become greatly corrupted by heresy, through intermarriages between the Jews and Christians. Many nobles and prominent officials had descended from Jewish mothers, whilst the same condition existed even among the clergy, and so distinguished a personage as Talavera, the Confessor of Isabella, and Archbishop of Grenada, was of Jewish descent. The taint of heresy belonged especially to the upper classes, where the infusion of Jewish blood was most pronounced, and no wonder that there was fear of the spread of the contagion. Although this condition existed, it did not justify the severe measures adopted to purify the faith by the extermination or expulsion of the hated race; for whilst the Inquisition was first directed against the new or nominal

Christians, who had become converts from the Jews, the more radical method was finally adopted for their universal expulsion from the country, as this seemed to be the only safeguard against the insidious and deadly heresy.

Any religious persecution on the part of the majority is a practical confession of weakness, a tacit acknowledgment of unbelief as to God's promises or doubt as to their own position. If we have faith in God and the Almighty force of truth, and are convinced that we hold the truth, why then should we not act as though we believed it, and show our faith by submitting to the will of God and the inherent power of truth instead of resorting to crime by appealing to the arm of flesh?

Our concern should be to know that we hold the truth, for truth is divine and eternal, no matter who may possess it, and though it may suffer a temporary eclipse and defeat, it will ultimately triumph.

XIII

The Moors in Spain and Their Expulsion

IT was in the year 711 that Musa, the governor of North Africa, sent his general, Tarik, to invade Andalusia for plunder and possible conquest. The brave and ambitious Moor crossed the narrow sea that separates the two countries, and landed at the famous rock that has since borne his name, Gebel-Tarik, Gibraltar. He had not proceeded far inland before he encountered the army of Roderick, the king of the Goths, who had left the capital of Toledo and hastened southward to resist and drive back the infidel invader. His army greatly surpassed in numbers that of the Berbers or Moors, but the invaders were brave and accustomed to fighting, and all were loyal to their able commander. The Christian army had inferior soldiers, and there was jealousy and treachery at work among them. The rival forces met near the river Guadelete, and there was a long and bloody battle; though the Goths greatly outnumbered the Moors, perhaps six to one, in time the tide turned against them, and they met with disastrous defeat. It was a decisive battle, and henceforth the conquest of the country became easy, and city after city sur-

rendered after a short resistance. The victories were so rapid, as the invaders spread over the country, that within two years the conquest of the peninsula was complete, with the exception of the mountainous country of the Asturias, whither the nobles had fled for refuge, and where the conquerors were willing that they should remain.

Within a few years, however, they had ambitious dreams of further conquest, and sought to penetrate the interior of Europe. They began by raids, and then boldly advanced and established themselves in southern France or Gaul, as it was then called. They seized cities along the Rhone, including Avignon, and determined upon conquering the entire country; after capturing Bordeaux, in 732, Abd-er-Rahman, the governor of Narbonne, flushed by the hopes of his conquests in Aquitaine, advanced toward Tours, fearing no resistance. It was a march for the conquest of Europe by the Saracens as they had so recently conquered Spain, and the mighty movement seemed irresistible. However, the unexpected came, for before they reached the goal, between Poitiers and Tours, the invader was met by Charles Martel, leading the Christian host. That was a decisive battle and far greater interests were involved in the result than in the one that had been fought twenty years before near the Guadelete, for this was to decide whether Christianity or Islamism was to be the re-

ligion of Europe; whether the Bible or the Koran was to be taught, and whether the cross or the crescent was to surmount the places of worship. There was an awful slaughter, for the men on both sides fought like giants, and the field was covered with the slain. Charles Martel was in the midst of the fight and turned the tide of battle; for as he rode through the ranks of the Moors, dealing death right and left from his mighty blows, the Franks were inspired by the presence of their brave leader, and with crushing force they hurled their army against the ranks of the Saracens, and put them to flight, never again to invade France, nor to attempt to push their conquest farther into Europe. The victory of the Franks was complete and henceforth the Moors confined themselves to the Peninsula of Spain, and the rest of Europe was saved from their invasion.

Whilst all Christendom rejoices in the reverses they encountered when they presumed to push their conquests farther into Europe, at the same time we should not hesitate to freely acknowledge the debt we owe them for the spread of true culture. It was they who introduced Greek learning into the great schools of Europe, by bringing Homer, Plato, Sophocles, Æschylus, Aristotle, etc., in their original tongue whereas before they had been studied only in translations. At that time ignorance and intellectual torpor prevailed in the West. When Galileo was imprisoned

in Italy for teaching the truth with reference to the spherical character of the earth, Almaimon with unfettered mind had determined the circumference of the earth within a few miles. Ben Musa gave the world the science of algebra, and the Moors left the world far wiser than they found it.

The Moors had conquered Spain within the brief space of a few years, and they remained the conquerors for eight centuries. As the original owners, who sought refuge in the Asturias, grew in power, they made frequent raids upon the Moors, and in time recovered large portions of the lost country. They grew more and more formidable and made conquests of the whole of northern Spain, including Castile, Aragon and Catalonia, pushing their victories as far as Andalusia, and then Cordova itself was lost to the Moors and for years their rule was restricted to the kingdom of Grenada.

The marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella in 1469 brought about the union of the kingdoms of Leon and Castile with Aragon, and henceforth, with those combined powers, the downfall of the Moors in Spain was hastened. Boabdil, the last king of the Moors, abdicated his throne in the Alhambra and surrendered the city of Grenada to Ferdinand and Isabella, in January, 1492, after a war of nine years.

The many years of conflict by the Christian armies for the recovery of Spain was not a war of religion,

but of conquest; for toleration was extended to the conquered, similar to that which the Moors had shown to the Goths whom they had formerly conquered, and they were not deprived of their property, nor of the rights and freedom of their religion. The Moors were tolerant to the conquered, to the Jews and Christians alike, they not only made favorable promises, but they kept them, and some Christian kings also manifested a similar spirit. King Alphonso of Toledo, who had married a Moor, encouraged by word as well as by his personal example, marriages between the Moors and the Christians. With the surrender of Grenada, even greater concessions of personal rights enjoyed under native rule, were granted to the Moors, all the conditions being stated in a most solemn compact, in which it was agreed that they should never be disturbed in their rights respecting their property, public worship and the enjoyment of their religion. No doubt the solemn pledges were made in good faith, for the sovereigns appealed to God to witness the agreement in which all the conditions were carefully stipulated. The prospects for the triumph of Christianity in Spain were hopeful, for the wise and saintly Talavera was appointed Archbishop of Grenada, and by his Christlike spirit and love secured the conversion of many of the Moors. So marked was his success that it is not too much to say that, if his methods had been pursued throughout Spain, the Moriscos

would for the most part have been won to the Christian religion, and the country would have been saved one of the most cruel and shameful centuries of history. Unfortunately there were fanatics who were impatient with the slow methods of kindness and love and they urged a different policy;—instead of toleration they would substitute coercion. A conspicuous advocate of this method was Ximenes, who had no patience with the milder policy of moral suasion and liberty of conscience. The success of his joint efforts with Talavera should have restrained him from violent measures, for by their preaching of the gospel many were won to the Christian faith. December 18, 1499, was made memorable by the baptism of 3,000 in a body, and the mosque of the Albaycin was converted into a church. It looked like a general and speedy conversion from the Mohammedan faith, and some of the devoted Moors, alarmed at the situation, exhorted their brethren not to apostatize from the faith of the prophet. Their zeal excited the hate of Ximenes, who had them thrown into prison and treated with cruel severity, whilst all the rights, solemnly pledged by the sovereigns of Spain, were denied them. They had no redress, and he demanded the surrender of all their religious books, and these were publicly burned, although many were of great value, richly illuminated and bound with gold. This undue severity caused many to rise in revolt, because

of the outrage committed against their coreligionists ; but they were suppressed by a superior force, the leaders were executed, and the people of the Albaycin were compelled to submit to baptism or punishment.

There was no escape from the power of the Inquisition, and Lea estimates the number of voluntary or forced conversions to Christianity at Grenada, and those of the Vega, at from fifty to seventy thousand. On February 26, 1500, Ferdinand issued a "general pardon to all *conversos* for crimes committed prior to baptism, remitting the royal rights over persons and property accruing by reason of such crimes."

The means adopted to save the Moors by slaying them was not according to the teaching of Jesus. At Audarax, the defenseless women and children had sought refuge in the leading mosque, and this was blown up with gunpowder and the unfortunate ones perished. The ravages were so fierce and the slaughter so terrible that fear and necessity led thousands to submit to forced baptism. These baptisms were often spurious, and the baptized ones despised the religion they had been forced to espouse. These arbitrary methods of conversion to the Christian religion were not apostolic ; conversions were made not by the preaching of the gospel, but at the point of a deadly Spanish weapon.

The Mudejares, known as Moriscos, soon found that their conquerors broke faith with them, and their

lot for one hundred years until their final expulsion was far more grievous than that of Israel in Egypt under their hard taskmasters. There was imprisonment, confiscation of property, denial of civil and religious rights and numerous executions; for whilst many outwardly conformed to baptism and escaped, the majority were liable to persecution. There was by no means unanimity of opinion among the learned doctors of the Church as to this violent method, and some condemned the system of forced conversions and baptism by coercion as a sacrilege and crime against liberty of conscience; and not valid. "Nor do the defenders of the work seem to realize the true import of the miracles which they triumphantly allege—that when the Moors of Aragon were forcibly converted in 1526, an image of the Holy Sepulchre in the Carmelite Convent of Saragossa wept for twenty-four hours, and the images of Our Lady of Tobet and some associated angels sweated profusely for thirty-six hours, so that a vase of this precious liquor was collected and preserved, of which, in 1590, Philip II. devoutly begged a portion. When the Moriscos were expelled in 1610, this marvelous fluid suddenly evaporated, even that belonging to the king."—Lea (quoting from native sources).

The Inquisition was an infernal engine of terror, torture and death, and brought a vast revenue to the royal treasury, but generally to the Inquisition itself;

for sentence meant confiscation of property and rights, and here was the temptation for the grasping souls that seemed devoid of conscience. There was every opportunity for abuse from fear, villainy and treachery of supposed friend or foe. Lea cites the instance of a girl of nineteen, who involved the Moriscos of Almagro in disastrous ruin by secretly accusing her relatives, including her own father and mother, sisters, and friends. The father was burnt at the stake, the mother imprisoned for life, and twenty-five others suffered various penalties.

No tribunal was ever invested with such awful terror as the Inquisition because of its "impenetrable secrecy." No one could follow nor reach his friend or loved one when arrested, nor provide for his defense. Neither could the arrested ones send word to their friends, who could know nothing of their whereabouts or condition; whether in the torture chamber, on the rack, whether dead or alive, until the final sentence was declared in the public auto-de-fe. We may faintly imagine the awful suspense and agony of soul endured by the friends at home as well as by the prisoner, who knew not his end from one day to another, and often several years elapsed after the arrest before the crisis was reached. During all this time there was no defense, no appeal from the unmitigated and unpardonable wrongs, and no redress whatever; it was dangerous to complain even in a whisper for fear of being

exposed by some secret accuser, for daring to call one of the most fiendish crimes of history an evil. Had they dared expose themselves by the expression of a conviction, there would have been but little hope, for the Inquisitorial methods of torture forced confession. Many suspects yielded through fear of suffering and for self-preservation, but such coerced conversions led to the inevitable result of "aversion and not conversion" to Christianity. We cannot secure the love and devotion of men, either to ourselves or to our religion, by force and inhuman persecution; it will only alienate and intensify their hatred. We cannot win a man to our convictions by the violence of a cudgel, but only through the ministrations of a loving heart.

Strange that the leaders of Spain were so blinded by intolerant fanaticism as to make the lot of the Moriscos so grievously intolerable, for whilst denying them their solemnly pledged rights as citizens, they were also unwilling to have them leave the country. They were a most important element in the population for the prosperity of Spain; for, as Lea states in his recent authoritative work on the Moriscos of Spain, they "were well-nigh supporting the whole kingdom with the products of their toil, yet all their earnings beyond a bare subsistence were so eagerly clutched by noble and prelate that it was impossible to find means for the religious training that was so essential to the safety of the State. When the

final expulsion took place, we are told that it reduced the revenues of the archbishop from 70,000 ducats to 50,000, showing how large was the income contributed by the Moriscos." It is true that during this long period of coercive measures for the conversion of the Moriscos, missionary efforts of various kinds were also resorted to, but the majority of the ecclesiastics insisted that those apostolic methods must be supplemented by force. "One of the sorest disabilities inflicted on the Moriscos was the deprivation of arms, for it was not only a humiliation, but it left them defenseless at a time when violence was constant and to an old Christian the blood of the despised race was little more than that of a dog." "In Valencia, as a prudent preliminary to baptism, the Moors were all disarmed in November, 1525. In the negotiations for the concord of 1528, they asked for the return of their arms, which they had hitherto loyally used in the King's service, and would continue to do so to the death. To this the answer was that they should be treated as old Christians. Like all the other pledges, this was made only to be broken."

The Moriscos that were compelled to submit to the baptism of their children did all that they could to defeat the significance and efficacy of that baptism, for when the children were brought home the father "scraped and washed the spots touched with the chrism."

Ever since the conquest of Grenada there had been a serious conflict between Spain and the Moriscos, which continued through the century. The Church and State were united in the determination to utterly rid themselves of the infidels, but *how* was the question. They wanted to convert them and assimilate them finally into the body politic so that their productive genius might enrich the country; but they had failed to make their religion sufficiently attractive to induce the Moriscos to abandon the religion of Mahomet for one that had so often broken faith with them, violating the most solemn compacts and treating them with heartless cruelty. The leaders, statesmen and teachers had various projects that they urged as the most practicable and likely to be a solution of the difficulty, but all the plans embraced the idea of compulsion. Some feared to adopt the policy of utter expulsion, as it would threaten the welfare of the country. Some of the methods proposed were shocking and barbaric, such as would have made the midwives in the days of Pharoah shudder when urged to do the wicked work to prevent the growth of the Israelites by destroying the male infants. They made the end justify the means, and hence every crime to secure that end became a virtue. In 1581, the Duke of Alva and other counselors concluded by official act "to send the Moriscos to sea, and scuttle the vessels." Before this infamous project could be put into execu-

tion, it was abandoned through necessity as the fleet had to be sent to Flanders, and the history of Spain had one less horrible crime to record.

In 1590, they proposed that the Inquisition should proceed against all the Moriscos of the Crown of Castile, without sparing the life of a single one—either inflicting natural or civil death, or perpetual exile, or the galleys for life. Not much more humane was the suggestion of Archbishop Ribera to “enslave all the males of proper age and send them to the galleys or to the mines of the Indies, perhaps depleting them gradually by taking every year four thousand youths for each service.” “Ferocious as were all those projects, they evoked no scruples of conscience. Theologians there were in plenty to prove that they were in accord with the canons.” “Even more outspoken was Fra Bleda, who proved by irrefragable authorities that the Moriscos could all be massacred in a single day; or the King could condemn all the adults to death and the rest to perpetual slavery; or he could sell them all as slaves to Italy or the Indies; or could fill his galleys. He urged massacre in preference to expulsion, arguing that it would be a work of great piety and edification to the faithful, and a wholesome warning to heretics, and, when expulsion took place, his aggressive piety found expression in the hope, that, when piled upon the African coast, they would by dying aggravate the pestilence which,

the previous year, had carried off 100,000 Saracens." —Lea. All the authorities of Spain were in accord with the sentiments of this ecclesiastic, and they approved his work ; and Philip III. defrayed the expense of its printing.

Matters were evidently culminating for the introduction of heroic measures to end the existence of the Moriscos in Spain, for the edict of Ferdinand and Isabella, in direct violation of their original solemn compact, furnished a royal precedent as to the competency of the King to issue a decree for their utter expulsion. Philip II. possessed all the elements in his nature calculated to hasten the extinction of the hated infidel, and he struggled hard with the various problems to rid his dominion of them. He saw that policy was necessary or he might involve his country in ruin and disaster. His father, Charles V., had almost exhausted the resources of Spain and they had not been improved by his expensive wars. The nation was threatened with financial bankruptcy at the time of his father's abdication, and he had to face the grave question as to the possible expediency of national repudiation. Unfortunately for him and his people, he made many mistakes during his long reign of forty-two years, and he failed utterly in his ambitious and cherished designs upon France, the Netherlands and England, where the famous Armada met with an inglorious defeat. Wearied with public life and unable

to purify the peninsula of heresy, he transmitted the country to his son, Philip III.

The change in the Crown was not for the hope nor the improved condition of the Moriscos, for the King soon after his accession discussed the situation and plans were proposed for their extermination. The end came in April, 1609, when the Council of State in answer to the call of Philip III., after due deliberation, reached the unanimous conclusion that in the fall of that year all the Moriscos must be expelled from the country. Due preparation was quietly made for carrying out the edict which was not published until September 22d. Severe as were the conditions of the expulsion, still they were less inhuman than were those of Ferdinand and Isabella, and of Charles V. "Those conditions were that, under unremissible pain of death, within three days after the publication of the edict in the several towns and villages, all Moriscos of both sexes, with their children, should depart for embarkation at the ports designated to them by a commissioner. They could take with them of portable property what they could carry on their backs; they would find vessels ready to take them to Barbary, and would be fed on the voyage, but they must take what provision they could. During the three days all must remain in their places, of residence awaiting the orders of the commissioner, and after the three days any one found wandering from his

habitation could be robbed by the first comer and carried to the magistrates, or be killed in case of resistance. As the King gave to the lords all real estate and all personal property not carried off, if any one should hide the latter or bury it, or set fire to houses or harvests, all the inhabitants of the place were to be put to death. In order to preserve the houses, the sugar mills, the rice crops, and the irrigating canals, and to instruct the new settlers,—six per cent. of the Moriscos were allowed to remain, the selection to be made by the lords, and in places belonging to the crown, by the viceroy. Children under six, whose fathers were old Christians, were to stay, as well as their Morisco mothers; if the father were a Morisco and the mother an old Christian, he was to go, and the children under six were to stay with the mother. Aiding or sheltering fugitives was forbidden under pain of six years of galleys." There were differences of opinion as to the disposal of the children, and especially the baptized ones. "To Fra Bleda, this had been an insuperable obstacle to expulsion—they could not be allowed to go, and would be too expensive to retain, so he prefers the alternative of massacre." On September 5th, Archbishop Ribera wrote to Philip III. stating that "according to the best estimates, there must be in Valencia, not less than 60,000 Morisco children under five years—how can they be cared for, and where can at least

6,000 wet nurses be obtained? Add to this the difficulty of keeping them in the faith, the fact that the Moriscos would let themselves be torn in pieces rather than part with their offspring, or if they did so, they would infest the coasts in the hope of recovering them, and the plan of retaining the children becomes impracticable." Others urged a different policy, but the edict of the Council of State prevailed.

Although the Moriscos had endured persecution for more than one hundred years, this edict seemed to extinguish all hope, and whilst they made an appeal to the crown, and were disposed to offer resistance at first, they were awed into submission by the armed force. They yielded to the inevitable, and with stubborn fatalism resolved that all should go, and that not even the chosen six per cent. should be permitted to remain to endure a similar fate later, and in the meantime devote themselves to the prosperity of their cruel persecutors. Now the tables were turned, and those who had sought to buy the privilege of remaining were as resolute to go, and though rich lords and owners of estates offered them the most favorable inducements to remain, for otherwise they would be threatened with financial ruin. As an example of the effect of their expulsion, the case of the Duke of Gandia may be cited. For the cane crop was the largest ever known. All the operatives in his sugar mills were Moriscos, and no one else knew the processes; he could

not import skilled workmen, so, although the cane crop that year was unusually large, he could not make a single pound of sugar. He thus suffered irreparable loss and so greatly was he impoverished that the King allowed him an annual grant of 8,000 ducats.

When the Moriscos resolved to submit to the edict for their universal expulsion, they endeavored to convert their possessions into money, but they experienced the greatest difficulty in disposing of them for any adequate compensation. They encountered wrongs similar to those inflicted upon the Jews at the time of their expulsion more than a century earlier. The Spaniards who hated them took every undue advantage of the unfortunate Moriscos, who were completely at their mercy and were forced to sell for whatever they could get, however small the sum. Over all the country their possessions of every kind were offered for sale, but the buyers were limited. Many of the nobles envied even the small portion sold by the rightful owners, and on October 1st, the Viceroy issued a proclamation in which he forbade the "sale of all real property, animals, grains, oil, censos or debts," declaring it illegal. This increased their hard lot, but later when rebellion was threatened the edict was allowed to remain a dead letter.

The first exportation of exiles took place from Denia, on October 2d, consisting of nearly 6,000, but was immediately followed by others, making the first em-

barkation amount to about 28,000; and within three months no less than 150,000 had sailed from Spain. In this connection Lea makes the following observation: "When we compare the inconsiderable number of the exiles with the original large Moorish population of the lands recovered during the conquest, we can realize how great a proportion of the Mudejares must have become Christians, and have been merged indistinguishably with their conquerors. Mediæval toleration had won them over, and its continuance in time would have completed the process. Not only would an infinite sum of human misery have been averted, but Spain would, to some extent, have escaped the impoverishment and debility which served as so cruel an expiation." "The fate of the exiles was deplorable. Torn from their homes without time to prepare for the new and strange life before them, and stripped of most of their property, at the best the suffering was terrible, but man's inhumanity multiplied it tenfold. In whatever direction they turned they were exposed to spoliation or worse. While the voyage to Africa in the royal ships was doubtless safe enough, the masters of the pirate vessels which they chartered had no scruples in robbing and murdering them."

In Barbary, as a rule, the sufferings of the exiles were terrible. They were landed at Oran, whence they had to make their way to the Moorish states;

“they had the reputation of bringing money with them, and were plundered and slain, and their women were taken from them without mercy, after the first embarkation had been safely convoyed.” It was estimated at the time that at least two-thirds of all those deported from Spain perished, either from disease, hardship or violence, and some have placed the estimate as high as three-fourths of the entire number. “Thus nine centuries after the fatal day of Jerez dela Frontera, the descendants of the conquerors were driven from the land which the labors of their ancestors had enriched and adorned. History records many vicissitudes, but few so complete as this. When Cardinal Richelieu characterized the act as the boldest and the most barbarous recorded in human annals, he did not foresee that in his own land, before the century was out, the most Christian king would, in a somewhat different fashion, emulate the barbarity without the excuse of state necessity.”—Lea.

The Moriscos did not all leave at once, for the cruel abuses led to revolt, during which there was a slaughter of thousands, and acts of shocking violence committed on both sides. There were repeated edicts for the expulsion of the Moriscos, but the work was not completed until 1614 or later.

A moderate estimate of the total number of exiles is placed at 500,000 when the entire population of Spain was about eight millions. This large reduction

of the population by violent expulsion was disastrous to the economic conditions of the country, for the revenues of the nobles and churches suffered greatly. In many of the dioceses, the revenues were reduced one-half; whilst the best elements of their industrial class were lost, and there was a serious decline in agriculture. Some provinces lost as many as one-half their workers and the country became impoverished. It was not only a calamity to the Moriscos, but to Spain also, and one from which the country has not yet recovered. As Lea states: "The fanaticism which expelled the Jew and the Morisco hung like a pall over the land, benumbing its energies and rendering recuperation impossible. Spain was the one land in which the Church had full opportunity to fashion at her will the lives and the aspirations of the people, and the result is seen in the misery and decrepitude which blasted the illimitable promises of the opening of the sixteenth century. While the rest of Europe, in spite of wars and revolutions, was bounding forward in the eager competition of progress, Spain, sacrificing everything to religious unity, sank ever deeper in poverty and misery,—a paradise for priests and friars and familiars of the Inquisition, where intellectual impulse was repressed, every channel of intercourse with the outer world was guarded, every effort for material improvement was crippled. In vain the riches of the new world were poured into the

hands of a race whose natural aptitudes were inferior to none, in a land of which the resources were as great as when Moorish ingenuity and industry rendered it the most flourishing in Europe. Great as were the undoubted services of Isabella the Catholic and Cardinal Ximenes, the latent evil in their work overbalanced the good, for they taught the nation that religious unity was the paramount object to be attained, and in the pursuit of this, it sacrificed material prosperity and intellectual development."

Washington Irving, writing of the Moors in Spain, gives us this beautiful peroration: "The Moslem empire in Spain was but a beautiful exotic, that took no permanent root in the soil which it embellished. Never was the annihilation of a people more complete than was that of the Morisco Spaniards. Where are they? Ask the shores of Barbary and its desert places. They have not even left a distinct name behind them, though for eight centuries they were a distinct people. A few broken monuments are all that remain to bear witness of their power and dominion, as solitary rocks left far in the interior bear testimony to the extent of some inundation. Such is the Alhambra; a Moslem pile in the midst of a Christian land; an Oriental palace amidst the Gothic edifices of the West; an elegant memento of a brave, intelligent and graceful people who conquered and ruled, and passed away."

It is difficult, when reflecting upon what we see in Morocco, to realize that among these natives are some of the lineal descendants of the Moors who were expelled from Spain, for they seem to have been bereft not only of their former country, but also of the energy, intellectual power and culture that once distinguished them as a people. The traveler that lands at Tangier realizes at once that he is on the edge of the Orient and among a strange people,—amid scenes unlike any in Europe and which belong to the distant past. The people, clad picturesquely, some of them in very plain and scanty dress or filthy rags, move slowly about the malodorous streets and lounge in public places, many of them sitting in their booths or bazaars, with scarcely energy enough to offer their simple wares for sale.

There is no enterprise among them and the most active man we saw was the auctioneer who carried several articles for sale through the business streets crying at the top of his voice and finally selling to the highest bidder. It was a novel way of conducting an auction but had little to commend it.

The narrow and tortuous streets keep out the sun; they have no attractions, and when a horse passes through them we are obliged to place ourselves like a pilaster close to the wall or else to stand in some doorway or recess when the animal comes opposite us. The camels with their burdens must necessarily avoid

those contracted and serpentine passages. We see many of these ungainly but useful beasts in the great Soko or market-place, where there is abundant room for this patient ship of the desert. As many as fifty at one time came from the interior of the country laden with their various cargo. The women with their long white robes and veiled faces move quietly about like spectres that have come from the sepulchre of the past.

The plain and unadorned houses do not contain so much as a suggestion of that magnificent splendor of art achieved by the ancestors of this degenerate race when the Moors gave that long and brilliant period to Spain. Every visitor is profoundly impressed with the remarkable decadence. Even the royal Alcazar is without beauty, and possesses no interest after we have stripped it of the fantasies and Oriental glamour of the weird associations with which the imagination has invested it. No one having seen the Alhambra and the Alcazar at Seville would care to spend much time within this plain building.

The serious and unhappy faces of the men and women excited our sympathy, for they seemed to be without joy, and without hope. The children always appeared the most natural, for boys are boys the world over, and the little girls especially filled us with pity as we contemplated their unfavorable future of ignorance, poverty and perhaps servitude.

None but the followers of the prophet dare to enter the mosque in Tangier. All other religionists are only not excluded, but they are even prohibited from getting sight of the interior, and a wide barrier is constructed in front so that we cannot even see the door, much less enter it. This seems very strange, for we experienced no restrictions in any other Mohammedan country, beyond that of being obliged to put on the slippers that were provided.

Some of the swarthy Moors are snake charmers and we were almost forced into witnessing this hideous performance for the filthy fanatic was determined to give us an exhibition, *volens, nolens*. At first we protested, for we had inherited, perhaps from our first parents, a hatred toward the serpent, but we seemed transfixed by the strange spell of this half human character that appeared to be in league with his Satanic majesty. He caressed the snake like an intoxicated lover, put the head in his mouth, and then provoked the serpent to bite his tongue, lips, and arms so that blood flowed from the wounds. The poison had been extracted from the fangs, but the vicious fighting propensity of the hateful thing remained, and we found no pleasure in the repugnant spectacle. At last the happy thought came by which we might escape the influence that held us. We gave him his price and the spell was broken. The traveler in Morocco feels persuaded that the character of the Moors

of to-day is as far removed from that which characterized their famous ancestors in Spain, as the beginning of the twentieth century is remote from that period of the past when Moorish art, science and culture flourished in the celebrated schools of learning at Cordova, where thousands of learned students were attracted from different quarters of the globe. Why the Moors have fallen so low and their greatness has died out, and why they never recovered from their national disaster by summoning the recuperative powers of preeminent skill and industry that they once displayed, and thereby recovering their lost fortunes by developing a new nation in a new country, and why they never rose again but sunk into intellectual paralysis, torpor of ambition and energy, is a question in the destiny of nations that is easier asked than answered.

XIV

Causes of the Decline of Spain

WHEN we compare the limited territory with the vast domains that belonged to her in the time of Philip II., we cannot escape the irresistible conclusion that there has been political retrogradation and decay. The contrasts are so marked that we naturally ask, what forces or causes have contributed to bring about those disastrous results? In the history of Spain we see exemplified the infallible law of cause and effect, for through a voluntary process Spain has wrought her own ruin. She disregarded and violated those principles which are essential to human greatness and national prosperity. She suddenly rose to undisputed power, and with an over-reaching ambition aspired to imperial rule in Europe, though often usurping the inalienable rights of others, and forcing them into subjection by cruel wars. In fact from the period of the invasion of Spain by the Moors in 711 until the fall of Grenada in 1492, there were nearly eight centuries of intermittent wars; the people were born soldiers and inured to fighting, so that it is not strange that Ferdinand and Isabella had the finest army in Europe. It was the Spanish army that by fire and

sword raised the cross over the Alhambra, and not the missionaries by the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God; often even the priests led the armies to battle against the Moors³. The Spanish nation was born of war and has been a nation of soldiers. Her history is inseparable from wars and tumults, and the shocking crimes of that horrible Inquisition. The war did not end in Spain with the fall of Grenada, for whilst the Moors surrendered to the will and stipulations drawn up by Ferdinand and Isabella, nevertheless those solemnly pledged terms were soon violated by the sovereign rulers; and then a remorseless and relentless war of extermination was waged against the helpless minority for a century more, until the country had expelled the last survivors of the hated race. Those cruel and bloody scenes—in which human rights were outraged, and human sufferings were disregarded, because the rulers violated the treaty to which they had solemnly sworn,—were not calculated to develop the noblest principles in man, or conscientious fidelity to the eternal law of justice and mercy. The political bigotry and corruption produced moral and national disintegration, and Spain has been reaping what she has sown. She is the result of her centuries of antecedents, the product of her own sad misdoings.

Even to-day the military is the glory of Spain, notwithstanding her humiliating and disastrous defeats

on land and sea, for the people remember the distant period of history when the army and the navy of Spain were the terror and the scourge of nations, and the greatest power of Europe.

However complicated and diverse the many evils of Spain, that led to her decay, may have been they all may be resolved under the form of bad government. Misrule has been the primal and unmitigated cause of all the misfortunes that have attended her history in the march of centuries and which at times threatened her national existence. The wonder is that the people have endured so long the misrule and the violation of their constitutional rights and liberties. There has been a shameful abuse in the administration of justice in Spain. The great need is not for better laws, but for better and more scrupulous men in the administration of law. From the office of the chief Alcalde or magistrate of the town up to the judge or higher officials, corruption seems to be the rule and not the exception, and many are openly charged with bribery. Money and influence are important factors in Spain, and there is little hope for the poor laborer. Doubtless this evil of bribery and corruption would be remedied if proper salaries were paid, but with lack of necessary compensation the temptation, appears a stern necessity, and habit grows to a shameful abuse of power.

2. Officialism, or *empleomania*, i. e., the mania for gov-

ernment employment, is one of the national evils of Spain, and must be corrected before she can attain to prosperity and true greatness among the nations of Europe. In this particular she needs political reformation and she needs it badly. She has too many useless officials who impoverish the public treasury. More than forty per cent. of the people are supported by the state, although half that number would suffice to discharge all the duties. Their pride and ambition is to be a military officer or government official, however subordinate the position may be, and inadequate the pay. That uniform with its buttons and stripes attracts the young, no matter how unimportant the rank may be. They are too proud to work and they prefer professional idleness, with semi-poverty, as a government employee, for that is a distinction that the proud Don covets. Inasmuch as they are poorly paid the temptation becomes strong to eke out their existence by all manner of corruption, which has become universal in the administration of public affairs. This operates in two ways, for whilst it increases the taxes and expenditure of the government, it withdraws men from other pursuits where their services might be valuable, and by which they could become producers for the state, thereby enriching it, instead of being mere receivers and impoverishing the nation by misdirected energies. The tendency of all this is to paralyze ambition among the young men who might

devote themselves to the development of the native resources of the country, and the various industrial interests. According to official reports less than thirty per cent. of the population were agriculturists, and only twenty-six per cent. belonged to the industrial class. Few of the students are studying the science of agriculture, mining and commerce, and yet in this direction lies the hope of the future of Spain.

B. Spain has too many soldiers, more than 100,000, and among these there are too many officers and generals. High positions have been created solely for the purpose of pleasing somebody who had influence or bribes, and thus the debt of the nation has been increased whilst the army has not been rendered more efficient. The report almost seems incredible that in an army of 100,000 in time of peace there should be six captain-generals, thirty-nine lieutenant-generals, sixty generals of division, one hundred and sixty brigadier-generals, or one general to every three hundred and seventy soldiers.

Although Spain is lacking in many things, she does not need more soldiers and military officers, for we saw soldiers everywhere, but were not favorably impressed with their general appearance. Their inadequate uniform and wretched footgear were suggestive of the poverty of the country, although the officers looked like soldiers.

So far as the general condition of the administration of affairs is concerned, there has been but little if any improvement in many years, for as Hume states: "The political parties alternate in office with as little reason or profit to the country as before; the old abuses of *empleomania* and administrative corruption go on without great change; the rural classes are still crushed with fiscal burdens so great as in many cases to make their arid unirrigated land not worth tilling; but the nation lives its life, and progresses independently of its politics, only asking to be allowed to work in peace and to keep some portion of the product of its labor for its own sustenance. Unfortunately official jobbery and administrative corruption continue to tamper disastrously with elections, local and parliamentary, and perfect as the machinery appears on paper, the apathy of the population still allows a few wire pullers, who in Spanish political slang are called *caciques* to control almost everything." The corruption in election returns is notoriously scandalous, and minorities are made majorities according to the will of those in power.

The condition of Spain is the more sad and deplorable from the fact that the most conservative do not seem to realize their decadent state, but still glory in what we regard as their shame. They are proud, and even haughty, regarding themselves as belonging to a superior nation, and would spurn the introduction of

those principles of freedom and equality that have made our country great.

The Spaniard affects a dignity, and assumes a spirit of self-sufficiency which are preeminently native, and doubtless due to the traditions that he has inherited. He appears indifferent to the greatness of other nations, and to the fact that his own is many years behind in the march of progress. He cares not to study the secret of our prosperity, nor the causes of their decline. It is not so much an intelligent and intense spirit of patriotism, for in reality this is often lacking, but it is rather a Spanish trait that has survived the glories of the past.

The vast majority of the people seemed to have no interest in politics, either at home or abroad, and cared but little for the condition of the colonies. They did know from oppressive and increased taxation that Cuba and the Philippines, for some reason, were a constant drain upon the national treasury, upon the youth of the land for soldiers, and hence were of no material advantage to the mother country.

The system of pensioning the retiring officials with every change in the government, is a twofold source of public expenditure and wasteful extravagance, for it not only increases the number of pensioners, but it has the tendency to destroy their ambition for active labor in any industrial pursuit, enabling them to live

as corrupt politicians off the public treasury as long as this curse of bureaucracy continues.

4 One of the evident reasons of the decline in Spain, has been her lack of enterprise. The people have not learned the importance of developing their own national resources. Vast tracts of agricultural or arable land have been neglected instead of being cultivated. From want of roads and proper means of transportation the commercial and industrial interests have not been advanced. It is a serious indictment against Spain that the men of enterprise, who have done the most toward her material development, have been the capitalists from other countries. Her mines have been operated by foreign enterprise, and her railroads have been built by the French, English, Belgians and Germans. They have started the wheels of industry and made progress possible.

Much of the land of Spain is not under cultivation, but is hilly, treeless, wind-swept and arid. In Aragon there is a great scarcity of water, and nothing but vast, sandy, highland plains, and bare, dreary moorlands of the same unproductive soil. The land has been denuded of all the forest trees, for the farmers long ago cut them down so as to get rid of the little birds that fed upon the grain. They did not know that this would lessen rains, and bring about scarcity of water for irrigation, thereby rendering the land unproductive, and dooming themselves to poverty.

The traveler is ever impressed with the absence of forest trees in Spain. Often it is very difficult to get sufficient drinking water in certain sections of the arid country and the people at times must suffer from the want of it. The poor people in such vast tracts where there is great scarcity of water have, at least, a semblance of excuse for their evident neglect of the bath. The people are very poor, dwelling in plain and uncomfortable houses, and living on the plainest fare, which is often contained in a single large bowl, from which the father, mother and all the children eat in the most primitive manner without knives and forks. Far better to live but a generation in one of our villages, surrounded by abundance, than to survive and suffer for a century in one of the Spanish pueblos, with none of the hopes and joys and modern comforts of life. They are too poor to purchase sufficient fuel to protect them from the severe blasts and cold of winter. There are barren plains, fifty and one hundred miles in extent, and yet the poor dwell there and struggle for an existence.

You may travel for hundreds of miles north of Madrid, over a bleak, rocky, treeless, arid and wind-swept waste, that possesses nothing inviting to the lazy peasantry and mediæval farmers of Spain. The poor who do manage to exist there excite our deepest sympathy, and we wonder how they live. No trees to protect their wretched hovels from the scourge of

the icy winds in the winter, nor from the scorching sun in summer. With a scanty supply of fuel, food and clothing, their suffering is great.

It is estimated that one-half of the people of Spain are underfed, but all this is due to lack of enterprise, for which the country is responsible. After making all due allowance for the rocky and arid portions of Spain, that could not be made productive, there are vast tracts of fertile land that lie neglected which would yield abundant harvests to feed and enrich the farmers if they were to adopt our modern methods of agriculture and industry. But they lack energy and modern ideas. They are immobile and indolent, and not affected by the spirit of enterprise. All the land could be made far more productive, and much of the unproductive soil could be made fertile by proper cultivation. The people of Spain should remember what the Moors did to improve the soil, and not refuse to imitate them in so good a course, but should introduce the system of irrigation which they fostered with such remarkable success. It is the neglect of this artificial system of watering the arid lands and allowing the streams to run to waste, that has caused the large unproductive districts that have grown worse from year to year. The waste places can be recovered, and the barren plains of Castile become fertile and beautiful with golden harvests. The poverty of the country is not due so much to the un-

favorable character of the soil as to the indifference and indolent character of the people. American enterprise, thrift and industry would make much of Spain, fair as a garden of the Lord, for the mountainous regions and barren places that defy cultivation are no excuse for the neglect of the districts that are capable of the highest productiveness. The country is naturally arid, and hence the people should husband the waters and distribute them over the fields at the proper time, instead of allowing them to run to waste into the sea.

Spain alone is responsible for the loss of her American colonies. Had she adopted a more liberal and righteous policy introduced improved methods, and administered the government with a view to the prosperity of the people governed, she might be a great empire to-day instead of a third rate power among the nations of Europe. She was short-sighted in adopting a selfish policy, in which the mother country was to be the sole beneficiary, however it might affect the material interests of the colonists. This was the cause of much estrangement, and the ultimate loss of all the South American possessions, as well as Cuba and the Philippines. When we consider the moral influence and uplifting power of England in India, for justice and the welfare of the people, as well as in her different colonial possessions, then we can see what Spain might have accomplished in her lost colonies. The

Hon. Charles Francis Adams, in an address before the Massachusetts Historical Society, held that no benefit had resulted to mankind from Spanish rule in America, and "challenged the production of a single good thing in law, science, art or literature, growing out of that domination. In the long struggle between constitutional institutions and absolutism, the influence of Spain—her whole weight was thrown in favor of intellectual repression and religious persecution, and against religious and political freedom. During the sixteenth century some \$700,000,000 of gold and silver were drawn from America, and this was used in no case to the advantage of the race of man."—J. L. M. Curry.

Had Spain acted with wisdom and justice, and sought the happiness and prosperity of her colonies by advancing their highest interests, instead of fleecing them by arbitrary measures, then the colonists might have remained loyal and would have admired their mother country. But Spain had an insatiable desire for gold, which blinded her rulers to truth and justice and led to shameful abuse in the administration of law. She might have succeeded in the Philippines, but she attempted to enforce her unjust methods, and corrupt officials fleeced the people. When the islands of Mindanao were discovered in the sixteenth century, she determined to force Christianity upon the natives, who were devoted to Mohammedanism, but they

refused to submit their religious convictions; the result was a continued conflict for three hundred years, and whilst Spain controlled the coast, the interior resisted her sovereignty.

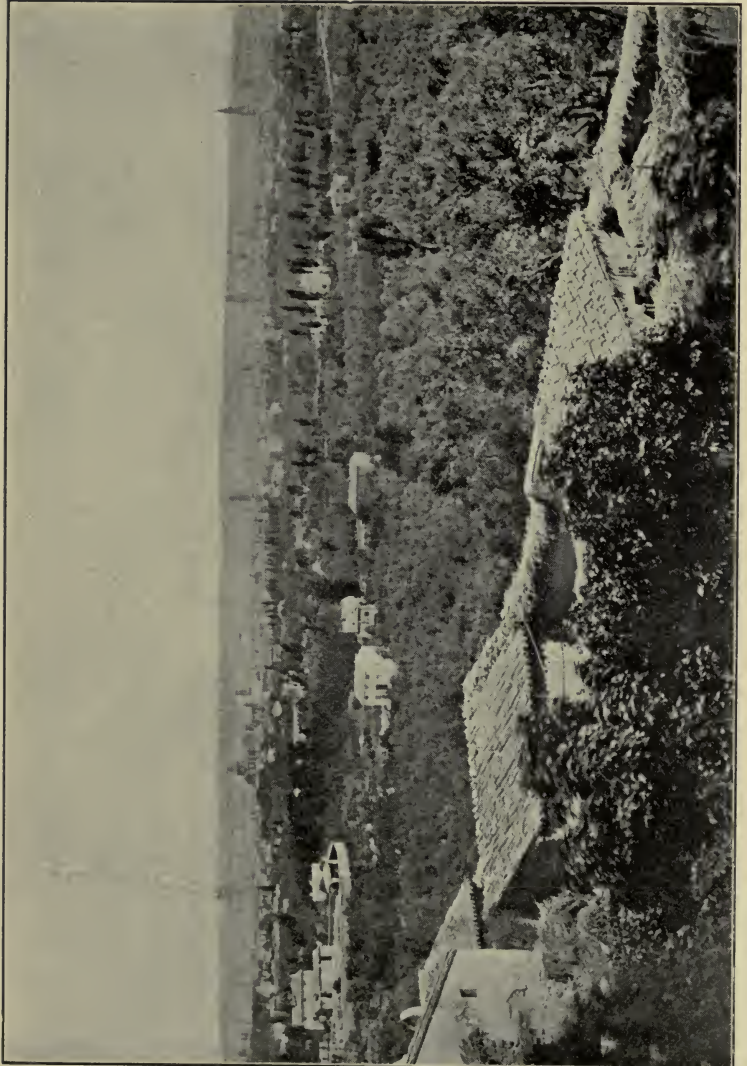
With such misrule the colonists did not love the mother country, but only obeyed when compelled by force or influenced by policy. Neither were they developed into intelligent and worthy citizenship, for Spain made the serious mistake of not setting the example of a high moral and political standard for the people, and then educating them up to it. Instead of placing before the people the highest type of civilization and then encouraging them to imitate it as they saw it exemplified in the lives of the Spaniards who had come among them, those representatives compromised with the low civilization of the natives, and morals and religion suffered a decline. This fact has been brought to light since the Spanish-American War, and the *Outlook* for December 14, 1901, presents in a brief statement one of the well-known features of the abuse in Porto Rico:

“At a strategic point among the mountains the American Missionary Association some two years ago planted a Christian school in Lares, a centre for some fifty thousand people. The bishop had not visited the place for twelve years, during which time there had been no confirmations. The lowest fee accepted by priests for a baptism was a peso (sixty cents, or several

days' wages), and for a marriage three pesos. Consequently many of the poor lived in concubinage, and baptism was a luxury beyond their means. The growing influence of the Protestant school changed all that. Last summer the bishop gave three days to Lares, directing the labors of five or six priests in the ministration of the rites of the church, and with much denunciation of Protestantism as 'of the devil.' But there were no fees. Crowds of people who had lived together without marriage came with their children for the church's blessing on their union—seventy couples in one day. Among the multitudes of children confirmed as well as baptized were scores of infants. This, however, has not diminished the influence of the Protestant school among the intelligent."

In view of such abuses and political corruption, it is not strange that some of the colonies of Spain were left several hundred years behind the general progress of the world.

There was a shameful abuse of power in the administration of public affairs in Cuba. It might easily have been made a veritable garden, for its fertility is remarkable, and Columbus said that it was "the most beautiful land that eyes ever beheld." The resources of Cuba are almost phenomenal, for in addition to her climate and fertile soil, she has vast treasures of mineral wealth. Strange as it may seem after nearly four hundred years' rule, not more than one-half of



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the land has been cultivated. There has been great lack of internal improvements. The roads are limited as well as all necessary means for traffic and transportation into the interior for the development of the country. The great aim of Spanish officials was to enrich themselves rather than the Cubans, by excessive taxation, and salaries for useless officers. General Weyler returned to his own country with a vast fortune that he had obtained through his maladministration in Cuba. When he was Governor-General of the Philippines he simply robbed the people by excessive exactions, and he is charged with having brought back with him to Spain no less than \$4,000,000.

The colonial policy of Spain worked its own destruction. The Kings of Spain had low ideals for their rulers in the colonies. The love of gold was the ruling passion, and the rights and highest interests of the people were often sacrificed for the sake of the spoils. This proved the curse of Spain, and led to disastrous failure.

Spain has lost great possessions, for only a little more than a century ago she held everything between the southern portion of the United States and Cape Horn, even including large tracts of territory now embraced within our own country, viz., Florida, Texas, and most of Louisiana and Alabama. A study of the maps of the centuries from Charles V. and Philip II. reveals the remarkable geographical

changes and the loss of vast territory. Once the domains of Spain extended far beyond the boundary of the peninsula, including the Netherlands and other portions of Europe; great groups of islands, such as the far off Philippines; as well as a large portion of the country lying west of the Mississippi, with the Pacific coast strip, extending as far north as Puget Sound. Spain is very different to the school-boy of to-day from what it was a century ago, for her retrogression has been as marked as has been the advance in our own country.

The disruption and gradual falling away of the vast colonial empire, losing one colony after another until the extensive domains had dwindled to the limited boundary of her own peninsula, show how utterly the government of Spain disregarded the principles that ensure lasting prosperity. They had built upon a foundation that could not endure, but which contained the elements of its own destruction.

When the great rulers died there was but little hope from their unworthy and weak successors. No other great country would have tolerated such kings as Philip III., Philip IV. and Charles II., but Spain had superstition and reverence for the one who happened to be placed upon the throne, no matter what his qualifications or character may have been. This was one of the evils that she inherited from the past but to which she clung with superstitious devotion, even

as she had once held in awe as a sort of demigod Philip II., who had proved himself a scourge to so many people. Buckle speaks of the remarkable love and devotion of the Spanish people to the unlovable and cruel Philip II., during his long reign of years. Their devotion was nothing less than adoration, for in their superstition they almost worshipped him: "Such was his absurd arrogance, that he allowed none, not even the most powerful nobles, to address him except on their knees, and in return he only spoke in half sentences, leaving them to guess the rest. That a man like Philip II., who never possessed a friend, and whose usual demeanor was of the most repulsive kind, a harsh master, a brutal parent, a bloody and remorseless ruler, should be thus revered by a nation among whom he lived, and who had their eyes constantly on his actions," can only be accounted for by the peculiar influences exerted by the Church and crown. "Whatever the King came in contact with was in some degree hallowed by his touch. No one might mount a horse which he had ridden: no one might marry a mistress whom he had deserted." His strange life of contradictions was in a measure the natural result of certain antecedents. He was born at Valladolid in 1527. His mother was anxious that no one should see any signs of pain at the birth of the heir to the throne and hence she ordered her face to be entirely concealed,

for she said : " Die I may, but wail I will not." His early training fitted him for his morbid life and melancholy end which can be easily accounted for. His parents were first cousins, and as Hume states, " the curse of epilepsy was in his blood, whilst he was also the descendant of a line of religious mystics, some of whom had crossed the border line of insanity." He was the product of circumstances, pitifully dwarfed, and therefore we must deal charitably with him. Of Philip III. and Philip IV. Buckle says that they " were idle, ignorant, infirm of purpose, and passed their lives in the lowest and most sordid pleasures. Charles II. possessed nearly every defect that can make a man ridiculous and contemptible. His general appearance was absolutely revolting, and was that of a driveling idiot. His ignorance would be incredible, if it were not substantiated by unimpeachable evidence. He did not know the names of the large towns, or even the provinces in his dominions ; and during the war with France, he was heard to pity England for losing cities which in fact formed part of his own territory." No wonder that Spain suffered a decline under such impotent rulers. The wonder is that people endured the outrage of misgovernment so long, and that the ruin did not come sooner. No civilized nation has been so misgoverned, and suffered with so great patience the affliction of unworthy rulers.

The downfall of Spain has been due to her political misfortunes. The people possess elements for national greatness, but their rulers, with certain exceptions, have proved themselves unworthy of their important trust and the patient people have suffered many calamities at the hands of those who misgoverned them. Wars have wasted their resources and strength; and so often doomed to disaster, it is not strange that the hopes and ambition of the laboring class have been crushed. They have failed to develop the rich mineral wealth that lies treasured in their mountains, and to make all the arable land productive. As an example of the stupendous abuse of government in Spain, we need but recall the fact that more than fifty thousand square miles of the most fertile land in all the country was allowed to lie in neglect, uncultivated, in the year 1750, when no less than two millions of the agricultural population were threatened with starvation. Spain has been cursed by too many rulers who indulged in that pomp of royalty that kings held as fitting when she was the proud mistress of the world.

With the weakness of the rulers there was a corresponding increase of power that passed over into the Church, and in the seventeenth century there was a remarkable multiplication of convents and churches, to such an extent that the Cortes uttered their warning. They "declared that never a day passed in

which laymen were not deprived of their property to enrich ecclesiastics, and that there were in Spain upwards of nine thousand monasteries, besides nunneries. Before the death of Philip III., the number of ministers performing in the cathedral of Seville had swelled to one hundred; and in the diocese of Seville, there were 14,000 chaplains; in the diocese of Calahorra, 18,000."

6 Undoubtedly the expulsion of the Moors was one of the causes of the decadence of the country, for when the rulers united with the champions of the Church to purify the faith at any cost, they utterly disregarded its economic effect upon the temporal interests of the nation. In expelling the Moors they lost their most successful and intelligent agriculturists, and every branch of industry suffered, especially the silk and woolen manufacture.

Within a century after the expulsion of the Moors, and under the rule of unworthy kings, the population of Madrid had dwindled from 400,000 to only one-half the number; whilst the 16,000 looms that once made Seville a centre of industry and furnished employment to nearly twice as many persons, had been reduced to less than three hundred, and the population to but one-fourth. The fifty woolen manufactories of Toledo suffered greatly, the silk manufactories, in which some 40,000 were employed, were abandoned, and decadent Toledo of to-day, from its

elevation, is a monument of the national folly of Spain. Other cities suffered in like proportion. There was great suffering and even starvation, and deplorable calamities befell the people, so that there seemed to be no hope for Spain. Hope came from foreign sources, for Spain did not seem to possess within herself the powers of resuscitation.

Spain failed to keep pace with the onward march of the nations, for she forbade intellectual freedom in investigation, sneered at the discoveries of Newton, and denied the fact of the circulation of blood even a century and a half after the rest of the civilized world believed it. It seemed natural for them to reject every new discovery and innovation just because it did not belong to the past, for they ever appealed to the ways of their ancestors, and hence even as late as 1760, the representatives of the medical profession in Madrid gave their learned, if not valuable, opinion that the public health might be endangered by having the streets cleaned, and that the smells from the dirt and filth might be conducive to the general good by its modifying effect upon the piercing winds and chilling air. That was a Spanish reason for preferring dirty and malodorous streets.

8 Ignorance and abject superstition have been the bane of Spain for centuries. The national character of the people partakes of the nature of that civilization which prevailed in other countries of Europe

hundreds of years ago, the relics of which are treasured in their museums. But Spain clings to the ways of the past and does not outgrow the customs of the Middle Ages, for she seems bound by a conservatism that the memories of centuries have invested with a sort of reverence, and hence the people appear content, and revolt against the introduction of improved methods. They seem to prefer ignorance and stagnation that have the stamp of Mediævalism upon them to any modern investigation and intellectual progress, just as though age invested them with a sort of sanctity and imperishable worth, that must not be superseded by any improvements which succeeding centuries may offer. This spirit of dragging out the past, and revamping the present with it, has doomed Spain to mental torpor, and made advancement slow and difficult. If the people had not been gifted with superior natural endowments, they would never have survived the disasters that have befallen their nation. We cannot but admire many of their qualities of moral excellence. They have maintained their native dignity and proud bearing in spite of national poverty and humiliation, and they have not sacrificed their manhood to intemperance and debauchery, but have endured all their misfortunes with fortitude and manly deportment.

They are a temperate people, and have accommodated themselves to the stern necessities of their

lot by being abstemious in eating as well as in drinking. Their apparent satisfaction with their exceedingly frugal meal, shows how fully they have become masters of the situation, and in this respect they constantly reminded us of the great apostle who said: "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therein to be content." They do not have very much, for the peasantry have but very little, and yet they seem to be so content with what they have that they do not put forth any strenuous efforts to improve their condition. Often abundant natural resources are within their reach, but they have inherited the ways of their forefathers, and the elements of ambition and energy were not included in that inheritance. They have doomed themselves by facing the past and turning their backs against progress.

✓ They have not learned to think, for centuries ago it was dangerous to think in Spain, and although the Creator had made man a thinker, the king and high ecclesiastics decreed in solemn council that liberty of thought was a crime, and that man dared not follow his reason and convictions of conscience. For centuries the mechanical process of muzzling human thought and stifling conscience was enforced with unrelenting rigor, and the logical sequence was intellectual stagnation and an enforced system of religious observance in externals that was rather automatic, for often the heart was far from it. The result of these

violent measures is that there is a crystallization of mediæval ecclesiasticism, inert and spiritless, with deplorable ignorance, and lack of intelligent knowledge respecting the fundamental moral and saving truths of the Christian religion. The remarkable religious indifference is alarming, for there is danger that many are lapsing into infidelity. Nevertheless, the Church is a mighty power and the people cannot afford to revolt, for the Spanish throne is back of it, as in the days of the suppression of the Jews and the Moors, for the crown and church are one and inseparable, as they have been since the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella. There are frequent and violent revolts against certain abuses, for the Jesuits have always been unpopular, and yet every uprising is speedily suppressed by the military force. In Catalonia, and in the city of Barcelona there have often been public demonstrations of disfavor against prominent evils that are fostered in ecclesiastical circles and countenanced by the crown, but imprisonment or death has been the penalty for daring to interfere.

It is no secret that the monks and Jesuits are not in special favor in Spain. This fact has been made abundantly evident by the press, which has boldly attacked this class. They assure us that the old Spanish proverbs concerning the monks need not be revised in order to be adapted to those of the present day: "Neither a good monk for a friend, nor a bad one for

an enemy." "One must be careful of the bull in front, the mule behind, and the monk on all sides." Saint Simon described them as he saw them, and as they appear to the modern visitor in Spain. "I have never seen monks so fat, so big, so coarse, and such great knaves. Pride distils from their eyes and every pore of their skins. What startled me so that I could hardly believe my eyes, was the audacity, boldness and even brutality."

The conventional ascetic monks who fasted and reduced their bodies to almost skeleton forms, and wore pale and saintly faces, became extinct with the great Spanish artists, whose ideals are only preserved in the picture galleries where the masterpieces of Murillo, Zurburan, Alonzo Cano and Goya show the striking contrast between the real saints of the past and the fat, fleshy and wine-colored monks that are the bane of Spain to-day.

We have no praise and no admiration for the intellectual and moral character of these monks, for their general appearance is against them. Though their profession is begging, they looked as if they lived in a land of plenty, for their rotund figures are evidence that they have not suffered from hunger, vigils and fasting. They do seem to have an aversion for water, for they avoid the bath most rigidly, although they greatly need it.

Of course the regular clergy represent a higher and

different class, but the popular mind has become alienated from the Church, to a large extent because of abuses among the friars and Jesuits. That matters are not improving may be inferred from recent reports, which show that "the orders now hold more real estate, more monastic, conventual and educational establishments than ever before. The Jesuits have doubled since the census ten years previous; and that census showed that they had trebled compared with the figures of the census before. There are now not less than 100,000 monks and nuns in Spain." As to the condition of the Church in Spain, we prefer to quote from one conversant with the subject, Lionel Holland. "The Church in Spain doubtless numbers her zealous and high minded prelates and vicars; nevertheless, practical immunity from legal prosecution, from criticism, from the rivalry of other congregations, have born their fatal fruit. The curse of untempered liberty has carried corruption to the core. Every charge that Luther hurled against the hierarchy of the Roman Church in the sixteenth century can be established against the Spanish diocese of the twentieth. Bishoprics are sold to the highest bidder regardless of the fitness of the applicants, yet Simony is one of the least of the scandals that flourish under ecclesiastical protection."

The services of the churches are observed at stated periods; some of the faithful always come, for these will

never be wanting, whether in the small and modest parish churches or in the grand cathedrals of the cities. There is always an imposing service rendered before the high altar, or in the various chapels, and the effect is increased by the spectacular display of the richly embroidered vestments that are overlaid with gold and jewels, whilst the very silence of the service often becomes eloquent by its mystery, as it appeals to the senses and imagination. And yet in spite of her truly magnificent Gothic cathedrals that tower heavenward and lift up the soul to Deity in silent contemplation and devotion, that gorgeous and resplendent form of imposing ceremony that suggests some kinship to what might have been witnessed in Solomon's temple at Jerusalem, is after all a highly spectacular and sensual ritual that appeals to the senses and imagination rather than to the intellect, and is not according to the simplicity of Christ.

Spain needs an Augustine, a Chrysostom or a Luther to preach soul-stirring gospel sermons, to reach the conscience of the people, to convict them of their sin, to lead them into the truth and to repentance and faith.

The Reformed Catholic Church has had a difficult work, and moves slowly, although she has accomplished much good in a quiet manner; for there are restrictions imposed by the established or national church, and religious liberty is not one of the bless-

ings that has been introduced into Spain. We met the genial Bishop Cabrera, of the Reformed Church of Spain, and from him learned many facts as to the character and success of his work and the state of the church in general. He was very communicative, and thoroughly acquainted with the church at large, having come from her communion. He spoke of his work with hopefulness but not with enthusiasm, for the progress is very slow, as in all things in this country—except revolutions. Whilst differing from the established church and deploring existing abuses and decay in faith and religion, he did not indulge in invectives, nor show bitterness against the priests. His hope was in conservative and positive methods, rather than radical and negative ones in battling against existing institutions, for such extravagant measures would not be tolerated in Spain. The Bishop impressed us favorably by his gentle manner and courtesy when speaking of his work and the character of the church and people that he is seeking to reform. He deplored the ecclesiastical domination of the country and the spiritual destitution of the vast majority of the people. The Jesuits are secretly at work and wield a mighty power, although they are unpopular with the masses, and time and again they have been expelled only to return when the storm of indignation had spent its force. It is not strange that kings and statesmen cast them out, for Pope Clement XIV. said

that "they should be given no resting-place in any part of the world." That is in harmony with the strong language of Gladstone, who declared that "the Jesuits are the greatest foes, mental and moral, liberty has ever known."

Many, becoming alienated from the Church, have drifted into infidelity. Some Ultramontane newspapers have dared to question Spain's right to call herself a Christian nation, asserting that so deplorable is the religious condition that "nineteentwentieths of our men believe nothing at all." When we asked Bishop Cabrera as to what proportion of the men were true to the Church, he replied: "About eight per cent. in heart, although outwardly a greater number, show occasional allegiance, as that is demanded by their relation to the state."

In answer to our many questions, he gave us the following information:

"I thought that the war would open the way for the recognition of the true Gospel; but no, the people still turn a deaf ear to this. They now begin to learn what the Roman Church really is. Unfortunately, they do not crave as a nation for the faith of the Gospel. My people are a religious people according to their own manner; they believe many superstitions, many ancient ceremonies; but if you inquire about belief in Christ, their own sanctification, or future life, you will be astonished at their ignorance.

They are now getting disgusted with their church, but when they give that up, most of them drift into indifference or infidelity. We have to take such opportunities as we get to speak to them, one by one, but this is not always easy.

“In 1835, laws were passed against monastic orders, but we have been very tolerant, and friars and monks have continued to come in and build convents all over the country. They suck up the wealth of the nation, pay no taxes, and are subject to none of the onerous duties of citizens. The people are getting tired of this, and the Spanish press gives publicity to the movements against the Jesuit monks and friars, and we hope the time will come when the country will be free from them.

“I have seen many changes in my country. I have seen Absolutism; I have seen legal persecution against Protestants; I have seen a Queen dethroned; I have seen the exiles for conscience return home; I have seen the accession of Alfonso XII., and am living in the Regency; but I have never seen a reaction such as we have to-day. We are burdened with Vaticanism, the Pope is the real ruler of Spain, the Queen and government are his agents—nothing can be done against his will. The *front door* of our church in Madrid has to be closed because it is the will of the Pope, so that the people have to enter by a side door through a house. Soon we hope that all this will be

changed, and that many other doors will be opened for us to preach the Gospel with freedom. If we have to suffer we will suffer patiently, and we will continue to do the Master's work.

“In Seville, the police authorities closed the door of our church, but fortunately the next day orders were given by the Civil Government that the door was not to be closed. In Villæscusa there had been a persecution against several brethren who were charged with disrespect to a religious procession, but their advocate proved that they could not have seen the procession from where they were standing. After much delay, expense, and injury, the jury acquitted them. Then the local court took up the case, and convicted to fine and imprisonment the men who had been acquitted by the Court of Assize. The local judges, although unable to read and write, were astute enough to know that in certain cases no appeal lay against their decision.

“The colporteurs who are able to sell books, including the Bible, do splendid work; and although they are frequently imprisoned and have their books seized and burned, they persevere and remain faithful. In Madrid the services in the church and mission room are well attended, and there are more than 200 boys and girls in the schools. The greater part of the scholars have Roman Catholic parents, who prefer to have their children taught for a small fee in our

schools to sending them to the Roman Catholic free schools. We have not only seen the children brought to the Saviour, but we have seen them instrumental in bringing their parents to the Lord. This is the more remarkable because right opposite our school the Roman Catholics have built a school which is visited by many influential ladies and even the Queen Regent, who from time to time gives prizes to the children as an inducement to attend. In Salamanca the work has grown wonderfully, in spite of opposition from the parish priest."

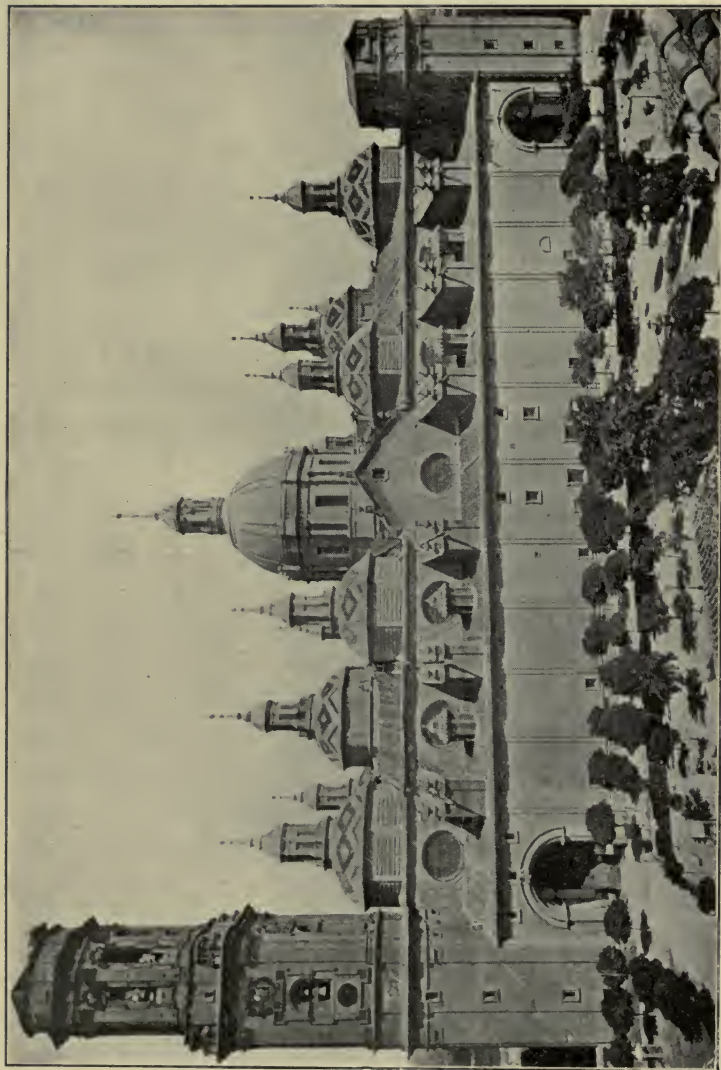
The laying of the corner stone of the Evangelical Church in Madrid on March 19, 1891, was a great event, for it was a remarkable innovation in the religious history of Spain. Many prominent Spaniards, though not connected with the reform movement, rejoiced in this indication of the progress of liberty of conscience. An editorial appeared in the *El Eco Nacional* that commented most favorably upon what the writer termed an "Era." Among other things, he wrote: "For the first time in the capital of Spain,—for the first time, after centuries of horrible persecution, sacrifices, scaffolds, gags and *Sanbenitos*,—the ministers of a Nonconformist religion were gathered together openly, in full daylight, although professing a religious faith and teaching which are not traditional in Spain, to lay the first stone of a new temple, which after all, they are allowed to raise

freely to the God of their emancipated consciences. This ceremony carried out in full daylight, and yet without causing the world to shake or the universe to tremble, means we repeat, in our country—once the country of Arbues and Torquemada—the triumph of liberty of conscience, the most solemn consecration of religious toleration. The peaceful co-existence of different religious denominations has been taught by example to those connected with the various churches, as the practical lesson learned by those nations which faced boldly the crisis of the Reformation. In these nations the mutual respect due to the rights of conscience was soon recognized, and the continuance of social intercourse rapidly smoothed away the asperities which present themselves wherever an exclusive and dogmatic doctrine comes in contact with what are considered rival opinions.

“As we were left behind in the march of civilization, and were pushed on by the mechanical force of political circumstances rather than by the virtue of national energy, we have been towed, so to speak, into the general movement by those countries which are at present in the van of progress. But we are in at last.” Then he draws a vivid picture of the horrible scenes and anguish of souls from the days of the Inquisition, when intolerant fanaticism sought to seal the lips of emancipated thought by means of a red hot iron, and to abolish and destroy the power of con-

science in the fires of the Quemaderos. The bodies were destroyed, but not the ideas, for these entered the minds of others and lived. He continues: "Let us shut our eyes upon those execrable scenes, upon those Saturnalia of intolerance, and let us contemplate with thankfulness this present age of blessed liberty and true religious progress, when in the name of God, we can only bless and not curse: when in the name of religion, we can only love and forgive, not burn or erect scaffolds, or dress with *Sanbenitos*, or fix gags. Everything goes to show that the time of religious wars and persecutions is gone forever. The Catholic of to-day, no longer fanatical and irreconcilable as before, stretches forth his hand with kindness to the Protestant as well as to the freethinker, Rationalist and unbeliever. The ardent believer of to-day, instead of taking part in the burning of heretics, full of self-satisfaction and religious unction, attends the ceremony of laying the first corner stone of the new building which is being erected to God by the descendants of those who were burned with so much fruition by our parents in the sixteenth century.

"Yes, the Catholic and the fervent believer of to-day instead of fleeing from the intercourse of the heretic, as he would have done yesterday, comes bareheaded, and together with the ministers and believers of a religion which is not his, prays from the bottom of his heart to the Heavenly Father of all beings for such a



CATHEDRAL OF DEL PILAR

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blessing on the works of the new temple about to be erected in His name as may ensure for it at the last a safe completion.

“What a beautiful contrast; what a magnificent picture of love and tolerance: yesterday, the heretic was burned: to-day one prays with him. Yesterday, he was hated: to-day his hand is grasped with kindness. Yesterday, it was cursing: to-day, it is blessing. Glory to progress! The religious frontiers have disappeared.”

These words are full of significance, and coming from a literary man, and a nominal Catholic, they show the trend of modern thought at least. However hopeful, the writer was not a prophet, for intolerance had not passed away, and when the church building was completed, and the day set apart for its consecration, special preparations had been made and prominent representatives were present to assist in the solemn ceremonies, including Lord Plunket, Archbishop of Dublin. Great was their dismay, on that memorable Sunday morning, December 4, 1892, to find that an order had come from the government, forbidding services to be held in any part of the building, and that no one should be permitted to enter, not even the private house of Señor Cabrera, nor to depart from it. It was a great disappointment, and the dedication was postponed, and nearly twelve months elapsed before they were able to consecrate their church.

Mention should be made of other Protestant societies in Spain, but we have dwelt at length upon the work of Bishop Cabrera because of our personal interviews, and the interesting character of his mission, as one of those who came from the priesthood of the Catholic Church of his country.

Pastor Fritz Fliedner of the Lutheran Church of Germany has been one of the best known and one of the most successful evangelical missionaries in Spain. He began his work in 1870, and has operated in various ways, through schools, orphanages, colporteurs, Bibles, religious tracts and papers, as well as by the preaching of the missionaries in houses, halls and schools, to bring the people to the evangelical faith.

Technically there is religious toleration in Spain, for in 1868 when the bigoted Queen Isabella, whose name is not free from aspersion, was forced to abdicate her throne, certain restrictions were removed.

The mediæval spirit of the Church was manifested in the Catholic Congress which met at Burgos when the prelate took a most conservative stand and made rather startling demands of the government. All public instruction in the entire kingdom must be Catholic, and no text-books should be used in the universities except those that were approved of by the bishops, no ecclesiastic was to be amenable to the ordinary civil courts, and all were to be exempt from taxation; they even presumed to make the further de-

mand that no associations should be permitted to exist in Spain unless they were Catholic. These were rather extraordinary demands to be made in this progressive age, but the purpose was to prevent all investigation, and had they succeeded, it would have doomed the country to a prolonged period of ignorance and inertia, and rendered progress impossible. Liberty has only been an echo at times in Spain, for liberty as we understand it, is not enjoyed in that country, and liberty of thought is so hated that many would revive the Inquisition.

The anti-clerical movement, with its headquarters in Barcelona, has grown to formidable proportions, and if the Inquisition were in force, all the leaders would have been silenced. They claim that hundreds of priests are in sympathy with the effort for a reform of the flagrant abuses that exist among the clergy. The priest, Don Segismunda Pey Ordeix, has labored in various ways through his publication to reach the public conscience, and in an issue of the *Nuestra Revista*, he says: "What do we want? We want to save Spain and the Church. The movement is of a general character. It will soon embrace all Spain. We have on our side two bishops of Catalonia and several in other parts of Spain. Our object is easily understood. We are anti-clerical, but we want to remain Catholics, and good Catholics. We desire only to reform the discipline and the inner organization of

the clergy. We honor the dogmas, and even if we do have some doubts concerning a few of them, these are problems that can be solved later. For the present we demand the following: Separation of State and Church; the reform or the suppression of the Jesuits and the other monastic orders; the transfer to the State of all the possessions of the Church that are not strictly needed for purposes of culture. We aim at the establishment of an independent Spanish Church, which shall stand under the immediate control of the Pope; all other rights of Rome are to be transferred to the national clergy. We demand the continual participation of the laity in the affairs of the Church, so that the Church may be the continuous and complete expression of the popular will, *i. e.*, we demand the election of the bishops and of the higher ecclesiastics by the people and the clergy. This is our present ideal; I say purposely 'our present,' because every day will bring new duties and aims." In an address in the city of Nataro, among other things, he said: "Clericalism is the negation of philosophy and history, the falsification of theology and the real and true embodiment of the Antichrist. Tell all who ask about our movement that we do not purpose to fight Christ, but to resist the Antichrist; that not the Free Masons, not the Mohammedans, nor any Christian sect, as some theologians would have us believe, but that Catholics and persons high in the Church are

those who indeed say much about Christ, but who falsify His words and true Christianity. There are but two religions, a democratic and an undemocratic religion; Christ and Antichrist." As might be inferred this aggressive reformer has met with many bitter attacks from the Jesuits, who have done all in their power to thwart his efforts.

Ex-Minister Nicholas Estevanez openly attacks clericalism, and charges the friars with the responsibility of Spain's loss of the Philippines.

From various sources we learned that there was a general and deep-seated antipathy against the priesthood, and men do not hesitate to assail their personal character and charge them with being responsible for the unfortunate social and intellectual condition of the nation, and as being in league with the government in its abuse of power and misrule that entail excessive burdens upon the people. A prominent individual with whom we conversed upon this subject, said: "Religious practices and traditions are a great drawback to the welfare of the nation, and the majority of the people are now evincing a positive desire and determination to put a stop to the abuses committed hitherto in the name of Christ." The Jesuits have been most energetic in their questionable methods, but they have not helped the Church, for the confidence of the people was shaken and they have been alienated. Many outwardly conform, by

attending the great festivals of the Church, for they dare not take a stand of open hostility, as that would subject them to temporal loss, ostracism, and other embarrassments, but in their heart they have their own shrine, and they enter that secret chamber and pray to their Father who seeth in secret. One of those who conformed outwardly for the sake of policy to escape a boycott, acknowledged the evils of this coercive measure for policy's sake, and said: "Drops of water must run with the stream. If only there were a shrine where people might be cured of being fools."

XV

The Future of Spain

THIS is the question that many ask, but it is most difficult to answer, for the conditions are so complicated that no solution is apparent. Whilst so rich in mineral wealth and natural resources, she fails to improve them. She has acted for many generations like a young man who fell heir to a great estate, but who became an improvident spendthrift, and wasted his resources instead of improving them.

It is easy for us to forecast the future of one of our western territories as soon as admitted to statehood, for we know the character of the people and the government for the administration of public affairs; and with all the conditions similar to those that entered into the successful development of other states, there is no difficulty in expressing an intelligent opinion as to the certainty of the future growth and prosperity. But it would require a Daniel to read the destiny of Spain. Evidently she has a future, but what that future will be, is the unsolved riddle. If America were in the control of Spain, it would be easy enough to say that Spain would become one of the great countries of Europe, for all the natural possibilities remain,

and there is no reason for the continuance of bad government, with ignorance, intolerance, and poverty that stand in the way of progress.

Unfortunately Spain has not been favored by great rivers. These have much to do in facilitating the development of any country, for they are the highways provided by nature as a means of ready communication between distant points, and for extending commerce with the interior. We know what the St. Lawrence, the Hudson, the Susquehanna, the Ohio and the Mississippi meant for the development of our country, but Spain has only one really navigable river, the Guadalquivir. There are many smaller rivers, and they are of great value to the country, for they are fed by many tributaries, and whilst they do not pour a large volume into the sea, the waters are largely diverted from their channel and used for irrigation. By this means, between four and five thousand square miles have been made productive that would otherwise have remained an arid waste.

Irrigation is a necessity in the Spanish peninsula, for whilst small portions are abundantly watered by rain, there are large districts where not a drop of rain falls in years, and where all the vegetation would cease without watering. This is true of portions of Murcia, Valencia and Andalusia; and the lower valley of the Ebro is merely a desert because of the absence of rain. Had the country not been denuded of its

forest trees, the climate, rainfalls and fertility of the soil would have been quite different. The climate and products of southeastern Spain are more like those of Africa than Europe, and the exceeding fertility of the ground is due to irrigation, furnished by streams and rivers fed by melting snow from the mountains, and not from rain.

The Vega or plain of Grenada is a garden of rich verdure, for the range of the lofty Sierra Nevada protects it from the scorching winds of Africa.

What Spain needs is a radical change in ideas and customs, and this must come from without. She ought to send hundreds of her sons to our country, to study our form of government, our school system, our social condition, our improved methods of agriculture, our industrial system, the mechanical arts; and to become intelligent and practical workmen in the development of mines and the cultivation of the soil. We could make a new and great country out of Spain within twenty-five years. We would scatter farmhouses and barns all over the country, with intelligent and thrifty farmers, and we would not only grow more fruit trees, but plant forests, so that there would be abundant rains, and all waste places would be irrigated. There would then be plentiful harvests, and enough work and pay for all who are willing to labor, and no underfed people. As far as possible, we would bring the neglected and waste lands under a

state of productiveness so that there would be a greater demand for laborers, abundance of food for all, and plenty to export.

We would have plenty of rich pasturage, with the cattle on a thousand hills, and an abundance of milk for the children and butter for all. To-day there is a great scarcity of milk and butter, and the goat that is supposed to be capable of living on anything or nothing, is certainly no substitute for the Jersey or Holstein. We would improve the swine of Spain, for they are undersized, underfed and of a stunted growth. If Germany were to boycott the pork of Spain we would not find fault, for the razor-back hogs of the peninsula have little to recommend them. Their appearance is against them, but this is owing to what they get, or rather to what they do not get.

We would develop the coal mines and improve transportation so that there would be no occasion for suffering through the cold winter from want of fuel, but we would make a warm fireside possible for all.

We would send many thousands of workmen to the mines, and we would convert the mountains of iron, quicksilver, lead, copper, zinc, etc., into money to pay the national debt; thus not only saving the country from bankruptcy, but making it prosperous by developing all the natural resources and every industrial interest to its fullest capacity.

Spain needs this injection of new blood, new ideas

and improved methods. Then the ambitious efforts of the young men would not be merely to receive some government position, with a beggarly pittance (to be supplemented by corruption and dishonesty), merely to wear a uniform with brass buttons, and to play the part of a Spanish hidalgo or gentleman, with little to do and still less to be proud of.

Unfortunately that seems to be the highest ambition of the youth of Spain, inasmuch as it appears to be the only desirable aim within the range of possibility. The many hopeful avenues that attract our young men are closed to them. In our country the path that leads to success, to wealth, to influence and to honor is open to all. No one is excluded because of his antecedents or the humble conditions of his birth. This, however, is not the case in Spain, where a fixedness or fate seems to have taken possession of the poor working class as though they were doomed to that condition for all time. There is an absence of energy and that strenuous life which is everywhere in evidence in our country. Deprived of hope, they are not stimulated by ambition to develop all the powers of their mind and body and to become intellectual and political factors in the government and social system.

The situation is very different among us, where the greatest political honors and the greatest wealth are possible to those born in obscurity. Our public

school system makes it possible for the poorest boys to become educated and fitted for the highest positions in the nation. We can recall the names of governors, congressmen, senators and presidents who were born of humble parents. The leading journalists, manufacturers, capitalists, inventors, merchants, mechanics, statesmen, professional men and benefactors began life as poor boys. Where such conditions exist there is every inducement for the young to exert themselves to the utmost, so that by a proper development of mind, employment of time and improvement of opportunities they may attain to a life of usefulness and honor. There is a supreme motive to spur them on, but, where these possibilities do not exist and have not for generations, the result is that the great body of the working population is left without hope and without ambition for themselves and for their children. The consequence is mental torpor, inactivity, lack of development and general stagnation. What latent possibilities in the seventy per cent. of illiterates! Had Spain educated them and extended freedom and equal rights to all, then of that vast number who can tell how many great men might have arisen! Whilst keeping the people poor and ignorant the misfortunes of the country have been perpetuated, and for these Spain is wholly responsible.

A more liberal policy must be introduced before Spain can become a great nation, and the inalienable

rights of all must be recognized before freedom of thought and religious liberty can be secured. Spain should learn from the most Christian and prosperous nation on earth how it is possible and blessed for men of different creeds, but agreeing in great fundamental truths, not merely to *tolerate*, but to love one another, and to dwell together in unity, closely allied in the same business and social interests. The Spaniards must learn to cheerfully extend to all others the same rights and charity that they claim for themselves, and to learn and acknowledge the fact that no particular branch of the Church Catholic possesses a monopoly of the truth and of the saints. Church history and the saintly character and lives of men in other communions make this evident to all except to those who are wilfully blind. There is a salutary stimulus in fraternal rivalry, producing greater activity and tending toward a healthy and more perfect growth of Christianity in the world. This becomes evident when we compare the Church of Spain with her sister Church in our country. The Church here is vastly superior, and a century in advance of the mediævalism that prevails in the peninsula; evidently there has been no loss but great gain in the ecclesiastical rivalry that here exists.

In this broad and generous spirit of Christian fellowship and charity, as well as in our educational and material development, Spain will do well to imitate

and learn some important lessons from the youngest of the greatest countries of the world.

There has, indeed, been progress in Spain during recent years, and the outlook grows brighter. The public highways have been greatly improved, extensive systems of railroads have been introduced, and by this means of rapid transportation, markets are found in the large cities for products cultivated in the interior. The population has been increasing, as well as the character of the schools, and the intelligence of the people.

The Queen Regent has been most faithful to her responsible position, and has displayed marked wisdom and ability in the discharge of public affairs, and in holding the nation together. Unquestionably she is a noble woman, and an honor to her sex.

Spain is rich in natural resources and by proper cultivation the productive wealth could be increased, at least threefold, and this is not overestimating her industrial capabilities. This measure of increase is altogether possible, and when reached the nation will have attained to a condition of material prosperity. This is making comparison with France, for there is no reason why the industrial productiveness of Spain should not be made equal to that of her northern neighbor. There is a marked contrast between their present condition. The one represents industry and prosperity, the other, indolent neglect and stagna-

tion, threatened with bankruptcy and its attendant evils.

Spain does not need more territory beyond her own peninsula, nor the colonies that she lost, but she needs to cultivate and make the most of what she has. With her extensive colonial empire, she reminded us of some poor farmer who has several hundred acres of land, while another is prosperous with but fifty acres. We know a man who realized some thousands of dollars from one acre of ground, near Chicago, by the cultivation of peonies. That meant brain and energy, but the farmers of Spain cannot boast of either. And yet the farmers seem to be the most hopeful class so far as the patient fidelity of many to their station is concerned, for they are not wholly responsible for the poor and neglected agricultural conditions of the country. The reformation must begin at the head; and the poor farmers do not belong to the influential class, but represent the plodding and oppressed ones, though they endure in silence the continued wrongs of administration. They would develop into skilled workmen with proper instruction and encouragement; and Spain must see to it that the agricultural industry is protected by wise legislation, and promoted to its utmost possibilities, for this is of supreme importance to the nation.

The mineral resources of Spain must constitute an important factor in her future material development.

From time immemorial, this country has been noted for her mineral wealth. The most of the silver that we received from antiquity, we owe to the labors of the Carthaginians, who worked the mines of Spain from B. c. 480 until B. c. 206, for it was the richest mining country in the world known to the ancients. Gold as well as silver was found in abundance. After the conquest of Carthage, the immense treasures that remained in precious metals were carried to Rome, and thence distributed throughout the world. We learn of almost fabulous quantities of silver that the Romans secured during their wars with the Carthaginians. Hannibal received enormous supplies of silver from Spain for the expense of his army. Scipio enriched the treasury of Rome, on his return from Spain, with the silver that he brought with him from the country; that was the desire of all nations who sought the precious metals, being the occasion of many wars among different people, who engaged in bloody conflict to obtain the mines of silver and gold.

The ancient Phœnicians as well as the later Romans worked the mines of Spain. The Goths and Moors and their conquerors successively delved in the earth for treasures of coal, iron, copper, lead, silver, etc., and in various mining districts old shafts have been discovered that were sunk by the Phœnicians or Romans many centuries ago.

There is treasured in the British Museum a remarkable wheel for raising water;—taken from the Rio Tinto copper mine. The ancient Romans used it for many years, and this unique piece of carpenter's work that survived them gives vivid realism to the remote times when extinct races worked for the same precious ores in this inexhaustible mine.

The mines are operated extensively by foreign capitalists; and the English and Germans, especially, have received large concessions of land from the government. Bilbao, in the Basque provinces, is famous for its rich mines of iron; Almaden, in Estramadura, has one of the largest quicksilver mines in the world, and is only surpassed by those in California.

Linares owes its importance and prosperity to its extensive mines at the foot of the Sierra de Jaen. It is in the midst of a wild and rocky country, with a tropical summer; and the English, French and German capitalists obtained these lands some years ago. These mines are celebrated for their unusually rich deposits, and they furnish one-fourth of the supply of the lead for the whole world.

Whilst the government has granted more than 12,000 concessions of mines, still there is great lack of development in this important industry of productive wealth, and there are vast mineral deposits untouched. The ancients did not exhaust the mines that they worked, for they had inadequate machinery for pump-

ing, and they rather developed them for the present generation.

The Rio Tinto Mines were acquired from the Spanish government by the London-Bremen Syndicate that spent nearly \$4,000,000 to place them in operation. It was a great and expensive undertaking, but fully justified by the successful results. It is a mountain of copper ore of nearly 5,000 acres, or eight square miles, and covered with artificial mounds, one of them representing millions of tons that were removed at various times from the mines. The Romans worked them many centuries ago, and their implements and domestic utensils are still found in that gigantic mound of broken slate and granite, and a number of shafts sunk by this ancient people have been discovered.

Of a population of 12,000 people, seven-eighths are employed in the mines. "The terraces are traversed by sixty miles of railway on which more than thirty locomotives and seven hundred and fifty wagons are running daily. From one end of the workings to the other is a journey by rail of seven or eight miles, curving in and out of hollows, crossing points, running up one slope and down another." Here is an inexhaustible supply, although worked for many centuries by the Iberians, Phœnicians and Carthaginians, long before the Romans. Most of the tunnels are large enough to admit the regular size locomotives, which

run from Huelva by railway, and returning dump the ores from the trucks into the ship's hold at Huelva.

We were astonished at the general indifference among the people of Spain over the loss of their colonial empire, especially in view of the characteristic pride of the nation. However, their apparent apathy may be due to the fact that they have been hardened by misfortunes, and accustomed to disappointments and national calamities through the many generations of misrule. Besides, those who understood the real significance of their foreign possessions, knew that there was neither glory nor money in the sovereignty, but rather a drain upon their treasury; whilst the repeated insurrections and partial victories meant humiliation to the mother country, and the sacrifice of thousands of her sons.

Nevertheless, their native pride did not like the manner in which their colonies passed from them. They had a crushing debt; and they wished the nation had considered the friendly overtures of the United States to secure the freedom of Cuba by pledging the payment of, at least, \$200,000,000. But when that generous proposition was handed to the unwise Minister of Foreign Affairs, he threw it aside with the contemptuous remark, "Spain's birthright is not to be sold for a mess of pottage." However, it was just that sort of a "mess" that Spain greatly needed.

The Spaniards even expected to win, for they were

ignorant of the character of our people and our magnificent resources. Their leaders knew that we had only a small and scattered army of 25,000 men, whilst they had 200,000 soldiers in Cuba alone; and they calculated that we were unprepared for war, and that with rapid movements and sudden attacks with their united forces, they might defeat us in an engagement, as the Germans did the French at Sedan, and in the end win glory for Spain. It was evident from the public press, that prominent men in other nations of Europe shared the same opinion, and counted the probable chances against us on sea, as well as on the island of Cuba. We recall several editors of Canadian papers, who ventured to play the rôle of false prophets, and volunteered to suggest that it was easier for us to boast of victories than to win them and that we would get different ideas after meeting the brave Spanish in battle, for they were trained and experienced soldiers. Well, we met them, and the world has learned the result. It was a surprise to some especially to the Spaniards, for on the very eve of the battle of Manila, the Marine Minister stated before the Parliament what he had done to strengthen the defenses there, saying "very shortly the splendor of victory will burst forth and illumine the country." Instead, what gloomy consternation spread over Spain when the battle had been actually fought and the victory appeared on the other side!

That was a startling revelation, for they had been kept in ignorance of the greatness of our country; but their inglorious defeat, that resulted in the utter destruction of their fleet without the loss of a single man on our side, was an object lesson so plain, that even the most unlettered Spaniard might understand, although seventy per cent. were unable to read the account of the disaster.

However, the officials, true to the dark ways of Spanish politics, made that memorable naval battle of May 1st, 1898, read that it was a glorious battle for Spain. But no such change in the report of the battle of Manila could change the actual results. When the Parliament assembled, several members attacked the Minister of Marine because the promised victory had resulted so disastrously for Spain, and that he had neglected the necessary preparations. Then tragedy passed into comedy, for he began his defense by showing the folly there would have been in the suggested precaution of placing submarine torpedoes like the one that precipitated the war by blowing up the Maine:—and waxing eloquent, he closed by informing them that he had not overlooked the matter, but had actually sent 150 torpedos, which were *now* on their way to Manila. The opposition replied with cutting ridicule, as they exclaimed: “In jolly good time.”

Admiral Cervera had about the same kind of

“time,” a little later, when he attempted to escape from our fleet that had the Spanish war ships bottled up in Santiago Harbor, for every one of the enemy’s ships was either sunk or disabled, and the disaster was as sudden and complete as that which Admiral Dewey inflicted at Manila. But so impassive and indifferent did the Spanish nation appear, that they welcomed back their Admiral as though nothing very serious had happened, or as if they should be thankful that they had only lost their fleet, but had recovered their Admiral. The nation showed its full measure of appreciation by electing him to the Senate, even before the High Court had investigated the special cause or responsibility for his disastrous loss at Santiago, in order to determine whether he deserved praise or censure from his country. Later the Superior Council of War reached the conclusion that there was no ground for trial nor action against the Admiral for his inglorious defeat, beyond the superior American Navy.

Spain had not only suffered the loss of her extensive colonial possession, but about 100,000 men, that fell during the insurrection and in the Spanish-American War, yet the nation manifested a phlegmatic spirit that was appalling. Even her ex-Minister of War declared that “in no nation has there ever been such ignorance of the situation, or such scorn for horrible catastrophes. To-day Spain appears to be a corpse, a

dead soul." And yet, in spite of the mournful disaster that ought to have put the people in sackcloth and ashes, the mourning was almost wholly limited to those who had been bereaved of their loved ones, for the theatres continued in full play; and the cruel and revolting spectacle of the bull-fight was not abated, but attracted the thousands of spectators whose intense pleasure and applause were not lessened by the character and magnitude of the calamities that had befallen the nation. Perhaps they consoled themselves in the memory of past glories, that could not be wrested from them.

There is much in the Spanish character that is hopeful, which the wrongs of centuries could not destroy. Mr. Barrow, who spent years among the common people, says: "I have found in Spain, amongst much that is lamentable and reprehensible, much that is noble and to be admired; much stern heroic virtue; much savage and horrible crime: of low vulgar vice, very little, at least, amongst the great body of the Spanish nation. There is still valor in Asturia, generosity in Aragon, probity in Old Castile." The remarkable traits of character manifested by the people at the close of the war are the product of the generations of the past; for they have come through natural inheritance, and the law of necessity that has compelled them to submit in all things, even without being furnished with a reason.

As a natural result of the war, which cost Spain the loss of her colonies, Spanish trade has declined in a corresponding degree, and to such an alarming extent that the government has seen the necessity of doing all in its power to cultivate trade and commerce with the Spanish-American republics. It has invited representatives of these republics to the Hispano-American Congress at Madrid, with a view of devising means to promote friendly relations, and to retain, and even increase interchange of trade. One thing is certain, that Spain cannot afford to suffer commercial decline, but she must increase her commerce if the country would prosper. The cotton and flour trade are the two industries that have suffered most from the loss of the colonies, and the consequent reduction of exports. One reason for the decline of trade is owing to the fact that, after the loss of the colonial empire, nearly 100,000 resident Spaniards, some of them engaged in business, and men of wealth, abandoned their former homes and returned to their mother country. Naturally the increased trade will be enjoyed by our country, but Spain must meet the situation by looking elsewhere. An interview with one of the merchants showed us that he looks to England for a solution of the difficulty, and he gave us the following :

“Spain’s future aggrandizement may possibly depend on her own choice in contracting commercial

alliances with other nations. Her proximity to England, one of the greatest markets in the world, renders the idea of this union a very probable and important fact. Spain is the only country which can offer England the positive advantages which Englishmen desire for their commercial transactions. We know England does not produce wines, fruits, olives nor minerals, which she greatly consumes, and which are imported by the intermediation of France.

“The two countries, therefore, ought to be in direct communication with each other, and can well do without the aid of France. England should certainly not depend on France to provide her with Spanish products. Another convincing reason for the commercial union between England and Spain, lies in the mining industry.

“It is in the nature of Spaniards to be excellent and hardy miners, in which they bear a close resemblance to the English. Spain does not possess large funds, destined for the exportation of her vast mineral mines, and England on her part is in want of what Spain can afford in more advantageous and suitable conditions than any other country. Thus the prosperity of Spain would undoubtedly increase by providing England with what she most requires for her commercial industry. It must also be taken into account, the great benefit the latter would derive by the direct importation in great abundance of Spanish

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agricultural products, which are now destined for exportation elsewhere."

The Civil Guards of Spain are evidence of the improved condition, for once traveling was unsafe in many portions of the country. The Civil Guards are composed of picked men, and are an honor to the nation. They are a strong, noble and trustworthy body of men, under strict military discipline, and invested with military and civil authority. We see them in every city and town, and along every highway. They accompany every train, stepping out as soon as the station is reached, and entering the coach as the train starts; by their presence they have become a terror to evil doers, and the trains are no longer held up and the passengers robbed by highwaymen. It would be well for us to adopt a similar system on our western trains. They always go in pairs to prevent being surprised, and in the country they act as mounted police, riding along the public roads. They have rid the country of brigandage and reduced lawlessness to a minimum. They are armed with rifles and are every inch soldiers, having had a long and honorable service in the regular army. They wear a fine uniform and are scrupulously clean in dress and speech, being most courteous on all occasions. They are to be faithful to duty at any peril, and are not to accept a reward for any service. They must aid any traveler in case of accident or distress

as far as necessary, and in towns they are to aid in extinguishing fires, and render any possible service to the country in time of disaster to bridges, vineyards, etc. In brief they are devoted to the public welfare.

In many respects Spain is a unique country because of its isolation. It is separated from the rest of Europe by the Pyrenees which constitute an impassible barrier to all communication, for the mountains are not penetrated by so much as a wagon road. This physical isolation explains the distinctive character of the Spaniards, who have assimilated so little from other countries. Spain has also been in many respects "an incoherent country, made up of a congeries of peoples, diverse in racial origin, in character and pursuits—still speaking different languages, with distinct historical traditions." By the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella, their political possessions were united, but the union between Castile and Aragon was by no means so intimate and one-souled as that between the sovereigns. The spirit of localism, or love for each one's own town was supreme, and prevailed to a certain extent through the centuries; the feeling frequently manifests itself in certain localities that have a strong sentiment for autonomy. This tendency that threatens the peace and unity of Spain is the natural inheritance of the early history of the country, when diverse sections and elements were united under the wedded sovereigns. The spirit of autonomy is most

pronounced in Catalonia, and there are frequent uprisings in the great commercial city of Barcelona.

They have had no lack of revolutions, but all were on a limited scale, not a general uprising, and hence the realization of their fondest hopes was defeated. The Carlist rebellions have failed, but the Republican character of the people of Catalonia, with their energy, industry, prosperity, wealth and intelligence, may become a powerful factor in determining the future of Spain. The Carlists have become largely represented in the great city of Barcelona, where their political influence is felt. The situation is even more complicated since the Princess of the Asturias, and heiress presumptive to the throne, has married Don Carlos de Bourbon, a son of the Count of Caserta, for he is an undisguised Carlist.

The population of Spain is held in abeyance by the military force, for that is the support of the government; but from the army, as in the days of imperial Rome, there may yet be chosen the leader to overturn the existing order of things, whether for better or worse, we cannot tell. We were told that many were sadly disappointed with Weyler on his return because he refused to lend himself to the popular will of the Republican party. The rank and file of the 250,000 soldiers who returned from Cuba and the Philippines for the most part received no favors, nor special recognition from the government, and were ready for re-

volt had an able leader like General Weyler encouraged them. He was in favor with the Catalonians, and some believed that with his vast influence and resources, he would yet espouse the cause of the Republican minority, and lead a revolution against the monarchy. We expressed our doubts, and lack of faith in Weyler for the amelioration of the country, and yet stranger things have happened in Spain, and by less capable and ambitious men than the Captain-General.

We must not form our ideas respecting the Spaniards, merely from what we see of them in Andalusia and Castile. The sturdy and energetic people are found in the North and Basque provinces, and in Catalonia. The time will come when Spain will move, and become that power which her natural resources fit her for. Lionel Holland says of the situation: "Spanish intellect is becoming pervious to modern ideas—so long shrouded from its perspective. They are quickening the aspirations of popular Catalonia. The tawny Catalan operatives—proud, reserved, yet with daring and restless energy glittering in their steel-blue eyes—are consumed by republican fervor. They constitute a dangerous element,—Napoleon alleged that he had never met a race with larger powers of resistance. The devotion of the sturdy Basque peasant is proverbial. Asturias and the Balearic Islands are peopled by an honest and healthy

agricultural folk; while the despised Gallegos train into brave and hardy soldiers. A tourist who derives his ideas of the Spanish people from the careless Adaluces, or from the Castilians, gains but little perception of the human material on which may be built up a regenerated nation."

There are many who have no hope in the monarchy, and through the country the spirit of federalism is growing. This is especially strong in the provinces of Catalonia and Valencia, where the people are convinced that the only hope for the redemption of Spain lies in establishing a federal republic, in which there shall be absolute liberty of conscience, and freedom from the many evils that now exist. Some are even expecting that Catalonia will rise in her might and declare for autonomy, for the sentiment and spirit of localism is most pronounced in this region. Many declare that Spain is on the eve of a great political upheaval, though of what character they cannot predict. Unless the present government introduces more radical and important reforms, the country is liable soon to be seriously disturbed by rebellion and civil war. Spain alone will be responsible, for the people have suffered long and patiently from bad government, and the wonder is that the disturbances have not been greater and more frequent.

Revolution

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