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A  
SHORT HISTORY OF  
**SPAIN**

BY  
MARY PLATT PARMELE



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ALFONSO XIII., King of Spain

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**EXCHANGE.**

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## SHORT HISTORY OF SPAIN.

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EUROPE is like a garden which has been planted at long intervals with different kinds of seeds; all alike brought from that same Aryan garden in Asia, but widely differing from each other in quality. None ever bore such blossom and such fruit as those first choice seeds which were scattered in Greece. In fact, none bore any fruit or blossom *at all* until they were grafted with the first marvellous growth from that classic land.

The rest sent out great outspreading branches, and grew into rank forests; and their deep, strong roots became at last so interlaced and intermingled that the original character of the growth was sometimes lost.

Such was the case in Spain. That

OLD  
SPAIN

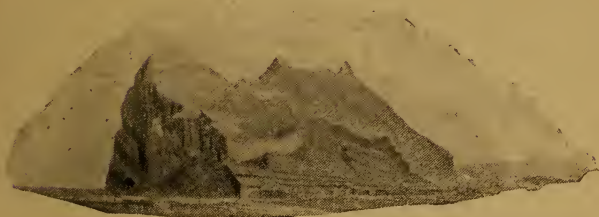
sunny corner in the European garden was in the early ages thickly planted with *Keltic* Aryans. They were not gifted like the Pelasgians. They built no temples, created no civilization; but for ages continued to be simple, rude barbarians, worshipping the sky, the sun, the stars, the ocean, the thunder, and the bird, in groves of sacred oak, where they offered sacrifices to these terrible powers of nature. This religion was called *Druid*. It prevailed in Gaul (ancient France and Spain), in Britain, and in most of the lands peopled by Aryans, and meant "*Sons of Oak.*"

We read that the people of ancient Tyre and other Eastern cities used to sail to Tarshish, and come back laden with treasure. Now, do you know that that distant land was the southern coast of Spain just west of Gibraltar?

The poets and prophets of the Bible have much to say of this Tarshish, showing the communication then existing between the



Spanish coast and the world of Isaiah and of Job!



**T**HEN a century after Homer, when the young Greek nation was expanding, they too sent ships to Tarshish, and founded cities and colonies on the Spanish coast. And when they returned to Greece they told of the two pillars which had been set up by the great god Hercules at the entrance to the sea (Gibraltar). These Pillars of Hercules were intended to mark the end of the habitable globe, beyond which none might dare to venture. For it was a region of horror and of mystery!

**BIBLICAL  
TIMES**

But it was not until after Greece had run its course, and been swallowed up by the growing republic west of her, that the Spanish peninsula came to be really known.

It was the mailed hand of the Roman which dragged it out of mystery and obscurity; and it came about in this way:

The ancient Phoenicians had long ago built the city of Carthage on the northern coast of Africa, and these Carthaginians, who had become a great people, were the one powerful rival of the young Roman republic, which had just swallowed Greece and felt a strong desire to absorb everything within her reach.

PUNIC  
WARS

The Carthaginians had also long ago built cities in Spain; and when, in a war with the Romans, they lost their islands of Sardinia and Sicily, they found the Spanish peninsula a convenient place from which to direct their operations against Rome, and they destroyed Saguntum, the one Roman city in Spain, and claimed the entire peninsula as their own. So in those great "Punic Wars" (as the wars between Rome and Carthage were called) the Romans first learned the value and the beauty of this Spanish peninsula. And

after they had conquered Hannibal, and had destroyed his great city of Carthage, and ploughed it, and sowed it with salt, they turned their eyes upon the fair Hispania (as they called it) and adopted it as their own.

So in time the Romans covered Spain, or Hispania, with their own civilization (which, as we have seen, was borrowed from the Greeks!). Their speech and their customs effaced the old barbarism and Druidism. They founded great cities—Cordova, Cadiz, and others; built roads and aqueducts, and temples, and amphitheatres for their games and festivals, and for four hundred years Spain was completely Romanized, and the original Keltic Aryans were merely the soil out of which the transplanted civilization grew and flourished. But after a time the great Roman empire became old and feeble. The Goths had been tormenting her for four centuries. They had sapped her vitality and broken her spirit; and now a stream of

that dreadful people had long been setting toward the southwest—few in numbers at first, but with increasing volume—until Rome in her helpless old age discovered that her beautiful Hispania was overrun by her own terrible destroyers, the Goths.

**GOTHIC  
INVASION**

There were two branches of this invading host: the Ostrogoths, or Eastern, and the Visigoths, meaning the Western. The Ostrogoths were in Italy, and it was the Visigoths who had been surging over the Pyrenees. By the year 415 A.D. there was a Gothic empire in Spain, and the rule of the Visigoth kings had commenced.

It seemed a great misfortune to have a civilization four hundred years old trampled under foot by barbarians. But no better thing could have happened to Spain. Each needed what the other possessed. The luxurious, effeminate Romans were recreated by the manly vigor of the Goths; and the rough, untutored but intelligent Goths hungrily absorbed refining art and culture from the Romans.

The result was a vigorous government in the hands of the Goth, who in turn surrendered his own habits and speech and submissively adopted those of Romanized Spain. So the conquerors were conquered by the higher civilization! They ceased to be barbarians, and were partly merged with the weaker race, whom they ruled with a strong hand.

The Goths brought with them into Spain a simple form of Christianity.

EARLY  
CHRISTI-  
ANITY

A Christian boy named Ulfilas, whom they had captured off the coast of Asia Minor in the fourth century, told his captors the story of Christ. They had no written language, so this wonderful youth invented an alphabet of twenty-two letters, and translated the Bible into the Gothic speech.

This simple Christianity which the Goths had learned from Ulfilas and his Bible told nothing about the Trinity, nor any of the mysteries which the church had been puzzling over since Rome had adopted

her, and which had been finally explained by great church councils.

So the childlike religion brought by the Goths into Spain was considered by the learned and converted Romans very wicked heresy, because it knew nothing about these sacred dogmas of the church. And the Goths in turn hated those strange doctrines of which Ulfilas had said nothing, and of which their Gothic Bible said not a word!

Then Spain was deluged with the blood shed by these opposing factions of the church of Christ, fighting to the death over dogmas which neither understood. Two centuries earlier, it was the blood of the early Christians with which Rome was drenching the soil of Spain. But in the fourth century the wicked old Roman Empire had been converted to Christianity; and now, she undertook to decide what that Christianity meant and what it did not mean. And disagreeing with the decisions of her church council meant heresy. And heresy meant death!

The Gothic Empire had at first extended beyond the Pyrenees. But another German race, the Franks, had snatched that land from the expiring empire, and now all of eastern Gaul was becoming France.

These Franks had also become Christians. It was a poor sort of Christianity, as you have seen, after the Roman Empire had adopted it and decided what it meant! But it was better than Greek paganism, and far better than Druidism, and with all its imperfections it was the hope of the world.

So for three hundred years the Visigoth kings ruled Spain with a strong hand and fought the battles of their simple faith. They compelled the people to speak the Latin language, but in doing so, there was placed upon it the Gothic form of speech. The Spanish language is the result of this strange mingling of Latin and Gothic; and it is for that reason extremely easy for English-speaking people to learn. The words all have Latin roots; but, like our own, they are put together in simple

ORIGINAL  
SPANISH  
LAN-  
GUAGE

Gothic fashion. In the year 709, while Roderick, the last Visigoth king, was sitting at his capital in Toledo, a strange host began to arrive on the southern coast of Spain; armed men, swarthy and turbaned, unlike any ever before seen in Spain.

This was the beginning of that great Mohammedan invasion, the results of which we are witnessing to-day. From that ill-omened hour in 709 to this March of 1898 the Mohammedan has been in Europe; for centuries threatening to overwhelm it, and for other centuries refusing to be dislodged from the territory he has blighted and made his own. From that distant day to this a battle has waged between the two civilizations—Mohammedanism and Christianity. One the creator of darkness and the other of light! And it was a strange sight we beheld recently when Greece, the smallest kingdom in Europe, was the standard-bearer of one and the Sultan of Turkey of the other!



The dusky host which poured into Spain in 709 and overturned the Gothic Empire, were called Saracens. They had come from Arabia, conquering as they came, and had colonized the north coast of Africa. From that point they had formed their plan to conquer Spain, and thence, all of Europe.

**SARACEN  
INVASION**

The first Arab chief who landed on Spanish soil was named Tarif, and after him that spot was called Tarifa. This was later the place where duties were levied upon incoming ships. Hence it is that our word is tariff, a strange memorial of the first Arab Moslem who set foot in Europe!

As the Visigoths had for three centuries ruled Romanized Spain, so now the Saracens for three centuries more ruled that land through their caliphs at Cordova, and for four centuries after that had their own Moorish kings in southern Spain. As the Visigoths had brought renewed strength to an enfeebled race, so now the Saracens

brought learning and the art of beauty to a race which had become semi-barbarous.



THE extinguishing of the old Roman civilization by the Goths was followed in Europe by a time of darkest night; and it was during these centuries of darkness that the Spanish Arabs illuminated Spain with a splendid civilization. They converted desert places into verdant gardens. They created fairy palaces, and mosques, and built aqueducts, and had vast libraries (one at Cordova of 600,000 volumes), and all this at the very time known in Europe as the *Dark Ages!*

The ruins of the mosque they erected at Cordova give us to-day some idea of its fabulous magnificence. On entering this ruin to-day with the remains of its four thousand pillars of colored marbles, it looks like a pine forest, with overarching branches at the top; and in the time

of its glory it must have been of dazzling splendor.

The Spaniards mixed as little as possible with these Asiatic invaders, and proudly kept themselves aloof in the northern provinces of Spain, cherishing memories of their vanished kings and greatness.

One of the earliest symptoms of *decline in a power is its loss of unity*. The decline of the Moors in Spain commenced when they began to quarrel among themselves. Then the Spaniards began to recover little by little their lost territory, the power of the Spaniards in the north increasing as that of the Moors in the south declined. For centuries the Christian kingdom and the Moslem kingdom lived side by side, the Spaniard encroaching farther and farther upon the Moor, until at last the Moorish Empire, which had once held sway over all of Spain, was narrowed down to the little province of Grenada, two hundred miles long. And there, in the city of

DECLINE  
OF  
MOORISH  
EMPIRE

that name, the kings of Grenada reigned in that wonderful palace of the *Alhambra*, which travellers visit to-day and where they gaze in wonder at its labyrinth of corridors, halls, and apartments all filled with legends of sultanas, and stained with the blood of treacherous assassinations; its subterranean vaults and passages burrowing into the mountain depths, and, it is said, still containing treasures of vanished kings.

In the fifteenth century the Spanish provinces of Castile and of Arragon had absorbed the other smaller kingdoms of Spain. The Spaniards were rich in pride and in memories, but very poor in money. And when the young Isabella, Princess of Castile, was married to her cousin Ferdinand, Prince of Arragon, she had to borrow money to pay for her marriage expenses.

Isabella's soul was filled with one lofty purpose. That was the expelling of the Moors from Spain and the restoration of

the empire of the cross in her entire country. And it was under her powerful influence that Ferdinand embarked in the final struggle against the Moors.

So it is not strange that in 1484, Columbus with his great project of discovery had to wait long years before his sovereigns would listen to him. But in 1492, Grenada, the last stronghold of the Moors, had fallen, and Boabdil, the last Moorish king, extended to the Spanish king the great keys of the Alhambra, saying: "These keys are thine, O king, since Allah has decreed it. Be not unmerciful to the vanquished."

So the Arabian empire in Spain, after seven hundred and eighty-three years, had expired. Fragments of the conquered race lingered in the country, but in less than a century the last of these were forcibly driven on board galleys and conveyed to the African coast. Then the Moors were extinct in the land of their adoption, which they had brought to a prosperity

and intellectual greatness never since surpassed.

It was Isabella who accomplished this great end for Spain; and it was Isabella who won for Spain her new empire in the West, which brought untold wealth into the royal treasury—wealth so fabulous that the queen must have smiled as she recalled the time when she had to borrow money to pay for the expenses of her marriage with Ferdinand.

Isabella had a powerful mind and great nobility of soul and of character. It was a great moment for Columbus, and for the world, when in the face of opposition from Ferdinand and her court, she proudly arose and said: "I undertake it for the crown of Castile. I will pledge my jewels for this voyage of discovery!" And great must have been her satisfaction and joy when the news came of land beyond the Atlantic! And for Columbus—no moment ever exceeded that in which he was royally received by the queen who had trusted

COLUM-  
BUS'  
VOYAGE

him, and upon whom he had bestowed a new empire! Although Spain loaded him with chains and broke his heart after that, she could never take away the memory of that hour.

This great queen and woman had heavy sorrows. Her only son, heir to the combined thrones of Castile and Arragon, died just after his marriage with the daughter of Maximilian, Emperor of Germany. Another child, wife of the King of Portugal, also died, and was soon followed by her infant, who would have united the crowns of Portugal and Spain. Another daughter, who married the son of the Emperor of Germany, became insane, while still another had a fate scarcely less unfortunate. She became the wife of that terrible King of England, Henry VIII., and was known as the unhappy Catharine of Arragon.

So all the queen's hopes were centred in her grandchild, Charles, the son of her crazed daughter. How she would have

been consoled had she known that as Charles V. of Germany and Charles I. of Spain this child was to become the greatest sovereign in Europe. But she did not know this. Nor did she ever know the grandeur of the discovery she had enabled Columbus to make; nor that she was the innocent means of bringing destruction and awful miseries upon a helpless race of beings whom it was her dream to Christianize! Nor did she realize that in zeal for her adored religion she had created the most awful instrument of cruelty that ever existed.

The unbelieving Jews in Spain were a source of grief to Isabella, second only to the infidel Moors. To her devout soul heresy was the greatest of all evils, because it led to death eternal. Torquemada, her spiritual adviser, convinced her that the cause of the holy faith required either the conversion or the extermination of these infidel Jews.


With this end in view a court of inquisi-



tion was established; that is, a court intended to inquire into the religious belief of suspected persons, who if found guilty of heresy were punished with horrible severity.

**T**ORQUEMADA was the creator and inquisitor-general of this awful tribunal to which Isabella gave reluctant consent,

INQUI-  
TION



even as a mother might consent to the punishment of a child for its own good. And so while the Spaniards were practising their first cruelties upon those innocent natives of the West Indies, the Jews were being hunted out of Spain by this terrible Inquisition.

But it was Isabella's hand which guided Spain into the path of national greatness at this time. From being the most obscure of the European states, it suddenly took rank among the great kingdoms.

The alliances planned for her children were wise and far-reaching, although all failed of the great ends she intended excepting that of her insane daughter.

CHARLES I. Charles, the son of this Joanna, was the heir not alone to the Spanish crown, but to the larger and heavier crown of Germany, for which he and Francis I. (of France) fiercely contended. The wearer of that crown would rule all of central Europe; and if awarded to Charles, his dominion would extend besides over Spain, and over all her new and vast possessions in the West. The electors of Germany preferred Charles to Francis, and so it was that Isabella's grandson, when only nineteen years old, was the greatest sovereign in Europe, and ruled an empire upon which the sun never set.

What had been in Isabella simply an ardent longing to save souls from destruction and a devout belief in her own sacred religion, reappeared in Charles, her grandson, in the form of intense bigotry. Just

as ardently as she had fought against Moslem Moors and heretic Jews in Spain, he spent his energies and his reign in trying to destroy another and a new form of heresy.

Protestantism was born the year after Charles assumed the crown (1517), and the Inquisition had a larger and richer field for its horrible work. After thirty-nine years of fruitless struggle with this growing Protestantism; after the wheel, and the rack, and the stake had failed to check this greatest of all heresies, the weary Charles was ready to lay down his crown. He abdicated in favor of his son Philip and retired to a monastery, where he died.

It is a strange fact that Isabella, that admirable queen and woman, unconsciously created the two conditions which gave the keynote to Spanish character and policy. She bestowed upon Spain those sources of fabulous wealth in the New World, and she created the Inqui-

sition! The first developed that *cupidity*, or love of gold, which became the ruling passion in Spain, while the Inquisition, in the name of religion, extinguished the very sentiment of pity in the Spanish heart. So when *cupidity* became the ruling passion, side by side with it grew that twin demon, *cruelty*.

The messengers of Charles V. had been in the New World extending his empire farther and farther toward the West—Cortez in Mexico, Pizarro in Peru, and cruel discoverers wherever gold glistened, carrying into a new hemisphere misery which can never be measured. From the emperor on his throne to the humblest Spanish adventurer in America the word *mercy* was unknown, and *cupidity* and *cruelty* were the end and the means!

PHILIP

But the reign of Charles was tender and gentle compared with that of his son Philip. Never has civilized and Christian monarch perpetrated such cruelties over such an extent of territory, as

did this unscrupulous, fascinating, death-dealing son of Charles V. It is consoling to remember that he married that terrible daughter of Henry VIII. and Catharine of Arragon, known as Bloody Mary, which was some slight retribution. But he did not let her make him very miserable, as he lived almost all the time far away from his English queen; who, it is said, was vainly striving to win his love by burning heretics in England.

Of course the object of this marriage with Mary was the greater glory of Spain in the union of Spain and England under one crown. But the death of Mary, followed by the accession of her Protestant sister Elizabeth, put an end to that dream. So Philip determined to get by conquest what he could not acquire by marriage. But the defeat of the Spanish Armada by Elizabeth's ships forever put an end to these ambitious designs upon Protestant England.

At this time Spain had reached the

HIDALGOS height of her splendor. She was the envied of Europe. Kings bowed down to her and humbly asked for her infantas and princes for their sons and daughters. No nobles in Europe were prouder than the Spanish grandees, or *Hidalgos*; and the very name *Castilian* caused a thrill of admiring wonder—and does yet! *Castile* was the centre of the old Spanish life and traditions during all the dark centuries of the Moorish occupation. And the word *Hidalgo* was originally three Spanish words—*Hijo de algo*; meaning *son of somebody*. And just as our “*Sons of the Revolution*” take pride in being the sons of American patriots, so these *Hidalgos* gloried in being descended from the ancient heroes of the days of the Visigoth kings.

They never ceased to pray and hope for the restoration of their race, and when the time was ripe, they splendidly reclaimed the throne of their ancestors as I have just told you. Is it strange that they

took pride in their past? But greater glories awaited them.

It was Spain which equipped the fleets and sent out Columbus, Magellan, Balboa, De Soto; and it was Spanish daring, courage, and adventure which unlocked the mystery of a new hemisphere.

Her viceroys in Mexico, Peru, and the West Indies ruled over lands fabulous in size and in wealth, and a stream of inexhaustible riches was flowing back across the ocean pathway which they themselves had made.

The imagination cannot conceive anything more splendidly romantic than the history of Spain at this time, and the wealth and the glory she swiftly attained between the day when Ferdinand and Isabella received the keys of the Alhambra from Boabdil, and the day when she was annexed to the empire of Germany, and was at the head of Europe!

The shadows in the picture, deep and terrible, mingle with lights dazzling and

magnificent. But the shadows were going to spread and deepen, and the lights within a century were to grow dim. Other nations were in the New World. There was an English colony in North America, not eagerly wringing treasure out of the soil, but putting treasure into it. That priceless treasure, character and manhood, was being thickly planted in New England, and laying foundations deep and wide for an empire which was going to crowd the Spaniard out of the New World he had discovered.

NORTH  
AMERICA  
COLONIES

Nations cannot live on past glories, any more than men. A mantle, however magnificent it may be, grows shabby with time, and needs to be renewed. Two centuries after Isabella, Spain produced no more heroes, and her kings were feeble and incompetent. She still proudly wore her mantle of glory, but it was getting old and tarnished. The other nations no longer feared and flattered her. They were no longer afraid she would absorb



them, but began to think of absorbing her.

You know how quickly the vultures find out when an animal is dying, and how they hover over it impatient for the feast. Well, the very same thing happens to great kingdoms.

You remember how swiftly the Saracen vultures scented from afar the dying Roman Empire! Another old empire is perishing to-day in the southeast of Europe, and you have seen how eagerly the vultures are watching and waiting, each fearing the other will get to the banquet first. And when one hungrier and stronger than the rest, unable longer to wait, nibbles around the edges, the rest fly at him in a frenzy and drive him away. And they do so only because they are *so* sorry for the poor sick creature, who, they declare, shall not be disturbed, but just left to die comfortably!

Well, when Spain's glory had departed, the nations which had once been afraid of her began to think of devouring her, and

every time her throne has been vacant (and it has had a habit of getting vacant!) there has been a scramble for it; all her great neighbors having princes claiming to be related to the royal house of Spain, and in this way having a claim to the succession.

When other nations decide who shall and who shall not occupy a vacant throne, that country's greatness lies far behind it. Such a moment arrived for Spain in the year 1700.

The greatest power in Europe at that time was the kingdom of France, and Louis XIV. was the sovereign before whom all the others were bowing down. One would have supposed that the great Louis had had glory and conquest enough to satisfy a mortal king. But he wanted more; and he always wanted Spain, and thought the Pyrenees were a mistake! That is, that there should be no barrier between France and Spain, which should be one country. Early in life he had married the infanta, or daughter, of the

King of Spain; but he had been obliged before doing so to renounce for his heirs all claim upon that throne.

Now, in 1700, the King of Spain had died, and there was no heir in the regular succession. There were several young princes in Europe, more or less nearly connected with the royal line in Spain, but none more closely than the grandson of Louis XIV., whose grandmother was the infanta. There was everything to make him the most eligible and desirable candidate, the only obstacle being that renunciation years before. So the opportunity had come to the ambitious king, and between him and the long coveted throne of Spain there lay only a little promise.

Finally the matter of succession, which was to be decided by the Pope, was all comfortably arranged. The Pope and Louis, after "prayerful deliberation," fixed up the little trouble about the promise, and Louis' grandson, nineteen years old,

was proclaimed King of Spain. The great French king, in the fulness of his satisfaction, exclaimed, "The Pyrenees have ceased to exist!" meaning that his grandson would one day be sovereign of both countries. But the Pyrenees have stood solidly ever since, and Spain and France have never been united under one crown.

With this event the reign of the descendants of Ferdinand and Isabella, the real Spanish sovereigns, was at an end. The Spanish Bourbons, beginning with this young Philip, were, as you can see, in reality French, with only a Spanish strain in their blood; and, excepting for a few intervals of time, that house has ruled Spain ever since and does so to-day.

In the mean time there was a large group of Spanish provinces in the northern part of South America and in the West Indies leading a miserable existence. They were ruled by viceroys sent from Spain, and were in fact little more than slaves toiling not for themselves, but for a cruel and

avaricious master. Three hundred years of this sort of servitude had made of them a humble, submissive race, hoping and expecting nothing better.

But in the year 1776 something happened in the New World which caused a thrill like an electric shock. The nations of Europe were stupefied with amazement. A little handful of English colonists revolted against the tyranny of their mother country, and declared their purpose to become a free and independent people.

Unhappily for England she had a king and a minister, who supposed that British manhood in America was something different from British manhood in England; and that she might after the manner of Spain use her prosperous colonies for the benefit of herself. It was a fatal mistake. But it led to one of the most momentous events in history. Not for America alone, but for the world a new epoch commenced, when the United States of America took its place among the nations of the earth.

EFFECT OF  
AMERI-  
CAN REV-  
OLUTION

In looking rapidly in this way over the history of centuries, we see that great kingdoms are no more permanent than the clouds in the sky. There is incessant change. While we are looking at them they dissolve and change in shape; great masses breaking up into fragments and little ones piling up into great shining mountains. A time was now approaching when these overturnings in the European sky were going to be more complete and rapid than ever before.

France had made a terrible experiment in trying to be like free America. She had passed through her awful "Reign of Terror," and then had been held in the firm grasp of her new master, Napoleon Bonaparte.

This man was not content with ruling France; he aspired to be a world-conqueror like Alexander, Cæsar, and Charlemagne. And it looked at one time as if he might succeed. He overturned most of the thrones in Europe and placed upon

them members of his own household. You know in playing chess, if you get your pawn into the king row, it becomes a king; or a queen, which is the same thing. So this wonderful player pushed up his pawns one after another, and finally his brother Joseph was in the "king row," and the crown of Spain was placed upon his head!

But the great Napoleonic storm-cloud which had suddenly darkened Europe dissolved as quickly as it came. In less than ten years the man who had threatened to be the master of Europe was a prisoner in the distant island of St. Helena, and King Joseph had ignominiously fled from Spain with one little gold piece in his pocket.

The Spanish Bourbons were restored to the miserable and now distracted country. That prosperous free republic in America (the United States) was having a mischievous effect upon the Spanish colonies in South America. Several were already in

revolt. It began to look as if, instead of one, there might be several young republics across the sea, and that Spain would lose a great part of her splendid trans-Atlantic possessions. So three of the kingdoms of Europe formed a sort of "European concert." They called it the "Holy Alliance." Its purpose was the putting down of this mischievous spirit of freedom, and the defence of what they called the "divine right of kings."

That sort of thing would have done very well in the seventeenth or even the eighteenth century—but this was the nineteenth! There was a new and very different spirit in the air. In spite of the Holy Alliance, and in spite of the resistance of Spain, in 1826 James Monroe, President of the United States of America, acknowledged the independence of five South American states, and one after another the governments of Europe were obliged to do the same.

For over three centuries Spain had ruled



one of the richest and most beautiful portions of the globe. She had shown herself perfectly unfit for the responsibility and undeserving of the great opportunity. The loss was terrible and humiliating, but it was richly deserved.



YOU know that losses in property and in position sometimes make people cross. The people in Spain were very cross. They were asking why their once great country had dwindled into insignificance? Some thought it was because she had too much freedom; and others that she had not enough. So two political parties arose, a liberal, and a reactionary party. The one desired a freer constitution in keeping with a new age, and the other believed that the good old despotic way of ruling with a tight rein was the safe one. They claimed that the Holy Alliance had shown the true way to deal with new-fangled theories about human rights and

freedom. And some even recalled the fact that it was in the days of the Inquisition that their country had been so glorious!

Just at this time (1830) there was trouble about the "Spanish succession," that is, about who should occupy the throne in case of the death of King Ferdinand, who had succeeded Joseph Bonaparte. Ferdinand's only child was an infant daughter. The party of extreme views about monarchy and religion insisted that Don Carlos, brother of the king, was the proper heir, because at one time the "Salic law" (or the law excluding females from the throne) had prevailed in Spain. The liberal party insisted that that law was no longer in force and that the little Isabella was the rightful heir. Party feeling ran very high. The advocates of Don Carlos were called Carlists. From that time until our own, there has been always a Don Carlos to represent these extreme views. And in all times of trouble or uncertainty the Carlists have

DON  
CARLOS

been watching and scheming to get into power and are an ever-present source of danger in Spanish politics.

But the liberal party was triumphant, and the crown of Spain passed in 1833 to the little Isabella. A queen should be all that is glorious. Unhappily for Spain, Isabella developed qualities which would have disgraced the humblest station in life; and in 1868, so great was the indignation at her conduct that she was obliged to flee from the country, taking with her her son and daughter. So again there was a vacant throne in Spain!

Sick and weary of their own Spanish Bourbons, the people resolved to try a new experiment. They offered the crown to Amadeo, a younger son of Humbert, King of Italy. But after three years the young Italian prince was glad to lay down the uncomfortable burden; and the people were quite as glad to have him go. And now again there was the ever-returning problem of a vacant throne!

The republican idea had in the mean time, under such leaders as Garibaldi and Mazzini in Italy, and Kossuth in Hungary, taken a deep hold in Europe. France had apparently forever broken with kings. She was a great and powerful republic and a dangerous example for discontented European nations.



CASTE-  
LAR

CASTELAR, a pure and sagacious Spanish statesman, led a movement at this critical time toward establishing a republic in Spain. But such a cause needs more than leaders. It needs a powerful, intelligent, and patriotic following. This Castelar, with all the magic of his eloquence and the force of his own character and convictions, could not create.

The Carlists of course were busy scheming to carry out their long-delayed hopes. So between them and the Republicans, the people were driven to an immediate decision, which proved a very wise one.

The fugitive Queen Isabella had a young son Alfonso, who was at this time (1874) just seventeen years of age.

ALFONSO  
XII

The young prince was recalled from exile and proclaimed King Alfonso XII. Some of us can remember the romantic marriage which quickly followed with the lovely Mercedes, granddaughter of Louis Philippe. The young cousins had always been deeply attached to each other, so it was like the conclusion of a charming love story when they were married. But in five short months Mercedes died. People wept as they read of the awful grief of Alfonso, when he spent the night in the gloomy Escorial, watching over the remains of his dead bride.

But kings cannot cherish such griefs. Another bride was sought for him. Christine, a fair young Austrian princess, was brought to Madrid and they were married with great splendor.

Alfonso showed no great kingly qualities, but he had warm, human affections

and manifested a desire to rule justly and kindly. It would probably have been well for Spain if his life could have been prolonged, but in 1885, after a reign of eleven years, he too lay in state in the gloomy Escorial where he had wept over Mercedes.

His son, who was born after his death, is now under tutors and governors, being trained to be King of Spain. He is eleven years old, and a frail, delicate boy. Until he is old enough to reign, his mother, Christine, is Queen Regent—that is, she represents him on the throne. It is probable that when this boy is crowned Alfonso XIII. Spain will have lost Cuba, her last great possession in the Western Hemisphere.

ALFONSO  
XIII

MARY PLATT PARMELE.

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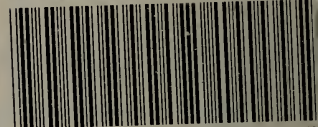


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