SEEING EUROPE WITH FAMOUS AUTHORS

IX SPAIN AND PORTUGAL

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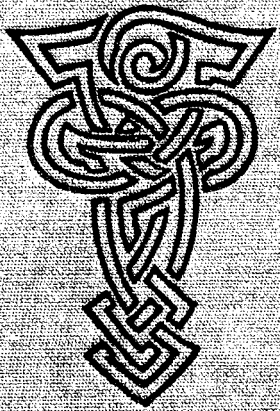

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FRANCIS W. HALSEY

THE ESCORIAL

Beneath the large dome, in an octagonal crypt, are buried all the Kings of Spain since and including Charles V. The Escorial is the largest granite building ever erected. It has often been called "The Eighth Wonder of the World."

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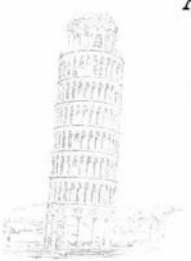

SELECTED AND EDITED

WITH

INTRODUCTIONS, ETC.

BY

FRANCIS W. HALSEY

Editor of "Great Epochs in American History"
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and of "The Best of the World's Classics," etc.

IN TEN

VOLUMES

ILLUSTRATED

Vol. IX

SPAIN AND PORTUGAL

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY

NEW YORK AND LONDON

IX

INTRODUCTION TO VOLUME IX

Spain and Portugal

Many tourists now enter Spain from Gibraltar; others enter from the north where two routes from Paris are available, one by the western end of the Pyrenees through Biarritz, the other by the eastern end through Perpignan.

Phœnicians were in Spain perhaps a thousand years before the Christian era, but the Phœnicians were traders, not colonists. The earliest known settlers were Iberians, followed, about 500 B.C., by Celts. About 240 B.C. came the Carthaginians, but Rome during the Punic Wars expelled them. Eventually Rome conquered the entire peninsula, the Basques of the northwest excepted. It was a grim struggle for Rome, however, and lasted nearly two hundred years. Scipio Æmilianus was the first Roman to subdue any large part of the country. Afterward, Julius Cæsar pushed the work still further forward. Thenceforth for two hundred years Rome was mistress of the country. Impressive remains of her supremacy are still seen at Tarragona, Toledo, Segovia, Cordova, Seville and

Ronda. Spain long served Rome as a granary. Its mines were Rome's chief source of copper and tin. Two of her greatest emperors, Trajan and Hadrian, were born in Spain. Seneca was a native of Cordova. From other parts came Lucan, Martial and Quintilian, and lesser Latin writers.

Among the barbarians first came the Vandals, whose name the fairest part of the country still bears—Andalusia. They were followed by the Alans and the Suevi. Then came the Visigoths, ablest of invaders from the north, who set up their own king and ruled the country nearly two centuries. Meanwhile, Jews in large numbers came. The country was prospering in agriculture and had many growing industries when, early in the eighth century, came the Moors under Tarik crossing from Africa to Tirifa and Gibraltar; in a great battle they completely overthrew the army of King Roderick, "last of the Goths." After a quarter of a century, they had subdued all Spain and much of Portugal, except the extreme northwest. The Moorish domination reached its greatest splendor at Cordova where still stands the famous, but much reduced, mosque. In the tenth century wars against the Moors set in, beginning

in the northwest, with armies led by the great hero of Spanish history, the Cid. By the middle of the thirteenth century the Moors had been driven across Castile* and Andalusia into Grenada, where still stands that other monument of their civilization, the Alhambra. Two hundred years afterward Ferdinand and Isabella revived with vigor the centuries-long war against them, and in 1492, the year in which Columbus discovered the new world, drove them back to Africa. Two other events of that period were the expulsion of the Jews and the establishment of the Inquisition.

In years immediately following the expulsion of the Moors, came the conquest of Mexico and Peru; the rise of Charles V. as King of Spain and Emperor of Germany; Charles's great victory over Francis I. at Pavia, the French King becoming his prisoner at Madrid; the addition of the Netherlands to Spanish territory; the victory

*In forcing the Moors out of Castile into Andalusia, the route traveled went through a narrow gorge of the Sierra Morena range and then descended rapidly to the plain below. The name this place now bears gives a picturesque reminder of the Moorish expulsion—"Precipice of Dogs." The origin of the name has puzzled many tourists, unfamiliar with the history of the Moors in Spain.

of Lepanto; the absorption of Portugal; the acquisition of the Philippines—indeed, the whole world seemed to lie prostrate at the feet of Spain. Then fortune turned—with Philip's monstrous war in the Netherlands, the defeat of the Armada, the loss of Portugal, the war over a Bourbon succession, the loss of Gibraltar, Chili, Peru, Colombia and Mexico—all incidents in a long and melancholy story of a great state's decline.

Portugal may be reached conveniently from Madrid by train, or the tourist may enter its southern parts from Gibraltar. Portugal differs from Spain in having fine harbors on the Atlantic coast and possessing three great rivers navigable all the way across her territory. The Douro, the Tagus and the Guadiano are commonly thought of as Spanish rivers, as indeed they in part are; but, so far as commerce in their waters goes, they are exclusively Portuguese. Mountains in the north and northeast separate the two countries. It is because of these physical conditions that Portugal has been forced to become a maritime country and to deal little with Spain. Unlike Spain again, it has a wonderfully rich vegetation—the richest in Europe—due in part to a warm climate, but not alone to

that—Spain also has a warm climate—but to the moderating and humid influence of the sea.

In its early history Portugal does not essentially differ from Spain. Iberians and Celts were its first-known people, and the Romans for four hundred years held it in subjection, calling it Lusitania. The northern invaders then came, but they, no more than the Romans, ever differentiated it from the rest of the peninsula. Under the Goths and later rulers, down to the beginning of the twelfth century, the two lands were one. The extraordinary thing in Portugal's history is its sudden rise to become, for a time, a great maritime state. Its own geographical position, with reference to the rest of Europe and to the sea, its splendid harbors and three navigable rivers, largely explain this; but the immediate cause, and the one without which others would scarcely count, was the phenomenal success with which Portugal, in the 15th century, entered upon a career of commercial expansion.

The heroic age set in when Prince Henry the Navigator, inspired by the success of his country in driving out the Moors, and by ambition for further adventures, set about promoting these explorations. Under that ambitious impulse, the

Azores and Madeira were first colonized in 1420; the west coast was explored as far as Senegal and Cape Verde in 1443; Sierra Leone was reached in 1446; the Kongo discovered in 1482 and Bartholomew Diaz, first among men, sailed around the Cape of Good Hope in 1488, and thus disclosed a water route to India. That Diaz did not reach India was due to mutiny by his sailors. Ten years later Vasco da Gama completed the work of Diaz by reaching India. From that event, dates the commercial rise of Portugal, which was so great and rapid that the country became the world's chief commercial state.

Then came the decline—due to the excesses of the Inquisition and the expulsion of the Jews, to the "deadly blight" of Philip II.'s despotism, to the drain on its resources caused by the long war in the Low Countries, to emigration, to the earthquake at Lisbon when 40,000 perished, to the loss of rich colonial possessions—until she has been reduced to the condition of an autonomous state so restricted in commercial matters as to be almost a part of the British Empire.

F. W. H.

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Courtesy Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

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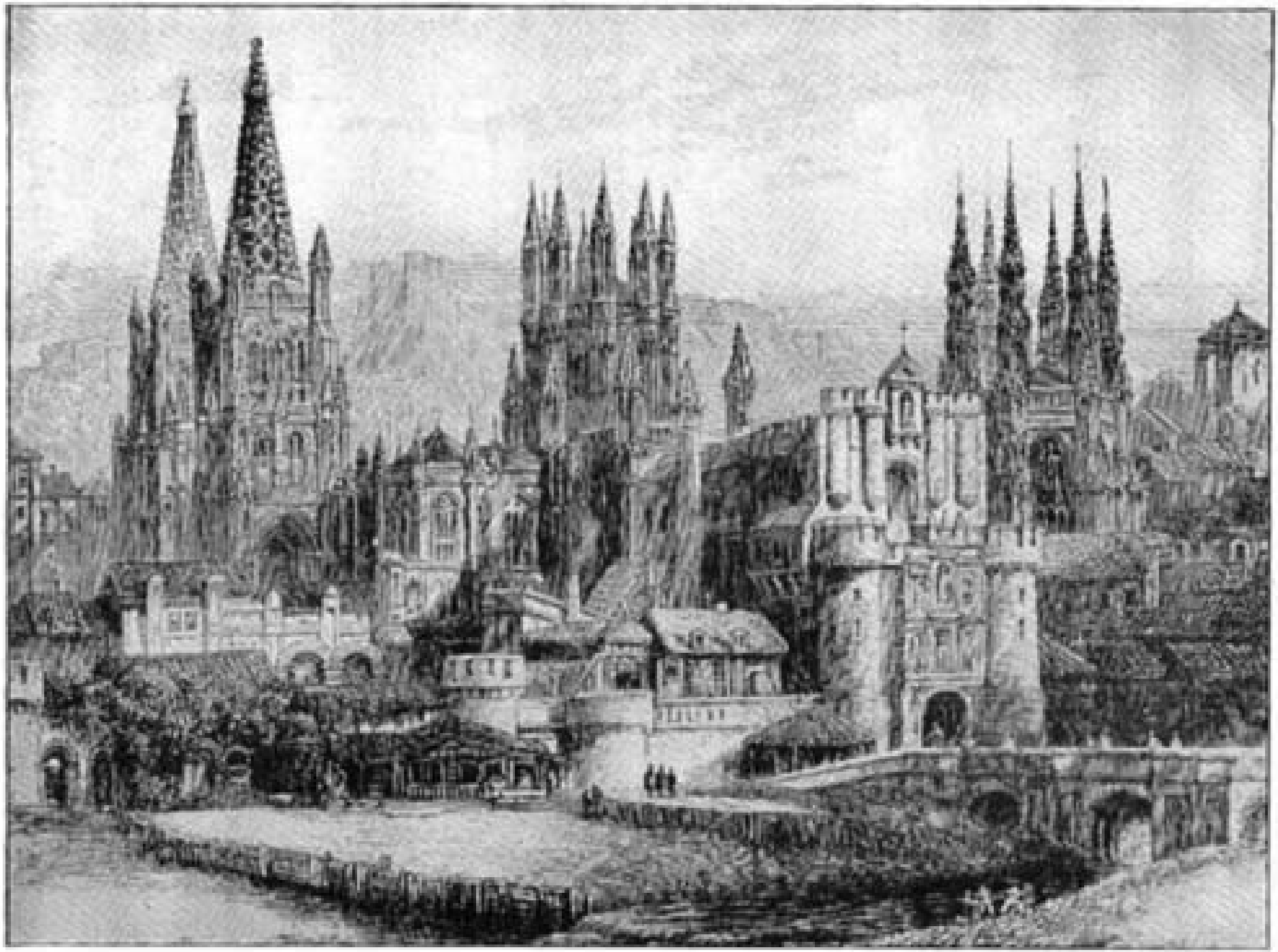
In the Cloister of the Cathedral of Toledo

Courtesy Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

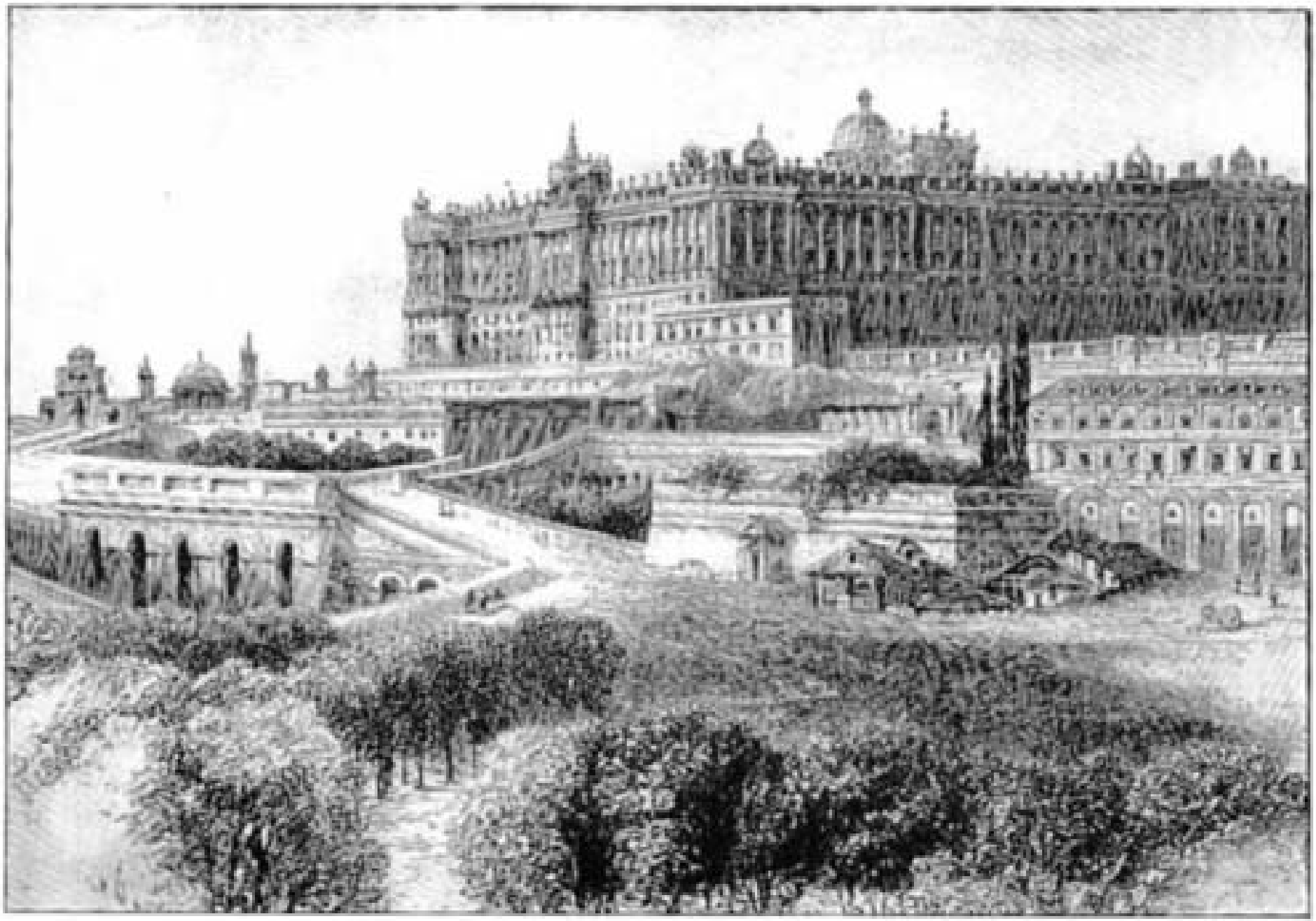
THE LEANING TOWER OF SARAGOSSA



CATHEDRAL OF BURGOS WITH BRIDGE AND CITY GATE

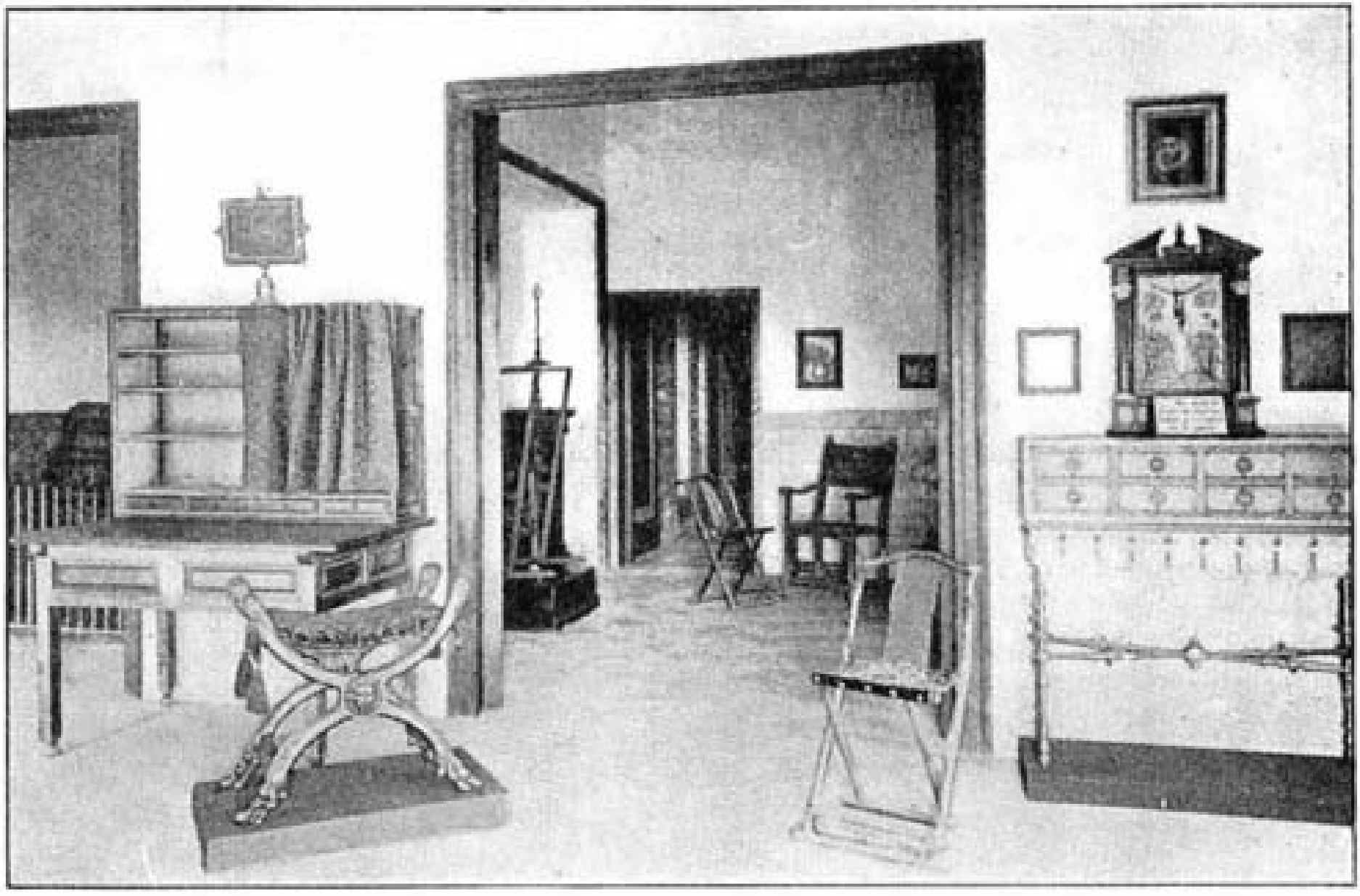
SANITARIUM IN THE MOUNTAINS OF ARAGON

Here are mineral springs whose properties have been valued by Romans, Goths, Moors, and Spaniards



THE ROYAL PALACE OF MADRID

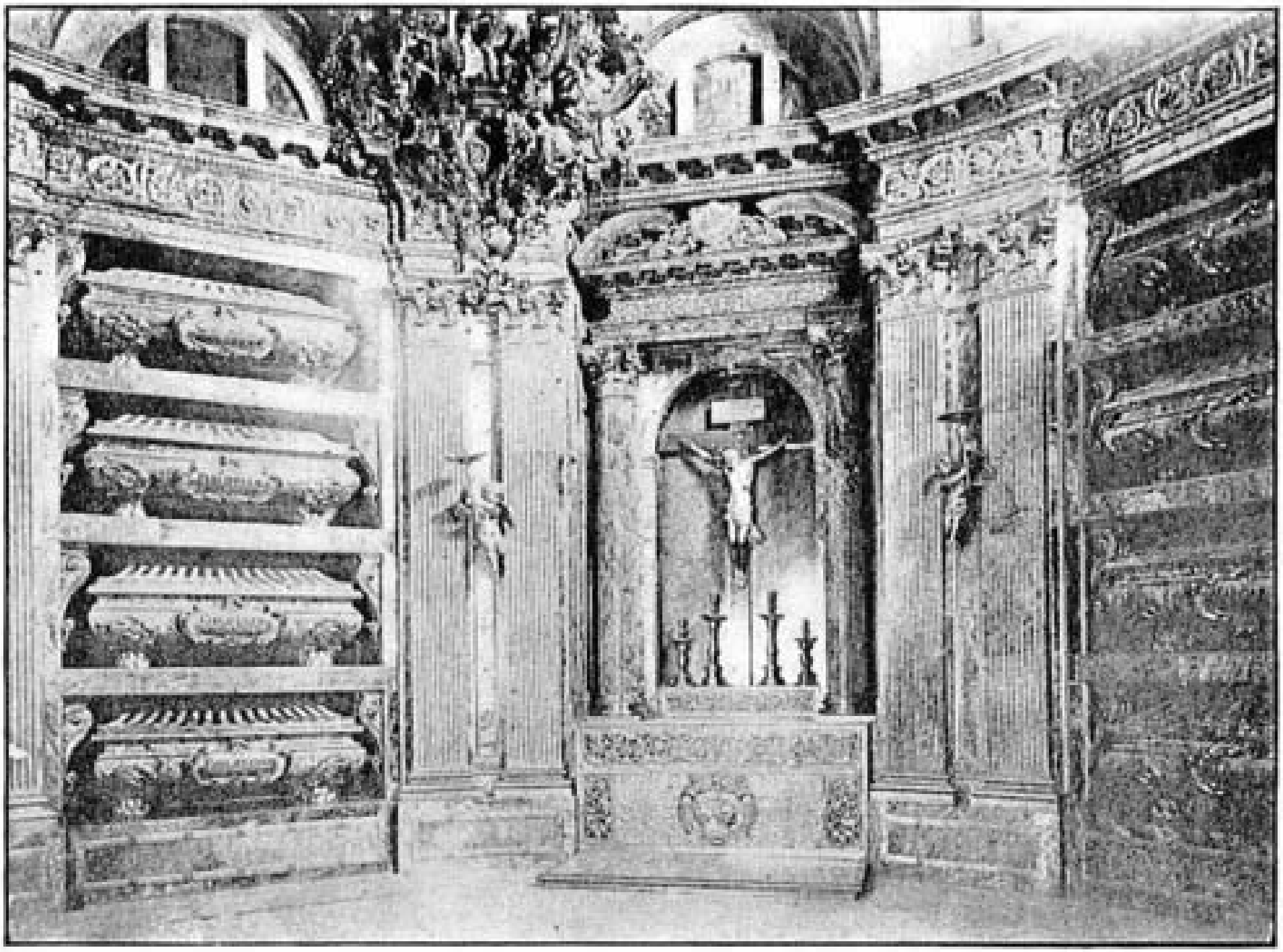
Seen from the Manzanares River, and showing the imposing approach of solid masonry



ROOM IN THE ESCORIAL USED BY PHILIP II. AS HIS OFFICE

The table and chair at the left are those Philip used. The small camp-chair is one on which he rested his gouty leg. The cabinet at the right was used by his father, Charles V.

CHOIR IN THE CHURCH IN THE ESCORIAL



THE ROYAL PANTHEON IN THE ESCORIAL

The upper sarcophagus at the left contains the body of Charles V.; the one next below it the body of Philip II. In this pantheon are buried none but Kings of Spain who have actually reigned.

Courtesy Houghton, Mifflin Co.

THE ROMAN AQUEDUCT AT SEGOVIA

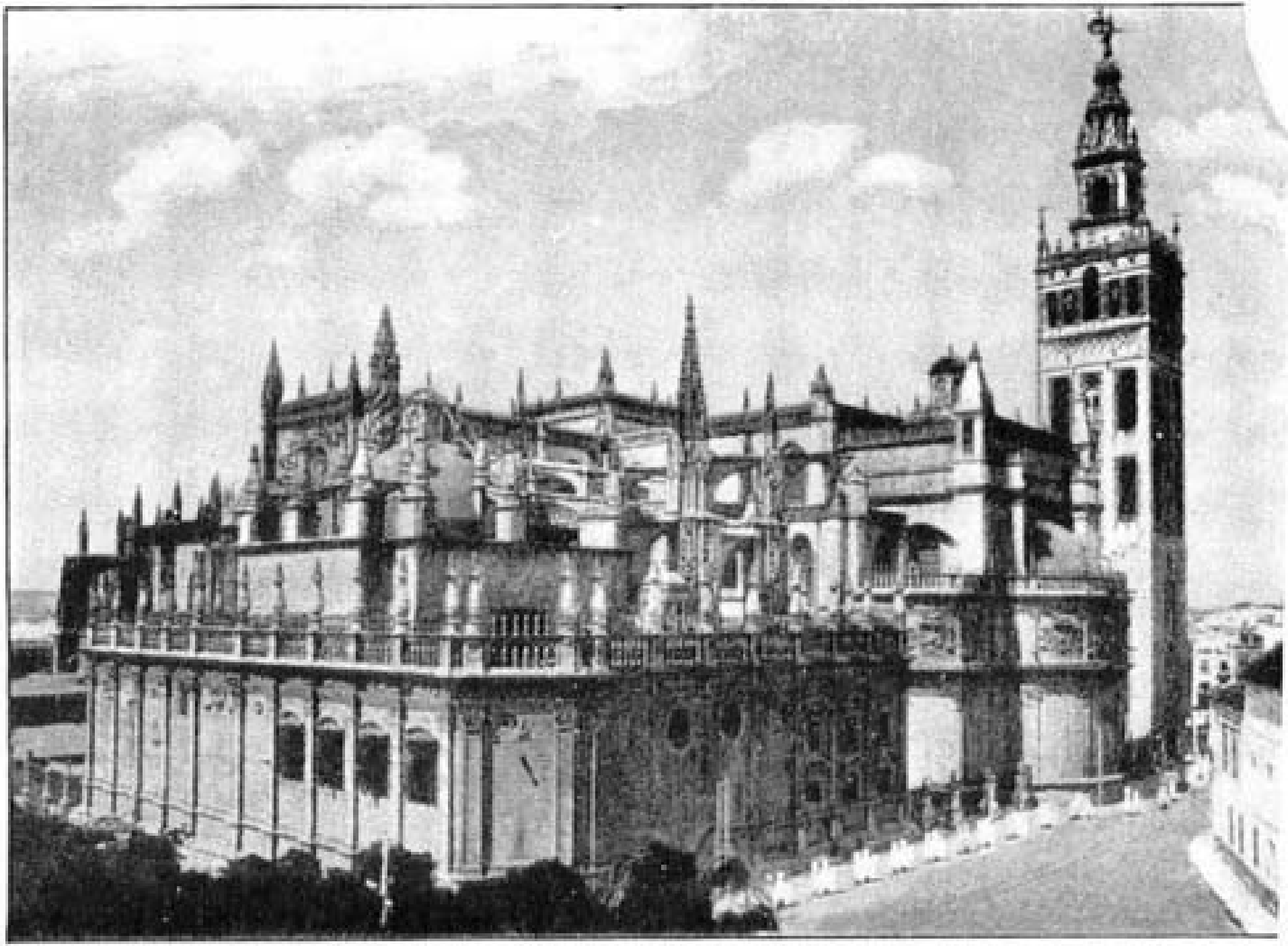
Water is still carried in it across this valley

)urtesy Houghton, Mifflin Co.

THE NORTHERN WALL OF THE MEDIEVAL CITY OF AVILA

Courtesy Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

WALL OF THE MOSQUE OF CORDOVA



THE CATHEDRAL AND GIRALDA OF SEVILLE

After St. Peter's in Rome, this is the largest church in the world

I

OF SPAIN IN GENERAL

WHAT TO FIND AND WHAT NOT TO LOOK FOR THERE*

BY RICHARD FORD

Various as are the objects worth observing in Spain, many of which are to be seen there only, it may be as well to mention what is not to be seen, for there is no such loss of time as finding this out oneself, after weary chase and wasted hour. Those who expect to meet with well-garnished arsenals, libraries, restaurants, charitable or literary institutions, canals, railroads, tunnels, suspension-bridges, steam-engines, omnibuses, manufactories, polytechnic galleries, pale-ale breweries, and similar appliances and appurtenances of a high state of political, social, and commercial civilization, had better stay at home. In Spain there are no turnpike-trust meetings, no quarter-sessions, no courts of justice, according to the real meaning of that word, no treadmills, no boards of guardians, no chairmen, directors, masters-extraordinary of the court of chancery, no assistant poor-law commissioners. There are no anti-tobacco-teetotal-temperance-meetings, no auxiliary-missionary-propagating societies, nothing in the blanket and lying-in asylum line, nothing, in short, worth a revising-

*From "Gatherings from Spain." Published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

barrister of three years' standing's notice, unless he be partial to the study of the laws of bankruptcy. Spain is no country for the political economist, beyond affording an example of the decline of the wealth of nations, and offering a wide topic on errors to be avoided, as well as for experimental theories, plans of reform and amelioration. In Spain, Nature reigns; she has there lavished her utmost prodigality of soil and climate, which Spaniards have for the last four centuries been endeavoring to counteract by a culpable neglect of agricultural speeches and dinners, and a non-distribution of prizes for the biggest boars, asses, and laborers with largest families.

Those who aspire to the romantic, the poetical, the sentimental, the artistic, the antiquarian, the classical, in short, to any of the sublime and beautiful lines, will find both in the past and present state of Spain, subjects enough in wandering with lead-pencil and notebook through this singular country, which hovers between Europe and Africa, between civilization and barbarism; this land of the green valley and barren mountain, of the boundless plain and the broken sierra; those Elysian gardens of the vine, the olive, the orange, and the aloe; those trackless, vast, silent, uncultivated wastes, the heritage of the wild bee;—in flying from the dull uniformity, the polished monotony of Europe, to the racy freshness of that original, unchanged country, where antiquity treads on the heels of to-day, where Paganism disputes the very altar with Christianity, where indulgence and luxury contend with privation and poverty, where a want of all that is generous or merciful is blended with the most devoted heroic

virtues, where the most cold-blooded cruelty is linked with the fiery passions of Africa, where ignorance and erudition stand in violent and striking contrast.

There let the antiquarian pore over the stirring memorials of many thousand years, the vestiges of Phœnician enterprise, of Roman magnificence, of Moorish elegance, in that storehouse of ancient customs, that repository of all elsewhere long forgotten and passed by; there let him gaze upon those classical monuments, unequalled almost in Greece or Italy, and on those fairy Alladin palaces, the creatures of Oriental gorgeousness and imagination, with which Spain alone can enchant the dull European; there let the man of feeling dwell on the poetry of her envy-disarming decay, fallen from her high estate, the dignity of a dethroned monarch, borne with unrepining self-respect, the last consolation of the innately noble, which no adversity can take away; let the lover of art feed his eyes with the mighty masterpieces of ideal Italian art, when Raphael and Titian strove to decorate the palaces of Charles, the great emperor of the age of Leo X.

Let him gaze on the living nature of Velazquez and Murillo, whose paintings are truly to be seen in Spain alone; let the artist sketch frowning forms of the castle, the pomp and splendor of the cathedral, where God is worshiped in a manner as nearly befitting his glory as the arts and wealth of finite man can reach. Let him dwell on the Gothic gloom of the cloister, the feudal turret, the vasty Escurial, the rock-built alcazar of imperial Toledo, the sunny towers of stately Seville, the eternal snows and lovely vega of Granada; let the

geologist clamber over mountains of marble, and metal-pregnant sierras; let the botanist cull from the wild hothouse of nature plants unknown, unnumbered, matchless in color and breathing the aroma of the sweet south; let all, learned and unlearned, listen to the song, the guitar, the castanet; or join in the light fandango and spirit-stirring bull-fight; let all mingle with the gay, good-humored, temperate peasantry, free, manly, and independent, yet courteous and respectful; let all live with the noble, dignified, high-bred, self-respecting Spaniard; let all share in their easy, courteous society; let all admire their dark-eyed women, so frank and natural, to whom the voice of all ages and nations has conceded the palm of attraction, to whom Venus has bequeathed her magic girdle of grace and fascination; let all—but enough on starting on this expedition, "where," as Don Quixote said, "there are opportunities, brother Sancho, of putting our hands into what are called adventures up to our elbows."

JUST AFTER THE APOGEE*

BY JAMES HOWELL

Spain hath been always esteemed a country of ancient renown, and as it is incident to all others, she hath had her vicissitudes and turns of fortune. She hath been thrice overcome: by the Romans, by the Goths, and by the Moors. The middle con-

*From "Familiar Letters," being a letter from Madrid, dated February 1, 1623, thirty-six years after the death of Philip II. (1527-1598).

quest continueth to this day, for this king and most of the nobility profess themselves to have descended of the Goths. The Moors kept here about seven hundred years. . . .

Yet this last conquest of Spain was not perfect, for divers parts northwest kept still under Christian kings, especially Biscay, which was never conquered, as Wales in Britanny; and the Biscayners have much analogy with the Welsh in divers things; they retain to this day the original language of Spain, they are the most mountainous people, and they are reputed the ancientest gentry; so that when any is to take the order of knighthood, there are no inquisitors appointed to find whether he be clear of the blood of the Moors as in other places. The king, when he comes upon the confines, pulls off one shoe before he can tread upon any Biscay ground; and he hath good reason to esteem that province, in regard of divers advantages he hath by it; for he hath his best timber to build ships, his best marines, and all his iron thence.

There were divers battles 'twixt the remnant of Christians and the Moors for seven hundred years together, and the Spaniards getting ground more and more, drove them at last to Granada, and thence also in the time of Ferdinand and Isabella, quite over to Barbary. Their last king was Chico, who, when he fled from Granada crying and weeping, the people upbraided him, "That he might well weep like a woman, who could not defend himself and them like a man." (This was that Ferdinand who obtained from Rome the title of Catholic, tho some stories say that many ages before, Ricaredus, the first orthodox king of the

Goths, was styled Catholicus in a Provincial Synod held at Toledo, which was continued by Alphonsus the First, and then made hereditary by this Ferdinand.) This absolute conquest of the Moors happened about Henry the Seventh's time, when the foresaid Ferdinand and Isabella had by alliance joined the Castile and Aragon, which with the discovery of the West Indies, which happened a little after, was the first foundation of that greatness whereunto Spain is now mounted. Afterward there was an alliance with Burgundy and Austria.

By the first House the seventeen provinces fell to Spain; by the second Charles the Fifth came to be emperor; and remarkable it is how the House of Austria came to that height from a mean earl, the Earl of Hapsburg in Germany,who having been one day a-hunting, he overtook a priest who had been with the sacrament to visit a poor, sick body, the priest being tired, the earl alighted off his horse, helped up the priest, and so waited upon him afoot all the while, till he brought him to the church; the priest giving him his benediction at his going away, told him, that for this great act of humility and piety, his race should be one of the greatest that ever the world had; and ever since, which is some 240 years ago, the empire hath continued in that House, which afterward was called the House of Austria.

In Philip the Second's time the Spanish monarchy came to its highest pitch, by the conquest of Portugal, whereby the East Indies, sundry islands in the Atlantic Sea, and divers places in Barbary were added to the crown of Spain. By these steps this crown came to this grandeur; and truly, give the Spaniard his due, he is a mighty

monarch; he hath dominions in all parts of the world (which none of the four monarchies had), both in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America (which he hath solely to himself), tho our Henry the Seventh had the first proffer made him; so the sun shines all the four and twenty hours of the natural day upon some part or other of his countries, for part of the Antipodes are subject to him.

He hath eight viceroys in Europe, two in the East Indies, two in the West, two in Africa, and about thirty provincial sovereign commanders more; yet as I was told lately, in a discourse 'twixt him and our prince at his being here, when the prince fell to magnifying his spacious dominions, the king answered: "Sir, 'tis true it hath pleased God to trust me with divers nations and countries, but of all these there are but two which yield me any clear revenues, viz., Spain and my West Indies, nor all Spain neither, but Castile only. The rest do scarce quite yield, for all is drunk up 'twixt governors and garrisons; yet my advantage is to have the opportunity to propagate Christian religion, and to employ my subjects." For the last, it must be granted that no prince hath better means to breed brave men, and more variety of commands to heighten their spirits, with no petty but princely employments.

This king besides hath other means to oblige the gentry unto him by such a huge number of commendams which he hath in his gift to bestow on whom he please of any of the three Orders of Knighthood, which England and France want. Some noblemen in Spain can expend £50,000, some £40,000, some £30,000, and divers £20,000 per annum. The Church here is exceeding rich

both in revenues, plate, and buildings; one can not go to the meanest country chapel but he will find chalices, lamps and candlesticks of silver. There are some bishopricks of £30,000 per annum, and divers of £10,000, and Toledo is £100,000 yearly revenue. As the Church is rich, so it is mightily reverenced here, and very powerful, which made Philip the Second rather depend upon the clergy than the secular power.

Therefore I do not see how Spain can be called a poor country considering the revenues aforesaid of princes and prelates; nor is it so thin of people as the world makes it; and one reason may be that there are sixteen universities in Spain, and in one of these there were 15,000 students at one time when I was there, I mean Salamanca; and in this village of Madrid (for the King of Spain can not keep his constant court in any city) there are ordinarily 600,000 souls.* 'Tis true that the colonizing of the Indies and the wars of Flanders have much drained this country of people. Since the expulsion of the Moors it is also grown thinner, and not so full of corn; for those Moors would grub up wheat out of the very tops of the craggy hills; yet they used another grain for their bread, so that the Spaniard had nought else to do but go with his ass to the market and buy corn of the Moors. There lived here also in times past a great number of Jews till they were expelled by Ferdinand.

For the soil of Spain, the fruitfulness of their valleys recompense the sterility of their hills. Corn is their greatest want, and want of rain is

*This is about the population of Madrid at the present day.

the cause of that, which makes them have need of their neighbors; yet as much as Spain bears is passing good, and so is everything else for the quality; nor hath any one a better horse under him, a better cloak on his back, a better sword by his side, better shoes on his feet than the Spaniard, nor doth any drink better wine or eat better fruit than he, nor flesh for the quantity.

Touching the people, the Spaniard looks as high, tho not so big as a German, his excess is in too much gravity, which some who know him not well hold to be pride; he cares not how little he labors, for poor Gascons and Morisco slaves do most of his work in field and vineyard; he can endure much in the war, yet he loves not to fight in the dark, but in open day or upon a stage, that all the world might be a witness of his valor, so that you shall seldom hear of Spaniards employed in night service, nor shall one hear of a duel here in an age. He hath one good quality, that he is wonderfully obedient to the government; for the proudest son of Spain, when he is prancing upon his genet in the street, if an Alguazil (a sergeant) show him his vare, that is a little white staff he carrieth as a badge of his office, my don will down presently off his horse and yield himself his prisoner.

He hath another commendable quality, that when he giveth alms he pulls off his hat and puts it in the beggar's hand with a great deal of humility. His gravity is much lessened since the late proclamation came out against ruffs, and the king himself showed the first example. They were come to that height of excess herein that twenty shillings were used to be paid for starching of a ruff;

and some, tho perhaps he had never a shirt to his back, yet would he have a toting huge swelling ruff about his neck. He is sparing in his ordinary diet, but when he makes a feast he is free and bountiful. He will speak high words of the present Don Phillippo his king, but will not endure a stranger should do so. I have heard a Biscayner make a rodomontado that he was as good a gentleman as Don Phillippo himself, for Don Phillippo was half a Spaniard, half a German, half an Italian, half a Frenchman, half I know not what, but he was a pure Biscayner without mixture. The Spaniard is not so smooth and oily in his compliment as the Italian, and tho he will make strong protestations yet he will not swear out compliments like the French and English.

The Spaniard is generally given to gaming, and that in excess; he will say his prayers before and if he wins, he will thank God for his good fortune after. Their common game at cards (for they very seldom play at dice) is primera, at which the king never shows his game but throws his cards with their faces down on the table. He is merchant of all the cards and dice throughout the kingdom; he hath them made for a penny a pair, and he retails them for twelvepence, so that it is thought he hath £30,000 a year by this trick at cards. The Spaniard is very devout in his way, for I have seen him kneel in the very dirt when the Ave Maria bell rings; and some if they spy two straws or sticks lie crosswise in the street they will take them up and kiss them, and lay them down again. He

walks as if he marched, and seldom looks on the ground, as if he contemned it.

Touching their women nature hath made a more visible distinction betwixt the two sexes here than elsewhere; for the men, for the most part, are swarthy and rough, but the women are of a far finer mold. They are commonly little. And whereas there is a saying that makes a complete woman, let her be English to the neck, French to the waist, and Dutch below; I may add for hands and feet let her be Spanish, for they have the least of any. When they are married they have a privilege to wear high shoes, and to paint, which is generally practised here, and the queen useth it herself.

They are coy enough, but not so forward as our English, for if a lady go along the street and all women going here veiled and their habit so generally alike, one can hardly distinguish a countess from a cobbler's wife, if one should cast out an odd ill-sounding word, and ask her a favor, she will not take it ill, but put it off and answer you with some witty retort. After thirty they are commonly past child-bearing, and I have seen women in England look as youthful at fifty as some here at twenty-five. Money will do miracles here in purchasing the favor of ladies, or anything else. Tho this be the country of money, for it furnisheth well near all the world besides, yea, their very enemies, as the Turk and Hollander; insomuch that one may say the coin of Spain is as Catholic as her king. Yet tho he be the greatest king of gold and silver mines in the world (I think), yet the common current coin here

is copper, and herein I believe the Hollander hath done him more mischief by counterfeiting his copper coins than by their arms, bringing it in by strange surreptitious ways, as in hollow sows of tin and lead, hollow masts, in pitch buckets under water and other ways.

But I fear to be injurious to this great king, to speak of him in so narrow a compass; a great king indeed, tho the French in a fighting way compare his monarchy to a beggar's cloak made up of patches. They are patches indeed, but such as he hath not the like. The East Indies is a patch embroidered with pearl, rubies, and diamonds. Peru is a patch embroidered with massive gold; Mexico with silver. Naples and Milan are patches of cloth of tissue, and if these patches were in one piece, what would become of his cloak embroidered with flower de luces?

CAUSES OF THE RAPID DECLINE*

BY HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE

Loyalty and superstition; reverence for their kings and reverence for their clergy, were the leading principles which influenced the Spanish mind, and governed the march of Spanish history. The results of this combination were, during a considerable period, apparently beneficial, and certainly magnificent. For, the church and the crown making common cause with each other, and being inspirited by the cordial support of the people, threw their whole soul into

*From "The History of Civilization in England."

their enterprises, and displayed an ardor which could hardly fail to insure success. Gradually advancing from the north of Spain, the Christians, fighting their way inch by inch, prest on till they reached the southern extremity, completely subdued the Mohammedans, and brought the whole country under one rule and one creed.

This great result was achieved late in the fifteenth century, and it cast an extraordinary luster on the Spanish name. Spain, long occupied by her own religious wars, had hitherto been little noticed by foreign powers, and had possest little leisure to notice them. Now, however, she formed a compact and undivided monarchy, and at once assumed an important position in European affairs. During the next hundred years, her power advanced with a speed of which the world had seen no example since the days of the Roman Empire. So late as 1478 Spain was still broken up into independent and often hostile states; Granada was possest by the Mohammedans; the throne of Castile was occupied by one prince, the throne of Aragon by another. Before the year 1590, not only were these fragments firmly consolidated into one kingdom, but acquisitions were made abroad so rapidly as to endanger the independence of Europe.

The history of Spain, during this period, is the history of one long and uninterrupted success. That country, recently torn by civil wars, and distracted by hostile creeds, was able in three generations to annex to her territory the whole of Portugal, Navarre, and Roussillon. By

diplomacy, or by force of arms, she acquired Artois and Franche Comté, and the Netherlands; also the Milanese, Naples, Sicily, Sardinia, the Balearic Islands, and the Canaries. One of her kings was emperor of Germany; while his son influenced the councils of England, whose queen he married. The Turkish power, then one of the most formidable in the world, was broken and beaten back on every side. The French monarchy was humbled. French armies were constantly worsted; Paris was once in imminent jeopardy; and a king of France, after being defeated on the field, was taken captive, and led prisoner at Madrid.

Out of Europe, the deeds of Spain were equally wonderful. In America, the Spaniards became possest of territories which covered sixty degrees of latitude, and included both the tropics. Besides Mexico, Central America, Venezuela, New Granada, Peru, and Chile, they conquered Cuba, San Domingo, Jamaica, and other islands. In Africa, they obtained Ceuta, Melilla, Oran, Bougiah, and Tunis, and overawed the whole coast of Barbary. In Asia, they had settlements on each side of the Deccan; they held part of Malacca; and they established themselves in the Spice Islands. Finally, by the conquest of the noble archipelago of the Philippines, they connected their most distant acquisitions, and secured a communication between every part of that enormous empire which girdled the world.

In connection with this, a great military spirit arose, such as no other modern nation has ever exhibited. All the intellect of the country which

was not employed in the service of the Church was devoted to the profession of arms. Indeed, the two pursuits were often united; and it is said that the custom of ecclesiastics going to war was practised in Spain long after it was abandoned in other parts of Europe. At all events, the general tendency is obvious. A mere list of successful battles and sieges in the sixteenth and part of the fifteenth century, would prove the vast superiority of the Spaniards, in this respect, over their contemporaries, and would show how much genius they had expended in maturing the arts of destruction. Another illustration, if another were required, might be drawn from the singular fact that since the time of ancient Greece, no country has produced so many eminent literary men who were also soldiers. Calderon, Cervantes, and Lope de Vega risked their lives in fighting for their country. . . .

In Spain, however, directly after the government slackened its hold, the nation fell to pieces. During that prosperous career which has just been noticed, the Spanish throne was invariably filled by very able and intelligent princes. Ferdinand and Isabella, Charles V. and Philip II. formed a line of sovereigns not to be matched in any other country for a period of equal length. By them, the great things were effected, and by their care, Spain apparently flourished. But, what followed when they were withdrawn from the scene, showed how artificial all this was, and how rotten, even to the core, is that system of government which must be fostered before it can thrive, and which, being

based on the loyalty and reverence of the people, depends for success not on the ability of the nation, but on the skill of those to whom the interests of the nation are entrusted.

Philip II., the last of the great kings of Spain, died in 1598, and after his death the decline was portentously rapid. From 1598 to 1700, the throne was occupied by Philip III., Philip IV., and Charles II. The contrast between them and their predecessors was most striking. Philip III. and Philip IV. were idle, ignorant, infirm of purpose, and passed their lives in the lowest and most sordid pleasures. Charles II., the last of that Austrian dynasty which had formerly been so distinguished, possest nearly every defect which can make a man ridiculous and contemptible. His mind and his person were such as, in any nation less loyal than Spain, would have exposed him to universal derision. Altho his death took place while he was still in the prime of life, he looked like an old and worn-out debauchee.

At the age of thirty-five, he was completely bald; he had lost his eyebrows; he was paralyzed; he was epileptic; and he was notoriously impotent. His general appearance was absolutely revolting, and was that of a driveling idiot. To an enormous mouth, he added a nether jaw protruding so hideously that his teeth could never meet, and he was unable to masticate his food. 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 of 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. Finally, he was immersed in the most groveling superstition; he believed himself to be constantly tempted by the devil; he allowed himself to be exorcised as one possest by evil spirits; and he would not retire to rest, except with his confessor and two friars, who had to lie by his side during the night.

Now it was that men might clearly see on how sandy a foundation the grandeur of Spain was built. When there were able sovereigns, the country prospered; when there were weak ones, it declined. Nearly everything that had been done by the great princes of the sixteenth century, was undone by the little princes of the seventeenth. So rapid was the fall of Spain, that in only three reigns after the death of Philip II., the most powerful monarchy existing in the world was deprest to the lowest point of debasement, was insulted with impunity by foreign nations, was reduced more than once to bankruptcy, was stript of her fairest possessions, was held up to public opprobrium, was made a theme on which school-boys and moralists loved to declaim respecting the uncertainty of human affairs, and, at length, was exposed to the bitter humiliation of seeing her territories mapped out and divided by a treaty in which she took no share, but the provisions of which she was unable to resent.

Then, truly, did she drink to the dregs the cup of her own shame. Her glory had departed from her, she was smitten down and humbled. Well might a Spaniard of that time

who compared the present with the past, mourn over his country, the chosen abode of chivalry and romance, of valor and of loyalty. The mistress of the world, the queen of the ocean, the terror of nations, was gone; her power was gone, no more to return. To her might be applied that bitter lamentation, which, on a much slighter occasion, the greatest of the sons of men has put into the mouth of a dying statesman. Good reason, indeed, had the sorrowing patriot to weep, as one who refused to be comforted, for the fate of his earth, his realm, his land of dear souls, his dear, dear land, long dear for her reputation through the world, but now leased out like to a tenement or pelting farm.*

It would be a weary and unprofitable task to relate the losses and disasters of Spain during the seventeenth century. The immediate cause of them was undoubtedly bad government and unskilful rulers; but the real and overriding cause, which determined the whole march and tone of affairs, was the existence of that loyal and reverential spirit which made the people submit to what any other country would have spurned, and, by accustoming them to place extreme confidence in individual men reduced the nation to that precarious position in which a succession of incompetent princes was sure to overthrow the edifice which competent ones had built up.

*The reference here is to the speech of John of Gaunt ("time-honored Lancaster"), in Shakespeare's play, "Richard II." The language used by Buckle is almost a direct quotation from Shakespeare.

THE SPANISH RIVERS*

BY RICHARD FORD

There are six great rivers in Spain—the arteries which run between the seven mountain chains, the vertebre of the geological skeleton. These watersheds are each intersected in their extent by others on a minor scale, by valleys and indentations, in each of which runs its own stream. Thus the rains and melted snows are all collected in an infinity of ramifications, and are carried by these tributary conduits into one of the main trunks, which all, with the exception of the Ebro, empty themselves into the Atlantic.

The Duero and Tagus, unfortunately for Spain, disembogue in Portugal, and thus become a portion of a foreign dominion exactly where their commercial importance is the greatest. Philip II. saw the true value of the possession of an angle which rounded Spain, and insured to her the possession of these valuable outlets of internal produce, and inlets for external commerce. Portugal annexed to Spain gave more real power to his throne than the dominion of entire continents across the Atlantic, and is the secret object of every Spanish government's ambition. The Miño, which is the shortest of these rivers, runs through a bosom of fertility. The Tajo, Tagus, which the fancy of poets has sanded with gold and embanked with roses, tracks much of its dreary way through rocks and com-

*From "Gatherings from Spain." Published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

parative barrenness. The Guadiana creeps through lonely Estremadura, infecting the low plains with miasma. The Guadalquivir eats out its deep banks amid the sunny, olive-clad regions of Andalusia, as the Ebro divides the levels of Arragon. Spain abounds with brackish streams, Salados, and with salt-mines, or saline deposits after the evaporation of the sea-waters; indeed, the soil of the central portions is so strongly impregnated with "villainous saltpeter," that the small province of La Mancha alone could furnish materials to blow up the world; the surface of these regions, always arid, is every day becoming more so, from the singular antipathy which the inhabitants of the interior have against trees.

There is nothing to check the power of rapid evaporation, no shelter to protect or preserve moisture. The soil becomes more and more parched and dried up, insomuch that in some parts it has almost ceased to be available for cultivation; another serious evil, which arises from want of plantations, is, that the slopes of hills are everywhere liable to constant denudation of soil after heavy rain. There is nothing to break the descent of the water; hence the naked, barren stone summits of many of the sierras, which have been pared and peeled of every particle capable of nourishing vegetation; they are skeletons where life is extinct; not only is the soil thus lost, but the detritus washed down either forms bars at the mouths of rivers, or chokes up and raises their beds; they are thus rendered liable to overflow their banks, and convert the adjoining plains into pestilential swamps. The supply of water, which is afforded by periodical rains, and which ought to support

the reservoirs of rivers, is carried off at once in violent floods, rather than in a gentle, gradual disembocation. From its mountainous character Spain has very few lakes, as the fall is too considerable to allow water to accumulate; the exceptions which do exist might with greater propriety be termed lochs—not that they are to be compared in size or beauty to some of those in Scotland.

The volume in the principal rivers of Spain has diminished, and is diminishing; thus some which once were navigable, are so no longer, while the artificial canals which were to have been substituted remain unfinished; the progress of deterioration advances, while little is done to counteract or amend what every year must render more difficult and expensive, while the means of repair and correction will diminish in equal proportion, from the poverty occasioned by the evil, and by the fearful extent which it will be allowed to attain. However, several grand water-companies have been lately formed, who are to dig Artesian wells, finish canals, navigate rivers with steamers, and issue shares at a premium, which will be effected if nothing else is.

The rivers which are really adapted to navigation are, however, only those which are perpetually fed by those tributary streams that flow down from mountains which are covered with snow all the year, and these are not many. The majority of Spanish rivers are very scanty of water during the summer time, and very rapid in their flow when filled by rains or melting snow; during these periods they are impracticable for boats. They are, moreover, much exhausted by being drained off, "sangrado"—that is, bled, for the purpose of

artificial irrigation; thus, at Madrid and Valencia, the wide beds of the Manzanares and the Turia are frequently dry as the sands of the seashore when the tide is out. They seem only to be entitled to be called rivers by courtesy, because they have so many and such splendid bridges; as numerous are the jokes cut by the newly arrived stranger, who advises the townsfolk to sell one of them to purchase water, or compares their thirsting arches to the rich man in torments, who prays for one drop; but a heavy rain in the mountains soon shows the necessity for their strength and length, for their wide and lofty arches, their buttress-like piers, which before had appeared to be rather the freaks of architectural magnificence than the works of public utility.

Those who live in a comparatively level country can scarcely form an idea of the rapidity and fearful destruction of the river inundations in this land of mountains. The deluge rolls forth in an avalanche, the rising water coming down tier above tier like a flight of steps let loose. These tides carry everything before them—scarring and gullying up the earth, tearing down rocks, trees, and houses, and strewing far and wide the relics of ruin; but the fierce fury is short-lived, and is spent in its own violence; thus the traveler at Madrid, if he wishes to see its Thames, should run down or take the 'bus as he can, when it rains, or the river will be gone before he gets there. When the Spaniards, under those blockheads Blake and Cuesta, lost the battle of Rio Seco, which gave Madrid to Bonaparte, the French soldiers, in crossing the dry river-bed in pursuit exclaimed—"Why, Spanish rivers run away, too!"

II

TOLEDO

IMPRESSIONS ON ARRIVAL*

BY HANNAH LYNCH

The train leaves you at the foot of the town before the quaint fortressed bridge of Alcantara. In these days of unpretentious exits and entrances, when we scarcely detect the outskirts of a city from the open way, or the suburbs from the heart of urban movement, the two castellated bridges,* by which you enter and leave Toledo, have a strange and insistent air of feudality that at once captures fancy, and resembles the flourish of trumpets in martial dramas. Civilization instantly waves backward, and leaves imagination thrilled upon the shores of legend. At a bound memory is at the core of troubled Spanish history, a sad and spectral ghost, in the thrall of wonderment and admiration.

Surely never was town, with all our modern needs of breadwinning and competition, of commerce and politics, of cheap ambition and every day social intercourse, so curiously, mag-

*From "Toledo: The Story of an Old Spanish Capital." Published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

†The other bridge is the San Martin.

nificently faithful to its past. So precisely must Toledo have looked, barring the electric light, when the last page of its intimate history was written. Just so brown and barren, with its front of unflinching austerity, its stern wealth of architecture, the air of romantic elegance and charmed slumber it breathes upon sadness, with its look of legendary musing and widowed remembrance. So, unchanged, must it have been in its great day of hieratic glory, of Gothic rule, of Saracen triumph and of feudal revolt.

From the bridges, the road winds up the steep rock, upon whose summit this unique old city is built. The views at every turn of the winding path are entrancing. There is every strange effect to gratify the eager eye in search of the picturesque: an unsurpassed boldness of site, from the wide zone of the Tagus to the point of the cathedral tower pinnacled against the upper arch of heaven, project high rocks upon which odd and delightful passages, neither street nor lane, full of color and curve and varied line, are cut like sharp upward and downward strokes, over frowning ravines, and swelling by swift ascent from the yellow band of water below, that imprisons the town like a moat, and, along with the martial bridges, give the impression of being cut off from the big lively world, a prisoner in a city of dreamland. At once you yield yourself to the gracious grip of your enchanter and jailer. The eye rests in ineffable contentment upon the violent line of empty hills, yellow and brown and rose, turned violet by the sun's retreat, and you feel

no longing for the vulgar and bustling present you have left behind. Here to sit awhile and dream, not days but unending months, in the shadow of a mighty cathedral, in what a Spanish writer, with Iberian imagery, has called "a case of medieval jewels."

It is a fitting note of environment that the landscape should be stamped by an ardent and ineffaceable desolation, incessantly exposed to devastating winds, swept by fierce rains and blinding dust and remorseless sunfire. Nature is neither instigated by contrast, nor softened by charm. Unsmiling in its arid austerity, it is grand by the magic of its simplicity. The audacity with which it reveals its nakedness in the glare of unshaded light that has burned its flanks a peculiar reddish-brown hue, sinks all impression of crudity, and becomes the supreme effect of natural art. It makes no pretense to shield the peril of its broken precipices with the beguilement of verdure, but lets them hack their murderous way to the river-brim without shrub or any vigorous sign of vegetation. Heavy and still, like the glittering light that fatigues the eye, it has, nevertheless, its secret, matchless captivation, such as Venice, its sister-town in strangeness (tho of softer and more alluring beauty, feminine to its stern masculine), and casts the mind, conquered, into the mazes of reverie. You may have come by a train into this mausoleum of petrified memories, you may sit at the usual table d'hôte, but you can not feel modern; the present slips away, and forgotten is the march of centuries.

Of the town's earliest history knowledge is merely the wildest assumption, and we have no reason to believe any of the legends handed down to us by historians as tradition. For instance, that obscure if venerable voice, asserts that when God made the sun he placed it over Toledo (previously made, of course) and planted the foot of Adam, the first king, beneath it at that particular spot of the globe. This is at least a fine testimony of the Spaniard's lofty faith in the antiquity of Toledo. A less sweeping assertion connects the first light of the town with Tubal, the grandson of Noah, who is supposed to have come hither after the deluge, and this view is naïvely supported by the verses of Gracia Dei, the chronicler of King Pedro: "Tubal, grandson of Noah."

Few cities in Europe that for so long were accustomed to opulence and power, have known a reverse so instantaneous, so complete, an extinction against which all effort, all hope, all aspiration have proved vain, as that which Toledo was crusht beneath, when Felipi Segundo chose miserable, ugly, undistinguished Madrid for his country's capital. Until then the vicissitudes, the fortunes of Toledo were those of all Spain. Even now in her ruin, the violent and imperious character of the race remains imperishably stamped on the harsh, sad mixture of beauty and ugliness of her conservative features. But the country itself takes no note of her. She has lived, she lives no more, except in the memory of historians for the fugitive admiration of the traveler.

Unchanged I have said she is in all respects; a perfect medieval picture in high relief against

the background of civilized Europe. Nothing less civilized will you find along the least traversed byways of our modern world. Of her ancient splendors she presents such vestiges as to shame all that the ages have done for us. In beauty, alas, we have not progressed. That remains behind, along with many other divine things, the portion of this sadly used old world's bright morning. Such vast centers as London and Paris are mean enough compared with what such a town as Toledo must have been when her semi-royal archbishops flourished and kings were proud and delighted if she but smiled upon them, more used as they were to her frowns and her visage of haughty revolt; when the Jews throve, great capitalists, and ruled the Exchange, when the Muezzin was heard over her narrow streets and the crescent floated from her towers, and her weekly markets in the Zocodover were so thronged that magistrates had to preside at the coming and going of strangers, such was the influx on all sides. If the town wears so unique and imposing an aspect after centuries of silence and decay, what must it not have been in each of its great hours of domination, under Goth, Moor, and Christian?

THE CATHEDRAL*

BY JOHN HAY

I went to Toledo in the pleasantest time of the year, the first days of June. The early harvest was in progress, and the sunny road ran through golden fields which were enlivened by the reapers gathering in their grain with shining sickles. The borders of the Tagus were so cool and fresh that it was hard to believe one was in the arid land of Castile. I am glad I am not writing a guide-book, and do not feel any responsibility resting upon me of advising the gentle reader to stop at Aranjuez† or to go by on the other side. There is a most amiable and praiseworthy class of travelers who feel a certain moral necessity impelling them to visit every royal abode within their reach. They always see precisely the same things,—some thousand of gilt chairs, some faded tapestry and marvelous satin upholstery, a room in porcelain, and a room in imitation of some other room somewhere else, and a picture or two by that worthy and tedious young man, Raphael Mengs. I knew I would see all these things at Aranjuez, and so contented myself with admiring its pretty site, its stone-cornered brick façade,

*From "Castillian Days." By special arrangement with, and by permission of, the publishers, Houghton, Mifflin Co. Copyright, 1871, 1899, 1903.

†A royal chateau lying in the valley of the Tagus, about 30 miles from Madrid. The place was the favorite summer residence of Isabella the Catholic. Charles V. built there a shooting box, which Philip II. greatly enlarged. Almost destroyed by fire in 1660 and again in 1665 the chateau was rebuilt in 1727. After a third fire in 1748 it was again reconstructed.

its high-shouldered French roof, and its general air of the Place Royale, from the outside. . . .

If Toledo had been built, by some caprice of enlightened power, especially for a show city, it could not be finer in effect. In detail, it is one vast museum. In ensemble, it stands majestic on its hills, with its long lines of palaces and convents terraced around the rocky slope, and on the height the soaring steeples of a swarm of churches piercing the blue, and the huge cube of the Alcazar crowning the topmost crest and domineering the scene. The magnificent zigzag road which leads up the steep hillside from the bridge of Alcántara gives an indefinable impression as of the lordly ramp of some fortress of impossible extent.

This road is new, and in perfect condition. But do not imagine you can judge the city by the approaches. When your carriage has mounted the hill and passed the evening promenade of the Toledans, the quaint, triangular Place—I had nearly called it square—"waking laughter in indolent reviewers," the Zocodover, you are lost in the dædalian windings of the true streets of Toledo, where you can touch the walls on either side, and where two carriages could no more pass each other than two locomotives could salute and go by on the same track. This interesting experiment, which is so common in our favored land, could never be tried in Toledo, as I believe there is only one turnout in the city, a minute omnibus with striped linen hangings at the sides, driven by a young Castilian whose love of money is the root of much discussion when you pay his bill. It is a most remarkable establishment. The

horses can cheerfully do their mile in fifteen or twenty minutes, but they make more row about it than a high-pressure Mississippi steamer; and the crazy little trap is noisier in proportion to its size than anything I have ever seen, except, perhaps, an Indiana tree-toad. If you make an excursion outside the walls, the omnibus, noise and all, is inevitable; let it come. But inside the city you must walk; the slower the better, for every door is a study. . . .

Your first walk is, of course, to the Cathedral, the Primate Church of the kingdom. Besides its ecclesiastical importance, it is well worthy of notice in itself. It is one of the purest specimens of Gothic architecture in existence, and is kept in an admirable state of preservation. Its situation is not the most favorable. It is approached by a network of descending streets, all narrow and winding, as streets were always built under the intelligent rule of the Moors. They preferred to be cool in summer and sheltered in winter, rather than to lay out great deserts of boulevards, the haunts of sunstroke and pneumonia. The site of the Cathedral was chosen from strategic reasons by St. Eugene, who built there his first Episcopal Church. The Moors made a mosque of it when they conquered Castile, and the fastidious piety of St. Ferdinand would not permit him to worship in a shrine thus profaned. He tore down the old church and laid, in 1227, the foundations of this magnificent structure, which was two centuries after his death in building. There is, however, great unity of purpose and execution in this Cathedral, due doubtless to the fact that the architect

Perez gave fifty years of his long life to the superintendence of the early work. Inside and outside it is marked by a grave and harmonious majesty.

The great western façade is enriched with three splendid portals—the side ones called the doors of Hell and Judgment; and the central a beautiful ogival arch divided into two smaller ones, and adorned with a lavish profusion of delicately sculptured figures of saints and prophets; on the chaste and severe cornice above, a group of spirited busts represents the Last Supper. There are five other doors to the temple, of which the door of the Lions is the finest, and just beside it a heavy Ionic portico in the most detestable taste indicates the feeling and culture that survived in the reign of Charles IV.

To the north of the west façade rises the massive tower. It is not among the tallest in the world, being three hundred and twenty-four feet high, but is very symmetrical and impressive. In the preservation of its pyramidal purpose it is scarcely inferior to that most consummate work, the tower of St. Stephen's in Vienna. It is composed of three superimposed structures, gradually diminishing in solidity and massiveness from the square base to the high-springing octagonal spire garlanded with thorny crowns. It is balanced at the south end of the façade by the pretty cupola and lantern of the Mozarabic Chapel, the work of the Greek Theotocopouli.

But we soon grow tired of the hot glare of June, and pass in a moment into the cool, twilight vastness of the interior, refreshing to body and soul. Five fine naves, with eighty-four pil-

lars formed each of sixteen graceful columns—the entire edifice measuring four hundred feet in length and two hundred feet in breadth—a grand and shadowy temple grove of marble and granite. At all times the light is of an unearthly softness and purity, toned by the exquisite windows and rosaces. But as evening draws on, you should linger till the sacristan grows peremptory, to watch the gorgeous glow of the western sunlight on the blazing roses of the portals, and the marvelous play of rich shadows and faint gray lights in the eastern chapels, where the grand aisles sweep in their perfect curves around the high altar. A singular effect is here created by the gilded organ pipes thrust out horizontally from the choir. When the powerful choral anthems of the church peal out over the kneeling multitude, it requires little fancy to imagine them the golden trumpets of concealed archangels, who would be quite at home in that incomparable choir.

If one should speak of all the noteworthy things you meet in this Cathedral, he would find himself in danger of following in the footsteps of Mr. Parro, who wrote a handbook of Toledo, in which seven hundred and forty-five pages are devoted to a hasty sketch of the basilica. For five hundred years enormous wealth and fanatical piety have worked together and in rivalry to beautify this spot. Each of the chapels—and there are twenty-one of them—is a separate masterpiece in its way. The finest are those of Santiago and St. Ildefonso,—the former built by the famous Constable Alvaro de Luna as a burial-place for himself and family, and where he and his wife lie in

storied marble; and the other commemorating that celebrated visit of the Virgin to the bishop, which is the favorite theme of the artists and ecclesiastical gossips of Spain. . . .

Toledo is a city where you should eschew guides and trust implicitly to chance in your wanderings. You can never be lost; the town is so small that a short walk always brings you to the river or the wall, and there you can take a new departure. If you do not know where you are going, you have every moment the delight of some unforeseen pleasure. There is not a street in Toledo that is not rich in treasures of architecture—hovels that once were marvels of building, balconies of curiously wrought iron, great doors with sculptured posts and lintels, with gracefully finished hinges, and studded with huge nails whose fanciful heads are as large as billiard balls. Some of these are still handsome residences, but most have fallen into neglect and abandonment. You may find a beggar installed in the ruined palace of a Moorish prince, a cobbler at work in the pleasure-house of a Castilian conqueror.

THE TREASURY OF THE CATHEDRAL*

BY HANNAH LYNCH

There is small space to dwell upon the incredible value of the church treasures, only shown at stated periods. Seven canons open the seven doors, each with a separate key. The hour for

*From "Toledo: The Story of an Old Spanish Capital." Published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

showing these matchless splendors is 3 P.M., a bad one on account of the light, and the miserable candle the sacristan carries is of small use. Here will you see pearl and precious stones, embroidered mantles, such jewels and gold and silver brocade as surely the eye of man never elsewhere beheld—the rarest of wrought cloaks and robes and laces—all royal presents, or gifts of cardinals to the Virgin of the Sagrario. The Custodia is, for sheer magnificence, a thing to gape at. It is the work, rather the monument, of a German silversmith, Henry of Arfe, and his son and grandson. The guide-book describes it as of an unheard-of wealth in jewels, gold work and chiseling. To attempt its description would involve me in another chapter on the Cathedral. Perhaps the most precious thing of all among so many treasures is the sad and mystical wood statue of St. Francis of Assissi, by Alonso Cano, some say, by his pupil, Pedro de Mena, later critics aver. Unfortunately, it is vilely placed in a corner, and as well, just in the middle of the face, the glass cover is broken, so that it is difficult to obtain a real view of the head without some portion of the features distorted.

The object of the devotion of the Chapel of the Treasury is a statue of the Virgin, which Our Lady is said to have kissed on her descent from heaven to bestow the chasuble on St. Ildefonso. Hence the astounding mantle embroidered by Felipe Corral, made of gold, pearls, rubies, sapphires and emeralds. Other notable treasures are the charming specimens of silver repoussé—one, the Rape of the Sabines, so beautifully wrought as for years to have been attributed to Benvenuto

Cellini. To-day, the Flemish artist, Mathias Méline, is recognized as the creator. It was the gift to the church of Cardinal Lorenzana. The big silver figures on four globes, with belts and sandals all gleaming with jewels, belong to the time of Felipe II. They command attention, even in all this magnificence of precious metal, precious stones, silk, lace and art; but I do not know who made these statues that represent the four parts of the world.

Two hundred and fifty ounces of seed pearls, 85,000 pearls, as immense a number of diamonds, rubies and amethysts, were expended alone on the Virgin's celebrated mantle. As for the reliquaries of gold, silver and rock-crystal, the church plate, the censers, only an auctioneer's list could do them justice. One hails them marvels of their kind, and passes by. In staring, with an abashed modern gaze, unfamiliar with such sights, at Arfe's masterpiece, the Custodia, that weighs its weight in precious metal over 10,900 ounces, we note the gold cross on the top, said to have been wrought of the first piece of gold brought from America by Columbus, and was raised by Mendoza over the surrendered walls of the Alhambra in the same year. Historic interest is still more attached to the modest sword shown as that of Alphonso VI., worn by this monarch on his triumphal entry into Toledo, and to the original letter in Latin of St. Louis of France to the chapter of Toledo, on sending some sacred relics for the church.

The "Ochavo" is like everything here, an impressive chamber, the home of vast treasure. It is a monument of bronze and marble, containing massive silver coffins wonderfully wrought for the

bones of St. Leocadia and St. Eugenius, statues of silver and ivory, and priceless reliquaries. Behind are guarded the church vestments. Nowhere are such embroideries and brocades to be seen. The hundred altar-pieces are works of art to set the mouth of the collector awatering. The older they are the more lovely, and beside the early Gothic brocade-embroidery, the finest effort of the last century seems poor and vulgar, tho seen apart would cause the beholder to exclaim at its loveliness. Whence did these rude Goths obtain their secret of such exquisite work? And how has it died from among us? Were the sacristan willing, and human nature capable of such a prolonged effort of admiration, one might spend days among these gold and silver embroidered brocades, and complacently dream of impossible times. But when the sacristan has shown you a dozen chasubles and a dozen altar-pieces, he thinks it quite enough—and so do you, wearied from excess of strain upon admiration and ravenous envy.

It is good to breathe a moment in so exalted an atmosphere, to behold so vast and wonderful a scene, in which all remembrance of human miseries vanishes, and our very joys drop into relative significance. Nature has nowhere else attained a note of beauty harsher, more intense, more indifferently sublime. Elsewhere you feel that an effort has been made to captivate you, a deliberate combination of effects to win your admiration. Not so here. The Moors never succeeded, during their long sovereignty, in stamping the place with their voluptuous charm, as they did in Granada, Cordova, and Valencia. They left it as they found

it, the stern home of revolt, the nest of mailed warriors and hardy artizans, so hard and quarrelsome that not even their loves furnish us with a soft legend, nor their literature a witching profile, nor any hint of seductive grace in their womanhood.

THE ALCAZAR*

BY EDMONDO DE AMICIS

Toward evening I went to see the Alcazar. The name makes one hope for an Arabian palace; but there is nothing Arabian about it except its name; the edifice which one admires to-day was built under the reign of Charles V., on the ruins of a castle, which existed in the eighth century, altho only very vague indications of the fact are to be found in the chronicles of that period. This building stands on a height in the center of the city, so that its walls and towers can be seen from all the higher portions of the street, and the stranger may use it as a guide out of the labyrinth. I climbed to the height by a long winding street, like the one which leads from the plain to the city, and found myself before the door of the Alcazar.

It is an immense square palace, at whose corners rise four great towers which give it the formidable appearance of a fortress. Before the façade extends a large square, and all around it a belt of embattled bulwarks in the oriental style. The

*From "Spain." Translated by Wilhelmina W. Cady. By special arrangement with, and by permission of, the publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons. Copyright, 1881.

entire edifice is of a decided chalk color, varied with a thousand shadings by that powerful painter of monuments, the blazing sun of the south; and is rendered brighter by the very limpid sky, upon which the majestic outlines of its walls stand out in bold relief. The façade is sculptured in arabesques with a taste full of nobility and elegance.

The interior of the palace corresponds with the exterior; there is an immense court, encircled with two rows of graceful arches; one above the other, which are supported by light columns; with a magnificent marble staircase, that rises in the center of the side opposite the door, and is divided, at a short distance from the ground, into two parts, which lead, on the right and left, to the interior of the palace. In order to enjoy the beauty of the court, one must go to the point where the staircase branches off, for there one embraces with a glance the whole harmony of the building which causes a feeling of pleasure like concerted music produced by scattered and unseen artists.

With the exception of the court, the other portions of the edifice, such as the staircase, rooms, corridors, and every thing, in fact, are already in ruins, or falling into decay. The subterranean portions, however, which served as stables for Charles V., and which can hold thousands of horses, are still intact. The guide made me look out of a window, from which I saw an abyss that gave me an idea of their vastness. Then we climbed a series of rickety stairs, into one of the four towers; the guide opened, with pincers and a hammer, a nailed-up window, and said to me, with the air of a man who is announcing something marvelous: "Look, sir!"

It was a stupendous panorama. One gets a bird's-eye view of the city of Toledo, street by street, house by house, as one would see the plan stretched out upon a table. Here is the cathedral, which rises above the city like an immense castle, and makes all the surrounding edifices look as small as toy-houses; there, the terrace (covered with statues) of San Juan de los Reyes; in another point the embattled towers of the new-gate; the bull circus; the Tagus, that flows at the foot of the city, between the rocky banks; beyond the river, near the bridge of Alcantara, on a steep rock, are the ruins of the old castle of San Servando. Farther away lies a green plain, and beyond are rocks, hills, and mountains, as far as the eye can reach. Above, is the clear sky, and the setting sun, which gilds the tops of the old buildings, and makes the river gleam like a silver scarf.

While I was contemplating that magical spectacle, the guide, who had read the history of Toledo, and wished to make the fact known, related every sort of story to me, in that half poetical, half facetious way, which is peculiar to the southern Spaniard. First of all, he wished me to hear the history of the works of fortification; and altho where he declared that he saw quite distinctly all that he was pointing out to me I saw nothing, I succeeded in understanding something about it.

He told me that Toledo had been encircled with walls three times, and that one could still clearly see the traces of all three boundaries.

RODERICK'S GREAT TOURNAMENT*

BY HANNAH LYNCH

A haze of legends blurs for us the figure of Roderick of the Chronicle. On one side we hear of him as ascending the throne an octogenarian, on another as the impassioned lover of the beautiful Florinda, the brilliant president of a brilliant court; carried to battle in a litter, and riding thither on a legendary steed, fulgent and valiant; disappearing from the field and disgracefully hiding in a monastery; fighting like a hero and falling in the fray.

But the tale of the great tournament with which he started his disastrous reign, must be told at length as one of the most resplendent pages of courtly history. Whatever may have been the end of his reign, he certainly began it in the most sumptuous spirit of hospitality and generosity yet recorded. Was ever such a tournament given before? Princes and lords and their followers came in swarms from all parts of Europe to high Toledo, upon her seven steep hills. Hearken only to the names, and say if they do not make a page in themselves as delightful as any of Froissart's. The lords of Gascony, Elmet de Bragas, with a hundred cavaliers; Guillaume de Comenge, with a hundred and twenty; the Duke of Viana, with four hundred cavaliers; the Count of the Marches,

*From "Toledo: The Story of an Old Spanish Capital." Published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

with a hundred and fifty; the Duke of Orleans, with three hundred cavaliers; and four other Dukes of France, with four hundred. Then came the King of Poland, with a luxurious train, and six hundred gentlemen of Lombardy; two marquises, four captains, with twelve hundred cavaliers. Rome sent three governors and five captains, with fifteen hundred cavaliers. The Emperor of Constantinople, his brother, three counts, and three hundred cavaliers came, as well as an English prince, with great lords, and fifteen hundred cavaliers. From Turkey, Syria, and other parts, nobles and princes to the number of five thousand came, without counting their followers and servitors, and different parts of Spain alone furnished an influx of fifty thousand cavaliers. What a poor affair our modern exhibitions and sights, even the Queen's Jubilee, seem after reading of such a brilliant and stupendous gathering of guests at King Roderick's court of Toledo.

He was, as I have said, a King to visit, with nothing of Spanish inhospitality about him. He ordered all the citizens to sleep without the city walls in the ten thousand tents he had fixt in the wide Vega, and give up their houses to his foreign guests. Be sure he paid them for the sacrifice in princely style, for out of Eastern fable never was such a prince as Don Rodrigo, the last of the Goths. All the expenses of the foreigners, including their mounts and armor, were his, for they were not permitted to use their own lances, swords, armor or horses. Never were guests entertained with such prodigious splendor. He ordered palaces to be

built for them, and laid injunctions on builders, furnishers and purveyors to spare neither expense nor luxury.

The whole Peninsula was scoured in search of armorers and iron-workers, and over fifteen hundred master armorers with their apprentices and underhands were hastily gathered together in Toledo in more than a thousand improvised iron-shops, working for six busy months at shields and lances and exquisitely wrought damascene armor for every lord and knight, the guest of their king. Each guest on arriving received, as well as house and board, his horse, full armor, shield and lance. The tourney opened on a Sunday, and presented such a scene as imagination alone can depict. We are not told the precise spot, but we may suppose the quaint three-cornered, the ever irresistible Zocodover. Rasis el Moro records each guest's formal reply when asked if he desired to fight: "For this we have come from our lands; firstly, to serve and honor these feasts; secondly, to see how they are carried out; thirdly, to prove your body, your strength, and learn what you are worth in arms."

Hearing of these great feasts, the Duchess of Lorraine, persecuted by her brother-in-law, Lembrot, came to Toledo to implore Rodrigo's protection. Rodrigo received her with cordiality, and lodged her in the royal palace, and as official defender charged Sacarus with her cause. Lembrot was called to Toledo to meet the Duchess's knight, and came with a great train. He, too, was generously entertained, and pending the clash of steel which was to decide the quarrel between Lembrot

and the Duchess, the Queen gave a sarao, which was even a more brilliant and gorgeous spectacle than the tourney. Fifty ladies danced with fifty of the greatest lords, and never was such a constellation of European titles joined in a single diversion. The ladies' names are not recorded, but there were in the first dance the King of Poland, the French prince, the Emperor of Constantinople, the son of the King of England, the Spanish infante, the Duke of Viana, the Duke of Orleans, the Count of the Marshes, The Marquis of Lombardy, and Count William of Saxony.

This enchanting moment preceded bloodshed, for on the next day the two uncles of Lembrot were killed by Sacarus, thus proclaiming the innocence of the Duchess to whom Lorraine was then restored, and, along with other fallen knights, lay the King of Africa. The dead were buried with great pomp at the expense of their splendid host, and thus ended a tournament surely without equal as a spectacle in history. The chronicle of Don Rodrigo devotes nearly a hundred pages to this picturesque event.

"THE DAY OF THE FOSS"*

BY HANNAH LYNCH

As long as he lived, the Sultan did not dare to complain of the haughty and intolerable Toledans, but when he died, Hakam summoned up

*From "Toledo: The Story of an Old Spanish Capital." Published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

courage to address them as their sovereign, and try a policy of conciliation. He chose for their governor a renegade Christian, one Amron of Huesca, the worst choice he could have made. "You alone can help me to punish these rebels who refuse to acknowledge a Moor for their chief, but who will perhaps submit to one of their own race," he said to Amron, who was officially recognized as governor of Toledo in 807. The Sultan wrote to the Toledans: "By a condescension which proves our extreme solicitude for your interests, instead of sending you one of our own subjects, we have chosen one of your compatriots." The Toledans were speedily to receive immortal proof of the special delicacy of this attention.

There exists no more shameless and inconceivable barbarity in the blood-stained pages of history than this same Amron's horrible method of cowing a haughty people. He began with the arts of beguilement, and left nothing undone to win the confidence and affection of the Toledan nobles. He feigned with them an implacable hatred of the Sultan and their conquerors, mysteriously asserted his faith in the national cause—that is Toledo's independence—and by this was able, without exciting suspicion, to quarter soldiers in private houses. Without difficulty he obtained the town's consent to build a strong castle at its extremity as a barrack for his troops, and then, to show their confidence in him, the nobles suggested the very thing he wanted, that the castle should be raised in the middle of the town. When the fortress was built, Amron installed himself therein with a strong guard, and then sent word to the Sultan, whose heart by this was well hard-

ened against the sullen and untameable Toledans. Troops were speedily gathered from other towns, and set marching upon the royal city. The young prince Abderraman, commanded one wing, and the others were commanded by three vizirs.

Amron then persuaded the unfortunate nobles to accompany him to meet the Sultan's son outside the walls. The nobles plumed themselves on their power and value, and gaily set out to visit the young prince, who received them splendidly. After a private consultation with the vizirs, Amron came back to the nobles, whom he found enchanted with the prince's kindness and courtesy, and proposed that they should invite Abderraman to honor the town with his visit. The Toledans applauded the proposition to entertain a prince with whom they were so satisfied in every way. They had a governor of their own nationality, they enjoyed perfect freedom and Abderraman had personally won them. In their innocence they besought an honor now desired. Abderraman acted the part of coy visitor, delicately apprehensive of giving trouble, but finally yielded to the persuasion of such genial hospitality. He came to the fortified castle, and ordered a great feast to which all the nobles and wealthy citizens of Toledo were invited.

The guests came in crowds, but they were only permitted to enter the castle one by one. The order was that they should enter by one gate, and the carriages should round the fortress to await them at another. In the courtyard there was a ditch, and beside it stood the executioners, hatchet in hand, and as each guest advanced, he was felled and rolled into the ditch. The butch-

ery lasted several hours, and the fatal day is ever since known in Spanish history as the "Day of the Foss." In Toledan legends it has given rise to the proverb, "a Toledo night," which is lightly enough now applied to any contrariety that produces sleeplessness, headache, or heartache. But only conceive the horrible picture in all its brutal nakedness! The gaily-apparelled guest, scented, jeweled, smiling, alights from his carriage, looking forward to pleasure in varied form; brilliant lights, delicate viands, exquisite wines, lute, song, flowers, sparkling speech.

Then the quick entrance into a dim courtyard, a step forward, perhaps in the act of unclasping a silken mantle; the soundless movement of a fatal arm in the shadowy silence, the invisible executioner's form probably hidden by a profusion of tall plants or an Oriental bush, and body after body, head upon head, roll into the common grave till the ditch is filled with nigh upon five thousand corpses. Not even the famous St. Bartholomew can compete with this in horror, in gruesomeness. Compared with it, that night of Paris was honorable and open warfare. It is the stillness of the hour, the quickness of doing, the unflinching and awful personality of the executioners, who so remorselessly struck down life as ever it advanced with smiling lip and brightly-glancing eye, that lend this scene its matchless colors of cruelty and savagery. Beside it, few shocking hours in history will seem deprived of all sense of mitigation and humanity.

The place of this monstrous episode is said to have been the famous "Taller del Moro," now a degraded ruin. Suspicion was first aroused by

a doctor, who had strolled out to watch the arrival of all these distinguished citizens come to the feast of the Moorish prince. Having time to kill, he decided to stay and see the departure, but as the hours went by, and no one came out by the door so many had gone in by, while report carried the fact that the other door had not yet opened for the exit of a single guest, he began to express his fears to the loungers gathered round him to watch for the end of the entertainment. Alarm was quickly spread. Who after all, were these brilliant strangers but the enemy armed, unscrupulous and powerful? Apprehension was strained to its utmost tension, when the doctor shouted, as all began to perceive the rising of a heavy vapor: "Unfortunates, I swear to you that that vapor is never the smoke of a feast, but that of the blood of our butchered brethren."

Never was a town so completely stupified by a moment's blow before. Not a single voice was lifted in protest. Toledo, on ordinary occasions, so resentful, proud, rebellious, was simply prostrate from emotion and horror; and in her stunned and terrorized condition the Turk might have done what he willed with her. She was bereft of reproaches, of will and force. The remaining citizens dared hardly speak of the dreadful occurrence in whispers among themselves, so heavily gript were they by the nightmare of reality.

THE TAGUS, RIVER OF ROMANCE*

BY HANNAH LYNCH

The Tagus was always the great natural charm of the town. Like the Arno, it takes on every hue; some mornings just after dawn, it is the palest blue, again is a still sleepy jade, or silver like a curled mirror, and as stirless as it gives back the ardent flash of the sunrays; or after sunset, when all the rich hues have faded from sky and earth, and crimson and russet gold have waved into an indigo dusk, you will see a white mist rise and travel in flakes from the bosom of the enazured water over the dim landscape. Capricious as these cold or fervent hours may be, the permanent color of the tranquil untraveled Tagus is yellow. All poets and writers see but the yellow in it, as in the Tiber, tho its blue and green and silvered hours are much more beautiful.

The most witching element in the enchantment of this river is its stillness, its unfathomable, unbroken quietude. In the sixteenth century it was navigable as far as Toledo, but the mills upon its banks are now for ever silent; no traffic has deflowered its legendary charms; neither boat nor barge cuts a way along its inactive waters. In an age when every resource of nature is feverishly applied to the service of commerce or luxury, there is something majestic in such uselessness. When the wherry that plies sleepily from bank to bank floats into view, the sight is a

*From "Toledo: The Story of an Old Spanish Capital." Published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

positive shock of artistic sensibilities. It seems an idle desecration. Only the gold-seekers—symbol of eternal illusion, ever nourished and ever elusive to the grasp of man, who builds fresh illusions of the ashes of past deceptions—may continue to trouble its wild untamed depths.

So from time to time these children of tradition, believing in the tale of its golden sands, go down to the reedy banks, after an inundation, with sifters, and industriously gather up the sand the river has flung from its bottom. They pour water over it, shake it well, and then hungrily examine the grains that remain in the vain hope of finding gold. Before Ponz's time the dean of the Church of the Infantas was said to possess a piece of gold cast up by the Tagus, and the complaint then was that many another piece had been carelessly broken and scattered by the silversmiths. But Ponz doubts the golden legend even so early as the last century. To explain the undoubted fact that the river had at different times cast up treasure, he assumes that in each reversal and exodus of race brought about by the evolution of Toledo's history, Roman, Gothic, Moorish, Hebrew, and Christian, the fugitives had the habit of burying near the river treasure in provision for the expected return. Even this is no supposition to be scorned, and adds to the romantic interest of the deserted Tagus.

Garcilaso de la Vega has chanted the golden charms of the Tagus, and Cervantes writes of "the delicate works wrought by the four nymphs who, from their crystal dwelling, lifted their heads above the waves of the Tagus, and sat on

the green meadow to work at those rich stuffs which the ingenious poet paints for us, and which were fashioned of gold and silk and pearls." Now, as then, like Lope the Asturian, aquadores descend to the river-brink with their donkeys laden with water-jars, which they fill below, and bridge the upward rocky paths shouting: "Fresh water." The plays of Cervantes were acted at Toledo, which permitted Lope de Vega, who lived then in the royal city, to make an ill-natured reference to the great biographer of the ingenious Hidalgo in his correspondence, and jeering at his plays, call him a "nescio." Lope little dreamed in his bitterness and jealousy that the "nescio" would forever stand before posterity as the sole representative of Castillian genius, and that the miserable little inn he dwelt in at Toledo would be forever a spot of pious pilgrimage.

Toledo's finest hour is at sunset, especially in the month of October. Nowhere have I seen the setting sun cast such a rich and lovely flush over the earth. The brown visage of the town for one intense moment is made radiant by the deep crimson flames, and the red light sheds a glorious beauty upon empty hill-sides and river-washed plains. Magic enfolds city and land, and space is so abridged by the matchless purity of the atmosphere that the eye is tricked into the belief that distant objects are quite close. Painters complain of this singular deception, which makes it so difficult to seize and reproduce the features of town and landscape. But the mere observer will naturally rejoice in an attraction the more.

Sunset is the hour for a divine walk along the

jagged and broken precipices above the river. You follow the steep Calle de la Barca behind the Cathedral down to the ferry, where a few lazy oar strokes take you across the narrow Tagus. The effect midway is surprizing. Looking toward the bridge of Alcántara and San Servando, the waters seem to force their way between the immense brown rocks from the castle ruins, and lie steep and still like a mountain tarn. Little splashes of green and flowery bloom high up among the rocks give a pretty touch to the grim picture, and over the harsh remains of the city walls you will note a common but bright little suggestion of garden life. On the road above, rounding the superb curve of Antiquerela, a boy on mule-back is a slight silhouet of vanishing grace, and the evening bells in the upper air sound thin and ethereal above the sealike roar of the water breaks below the silent Moorish mills. Not even the modern hint of existence and the squalid little galleries, with linen hanging out to dry over a broken bit of castellated wall, will disturb your feeling of reverie among the forgotten ages.

Nor will the living light upon the trees, flashing rose and yellow through their branches and across the reeds along the river, nor the quaint figures moving lazily up the mule-path that cuts its crooked way over the naked rocks to the Valle, in the least disturb your bemused sensation of enchanted negation. The beauty of the hour and scene will trouble you less than its strangeness and quietude. Go further up, until you reach Nuestra Señora de la Valle, and from this point the old city will show you its most

admirable grouping. At your feet, far down the precipitous shore line, a broken mirror of jade or muddy gold, zig-zagged by lines of foam along the breakwaters, and above the opposite bank, mapped upward, roof against roof, in pale brown, with spaces of green here and there where the gardens show, the town reveals itself in all its magnificent eccentricity.

Here some notion of the Cathedral from outside may be gathered. The Gate of Lions directly fronts you, and the apse stands out from its crowd of buildings, while the bell-tower dominates the scene in all its majestic isolation. From the flat roofs rise a mass of upper domes and mudejar towers that add an Arabian note to the great Alcázar with its three towers, bold, undecorated, and monotonous, is perched in odd supremacy above the girdling path that now runs under the mutilated wall. The hills lie backward, reddish-purple, silent, perfumed, and somber, and the Vega with its broad bright smile of verdure and bloom travels beyond the famous bridge of San Martin. Between the rocky shore and the ruins of a Roman bridge are big sandy reaches, and every step you take among the brushwood scents the air with strong aromatic odors of the herbs.

THE SWORD-MAKERS*

BY HANNAH LYNCH

Of commerce hardly a hint. Here and there an offer to supply daily wants of the simplest

*From "Toledo: The Story of an Old Spanish Capital." Published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

kind, and, in the Calle del Comercio, a few shop-fronts with belated appointments. The most interesting is that of Alvarez, the best maker of damascene. Murray's guide-book recommends travelers to purchase this famous Toledo work at the Fabrica de Armas, the Government enterprise. This is wrong advice. The Fabrica produces inferior work, and charges twenty-five per cent. more than the private factories. Some of the work in Alvarez's shop is exquisite, and, when you have entered his workshop behind, and watched the men slowly and carefully produce this minute art, the wonder is not that it should be so expensive, but that it should not cost more. The Fabrica outside the town is only interesting to lovers of steel. It is quite a vulgar and modern institution, dating from the days of Charles III., the bourgeois monarch, whom a Spanish writer contemptuously described as "an excellent mayor." In the middle ages, the armorers worked in their own houses, and each master had a band of apprentices. They formed a corporation, and were exempt from taxes and duties in the purchase of materials for this art.

The sword makers of Toledo were a company of European importance, and even the mere sellers of daggers and blades were privileged citizens, whom the very sovereigns and archbishops respected. Toledan steel was renowned in France and England as well as in Italy. On his way to captivity in Madrid, Francis of France cried, seeing beardless boys with swords at their sides, "Oh, most happy Spain, that brings forth and brings up men already armed." The steel used by the "espaderos" of Toledo came from the iron

mines of Mondragon in the Basque provinces. Palomario explains its peculiar excellence by the virtues of the sand and water of the Tagus. When the metal was red-hot, it was covered with sand, and, the blade then formed, it was placed in a hollow wooden tank full of Tagus water. The most celebrated "espadero" of Toledo was Guiliano el Moro, a native of Granada, in the fifteenth century. He became converted after the surrender of Boabdil, and King Ferdinand being his sponsor, was also called Guiliano el rey. Cervantes mentions his mark, which was a little dog. Other great "espaderos" were—Joannes de la Horta, Tomás de Ayala, Sagahun, Dionisio Corrientes, Miguel Cantera, whose motto was "the work praises its maker," Tomás Ghya, Hortensio de Aguerre and Menchaca Sebastian Hernandez. The decline of Toledan steel is traced to the introduction of French costume; and tho attempts have been made to revive it, the old art, in all its unrivalled beauty, has forever vanished.

"Oh, lovely Spain! Renowned, romantic land!
Where is that standard which Pelagio bore,
When Cava's traitor-sire first called the band
That dyed thy mountain-streams with Gothic gore?
Where are those bloody banners which of yore
Waved o'er thy sons, victorious to the gale,
And drove at last the spoilers to their shore?
Red gleamed the cross, and waned the crescent pale,
While Afric's echoes thrilled with Moorish matrons' wail."

—From Byron's "Childe Harold."

III

MADRID

THE GALLERY OF THE PRADO*

BY JOHN HAY

As a general thing it is well to distrust a Spaniard's superlatives. He will tell you that his people are the most amiable in the world, but you will do well to carry your revolver into the interior. He will say there are no wines worth drinking but the Spanish, but you will scarcely forswear Clicquot and Yquem on the mere faith of his assertion.

But when a Spaniard assures you that the picture-gallery of Madrid is the finest in the world, you may believe him without reserve. He probably does not know what he is talking about. He may never have crossed the Pyrenees. He has no dream of the glories of Dresden, or Florence, or the Louvre. It is even possible that he has not seen the matchless collection he is boasting of. He crowns it with a sweeping superlative simply because it is Spanish. But the statement is nevertheless true.

The reason of this is found in that gigantic and overshadowing fact which seems to be an explana-

*From "Castillian Days." By special arrangement with, and by permission of, the publishers, Houghton, Mifflin Co. Copyright, 1871, 1899, 1903.

tion of everything in Spain—the power and the tyranny of the House of Austria. The period of the vast increase of Spanish dominion coincided with that of the meridian glory of Italian art. The conquest of Granada was finished as the divine child Raphael began to meddle with his father's brushes and pallets, and before his short life ended Charles, Burgess of Ghent, was emperor and king. The dominions he governed and transmitted to his son embraced Spain, the Netherlands, Franche-Comté, the Milanese, Naples, and Sicily; that is to say, those regions where art in that age and the next attained its supreme development. He was also lord of the New World, whose inexhaustible mines poured into the lap of Europe a constant stream of gold. Hence came the riches and the leisure necessary to art.

Charles V., as well as his great contemporary and rival, Francis I., was a munificent protector of art. He brought from Italy and Antwerp some of the most perfect products of their immortal masters. He was the friend and patron of Titian, and when, weary of the world and its vanities, he retired to the lonely monastery of Yuste to spend in devout contemplation the evening of his days, the most precious solace of his solitude was that noble canvas of the great Venetian, where Charles and Philip are borne, in penitential guise and garb, on luminous clouds into the visible glory of the Most High. . . .

It now needs but one word to show how the Museum of Madrid became so rich in masterpieces. During the long and brilliant reigns of Charles V. and Philip II., when art had arrived at its apogee in Italy, and was just beginning its

splendid career in Spain, these powerful monarchs had the lion's share of all the best work that was done in the world. There was no artist so great but he was honored by the commands of these lords of the two worlds. They thus formed in their various palaces, pleasure-houses, and cloisters a priceless collection of pictures produced in the dawn of the Spanish and the triumphant heyday of Italian genius. Their frivolous successors lost provinces and kingdoms, honor and prestige, but they never lost their royal prerogative nor their taste for the arts. They consoled themselves for the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune by the delights of sensual life, and imagined they preserved some distant likeness to their great forerunners by encouraging and protecting Velazquez and Lope de Vega and other intellectual giants of that decaying age. So while, as the result of a vicious system of kingly and spiritual thraldom, the intellect of Spain was forced away from its legitimate channels of thought and action, under the shadow of the royal prerogative, which survived the genuine power of the older kings, art flourished and bloomed, unsuspected and unpersecuted by the coward jealousy of courtier and monk.

The palace and the convent divided the product of those marvelous days. Amid all the poverty of the failing state, it was still the king and clergy who were best able to appropriate the works of genius. This may have contributed to the decay of art. The immortal canvases passed into oblivion in the salons of palaces and the cells of monasteries. Had they been scattered over the land and seen by the people, they might have kept

alive the spark that kindled their creators. But exclusiveness is inevitably followed by barrenness. When the great race of Spanish artists ended, these matchless works were kept in the safe obscurity of palaces and religious establishments. History was working in the interests of this Museum. The pictures were held by the clenched dead hand of the Church and the throne. They could not be sold or distributed. They made the dark places luminous, patiently biding their time.

It was long enough coming, and it was a despicable hand that brought them into the light. Ferdinand VII. thought his palace would look fresher if the walls were covered with French paper, and so packed all the pictures off to the empty building on the Prado, which his grandfather had built for a museum. As soon as the glorious collection was exposed to the gaze of the world, its incontestable merit was at once recognized. Especially were the works of Velazquez, hitherto almost an unknown name in Europe, admired and appreciated. Ferdinand, finding he had done a clever thing unawares, began to put on airs and pose for a patron of art. The gallery was still further immensely enriched on the exclaustration of the monasteries, by the hidden treasures of the Escurial, and other spoils of mortmain. And now, as a collection of masterpieces, it has no equal in the world.

A few figures will prove this. It contains more than two thousand pictures already cataloged—all of them worth a place on the walls. Among these there are ten by Raphael, forty-three by Titian, thirty-four by Tintoret, twenty-five by

Paul Veronese. Rubens has the enormous contingent of sixty-four. Of Teniers, whose works are sold for fabulous sums for the square inch, this extraordinary museum possesses no less than sixty finished pictures—the Louvre considers itself rich with fourteen. So much for a few of the foreigners. Among the Spaniards the three greatest names could alone fill a gallery. There are sixty-five Velazquez, forty-six Murillos, and fifty-eight Riberas. Compare these figures with those of any other gallery in existence, and you will at once recognize the hopeless superiority of this collection. It is not only the greatest collection in the world, but the greatest that can ever be made until this is broken up.

But with all this mass of wealth it is not a complete, nor, properly speaking, a representative museum. You can not trace upon its walls the slow, groping process of art toward perfection. It contains few of what the book-lovers call "incunabula." Spanish art sprang out full-armed from the mature brain of Rome. Juan de Juanes came back from Italy a great artist. The schools of Spain were budded on a full-bearing tree. Charles and Philip bought masterpieces, and cared little for the crude efforts of the awkward pencils of the necessary men who came before Raphael.

But recognizing all this, there is, in this glorious temple, enough to fill the least enthusiastic lover of art with delight and adoration for weeks and months together. If one knew he was to be blind in a year, like the young musician in Auerbach's exquisite romance, I know of no place in the world where he could garner up so precious a store of memories for the days of darkness,

memories that would haunt the soul with so divine a light of consolation, as in that graceful Palace of the Prado.

THE ARMORY AND THE NAVAL MUSEUM*

BY EDMONDO DE AMICIS

The Madrid armory is one of the most complete in the world. As you enter the immense hall, your heart gives a leap, the blood surges through your veins, and you stand as motionless at the portal as one who has lost his reason. An entire army of cavalry, clad in armor, with swords in their hands, lances in rest, gleaming and formidable, dash toward you like a legion of specters. It is an army of emperors, kings, dukes, in the most superb armor that has ever issued from the hands of man, upon which falls a torrent of light from eighteen enormous windows, and this draws from the metal a gleam of rays, sparks, and colors that fairly make one giddy.

The walls are covered with cuirasses, helmets, bows, guns, swords, halberds, tournament lances, immense muskets, and gigantic lances, which reach from the floor to the ceiling; from the ceiling hang the banners of all the armies of the world, trophies of Lepanto, San Quintino, the War of the Independence, and those of Africa, Cuba, and Mexico; on every side there is a profusion of glorious ensigns, illustrious arms, marvelous works

*From "Spain." Translated by Wilhelmina W. Cady. By special arrangement with, and by permission of, the publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons. Copyright, 1881.

of art, effigies, emblems, and immortal names. One does not know where to begin to admire, and runs, at first, here and there, looking at every thing, and seeing nothing, and really weary before having fairly commenced one's task. In the center of the hall is the equestrian armor, with horses and cavaliers ranged in a row, by twos and threes, all turning in the same direction, like the column of a squadron; and one distinguishes, at first sight, among others, the armors of Philip II., Charles V., Philibert Emanuel, and Christopher Columbus.

Here and there, on pedestals, one sees helmets, casques, morions, collars, and bucklers, belonging to the kings of Arragon, Castile, and Navarre, finished in fine relief of silver, representing battles, scenes from mythology, symbolical figures, trophies, and grotesque garlands; some of them of inestimable value, the work of the most distinguished artists of Europe; others of strange shapes, overladen with ornaments, tufts, vizors, and colossal crests; then small helmets and cuirasses of young princes, together with swords and shields, donated by popes and monarchs. In the midst of the equestrian armor, one sees statues clothed in the fantastic costumes of Indians, Africans, and Chinese, ornamented with feathers and bells, with bows and quivers; frightful warlike masks; costumes of mandarins of woven gold and silk.

Along the walls are other pieces of armor; that of the Marquis of Pescara, the poet Garcilaso of Vega, the Marquis of Santa Cruz, the gigantic one of Frederick the Magnanimous, Duke of Saxony; and among one and another Arabian, Per-

sian, and Moorish banners, that are falling to pieces. In the glass cases is a collection of swords, which make you shudder when you hear the names of those who wielded them: such as those belonging to the Prince of Condé, Isabella the Catholic, Philip II., Ferdinand Cortes, the Count Duke of Olivares, John of Austria, Gonzalez of Cordova, Pizarro, the Cid; and, a little farther on, are the helmet of King Boabdil of Granada, the buckler of Francis I., and the camp-chair of Charles V. In a corner of the room are ranged the trophies of the Ottoman armies; helmets studded with gems, spurs, gilded stirrups, the collars of slaves, daggers, scimetars in velvet sheaths, circlets of gold, embroidered and covered with pearls; the spoils of Ali Pasha, who was killed on the flagship, at the battle of Lepanto; his caftan of gold and silver brocade, his belt, sandals, and shield; the spoils of his sons, and the banners torn from the galleys.

On another side are votive crowns, crosses, and necklaces, belonging to Gothic princes. In another compartment are objects taken from the Indians of Mariveles, the Moors of Cagayan and Mindano, and from savages of the most distant oceanic islands; such as necklaces of snail shells, pipes of wooden idols, reed flutes, ornaments made from the feet of insects, slaves' robes made of palm leaves, written leaves which served as safeguards, poisoned arrows, and executioners' hatchets. And then, on every side one turns, there are the saddles of kings, coats of mail, culverins, historical drums, sashes, inscriptions, mementos and images of all times and countries, from the fall of the Goths to the battle of Teuan,

from Mexico to China; a collection of treasures and masterpieces, which one leaves dazed, moved, and exhausted, to return to self-consciousness later (as if coming out of a dream), with one's memory wearied and confused.

If on some future day a great Italian poet shall desire to sing of the discovery of the new world, in no place can he obtain more powerful inspiration than in the Naval Museum of Madrid, because in no place does one feel more deeply the virginal atmosphere of the wild America and the mysterious presence of Columbus. There is a room called the cabinet of the discoverers; the poet, on entering it, if he really possess the soul of a poet, will uncover his head in reverence. In whatever portion of the room the eye falls, one sees some image that stirs the heart; one is no longer in Europe, nor in the present century, but in the America of the fifteenth century; one breaths that air, sees those places, and feels that life.

In the center is a trophy of arms taken from the natives of the discovered territory; shields covered with the skins of wild beasts, javelins of cane with plumed notches, wooden sabers in osier scabbards, their hilts ornamented with manes and hair falling in long bunches; canes, poles, and enormous clubs, great swords indented like a saw, shapeless scepters, gigantic quivers, clothes of monkey skin, daggers of kings and executioners, arms belonging to the savages of Cuba, Mexico, New Caledonia, the Carolinas, and the most remote islands of the Pacific, black, strange and horrible, which awaken in one's mind confused visions of terrible struggles, in the

mysterious obscurity of virginal forests, within interminable labyrinths of unknown trees.

Round about these spoils of a savage country are the images and mementos of the conquerers; here the portrait of Columbus; there, that of Pizarro; beyond, that of Ferdinand Cortes; on one wall the map of America, drawn by Giovanni de la Cosa, during the second voyage of the Genoese, on a broad canvas covered with figures, colors, and signs, which were intended to serve as a guide for the expeditions into the interior of the territories; near the canvas is a piece of the tree under which the conqueror of Mexico reposed during the famous "bitter night," after he had opened his path through the immense army which awaited him in the valley of Otumba; then a vase taken from the trunk of the tree near which the celebrated Captain Cook died; imitations of boats, barks, and rafts used by the savages; a collection of portraits of illustrious navigators.

Then, in the middle portion, there is a large picture which represents the three ships of Christopher Columbus—the "Nina," the "Pinta," and the "Santa Maria," at the moment in which American soil appears, and all the sailors, erect on the poops, waving their arms, and uttering loud cries, salute the new world and give thanks to God. There are no words which express the emotion that one experiences at the sight of that spectacle, nor tears worth that which trembles in one's eye at that instant, nor human soul which, in that moment, does not feel itself more grand!

THE ROYAL PALACE*

ADAPTED FROM BAEDEKER BY THE EDITOR

Considering its site, great size, and architectural merits, no royal palace in Europe can be said to rival the one in Madrid. In mere size, the Escorial, thirty miles away, is far larger, the Palace of Versailles called for a greater expenditure of money, and Windsor Castle has a site even nobler; but none of these combine the conditions which make the Spanish residence the most beautiful and imposing in Europe. When Napoleon was installing his brother Joseph in it as King of Spain, he remarked, as both were standing on the grand staircase, and as if by way of reassurance for a doubtful tenure, "You will be better lodged here than I am myself."

The palace was originally designed by Filippo Juvara, who died in 1735. It was erected in 1738–64 by Giovanni Battista Sacchetti on a height overlooking the Manzanares river from the east. This site had already been occupied by a royal palace, begun by Philip II., and destroyed by fire in 1734. Philip's palace succeeded a Moorish one known as the Alcazar. The present massive pile has six stories architecturally treated as a rustic base surmounted by an ornate and imposing story having Corinthian pilasters. From all sides it presents an impressive appearance, but the best point for a view of it is the valley of the Manzanares river on the northwest, where the rapid slope of the ground, which is almost a promontory,

*From Baedeker's "Spain and Portugal."

has been neutralized by an approach, comprising immense structures of steps, balconies and platforms in solid masonry.

The building is in the form of a quadrangle enclosing a court 145 feet square. It occupies 26,900 square yards of ground; its sides are 500 feet long, and its height varies from 80 feet to 165 feet. At the corners are four massive towers. The entire structure is of granite, with door and window openings and other ornaments in white, marble-like "piedra de Colmenar." The total cost down to 1808 amounted to about 75,000,000 pesetas, or, roughly, $15,000,000.

The main entrance is on the south side in the Plaza de Armas, and is enclosed by projecting wings. The interior is rarely accessible to the public, even in the absence of the royal family, and then only by written permission obtained from the Intendencia General. The ceiling of the Salon de Embrajadores, or Throne Room, is adorned with a painting of "The Majesty of Spain," by G. B. Tiepolo. Another superb room is the Camara de Girardini, which was designed by the Italian artist of that name in the reign of Charles III. The ceiling is of porcelain, in the Japanese manner. The State Dining Room and other rooms with frescoes of Raphael Mengs, Bayeu, Maella, and others are also interesting. The Palace Chapel, in the north wing, contains sixteen large columns of dark-gray marble, frescoes by Corrado Giacinto, and an altar piece by Raphael Mengs. Two rooms opposite the sacristy contain the Royal Treasury of Holy Relics, including many fine antique works of art.

In the Tapiceria of the palace is a unique col-

lection of tapestries, mostly of Flemish workmanship, which are shown to the public only on Corpus Christi Day. In all there are 800 pieces. The following are the most noteworthy: "The Conquest of Tunis" by Charles V., executed by Pannemaker of Brussels from drawings by Jehan Cornelis Vermeyen (ten pieces, two of the set being missing); "The History of the Virgin," on a gold ground (six pieces); "The Story of David and Bathsheba"; "The Life of St. John"; "The Bearing of the Cross," after Rogier van der Weyden; "The Temptation of St. Anthony," after Bosch; "The Last Supper"; "The Apocalypse;" "The Seven Deadly Sins"; and "The Life of St. Paul," after Bloemart. The publication of a magnificent illustrated work dealing with the Tapiceria was begun in 1903. The Royal Library, in the northeast angle of the palace, contains about 100,000 printed volumes and 5,000 MSS., some of which are very valuable. On the west side of the palace lie the Jardines del Palacio, which are accessible in the absence of the court. These beautiful gardens were first laid out by Philip II. in 1556. After a long period of neglect they were restored in 1890.

A BULL FIGHT*

BY KATE FIELD

First, I saw a great wooden circus open to the sky, with one row of boxes above, an amphitheater below, and an immense ring separated from the

*From "Ten Days in Spain." By special arrangement with, and by permission of, the publishers, Houghton, Mifflin Co. Copyright, 1875.

amphitheater by a red barrier six feet high, and an alley about five feet wide. Then I saw 14,000 Spaniards, the men wearing civilized trousers and chimney-pots, the women occasionally varying bonnets with mantillas. There was no effect of color, saving such as was produced by the waving of cheap and badly tinted fans in that part of the circle exposed to a blazing sun. Everybody appeared excited, and cries of "water, water!" added to the pandemonium.

Next I heard a wretched band play wretched music. Then began the procession of the dramatis personae, who marched round once and disappeared. The play consists of three acts. In the first, the horses are killed; in the second, the bull is worried and wounded; in the third the bull is killed. To every performance there are six plays, in which six bulls and at least twenty-four horses are slaughtered. So you perceive how busy Mr. Bergh* would be if he lived in Spain and there were a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

If the men were killed in bull-fights, I should say nothing more than "it serves them right." But, with the usual amount of justice meted out in this calculating world, they alone escape. Rarely are men injured in the ring. Skill and precaution saves them; unsuspected hacks, blinded on the side presented to their powerful opponent, and bulls that have never been warned of their doom, are gored and butchered amid a multitude of human yells.

There is a deal of fiction about a bull-fight. The

*The late Henry Bergh, of New York, founder of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

two alguacils on horseback, who, clothed in black, headed the procession, exhibited two handkerchiefs apiece, peering from pockets on their breasts. Why, no one remembers. An alguacil began Act First by dashing up to the box of the president, from whom he received the key of the gate at which the bulls entered. Was the gate locked? No. The alguacil rode back to the gate, it was thrown open, and out rushed a brown and white bull, wearing the colors of the hidalgo on whose farm he had been bred. The bulls for this occasion were raised by a noble duke, a lineal descendent of America's discoverer, bearing his honored name, Cristobal Colôn. Whether the human stock has degenerated in its pursuits is a matter of taste. We prefer America to bull-fights; Spaniards prefer bull-fights to America. But Christopher Columbus raised fine bulls; there are none better.

With a trumpet-blast the "lord of lowing herds" dashed into the ring. For two days he has been kept in the dark without food. Fancy then his bewilderment and rage when, blinded by the sun, and excited by the screams of 14,000 throats; to the left of the gate, which closed immediately, he saw a picador drest in yellow, wearing a broad-brimmed hat, mounted on a sorry beast, and holding in his right hand a threatening lance. Could anything have been more inviting to bullish instinct? In one moment the bull's horns penetrated the horse's bowels, and the lance was plunged into the bull's back. The bull was game; he showed unusual pluck, and the Spaniards cheered. Again and again he returned to the charge. There never was a better bull. He lifted the helpless horse off his feet; he almost carried him on his

horns; he no more heeded the lance than if it had been the pricking of a pin; he gored and gored until the wretched horse, quivering from head to feet, silently fell to the ground with the picador beneath him.

The man was in no danger. The bull's attention was quickly distracted by the waving of red banners in another direction, and assistants rescued the picador, whose high tournament saddle prevented him from being easily thrown, and whose legs were so cased in iron as to render it impossible for him to move until set upon his feet. On the picador's removal the teasing ceased, and the bull, seeing the dead horse bathed in his own blood, charged him many times amid bravos of the people. Descrying another horse, off the bull dashed with his hoofs in the air, and so nearly tossed his victim as to unhorse the picador, who clung to the barrier until hauled over it. The horse galloped riderless round the ring with his bowels dragging upon the ground. It was a noble sight. Perhaps you think the suffering brutes are speedily put out of misery. You are wrong. As long as horses can stand up and bear riders, so long they do duty. Contemplating from the middle of the ring the results of his prowess, the bull repeated the pleasing performance, when the picador again mounted.

There are many variations; but the theme never varies, and, before the act closed, six horses lay stark and stiff. Spaniards are intensely critical in the matter of bull fights. When they think they are being cheated out of sport, they do not hesitate to cry for more horses, and in trepidation the managers rush into the street to buy the first cheap

hack that offers. Twenty-five dollars apiece is the price generally paid. Six dead horses in one act satisfy the most exacting. Now came the mules. Harnessed three abreast, with nodding flags and tassels, they were driven in to fast music; and performed scavenger duty by dragging off their dead relations in a "tempo furioso." The entrails were raked up, and Act Second began.

Showing no signs of fatigue, Christopher Columbus's bull made work for the capeadores (the men who shake their cloaks about promiscuously), and fiercely eyed the banderilleros (from banderilla, little banner), who, in the gorgeous livery of "Figaro," entered the ring, bearing barbs which must be lodged artistically in the bull's neck. Now began the contest between brute instinct and human skill. Not to poise the barbs in the right place is to excite multitudinous indignation; therefore the banderillero is ever on the alert, coquetting with the bull until the moment for throwing arrives. If the barbs are aimed finely, and go in straight, the banderillero becomes a hero. He bows, he received a shower of cigars, men throw him their hats, which he returns with masterly flings, and the owners are made happy. Picture, if you can, the inexpressible joy of seeing six of these murderous barbs—six or eight being the number allowed—standing erect in the bull's neck. Tortured, frenzied, the poor beast still showed pluck. Had he not, barbs with fireworks would have been fastened upon his back to give him additional vivacity. With the throwing of the third pair of barbs Act Second ended.

Act Third disclosed the espada (swordsman), vulgarly called matador (slayer), humoring, coax-

ing, teasing the bull by dexterously handling the cloak, under which was the weapon destined to do the final butchering. The present espada, Lagartijo (Little Lizard), was received with great favor, and certainly he knew every trick of his noble trade. That bull would not give up, but Lagartijo proved equal to the occasion. He magnetized the bull, which for a second was thrown off his guard. In that second, Lagartijo planted the sword between the bull's horns and the splendid animal dropt dead. Great was the cheering, many were the hats thrown, more were the cigars. An attendant picked them up, and Lagartijo, with his velvet costume embroidered in silver, with his white silk stockings, and with his black hair done up in a pig tail, felt that his supreme ambition had been realized.

THE ESCORIAL*

BY JOHN HAY

We must confess to a special fancy for Philip II. He was so true a king, so vain, so superstitious, so mean and cruel, it is probable so great a king never lived. Nothing could be more royal than the way he distributed his gratitude for the victory on St. Lawrence's day. To Count Egmont, whose splendid courage and loyalty gained him the

*From "Castillian Days." By special arrangement with, and by permission of, the publishers, Houghton, Mifflin Co. Copyright, 1871, 1899, 1903. Tho not in Madrid, or near enough to be called a suburb of it, the Escorial seems to belong to the Spanish capital. It is usually visited by tourists as a one-day's excursion from Madrid.

battle, he gave ignominy and death on the scaffold; and to exhibit a gratitude to a myth which he was too mean to feel to a man, he built to San Lorenzo that stupendous mass of granite which is to-day the visible demonstration of the might and the weakness of Philip and his age.

He called it the Monastery of San Lorenzo el Real, but the nomenclature of the great has no authority with the people. It was built on a site once covered with cinder-heaps from a long abandoned iron-mine, and so it was called in common speech the Escorial. The royal seat of San Ildefonso can gain from the general public no higher name than La Granja, the Farm. The great palace of Catharine de Medici, the home of three dynasties, is simply the Tuileries, the Tile-fields. You can not make people call the White House the Executive Mansion. A merchant named Pitti built a palace in Florence, and tho kings and grand dukes have inhabited it since, it is still the Pitti. There is nothing so democratic as language. . . .

The conscience of Philip did not permit a long delay in the accomplishment of his vow. Charles V. had charged him in his will to build a mausoleum for the kings of the Austrian race. He bound the two obligations in one, and added a third destination to the enormous pile he contemplated. It should be a palace as well as a monastery and a royal charnel-house. He chose the most appropriate spot in Spain for the erection of the most cheerless monument in existence. He had fixt his capital at Madrid because it was the dreariest town in Spain, and to envelop himself in a still profounder desolation, he built the Escorial out of sight of the city, on a bleak, bare hillside, swept

by the glacial gales of the Guadarrama, parched by the vertical suns of summer, and curst at all seasons with the curse of barrenness. Before it towers the great chain of mountains separating Old and New Castile. Behind it the chilled winds sweep down to the Madrid plateau, over rocky hillocks and involved ravines—a scene in which probably no man ever took pleasure except the royal recluse who chose it for his home.

John Baptist of Toledo laid the corner-stone on an April day of 1563, and in the autumn of 1584 John of Herrera looked upon the finished work, so vast and so gloomy that it lay like an incubus upon the breast of earth. It is a parallelogram measuring from north to south seven hundred and forty-four feet, and five hundred and eighty feet from east to west. It is built, by order of the fantastic bigot, in the form of St. Lawrence's gridiron, the courts representing the interstices of the bars, and the towers at the corners sticking helpless in the air like the legs of the supine implement. It is composed of a clean gray granite, chiefly in the Doric order, with a severity of façade that degenerates into poverty, and defrauds the building of the effect its great bulk merits. The sheer monotonous walls are pierced with eleven thousand windows, which, tho really large enough for the rooms, seem on that stupendous surface to shrink into musketry loopholes. In the center of the parallelogram stands the great church, surmounted by its soaring dome. All around the principal building is stretched a circumscribing line of convents, in the same style of doleful yellowish-gray, so endless in extent that the inmates might easily despair of any world beyond them.

There are few scenes in the world so depressing as that which greets you as you enter into the wide court before the church, called El Templo. You are shut finally in by these iron-gray walls. The outside day has given you up. Your feet slip on the damp flags. An unhealthy fungus tinges the humid corners with a pallid green. You look in vain for any trace of human sympathy in those blank walls and that severe façade. There is a dismal attempt in that direction in the gilded garments and the painted faces of the colossal prophets and kings that are perched above the lofty doors. But they do not comfort you; they are tinselled stones, not statues. . . .

A flight of veined marble steps leads to the beautiful retable of the high altar. The screen, over ninety feet high, cost the Milanese Trezzo seven years of labor. The pictures illustrative of the life of our Lord are by Tibaldi and Zuccaro. The gilt bronze tabernacle of Trezzo and Herrera, which has been likened with the doors of the Baptistery of Florence as worthy to figure in the architecture of heaven, no longer exists. It furnished a half hour's amusement to the soldiers of France. On either side of the high altar are the oratories of the royal family, and above them are the kneeling effigies of Charles, with his wife, daughter, and sisters, and Philip with his successive harem of wives. One of the few luxuries this fierce bigot allowed himself was that of a new widowhood every few years. There are forty other altars with pictures good and bad. The best are by the wonderful deaf-mute, Navarrete, of Logroño, and by Sanchez Coello, the favorite of Philip.

A sense of duty will take you into the crypt

where the dead kings are sleeping in brass. This mausoleum, ordered by the great Charles, was slow in finishing. All of his line had a hand in it down to Philip IV., who completed it and gathered in the poor relics of royal mortality from many graves. The key of the vault is the stone where the priest stands when he elevates the Host in the temple above. The vault is a graceful octagon about forty feet high, with nearly the same diameter; the flickering light of your torches shows twenty-six sarcophagi, some occupied and some empty, filling the niches of the polished marble. On the right sleep the sovereigns, on the left their consorts. There is a coffin for Doña Isabel de Bourbon among the kings, and one for her amiable and lady-like husband among the queens. They were not lovely in their lives, and in their deaths they shall be divided.

Twice, it is said, the coffin of the emperor has been opened by curious hands—by Philip IV., who found the corpse of his great ancestor intact, and observed to the courtier at his elbow, "An honest body, Don Luis!" and again by the Ministers of State and Fomento in the spring of 1870, who started back aghast when the coffin-lid was lifted and disclosed the grim face of the Burgess of Ghent, just as Titian painted him—the keen, bold face of a world-stealer.

I do not know if Philip's funeral urn was ever opened. He stayed above ground too long as it was, and it is probable that people have never cared to look upon his face again. All that was human had died out of him years before his actual demise, and death seemed not to consider it worth while to carry off a vampire. Go into the little

apartment where his last days were passed; a wooden table and book-shelf, one arm-chair and two stools—the one upholstered with cloth for winter, the other with tin for summer—on which he rested his gouty leg, and a low chair for a secretary—this was all the furniture he used. The rooms are not larger than cupboards, low and dark. The little oratory where he died looks out upon the high altar of the Temple. In a living death, as if by an awful anticipation of the common lot it was ordained that in the flesh he should know corruption, he lay waiting his summons hourly for fifty-three days.

So powerful is the influence of a great personality that in the Escorial you can think of no one but Philip II. He lived here only fourteen years, but every corridor and cloister seems to preserve the souvenir of his somber and imperious genius. For two and a half centuries his feeble successors have trod these granite halls; but they flit through your mind pale and unsubstantial as dreams. The only tradition they preserved of their great descent was their magnificence and their bigotry.

The only cheerful room in this granite wilderness is the library, still in good and careful keeping. A long, beautiful room, two hundred feet of bookcases, and tasteful frescoes by Tibaldi and Carducho, representing the march of the liberal sciences. Most of the older folios are bound in vellum, with their gilded edges, on which the title is stamped, turned to the front. A precious collection of old books and older manuscripts, useless to the world as the hoard of a miser. Along the wall are hung the portraits of the Escurial kings and builders. The hall is furnished with

marble and porphyry tables, and elaborate glass cases display some of the curiosities of the library.

Far up the mountain-side, in the shade of a cluster of chestnuts, is a rude block of stone, called the "King's Chair," where Philip used to sit in silent revery, watching as from an eyry the progress of the enormous work below. If you go there, you will see the same scene upon which his basilisk glance reposed—in a changed world, the same unchanging scene—the stricken waste, the shaggy horror of the mountains, the fixt plain wrinkled like a frozen sea, and in the center of the perfect picture the vast chill bulk of that granite pile, rising cold, colorless, and stupendous, as if carved from an iceberg by the hand of Northern gnomes. It is the palace of vanished royalty, the temple of a religion which is dead. There are kings and priests still, and will be for many coming years. But never again can a power exist which shall rear to the glory of the scepter and the cowl a monument like this. It is a page of history deserving to be well pondered, for it never will be repeated. The world which Philip ruled from the foot of the Guadarrama has passed away. A new heaven and a new earth came in with the thunders of 1776 and 1789. There will be no more Pyramids, no more Versailles, no more Escorials. . . .

There is a store of precious teachings in this mass of stone. It is one of the results of that mysterious law to which the genius of history has subjected the caprices of kings, to the end that we might not be left without a witness of the past for our warning and example—the law which induces a judged and sentenced dynasty to build for

posterity some monument of its power, which hastens and commemorates its ruin. By virtue of this law we read on the plains of Egypt the pride and the fall of the Pharaohs. Before the façade of Versailles we see at a glance the grandeur of the Capetian kings and the necessity of the Revolution. And the most vivid picture of that fierce and gloomy religion of the sixteenth century, compounded of a base alloy of worship for an absolute king and a vengeful God, is to be found in this colossal hermitage in the flinty heart of the mountains of Castile.

THE ROYAL PANTHEON*

BY PHILIP S. MARDEN

The death-chamber of the kings is by all odds the most interesting and impressive sight at the Escorial. We mustered some thirty as we clattered in a noisy file down the obscure marble flight that led to the rotunda below, where lies buried all that was greatest in Spain. The stairs were slippery, their treads worn to a polished smoothness by the constant passing of curious, but reverent, feet, and a considerable degree of caution was necessary to avoid accident in descending.

The first impression of the royal tombs turned out to be far less gloomy and depressing than the immensity of the grim monastery above. The general tone of the burial vault was anything but

*From "Travels in Spain." By special arrangement with, and by permission of, the publishers, Houghton, Mifflin Co. Copyright, 1909.

somber, relieved as it was by highly polished marbles and much gilding; and yet it was a place of overwhelming solemnity, despite its wide departure from the original plans of the austere Philip. There was too much royal dust assembled here to permit the apartment's suffering from earthly tawdriness, and the decoration of these huge marble coffins did not jar harshly on one. High overhead, in the topmost niche, reposed the sarcophagus of Charles V., King of Spain and Emperor of Holy Rome. Directly beneath him, in their proper order, came the successive monarchs, each in his narrow cell forever laid—Philip II.'s immediately under Charles's. Philip V., however, and Ferdinand VI. were missing—buried elsewhere. But apart from these the great marble room contained the bodies of all the later kings and their consorts, with niches yet to spare for those who are to come hereafter. Each sarcophagus was like every other one—black marble, highly polished, and lettered in gold with the name of its occupant. On these polished surfaces the light of flaring tapers and candles danced in myriad reflections, giving an effect that certainly was far removed from gaiety.

At least one of the Philips, according to tradition, used to chasten his soul, and possibly even amuse himself in his morbid way, by coming to this chamber of the mighty dead and clambering to his destined niche, where he would lie at full length, listening to mass celebrated at the adjacent altar. Opposite this imposing array of kings repose the remains of the queens, one of the sarcophagi said to be scratched with the name of its present occupant by herself during her lifetime—womanlike, with a pair of scissors!

After a brief sojourn in the midst of so much royalty one is inclined to rate somewhat more highly than before the courage of Philip IV.—the king so prone to spend his time lying in his niche—for it was surely a pastime calculated to unstring any but the stoutest nerves. Whether Philip II., who started the building, would have indulged in the same curious experiment is not stated, but one could imagine his doing so readily enough. He was certainly given to a sufficiency of uncanny practises as an outcome of his religious mania. But with all his zeal he had not the hardihood to relinquish his kingdom entirely and take up the monkish life, as his father Charles had done; and instead devised this expedient of making his palace practically a monastery, living there in true monkish simplicity, but retaining the scepter in a firm grasp. He could forego the pomps and vanities of this world, but not its power; and his life in the bare suite of rooms adjoining the great church above was probably as little comfortable as it would have been at Yuste.

The high altar of the church became the lodestone from which the monarch was never willing to depart, and these tombs of the kings are so disposed directly beneath it that they must always be under the feet of the priest at the elevation of the Host. While yet he lived a parlous and painful existence in the rooms of the Escurial, Philip constantly heard mass and other offices from his own chamber, a door of which opened directly into the sanctuary; and as his days drew to an end he became much disturbed in mind lest he had not burned and tortured heretics enough to save his own soul alive. His last expiring breath, how-

ever, is said to have been expended in ordering more gilt nails for his coffin—for he was not minded to spend eternity in a mean condition, whatever the penances of his last hours.

We found it extremely hard to tear ourselves away from this overwhelming array of regal tombs with their mysterious and awful fascination. It was not the mere rows of huge, black sarcophagi, but the irresistible and morbid thought of what they contained. How fared these proud princes in their sealed marbles? Not badly, if one may credit the testimony of a not very distant past; for if the revelations made in the single case of the great Charles are any criterion of the status of the rest, these bodies should all be in a state of remarkable preservation. Charles's coffin has been opened twice since his death—the last time in 1871—and on each occasion the body was found "quite uncorrupted even to the eyeballs [Charles was buried open-eyed], altho the skin had turned black." This inspection of the royal dead, however, was apparently confined to Charles. The others to no such aureate earth were turned!

In a long and narrow corridor, from which open numerous side chambers of a far from gloomy aspect, repose the princes and princesses of the realm—royal children who never reached the throne or their maturity. Their tombs are much more cheerful, being carved of white marble of the purest and most splendid kind. There is a very long line of these, some occupied and some still untenanted—reserved for the future's untimely dead. Most of these sarcophagi are simple and tasteful, but a few are as overloaded with ornament as the pantheon of the kings, and lack its im-

pressive gloom to relieve the garishness. I recall one of these ornate tombs especially—in the corner room, I think—a vast, octagonal structure of white, covered with elaborate carving until it resembles nothing so much as an immense confectioner's cake, utterly unworthy of comparison with the chaste and simple tomb near by where lies all that is mortal of young Baltasar Carlos—that radiant prince whom Velesquez had made us love.*

Passing out of the Pantheon at last, much chilled, and on the whole deprest by the presence of so much imperial dust, we had more leisure to examine the vast church which holds its station directly overhead, at the very heart of the Escorial. It proved to be really fine, as Spanish churches go, and happily free from the common intrusion of the choir and altar screens. The oratories of the kings, have sliding panels, which practically make them parts of the church at need; and it was from the one at the right of the altar that Philip was accustomed to watch the priests at mass. It was here, also, that he sat when they brought him the glorious news of the victory at Lepanto, which he heard without moving a muscle; and it was here that he heard with equal stoicism the news that the Armada had been destroyed.†

*Notable among the princes buried in the "long and narrow corridor" are the unfortunate Don Carlos, son of Philip II., whose life is the theme of Schiller's tragedy, and Don John of Austria, Philip's half-brother and the hero of Lepanto.

†Philip sat in a stall of the choir when mass was said for Mary, Queen of Scots, after news of her execution reached Spain. From this stall a small, half-concealed door led through the wall into Philip's inner apartment, and is shown there to visitors of the present day.

IV

CITIES OF OLD CASTILE

BURGOS CATHEDRAL AND THE COFFER OF THE CID*

BY THEOPHILE GAUTIER

Burgos can boast of its cathedral, which is one of the finest in the world; but, unfortunately, like all Gothic cathedrals, it is hemmed in by a number of ignoble structures, which prevent the eye from appreciating the general disposition of the building and seizing the whole mass at one glance. The principal entrance looks out upon a large square, in the middle of which is a handsome fountain, surmounted by a splendid statue of Our Savior in white marble. This fountain serves as a target to all the idle vagabonds of the town who can find no more amusing occupation than to throw stones at it. The entrance, which I have just mentioned, is magnificent, being worked and covered with a thousand different patterns like a piece of lace. . . .

The moment the visitor enters the church, he is forcibly arrested by a chef-d'œuvre of incomparable beauty, namely, the carved wooden door leading to the cloisters. Among the other bas-reliefs upon it, there is one representing Our

*From "Wanderings in Spain." (London, 1853.)

Savior's entry into Jerusalem; the jambs and crosspieces are covered with delicious little figures, so elegant in their form, and of such extreme delicacy that it is difficult to understand how so heavy and solid a substance as wood could ever be made to lend itself to so capricious and ethereal a production of the imagination. It is certainly the most beautiful door in the whole world, if we except that executed by Ghiberti, at Florence, and which Michael Angelo, who understood something about these matters, pronounced worthy of being the door of Paradise. There certainly ought to be a bronze copy taken of this admirable work of art, so that it might at least live as long as the work of men's hands can live.

The choir, in which are the stalls, is enclosed by gates of wrought iron of the most wonderful workmanship; the pavement, as is the custom in Spain, is covered with immense mats made of spartum, besides which each stall has its own little carpet of dry grass or reeds. On looking up, you perceive a kind of dome formed by the interior of the tower to which I have before alluded. It is one mass of sculptures, arabesques, statues, columns, and pendentives, sufficient to make your brain turn giddy. Were a person to gaze for two years, he still would not be able to see everything in it. The various objects are as densely crowded together as the leaves of a cabbage; there is as much open work as in a fish-slice; it is as gigantic as a pyramid, and as delicate as a woman's earring.

How such a piece of filigree work can have remained erect during two centuries surpasses

human comprehension! What kind of men could those have been who raised these marvelous buildings, which not even a fairy palace could ever surpass in profuse magnificence? Is the race extinct? Are not we, who are always boasting of our high state of civilization, but decrepit barbarians in comparison? I am always oppressed with a profound sentiment of melancholy whenever I visit any of these prodigious edifices of the past; my heart is overwhelmed by a feeling of utter discouragement, and the only wish I have is to withdraw to some retired spot, to place a stone upon my head, and, in the immovability of contemplation, to await death, which is immovability itself. Why should I work? Why should I exert myself?

The most mighty effort of which man is capable will never produce anything more magnificent than what I have just described; and yet we do not even know the name of the divine artists to whom we owe it; and, if we wish to obtain the slightest information concerning them, we are obliged to seek it in the dusty leaves of the monastical archives. When I think that I have spent the best part of my life in making ten or twelve thousand verses, in writing six or seven wretched octavo volumes, and three or four hundred bad articles for the newspapers, and that I feel fatigued with my exertions, I am ashamed of myself and of the times in which I live, when so much exertion is required in order to produce so little. What is a thin sheet of paper compared to a mountain of granite?

If the reader will take a turn with me in this immense madrepore, constructed by the prodigious human polypi of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, we will commence by visiting the little sacristy, which, notwithstanding its name, is a very good-sized room, and contains an "Ecce Homo" and a "Christ on the Cross" by Murillo, as well as a "Nativity" by Jordäens. It is lined with the most beautifully carved woodwork. In the middle is placed a large brazero, which serves to light the censers, and perhaps the cigarets also, for many of the Spanish priests smoke—a practise that does not strike me as being more unbecoming than that of taking snuff, in which the French clergy indulge, without the slightest scruple. The brazero is a large, copper vessel, placed upon a tripod, and filled with burning embers, or little fruit-stones covered with fine cinders, which produce a gentle heat. In Spain, the brazeros are used instead of fireplaces, which are very rare.

In the great sacristy, which is next to the little one, the visitor remarks a "Christ on the Cross" by Domenico Theotocopuli, surnamed "El-Greco," an extravagant and singular painter, whose pictures might be mistaken for sketches by Titian, if there were not a certain affectation of sharp and hastily painted forms about them, which causes them to be immediately recognized. In order that his works may appear to have been painted with great boldness, he throws in, here and there, touches of the most inconceivable petulance and brutality, and thin, sharp lights which traverse the portions of the picture which are in shadow, like so many

sword-blades. All this, however, does not prevent El Greco from being a fine painter. The good specimens of his second style greatly resemble the romantic pictures of Eugene Delacroix. . . .

The walls of this apartment are covered with paneled wainscoting, with florid and festooned columns of the greatest richness. Above the wainscoting there is a row of Venice mirrors; for what purpose they are placed there, unless it is simply for ornament, I am at a loss to say, as they are hung too high for any one to see himself in them. Above the mirrors are ranged, in chronological order—the most ancient touching the ceiling—the portraits of all the bishops of Burgos, down from the very first, to the prelate who now occupies the See. These portraits, altho in oil colors, look like crayon drawings, or sketches in distemper. This is occasioned by the practise they have in Spain of never varnishing their pictures, a want of precaution which has been the cause of a great number of very valuable masterpieces having been destroyed by the damp. . . .

Juan Cuchiller's room, which we traverse after the one I have just described, offers nothing remarkable in the way of architecture, and we were hastening to leave it as soon as possible, when our guide requested us to raise our eyes and look at an object of the greatest curiosity. This object was a large chest, firmly attached to the wall by iron clamps; it would be difficult to conceive anything more patched, more worm-eaten, or more rotten. It is decidedly the oldest chest in the world; but the

following inscription, in black letters, "Cofre del Cid," instantly imparted, as the reader may imagine, an immense degree of importance to its four planks of moldering wood. This chest, if we can believe the old chronicle, is the very same that the famous Ruy Diaz de Bivar, more generally known under the name of Cid Campeador—being once, hero tho he was, prest for money, exactly as a mere author might be—caused to be filled with sand and stones, and left in pledge at the house of an honest Jewish usurer, who made advances on this kind of security. The Cid forbade him, however, to open the mysterious deposit until he, The Cid Campeador, had paid back the sum borrowed.

This proves that the usurers of that period were of a much more confiding disposition than those of the present times. We should now-a-days find but few Jews, and I believe but few Christians, either, so innocent and obliging as to accept a pledge of this description. Monsieur Casimir Delavigne has used this legend in his piece entitled, "La Fille du Cid"; but, for the enormous chest, he has substituted an almost imperceptible coffer, which, in sober truth, should only contain "the gold of the Cid's word;" and there is no Jew, and there never was one, not even in those heroic times, who would have lent anything upon such a toy. The historical chest is high, broad, massive, deep, and garnished with all sorts of locks and padlocks. When full of sand, it must have required at least six horses to move it; so that the worthy Israelite might have supposed it to be crammed with apparel, jewelry, or plate, and

thus have been more easily induced to humor the Cid's caprice, which is one that, like many other heroical freaks, is duly provided for by the criminal law.

SALAMANCA AND VALLADOLID*

BY AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE

Salamanca once possest twenty-five colleges, twenty-five churches, twenty-five convents, twenty-five professors and twenty-five arches of its bridge; but the last alone remain intact—colleges, churches, convents and professorships have alike fallen; their destruction, begun by the French, having been finished by the law, which was made for the sake of plunder under Queen Isabella II., that no corporate body could hold any property. The university, which boasted above ten thousand students in the fourteenth century, has now little more than one thousand, and the splendid collegiate buildings, palaces worthy of the Corso of Rome or the Grand Canal of Venice, are either in ruins or let out to poor families, with the exception of San Bartolomé, which is turned into the house of the civil governor, and El Arzobisbo, whose beautiful "cinque-cento" buildings are now given up to the Irish college.

This formerly was situated in another part of the town; it contains only nine students now, but the original foundation was magnificent, and bore witness to the anxiety of its founder,

*From "Wanderings in Spain."

Philip II., to spite his sister-in-law Elizabeth of England. Day by day Salamanca becomes more entirely a city of ruins, and presents much the same appearance which Oxford would do were its revenues all stolen by the Government, and Christ-Church, Merton, Magdalen, University, etc., abandoned to the rats and owls. The few students who remain are lodged in private houses in the town, and go up for their "classes" to the building of the University proper, which answers to that called "the Schools" at Oxford, and has a gorgeous plateresque front and a curious Convocation House. The little square behind it, surrounded by collegiate buildings, is much like one of our college "quads." In its center is a statue of the ecclesiastical poet Fra Luiz de Leon, who is numbered, with Cervantes, Saarvedra, and Cardinal Ximenes, among the eminent students of the University. The library contains many original letters of his, together with a splendid collection of MSS., chiefly brought from confiscated monasteries, and a large number of printed books of the fifteenth century. A volume of the Lord's Prayer in one hundred and fifty-seven languages, ordered by the first Napoleon, is exhibited with great pride by the librarian. The reading-room is used by natives of Salamanca to a degree which shames the more populous Oxford; a day seldom passes without as many as ninety students availing themselves of it.

The university buildings face the cathedral, which was begun in 1513. Its florid gothic is excessively rich in detail, but wanting in general effect, and the brilliant yellow color of its

stone annuls all appearance of antiquity; the interior, however, would be exceedingly magnificent if it were not so sadly blocked up by the coro. In one of the chapels the Mosarabic ritual has been continued, as at Toledo. A few pictures deserve notice, especially those by Luiz de Morales, who here merits his epithet of "the Spanish Perugino," and those by the rare master Fernando Gallegos, who was a native of Salamanca, where he died in 1550. From the north aisle one passes into a second and older cathedral, built in 1102 by the famous Bishop Geronimo, the confessor of the Cid, who fought by his side in all his battles, and supported his dead body on its final ride from Valencia to San Pedro de Cerdeña.

He is buried here, and above his tomb hung for five hundred years "El Christo de las Batallas," the famous bronze crucifix of the Cid, which he always carried with him. This has now disappeared, and is not to be found even in the Relicario, but the canons know of the hiding-place, where, in this age of church robbery, it has been secreted. The tomb of Geronimo was opened in 1606, when it is affirmed that the body of the holy warrior smelled truly delicious. The retablo, which follows the curved form of the apse in the old cathedral, contains a number of paintings interesting from the poetical character of their subjects. In that on "Angels came and ministered to him" a table-cloth spread with food is held by several angels before the Savior in the wilderness, while others, kneeling, present fruit and a cup of wine. The exterior of this church is half a fortress, and

gave it the epithet of "Fortis Salamantina"; the vaulted lantern has a low, crocketed spire and a scalloped stone roof.

From the cathedral, San Esteban is approached by the Calle del Colon, a memorial of Christopher Columbus and his residence in the neighboring Dominican convent, whose friars under Deza the Inquisitor upheld him and his scheme, when the doctors of the university found it to be "vain, impracticable, and resting on grounds too weak to merit the support of the Government." In gratitude for the hospitalities he received from the Dominicans, Columbus used the first virgin gold imported from the New World in gilding the retablo of their church, and most gorgeous is still its appearance, as seen from under the dark, elliptical arch of the coro, through which the church is entered with such effect, leaving the view unbroken toward the high-altar—as at El Parral, and San Tomas of Avila. The western exterior is a labyrinth of plateresque gothic decoration, like that of the university. In the little convent of Las Duenas close by, Santa Teresa had one of her famous visions, when she came hither to found the convent of her own order outside the gates.

Travelers in early spring will observe the quantities of pet lambs in the streets of Salamanca, generally decorated with bunches of red worsted. By a curious custom, a general slaughter of these takes place on Good Friday upon the doorsteps —the little creatures being executed by their own mistresses, who stab them in the throat.

Valladolid, which was the capital of Castile under Juan II., and one of the most flourishing

cities of Spain under Charles V. and Philip II., has been a mere wreck of its former self since the French invasion, in which many of its most important buildings were destroyed. Its situation is dreary in the extreme, in a barren, dusty plain quite devoid of natural beauty. Two small rivers, the Pisuerga and the Esqueva, meet under its walls and water its flat, ugly gardens. The great Plaza is vast and imposing; the cathedral, the work of Herrera (1585), is imposing too, and grand in its outlines, but intensely bare and cold. Near it stands the beautiful church of Santa Maria l'Antigua, with a picturesque western steeple of the twelfth century and a ruined cloister, and there are several other churches where the architect will find interesting bits. All travelers, however, should visit San Pablo, a Dominican convent rebuilt in 1463 by Cardinal Torquemada, who had been one of its monks, and was the ferocious confessor of Isabella the Catholic, from whom he extorted a promise that she would devote herself "to the extirpation of heresy for the glory of God and the exaltation of the Catholic faith."

Under his influence "autos da fé" frequently took place in the Plaza Mayor of Valladolid, attended by the Court then, as bull-fights have been in late years, and in which the victims were arrayed in yellow shirts painted with flames and figures of devils. Torquemada, however, was also a great patron of art and literature, and the inscription "operibus credite," in reference to the splendor of the buildings which he founded here, was repeated round his tomb. This monument was destroyed by the French,

but the façade of San Pablo is still a miracle of labyrinthine Gothic tracery quite splendid of its kind, and so is the neighboring façade of San Gregorio, founded in 1488 by Bishop Alonzo of Burgos. Close by is the curious old house in which Philip II. was born.

The Museo must be visited, for, tho its upper story is filled with atrocious rubbish, pictorial art in wood is nowhere so well represented as in the collection of figures which occupies the ground floor. The best of these are from the hands of the violent Juan de Juni, remarkable for his knowledge of anatomy when it was generally unknown in Spain, or from those of the gentle Gregorio Hernandez (1566-1636), who, like Fra Angelico and Juanes, devoted himself to religious subjects, and never began to work without preparing his mind by prayer. At the end of the principal gallery, which is surrounded by the beautiful choir-stalls of San Benito, are the splendid bronze effigies of the Duke and Duchess of Lerma, by Pompeio Leoni.

THE DEAD CITY OF SEGOVIA*

BY HAVELOCK ELLIS

Here is the real type of a "dead city" still serenely sleeping, in a dream of which the spell has been broken neither by the desecrating hand of the tourist crowd, nor by the inrush of commercial activity, nor by any native anx-

*From "The Soul of Spain." Published by Houghton, Mifflin Co.

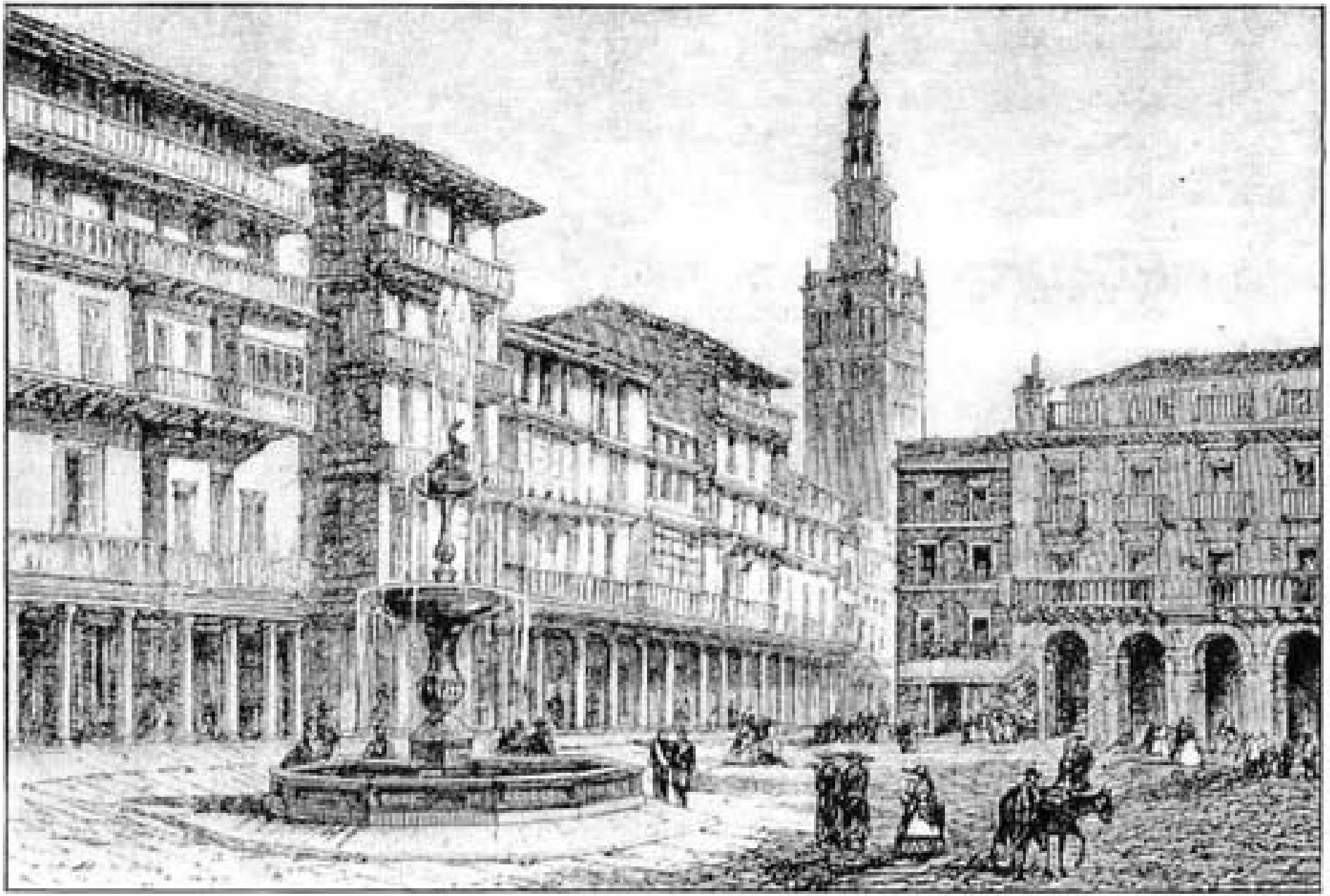
iety for self-exploitation. How deeply Segovia sleeps the bats well know, and, as evening falls, they almost dare to enter one's window in the heart of the city. Toledo, Granada, Avila have been awakened from their charmed sleep; they are learning the lessons of modern life, and at the least they are beginning to know how to utilize the tourist, so that the stranger can no longer wander at peace in their streets dreaming of the past. Segovia is still only a goal for travelers who are few and for the most part fit. Segovia bears a general resemblance to Toledo, which is, indeed, the supreme type of the Spanish city; but it is still more loftily placed, it is more exactly girdled by waters—tho its two clamorous streams in no degree approach the majesty of the Tagus—and it is surrounded by a still fresher expanse of verdure. It is a natural fortress accidentally placed in an unusually delightful site.

This character of Segovia as in a very complete degree a natural fortress, made its reputation at the beginning of Spanish history, and indeed, earlier, for its name is said to be of primitive Iberian origin. The Romans exprest their sense of the importance of Segovia by planting here forever the solidest of their monuments, the mighty aqueduct, which brings the pure, cold waters of the Fuenfria from the Guadarrama Mountains ten miles away. The Moors held Segovia for an unknown period, and the palace-fortress, or Alcazar, which they doubtless erected on what is the inevitable site for such a structure, became, in a remodeled and rebuilt form, the home of Alfonso the Wise, who here uttered the famous saying that he

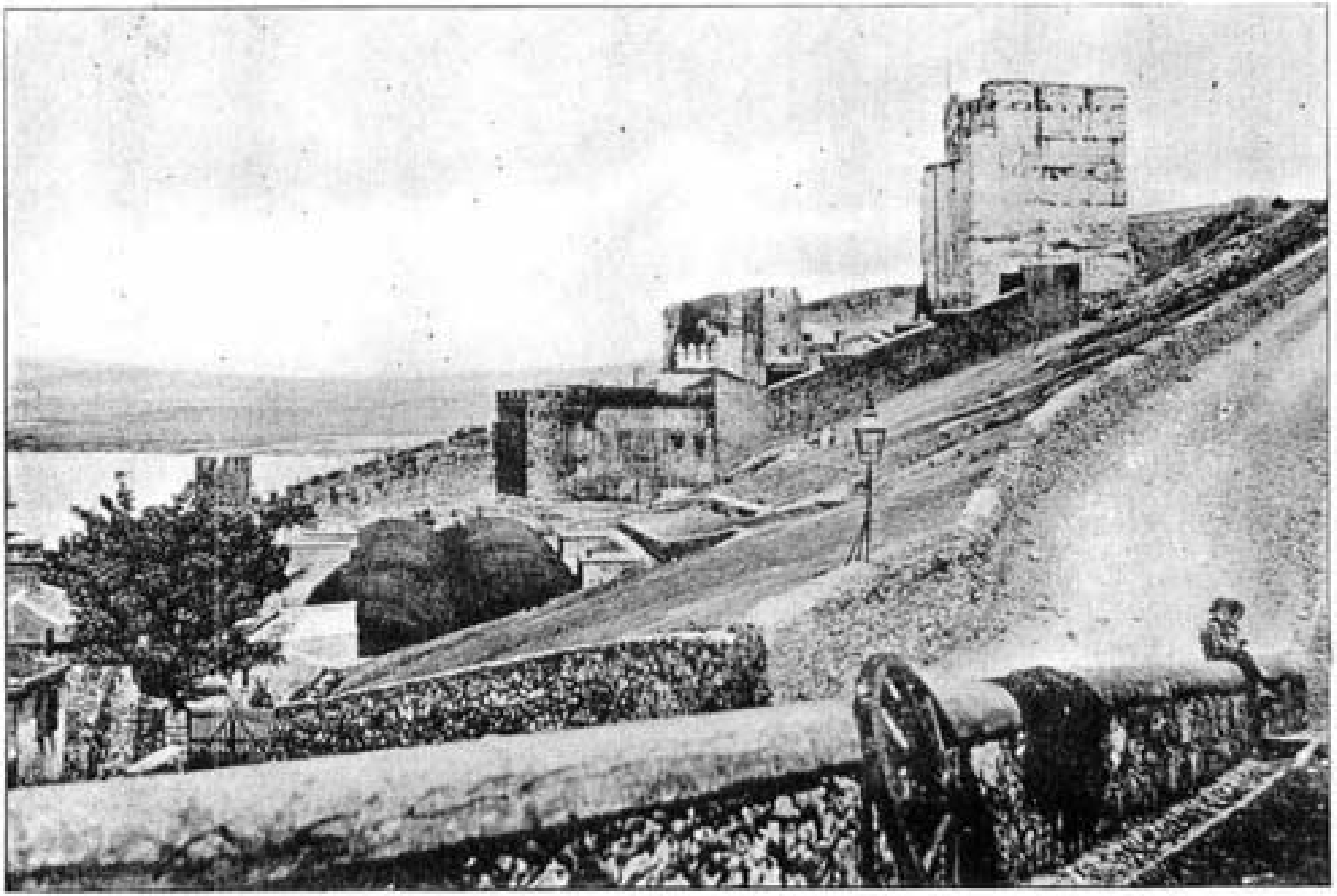
SARCOPHAGUS OF COLUMBUS

In the Cathedral of Seville

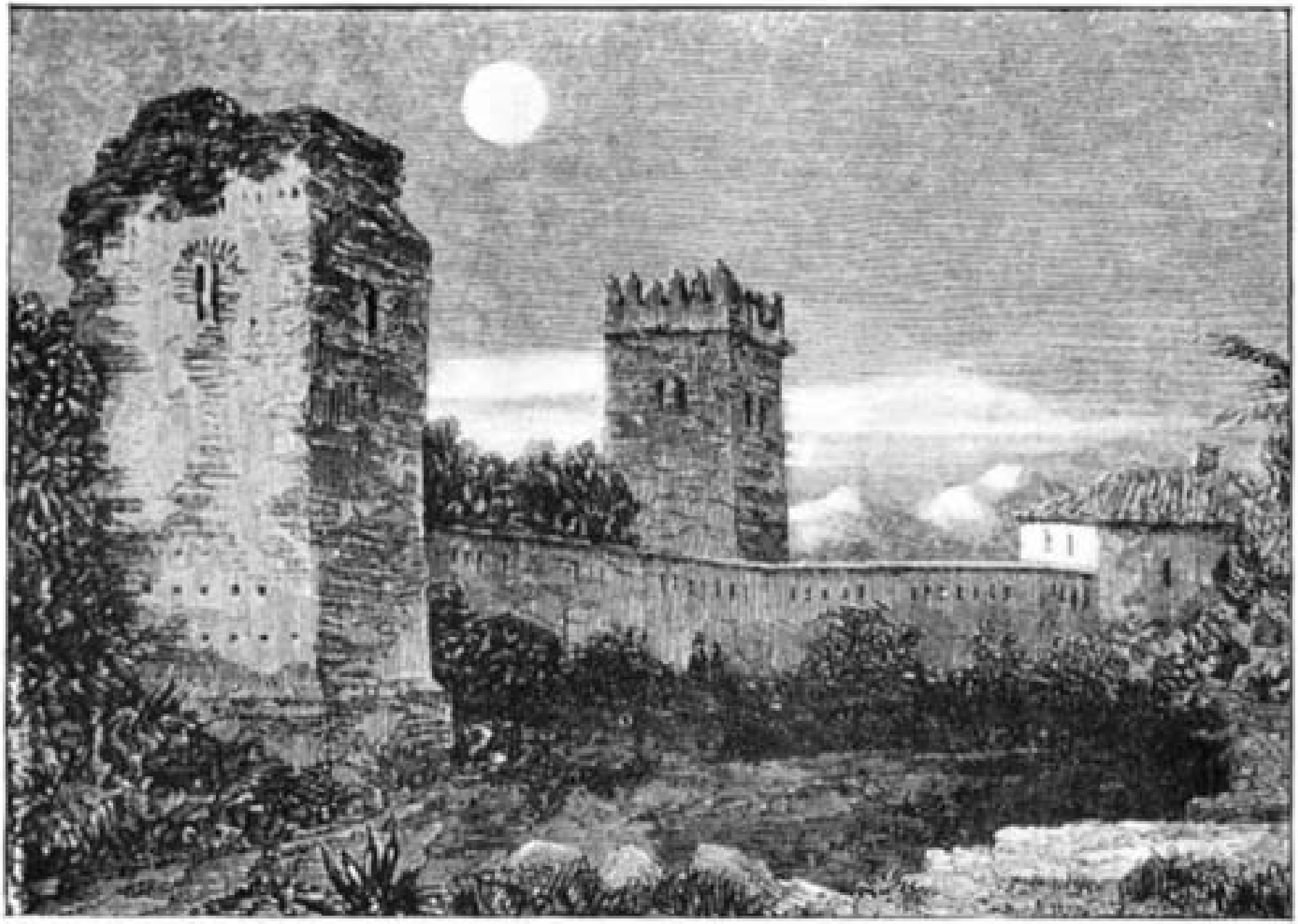
THE GIRALDA OF SEVILLE



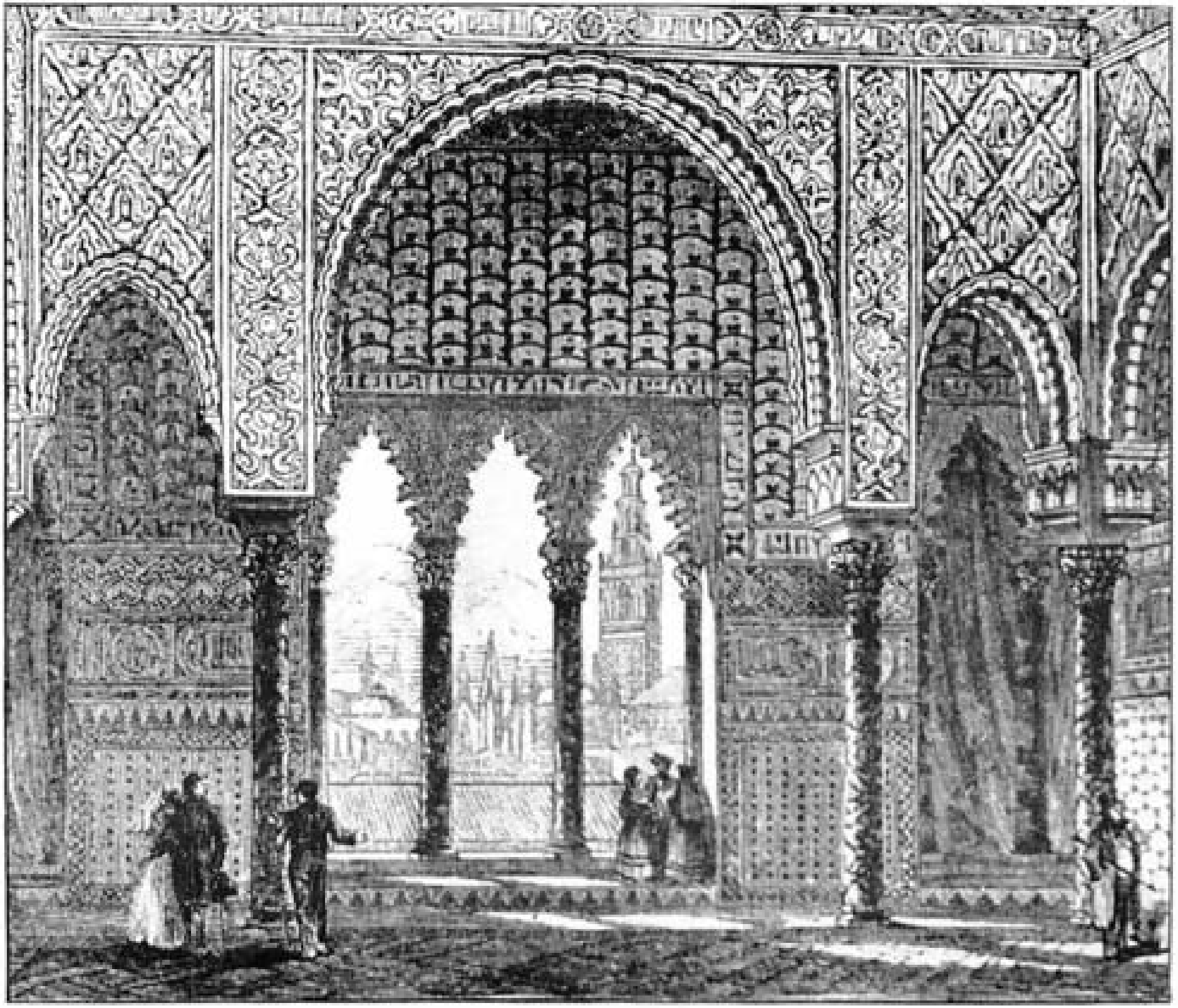
PUBLIC SQUARE IN SEVILLE SHOWING THE GIRALDA



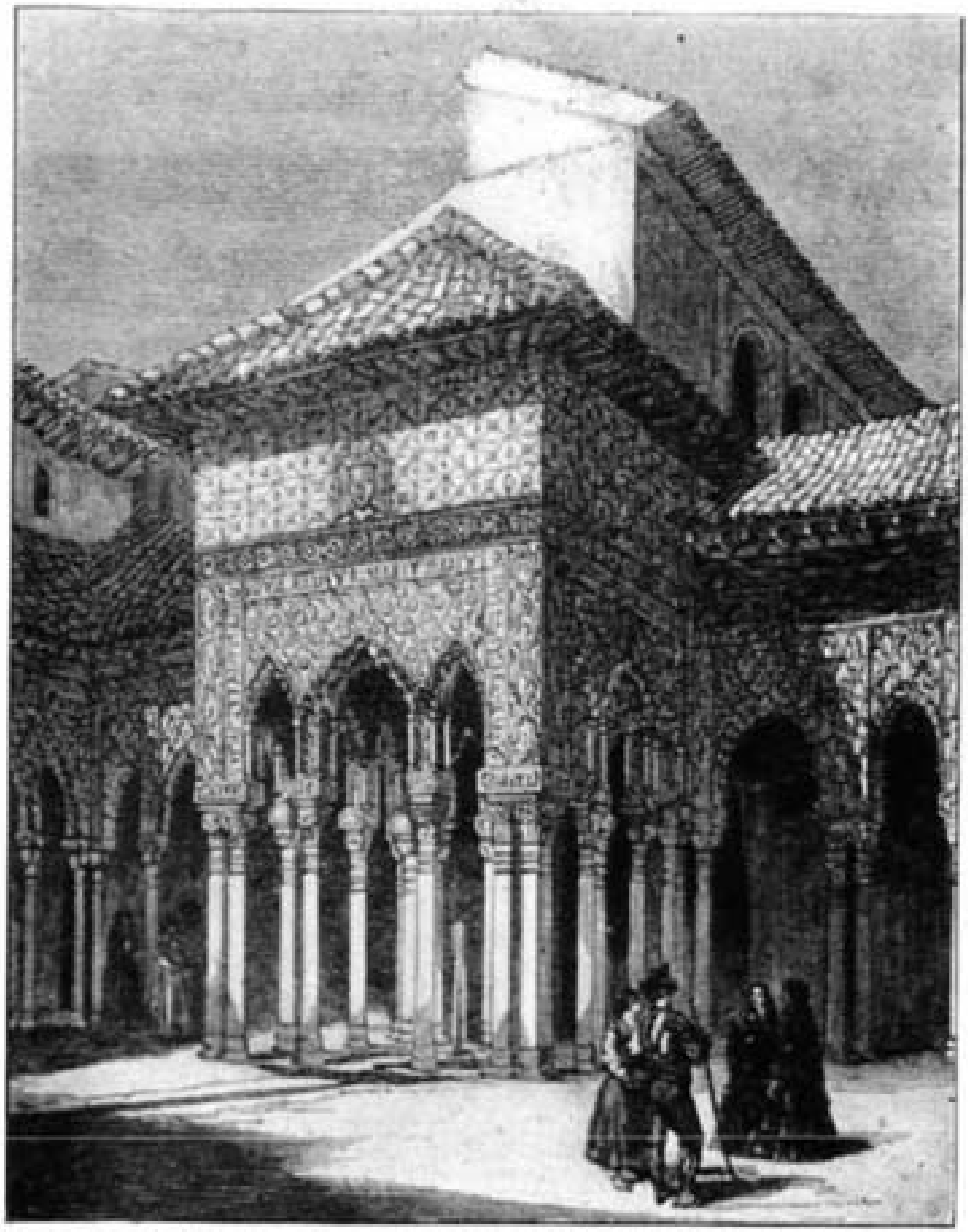
MOORISH CASTLE AT GIBRALTAR OF THE EIGHTH CENTURY



THE WALLS OF THE ALHAMBRA

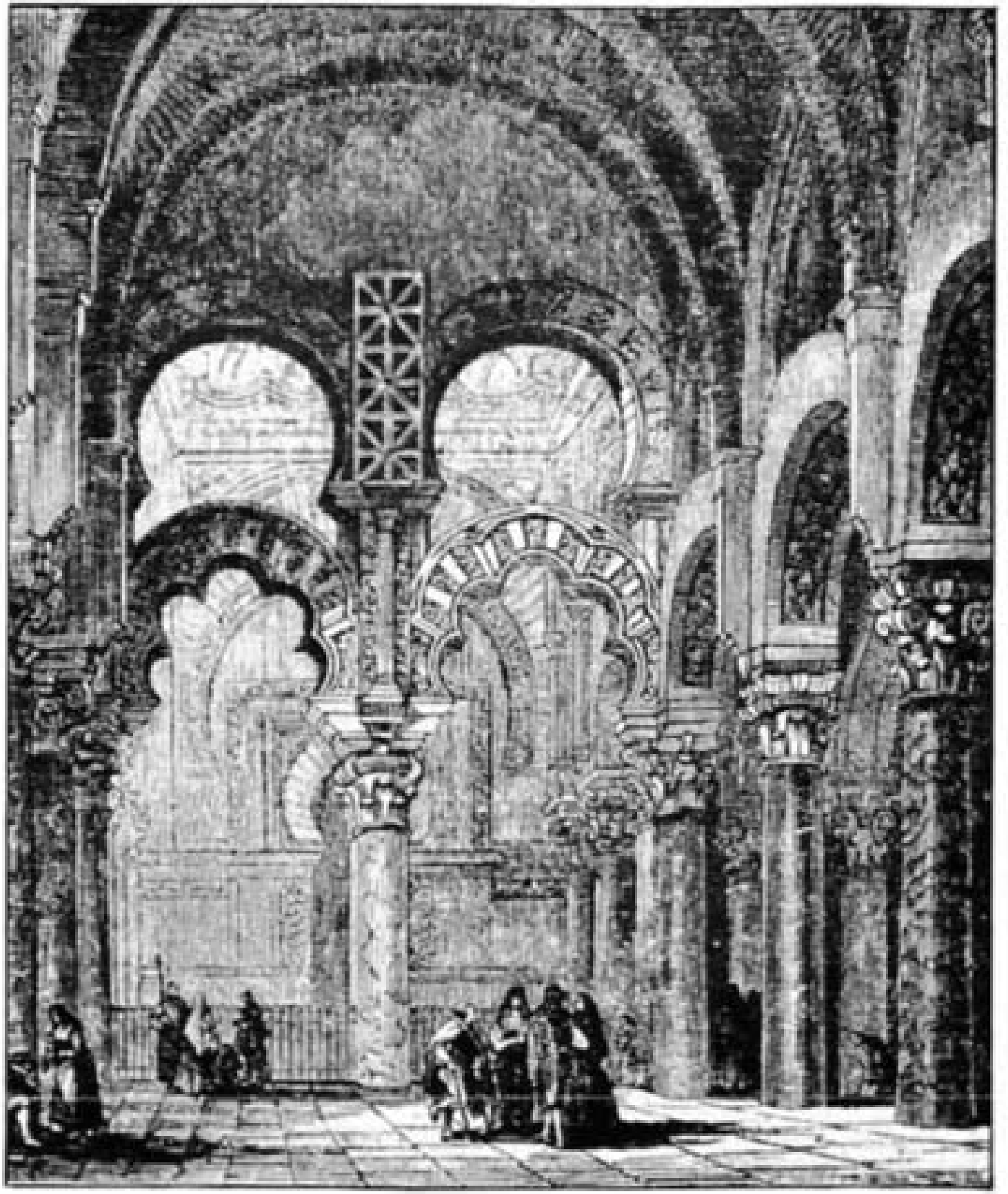


HALL OF DOM PEDRO IN THE ALCAZAR AT SEVILLE

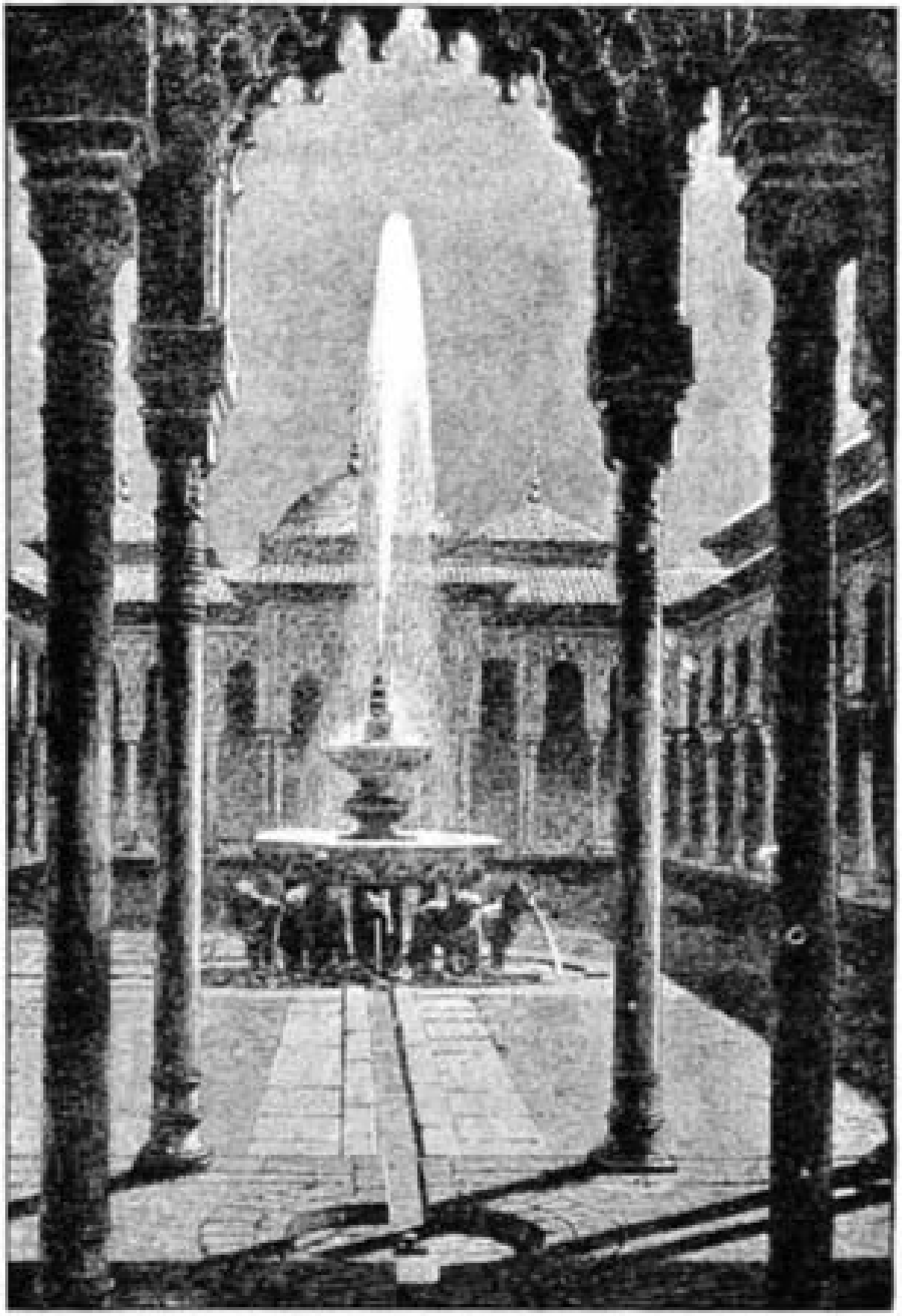


PAVILION OF THE COURT OF LIONS

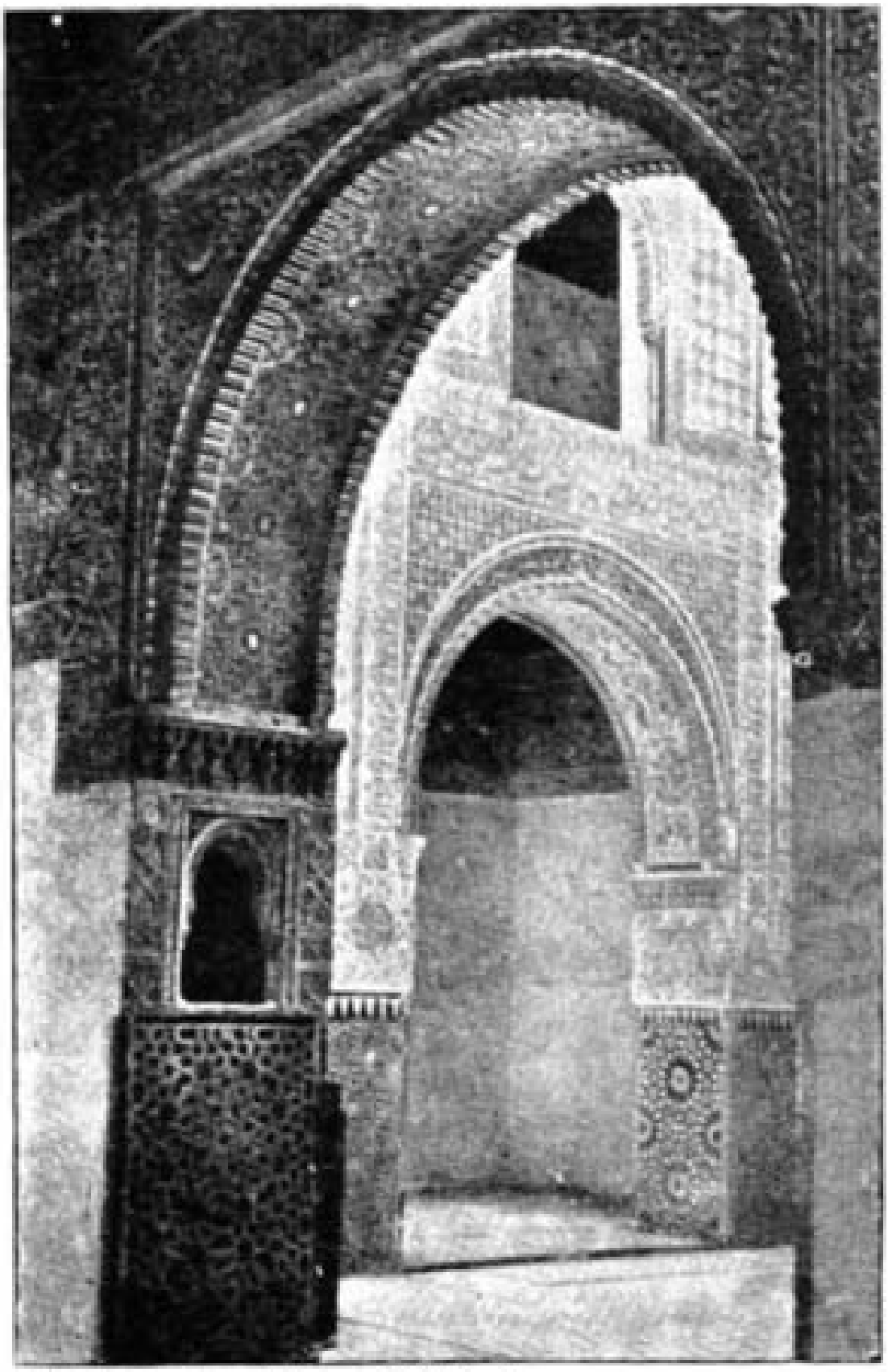
IN THE ALHAMBRA



INTERIOR OF THE MOSQUE OF CORDOVA
Of these columns, 860 remain. In earlier times, there were several hundred more

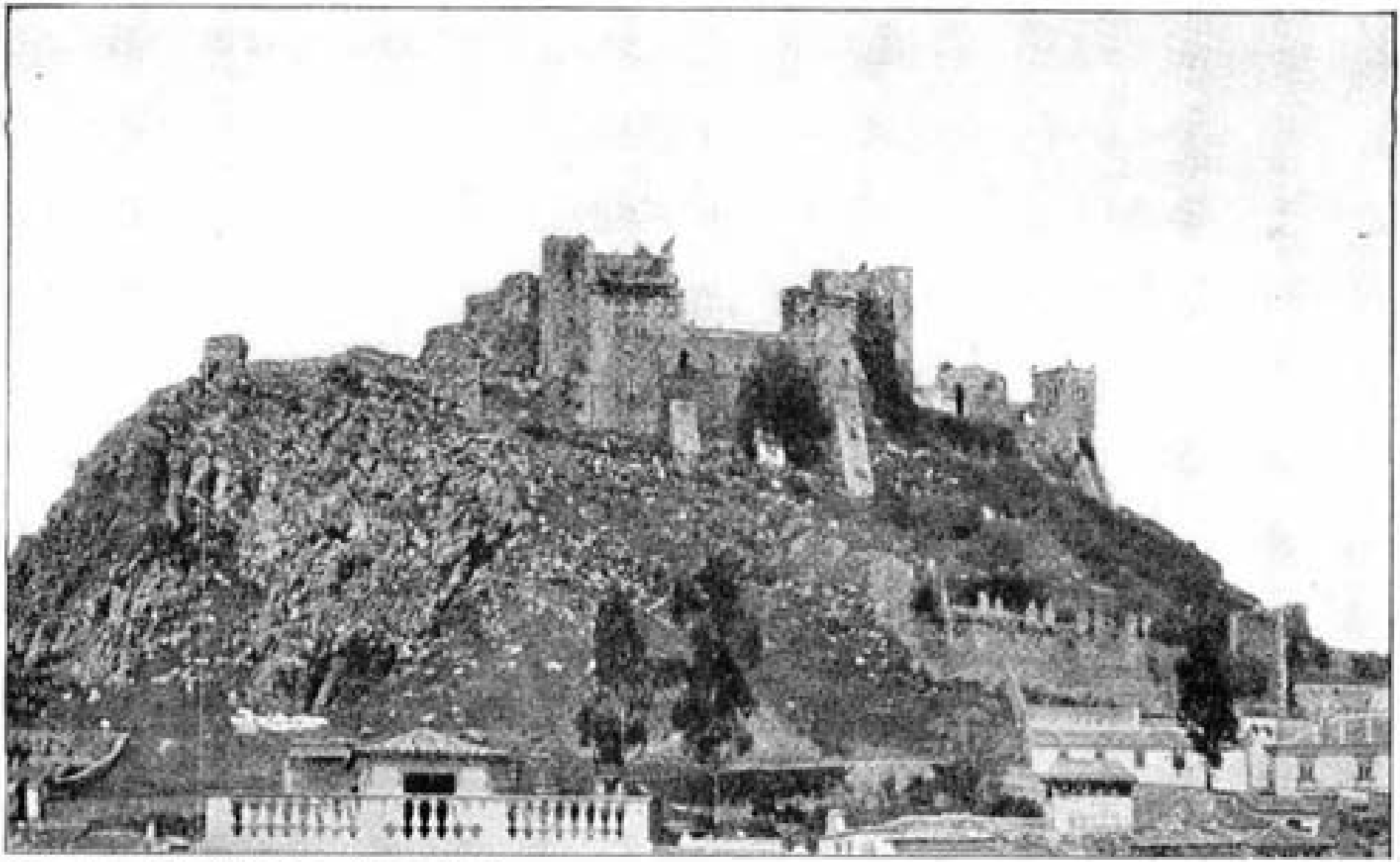


COURT OF LIONS IN THE ALHAMBRA



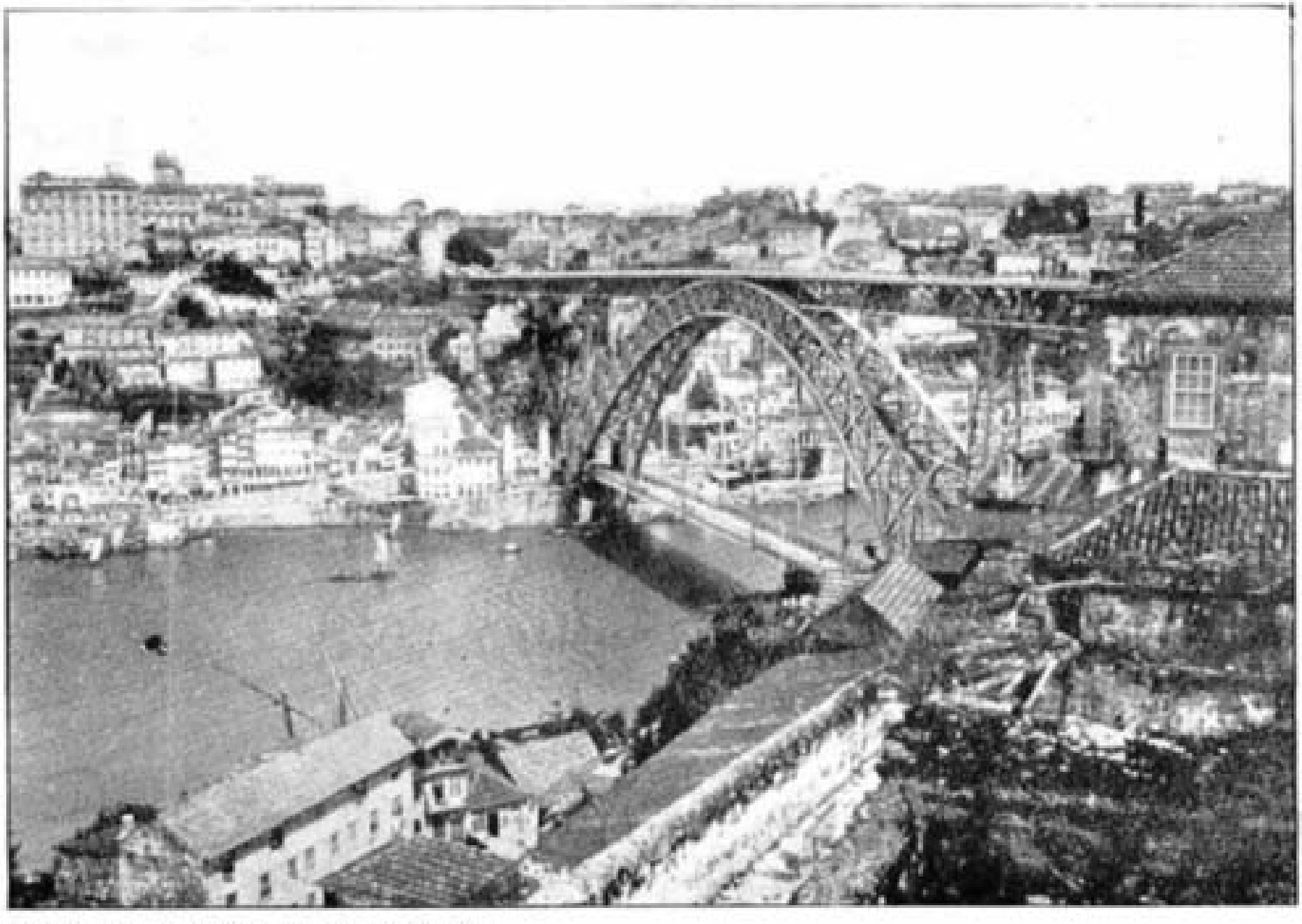
Courtesy Houghton, Mifflin Co.

DETAIL FROM THE ALHAMBRA



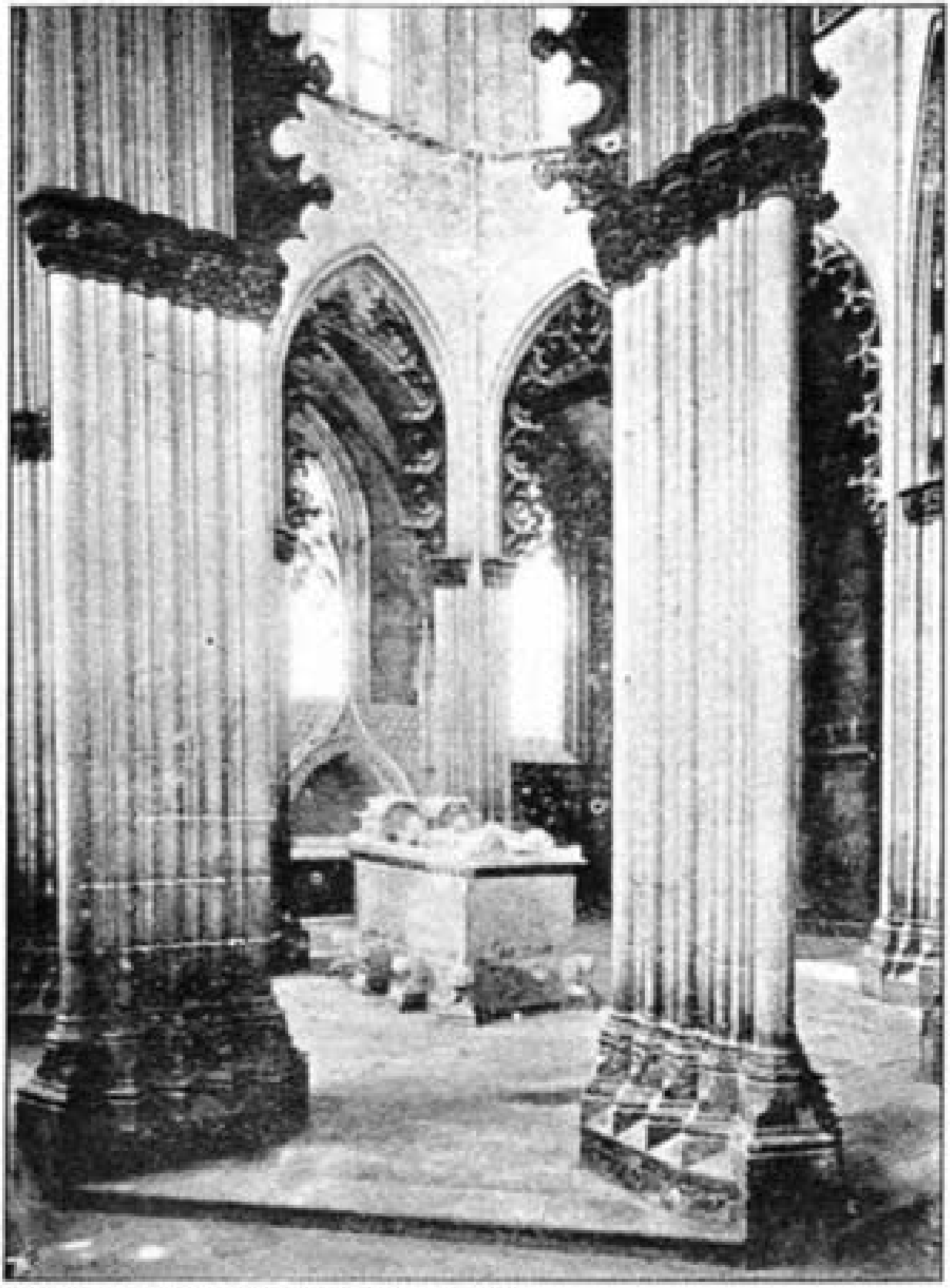
Courtesy Doubleday, Page & Co.

RUINED CASTLE ABOVE LEIRIA IN PORTUGAL



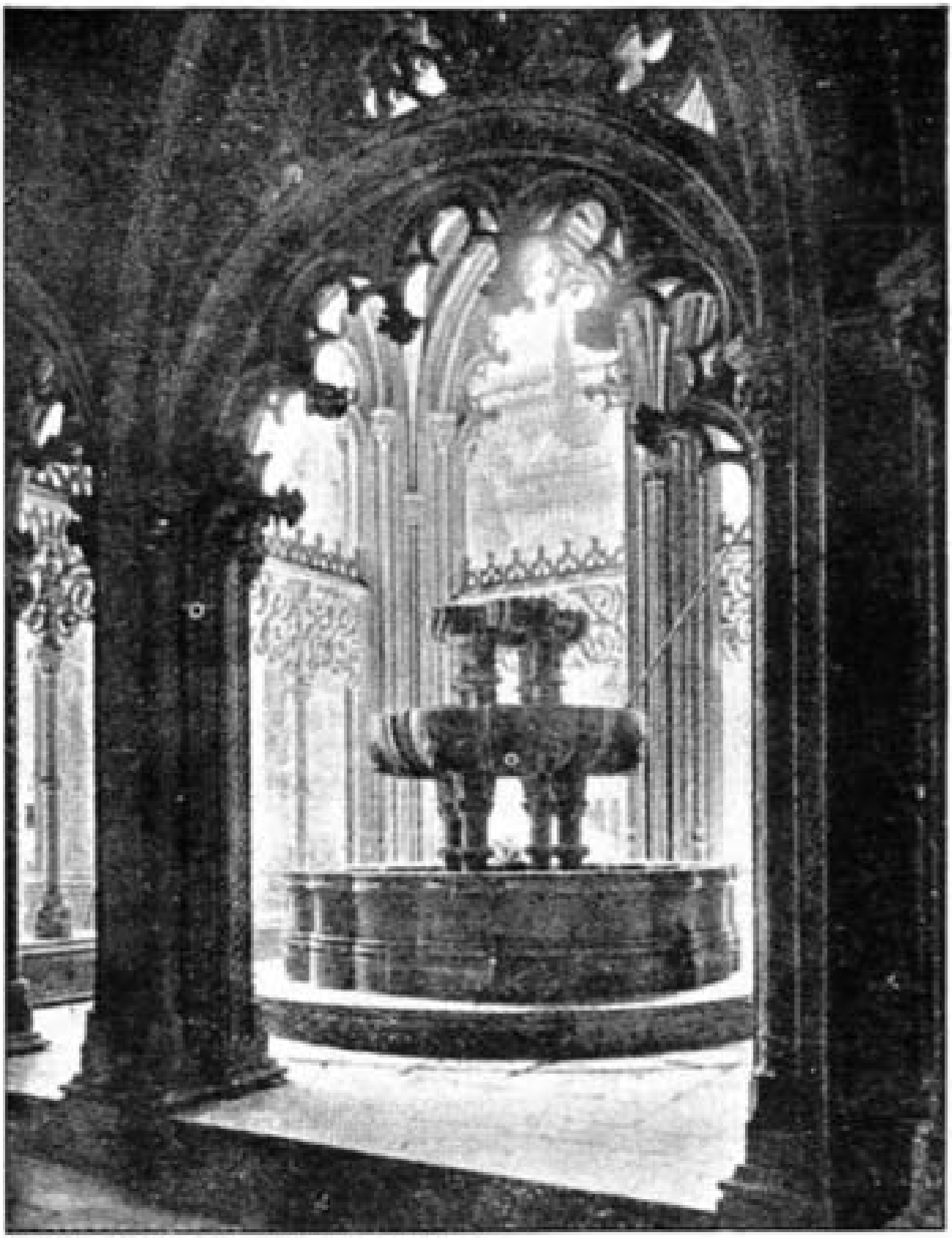
Courtesy Doubleday, Page & Co.

OPORTO WITH THE BRIDGE OF DOM LUIS



Courtesy Doubleday, Page & Co.

CHAPEL OF THE FOUNDER OF THE MONASTERY AT BATALHA

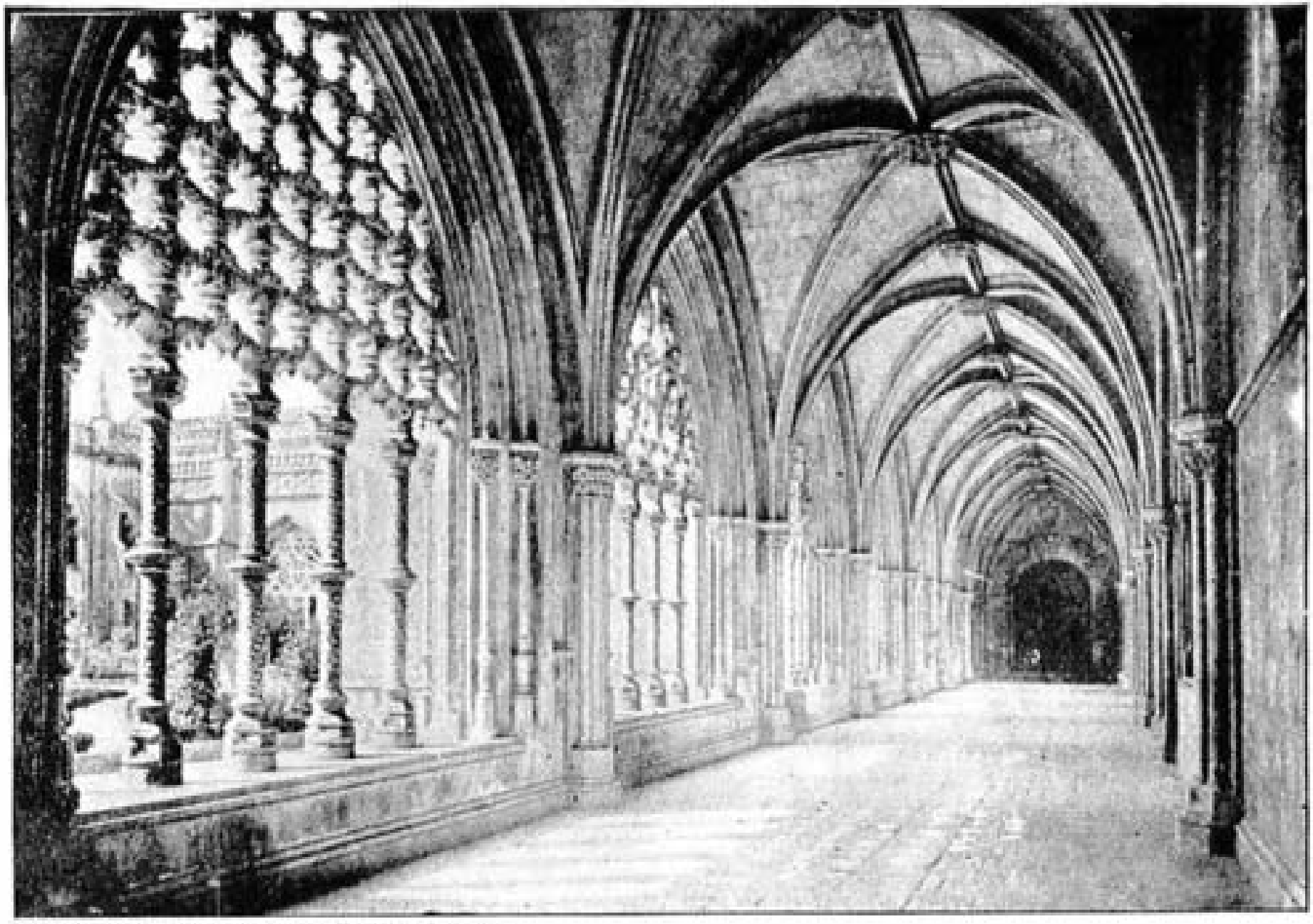


Courtesy Doubleday, Page & Co.

FOUNTAIN IN THE CLOISTER OF THE MONASTERY AT BATALHA

Courtesy Doubleday, Page & Co.

THE SQUARE OF DOM PEDRO IN LISBON



Courtesy Doubleday, Page & Co.

THE AMBULATORY IN THE MONASTERY OF BATALHA

could have suggested improvements in the universe had the Creator consulted him, whereupon, according to the monkish chronicler a terrific thunderstorm burst over the Alcazar and warned the audacious monarch of his wickedness.

The destruction which Alfonso's repentance arrested seems, however, only to have been temporarily delayed, for half a century ago the incomparable beauty and antiquity of the interior of the Alcazar was totally destroyed by fire, and work—the finest production of fifteenth-century artists and craftsmen—which is recorded to have left on the minds of all who saw it "an ideal memory of magic splendor," vanished from earth forever, leaving nothing behind but a few inscriptions, a few arabesque friezes. To outward view, however, even to-day, when it is merely a receptacle of military archives, the Alcazar stands as superbly as ever, one of the remaining examples of a medieval fortress.

As long as strong places were necessary Segovia was prosperous, but when at length Spain became united, Segovia's part in its life was played. It remains to-day a city that is mainly Roman, Romanesque, and medieval. There is nothing in it of importance later than the sixteenth century, and the only great contribution which that century made was the cathedral. That, certainly, was no minor addition, for the dome of the cathedral crowns Segovia at its highest and most central point, and is for its own architectural sake, moreover, of great interest. It represents the finest ultimate development of a peculiarly Spanish movement in architecture. . . .

When we wander to-day through the streets of Segovia we feel ourselves back in a Romanesque city. It is still full of parish churches, not one of them said to be later than the thirteenth century, and the slow shrinkage of the population, compensated by no such modern industrial expansion as we find in Granada and Toledo—for the presence of a barracks and some associated military avocations alone seem to give Segovia any simulacrum of life—has left nearly all these churches more or less untouched, some still in use, some locked up and abandoned, one or two used as museums or for other secular purposes, and a considerable number in a more or less advanced state of ruin and decay.

The most important of them, indeed, San Esteban, is undergoing a sort of restoration; its mighty, square, four-storied tower—"the queen of Spanish Byzantine towers"—has been taken down because it threatened to fall, and at present only a high mass of scaffolding marks what was once a chief landmark of the city. That is the one stirring of life among the forsaken churches of Segovia. It is the silent desolation of these old churches which more vividly than anything else, in a land that is still so pious as Spain, makes us realize that we are in a dead city. Often in ruins, some of them are still locked, and in one or two rare cases a guardian faintly jingles the keys as he sees the stranger approach, but otherwise remains impassive; for the most part not a solitary person is to be seen near these old churches.

In one's final impression of Segovia there stands out not alone, or perhaps even chiefly, the lofty

city itself, in its pride that has grown silent and its splendor that is now tattered. One thinks, at least, as much of the delightful setting in which this rough medieval jewel is placed, as it hangs suspended by the links of its aqueduct from the Guadarrama Mountains. Here and there, indeed, from within the city itself, we catch fascinating glimpses of the country below and around; there is a splendid outlook from the great Esplanade—the site of the early vanished Byzantine cathedral—which separates the Alcazar from the city; and the Paseo, scooped out on the southern side of the height —whither the military band on Sunday evenings attracts the women of beauty and fashion in Segovia, mostly, it would seem, the wives and daughters of the officers quartered here—gives us another vision of the environing hills. They are not rugged or forbidding in aspect, these softly undulating hills, and they shelter, not far off, the palace gardens of La Granja, one of the chief summer resorts of Spanish kings, yet they are high enough to be covered with snow even in early summer. That superb white mantle which cloaks the loftier undulations to the southeast, and seems so strangely near in this clear air, gives a deliciously keen edge to the hot sun; and we feel here the presence, for once in harmonious conjunction, of those two purities of ice and flame which penetrate and subdue all this land of Castile, and are also the very essence of its soul. . . .

Once more we descend from Segovia, this time by the ancient gate of the south, and cross the swift little Clamores to the green slopes

with their clumps of trees beyond. This is the only side from which one may obtain a fairly complete view of Segovia. To the right one sees the long stretch of the ancient aqueduct with the snow-covered hills beyond it; then the walls of the city supported by their towers and clinging to the rock, half-concealed by the intervening trees; within, churches innumerable; to the extreme left on its sheer height the Alcazar; and crowning all the beautiful soft golden brown mass of the cathedral, concentrating in finest tincture that Spanish tone of color which is the note of all Segovia, and in some degree, indeed, of all Castile.

THE AQUEDUCT OF SEGOVIA*

BY ANTONIO GALLENGA

The great marvel of Segovia, the achievement associated from time immemorial with the city, and blazoned in its municipal arms as its cognizance, is the aqueduct. This "bridge," as it is called, consists of a long double line of arches thrown across the ravines of the valley of the Eresma, and forming, as it were, a triumphal arch and gate of the city, as the traveler drives under it at the end of his journey from La Granja. It is called a Roman building, and attributed to Trajan, the emperor whom the Spaniards claim as their countrymen; but it bears no inscription

*From "Iberian Reminiscences." Mr. Gallenga was famous in his day as a London newspaper correspondent. He was of Italian parentage. Besides "Iberian Reminiscences," he wrote several other books.

and apparently never bore any. Nor does any record or hint occur in ancient writers that can furnish a clue to the date of the building or the name of the builder.

To doubt that the aqueduct is a Roman work would be little less than heresy; yet there are some native critics who timidly, and, as it were, with bated breath, venture to suggest that at least its original design and construction may have been anterior to the Roman domination of the interior of Spain, and that it may be claimed as the achievement of those Celtiberian or other indigenous races who, like the Ligurians and Etruscans, and other older native Italian tribes, knew something about architecture before the Romans, and gave their masters some useful hints in that art in which they became so eminently proficient. This opinion might be grounded on the fact that the Segovian aqueduct is constructed of large blocks of stone laid upon one another, cyclopean fashion, without cement or mortar, in the style of which specimens remain in the walls of Tarragona, the huge stones in many instances underlying the layers of imperial Roman brick masonry. . . .

So striking is this masterly adaptation, this perfect adequacy of the means to the end; so flimsy, fragile, and gossamer-like are the lines of this marvelous arcade, that superstition assigns to it a supernatural origin, the legend being that it was constructed in one night by the devil, enamored of a Segovian damsel, whom he wished to save the trouble of carrying her pitcher up and down the steep banks to fetch water across the valley.

The water of the Segovian aqueduct springs in the Fuenfria and runs through the Rio Frio (cold-fountain and cold river); a pure water flowing from the Guadarrama mountains over a distance of ten or twelve miles; and the aqueduct was made to go through several bends and turnings to check the impetuosity of the stream. It runs 216 feet to the first angle, 462 feet to the second, and 937 to the third, where it becomes a bridge, spanning the valley from bank to bank, and resting at the end on the rock, on which stands what is left of the battlemented walls of the city. The total length of the aqueduct is thus 1,615 feet, and consists of 320 arches, which begin single and low, but rise gradually as the ground sinks, to maintain the level, and become double, one tier over another, as they vault over the gap of the valley, over the stream and the highway, all along the range that faces the traveler, as he approaches to and passes under it, entering the town.

The three central arches are the loftiest, and rise to a height of 102 feet. These, on the nether tier, are surmounted by three blocks of stone somewhat in the shape of steps, intended as a cornice to mark the locality of the town-gate, and over the steps, in one of the pillars of the upper tier, are scooped two niches, with a statue of the Virgin in the niche looking to the town, and in the other at the back a nondescript figure that priests call St. Sebastian, but in which the Segovians fancy they behold the effigy of the Satanic architect of the bridge.

No words and no picture could convey the impression wrought upon the traveler by the

sight of this magic building. The whole structure is of granite, light gray, as found in the quarry, but turned by age to a light pearl and purple tint, glowing like jasper in the deep blue of this semi-Alpine Castilian sky. The blocks of stone, on a near inspection, seem to have been laid upon one another clumsily and, as it were, at haphazard, some of them daringly jetting out and hanging over as to suggest the apprehension that the whole fabric may at any time collapse and slip down to the ground like a castle of cards. Yet the bridge has been standing, perhaps, 2,000 years, and looks intact; and the design, seen at a proper distance, is a model of ease and elegance, relying, one would say, on mere symmetry and balance for solidity.

The stones, rudely cut in large, long, square blocks, bear the holes of the iron clamps by which they were hoisted up to their places; they are worn smooth and almost round by time and storms, but are sound at the core; and at the base of the pillars, as well as at various stages up the shafts and at the turning of the arches, there are cornices of what seems to have been black marble, but now everywhere chipped and cracked and almost altogether fretted away.

The aqueduct is the only thing really living in poor dead Segovia. The necessity of securing a constant supply of better water than what flows between the ravines of the Eresma compelled the construction of this work when the place was a mighty city, and insured its preservation as the town sank year by year to its present forlorn and dilapidated condition.

AVILA*

BY PHILIP S. MARDEN

The road to Avila lies over the mountains and through forests of pine. Beyond the Escorial the railway climbs steadily, and for long distances without passing any station. Finally it reaches the top of the divide and plunges, or rather glides by long and sweeping curves, to the plain—a bare, deserted country not unlike that which surrounds Madrid. The crossing of the mountain range, however, gives a delightful interlude between these broad tracts of treelessness, and all the way from the Escorial to the summit and beyond, our train toiled slowly through great groves of resinous trees, their trunks gashed with the ax and provided with taps, from which the native juices of the wood oozed slowly into rude receptacles much as one sees it done on the pine-clad slopes of Ægina. The Spaniards, however, do not use the resin for their wine as do the Greeks. . . .

The overpowering charm of Avila to-day lies not in her many churches, beautiful as some of them are, nor yet in the memory of her most famous and exemplary Saint Teresa. It is to be found rather in the stupendous cincture of ancient walls which encircle the town now as of old, almost perfectly preserved, and buttressed as of yore by four score of mighty towers. To see these at their best one must go outside the

*From "Travels in Spain." By special arrangement with, and by permission of, the publishers, Houghton, Mifflin Co. Copyright, 1909.

city, preferably toward the west, and ascend the slight grade of the highroad to Salamanca. One crosses the river—a rather inconsiderable stream, but boasting two parallel bridges for all that—and climbs up to a grassy knoll near by. It is a sort of second Golgotha, marked from afar by a great stone cross; and from the little platform on which the cross is set the view back upon the walls and towers of Avila is unsurpassed.

We climbed to the level of the cross, and feasted our eyes on that incomparable city of the past. If the Alcázar crowning the steeps of Segovia had been the castle of our childhood dreams, this comprehensive view of well-walled Avila realized to the full the story-book notions of what a walled city should be. There lay the whole northern and western flanks of the town, protected by massive bulwarks of stone, the towers, huge and semicircular, breaking the outline at regular intervals, the whole crowned with battlements. Here and there yawning gates pierced the fortifications, and we should not have been in the least astonished to have seen a cavalcade of knights with glancing helms come sallying forth.

The practical completeness of the whole structure to-day is the only surprizing thing. But complete it is, and one will do very well to walk along the northern side of the city just under the shadow of the mighty bulwarks to get an adequate idea of its massiveness. Here and there on the tops of towers that thrust themselves above the crenellations of the wall one will inevitably see, as we saw, immense nests of storks; and if one is fortunate there will be

seen the storks themselves returning, no doubt from beneficent visits to the fecund families of Avila, to bring food to their own young.

These walls were here when Teresa and her little brother toddled out to get the Moors to martyr them; in fact, at that distant day they were already five hundred years old, dating as they do from 1090. Nine years was this stupendous upland fortress in building; and the work was so well laid that it seems amply able to endure for yet another millennium.

V

CORDOVA AND SEVILLE

THE GREAT MOSQUE*

BY THEOPHILE GAUTIER

It was the Caliph Abderama I. who laid the foundations of the Mosque at Cordova, toward the end of the eighth century, and the works were carried on with such activity that the whole edifice was completed at the commencement of the ninth; twenty-one years were found sufficient to terminate this gigantic monument! When we reflect that, a thousand years ago, so admirable a work, and one of such colossal proportions, was executed in so short a time by a people who have since fallen into a state of the most savage barbarism, the mind is lost in astonishment, and refuses to believe the pretended doctrines of human progress which are generally received at the present day; we even feel inclined to adopt an opinion diametrically opposite, when we visit those countries which formerly enjoyed a state of civilization which now exists no longer.

I have already regretted, for my own part, and so have others, that the Moors did not remain in possession of Spain, which certainly has only lost by their expulsion. Under their dominion, if we can believe the popular exaggerations so gravely collected and preserved by historians, Cordova con-

*From "Wanderings in Spain." (London, 1853.)

tained two hundred thousand houses, eighty thousand palaces, and nine hundred baths, while its suburbs consisted of twelve thousand villages. At present it does not number forty thousand inhabitants, and appears almost deserted.*

Abderama wished to make the Mosque of Cordova a place of pilgrimage, a western Mecca, the first temple of Islamism, after that in which the body of the prophet reposes. I have not yet seen the Casbah of Mecca, but I doubt whether it equals in magnificence and size the Spanish Mosque. One of the original copies of the Koran and a still more precious relic, a bone of one of Mohammed's arms used to be preserved there. The lower orders even believe that the Sultan of Constantinople still pays a tribute to the King of Spain, in order that mass may not be said in that part of the building especially dedicated to the prophet. This chapel is ironically called by the devout, the Zancarron, a term of contempt which signifies, "Ass's jawbone, carrion."

The Mosque of Cordova is pierced with seven doors, which have nothing ornamental about them. Indeed its mode of construction prevents their being so, and does not allow of the majestic portals imperiously required by the unvarying plan of Roman-Catholic cathedrals. There is nothing in its external appearance to prepare your mind for the admirable spectacle which awaits you. We will pass, if you please, through the "patio de los naranjeros," an immense and magnificent courtyard planted with monster orange-trees, that were contemporaries of the Moorish kings, and sur-

*Gautier wrote in 1853. The population of Cordova is now (1914) about 65,000.

rounded by long arched galleries, paved with marble flags. On one side rises a very mediocre spire, which is a clumsy imitation of the Giralda, as we were afterward enabled to see, at Seville. There is said to be an immense cistern under the pavement of the courtyard. In the time of the Ommyades, you entered at once from the "patio de los naranjeros" into the mosque itself, for the frightful wall which now breaks the perspective on this side, was not built until later.

I can best convey an idea of this strange edifice, by saying that it resembles a large esplanade enclosed by walls and planted with columns in quincuncial order. The esplanade is four hundred and twenty feet broad, and four hundred and forty long. The number of the columns amounts to eight hundred and sixty, which is, it is said, only half the number in the first mosque.

The impression produced on you when you enter this ancient sanctuary of the Moslem faith can not be defined, and has nothing whatever in common with that generally caused by architecture; you seem rather to be walking about in a roofed forest than in a building. On whatever side you turn, your eye is lost in alleys of columns crossing each other and stretching away out of sight, like marble vegetation that has shot up spontaneously from the soil; the mysterious half-light which reigns in this lofty wood increases the illusion still more. There are nineteen transepts and thirty-six naves, but the span of the transepts is much less than that of the naves. Each nave and transept is formed between rows of superimposed arches, some of which cross and combine with one another as if they were made of ribbon.

The columns, each of which is hewn out of one solid block, are hardly more than ten or twelve feet up to the capitals, which are Arabic Corinthian, full of force and elegance, and reminding you rather of the African palm than the Greek acanthus. They are composed of rare marbles, porphyry, jasper, green and violet breccia, and other precious substances; there are some even of antique origin, and are said to be the remains of an old temple of Janus. Thus the rites of three religions have been celebrated on the spot.

Of these three religions, one has for ever disappeared, with the civilization it represented, in the gulf of the past; the second has been driven out of Europe, where it has now but a precarious footing, to take refuge with the barbarism of the East; and the third, after having reached its apogee, has been undermined by the spirit of inquiry, and is growing weaker every day, even in those countries where it once reigned as absolute sovereign. Perhaps the old mosque built by Abderama may still last long enough to see a fourth religion installed under the shade of its arches, and a new God, or rather a new prophet—for God never changes—celebrated with other forms and other songs of praise.

In the time of the Caliphs, eight hundred silver lamps, filled with aromatic oils, illuminated these long naves, caused the porphyry and polished jasper of the columns to sparkle, spangled with light the gilt stars of the ceiling, and showed, in the shade, the crystal mosaics and the verses of the Koran wreathed with arabesques and flowers. Among their lamps were the bells of Saint Jago de Compostella, which the Moors had won in

battle; turned upside down, and suspended to the roof by silver chains, they illuminated the temple of Allah and his Prophet, and were, no doubt, greatly astonished at being changed from Catholic bells into Mohammedan lamps. At that period, the eye could wander in perfect liberty under the long colonnades, and, from the extremity of the temple, look at the orange-trees in blossom and the gushing of the "patio," inundated by a torrent of light, rendered still more dazzling by the half-day inside.

Unfortunately, this magnificent view is at present destroyed by the Roman-Catholic church, which is a heavy, massive building squeezed into the very heart of the Arabian mosque. A number of retablos, chapels, and sacristies crowd the place and destroy its general symmetry. This parasitical church, this enormous stone mushroom, this architectural wart on the back of the Arabian edifice, was erected after the designs of Herman Riuz. As a building it is not destitute of merit, and would be admired anywhere else, but it is ever to be regretted that it occupies the place it does. It was built, in spite of the resistance of the "ayuntamiento," by the chapter, in virtue of an order cunningly obtained from the Emperor Charles V., who had not seen the mosque. Having visited it, some years later, he said, "Had I known this, I should never have permitted you to touch the old building; you have put what can be seen anywhere in the place of what is seen nowhere."

THE CATHEDRAL OF SEVILLE*

BY THEOPHILE GAUTIER

The most extravagant and most monstrously prodigious Hindu pagodas are not to be mentioned in the same century as the Cathedral of Seville. It is a mountain scooped out, a valley turned topsy-turvy; Notre Dame at Paris might walk about erect in the middle nave, which is of a frightful height; pillars, as large round as towers, and which appear so slender that they make you shudder, rise out of the ground or descend from the vaulted roof, like the stalactites in a giant's grotto. The four lateral naves, altho less high, would each cover a church, steeple included. The retablo, or high altar, with its stairs, its architectural superpositions, and its rows of statues rising in stories one above the other, is in itself an immense edifice, and almost touches the roof. The Paschal taper is as tall as the mast of a ship, and weighs two thousand and fifty pounds. The bronze candlestick which contains it is a kind of column like that in the Place Vendôme; it is copied from the candlestick of the temple at Jerusalem, as represented in the bas-reliefs on the Arch of Titus, and everything else is proportionally grand. Twenty thousand pounds of wax and as many pounds of oil are burned in the cathedral annually, while the wine used in the service of the Sacrament amounts to the frightful quantity of eighteen thousand seven hundred and fifty French liters.

It is true that five hundred masses are said every

*From "Wanderings in Spain." (London, 1853.)

day at the eighty altars! The catafalque used during the Holy Week, and which is called the monument, is nearly a hundred feet high! The gigantic organs resemble the basaltic colonnades of Fingal's Cave, and yet the tempests and thunder which escape from their pipes, which are as large in the bore as battering cannon, are like melodious murmurs, or the chirping of birds and seraphim under these colossal ogives. There are eighty-three stained glass windows, copied from the cartoons of Michael Angelo, Raphael, Dürer, Peregrino, Tibaldi, and Lucas Cambiaso; the oldest and most beautiful are those executed by Arnold de Flandre, a celebrated painter on glass. The most modern ones, which date from 1819, prove how greatly art has degenerated since the glorious sixteenth century, that climacteric epoch of the world, when the human plant brought forth its most beautiful flowers and its most savory fruit.

The choir, which is Gothic, is decorated with turrets, spires, niche-work, figures, and foliage, forming one immense and delicately minute piece of workmanship that actually confounds the mind, and can not now-a-days be understood. You are actually struck dumb in the presence of such stupendous efforts of art, and you interrogate yourself with anxiety, as to whether vitality is withdrawing itself more and more, every century, from the world. This prodigy of talent, patience, and genius, has, at least, preserved the name of its author, on whom we are able to bestow our tribute of admiration. On one of the panels to the left of the altar the following inscription is traced: "Nufro Sanchez, sculptor, whom may God protect, made this choir in 1475." . . .

Every style of architecture is to be found in the Cathedral of Seville. The severe Gothic, the style of the Renaissance, that which the Spaniards term "plateresco," or jewelry-work, and which is distinguished by a profusion of incredible ornaments and arabesques, the rococo, the Greek and Roman styles, are all there without a single exception, for each age has built its chapel after its own peculiar taste. Many of the statues which fill the niches of the portals, and represent patriarchs, apostles, saints, and archangels, are made of baked earth only, and placed there temporarily. On the same side as the courtyard "de los Naranjeros," on the top of the unfinished portal, rises the iron crane, as a symbol that the edifice is not yet terminated, and that the works will be resumed at some future period.

This kind of gallows is also to be seen on the summit of the church at Beauvais, but when will the day come, when the weight of a stone slowly drawn up through the air by the workmen returned to their work, shall cause its pulley, that has for ages been rusting away, once more to creak beneath its load?

Never, perhaps; for the ascensional movement of Catholicism has stopt, and the sap which caused this efflorescence of cathedrals to shoot up from the ground, no longer rises from the trunk into the branches. Faith, which doubts nothing, wrote the first strophes of all these great poems of stone and granite; Reason, which doubts everything, has not dared to finish them. The architects of the Middle Ages were a race of religious Titans, as it were, who heaped Pelion on Ossa, not to dethrone the Deity they adored, but to admire more closely

the mild countenance of the Virgin-Mother smiling on the Infant Jesus.

In our days, when everything is sacrificed to some gross and stupid idea or other of comfort, people no longer understand these sublime yearnings of the soul toward the Infinite, which were rendered by steeples, spires, bell-turrets, and ogives, stretching their arms of stone heavenward, and joining them, above the heads of the kneeling crowd, like gigantic hands clasped in an attitude of supplication.

THE GIRALDA*

BY EDMONDO DE AMICIS

The famous Giralda of the Seville Cathedral, is an old Arabian tower, built, so it is affirmed, in the year one thousand, after the design of the architect Gaver, inventor of algebra; modified in its upper portions after the conquest, and then changed into a Christian bell tower; but it is always Arabian in appearance, and decidedly prouder of the fallen standards of the vanquished than of the cross which the victors have recently placed upon it. It is a monument which produces a novel sensation; it makes one laugh; for it is as immense and impossible as an Egyptian pyramid, and at the same time as gay and lovely

*From "Spain." Translated by Wilhelmina W. Cady, By special arrangement with, and by permission of, the publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons. Copyright, 1881. In many of its features the Giralda of Seville served Stanford White as a model when he designed the Tower of Madison Square Garden in New York.

as the kiosk of a garden. It is a square brick tower, of a very beautiful rose color, quite bare up to a certain point, and from here up ornamented with little Moorish mullion windows, scattered here and there at random, and furnished with small balconies that produce a pretty effect.

On the floor, upon which the variegated roof formerly rested, surmounted by an iron beam that supported four enormous gilt balls, rises the Christian bell tower, three floors in height; the first occupied by the bell, the second encircled by a balustrade, and the third formed by a species of cupola, upon which turns, like a weather vane, a colossal statue of gilt bronze, representing Faith, with a palm in one hand and a standard in another, visible at a great distance from Seville, and when the sun strikes it, gleaming like an enormous ruby, set in the crown of a Titan king, which is dominating with its eye the whole Andalusian valley.

I climbed the top, and there was amply repaid for the fatigue of the ascent. Seville, as white as a city of marble, encircled by a wreath of gardens, groves, and avenues, in the midst of a country scattered with villas, extends before the eyes in all its oriental beauty. The Guadalquiver laden with ships traverses and embraces it in one broad turn. Here the Torre del Oro mirrors its graceful form in the blue waters of the river, there the Alcázar raises its austere towers, farther away the Montpensier gardens thrust above the roofs of the buildings an immense mass of verdure. The glance penetrates the bull-circus, into the gardens of the squares,

the "patios" of the houses, the cloisters of the churches, and into all the streets which converge around the cathedral. In the distance one discovers the villages of Santiponce, Algaba, and others which gleam on the hillsides; on the right of the Guadalquiver is the great suburb of Triana; on one side, far, far away, are the indented crests of the Sierra Morena; on the opposite side are other mountains varied by an infinite number of blue tints; and above this marvelous panorama lies the purest, most transparent and enchanting sky that ever smiled on the eye of man.

THE ALCAZAR*

BY PHILIP S. MARDEN

The Alcázar is not only less ancient than the Alhambra, but is also much more obviously befurbished and renovated. Its gilding is as fresh and bright as that of the library at Washington. Its reds and blues and buffs have not the saving grace of age. And so much of it is garish, blatant, and thoroughly unsatisfactory. It might have been much more effective if it had remained as it was and had been permitted to yield to a general flavor of mild decay. Even the additions of Charles V. might please—altho the guides generally exclaim, as they point to these Carlovingian additions, "Carlo Cinco—bad!" As it is, the Alcázar of Seville has a spruce and rejuvenated

*From "Travels in Spain." By special arrangement with, and by permission of, the publishers, Houghton, Mifflin Co. Copyright, 1909.

appearance that grates rather harshly. A sweet disorder in the dress comes not amiss in such buildings after so many centuries.

Practically nothing now remains of the original Alcázar, and still less of the Roman Prætorium, which was its predecessor on the site. The present building is merely the restored palace of Peter the Cruel (Peter I.), plus certain amplifications made by the great Charles shortly after his marriage in these very courts to Isabella of Portugal, whose altogether charming portrait is to be seen to-day in the Prado at Madrid. The palace, however, is more thoroughly identified with Peter's memory, and many interesting traditions of his reign survive. He was a curious character, sudden, quick in quarrel, and apparently well worthy of his sobriquet! for as you wander through the gardens, you are constantly reminded of sanguinary acts which he committed in the name of "justice"—a quality on which he prided himself. And yet he appears to have been rather a popular monarch. He murdered cheerfully whomsoever he would, and then occasionally cracked a grim joke by demanding that the police produce at once the guilty homicide, on pain of their own decapitation!

Peter had for his favorite consort Maria de Padilla, for whose sake he put away a lawfully wedded wife of royal blood; and he constructed for her use a long subterraneous bath—warmed by a hypocaust, no doubt—through the vaulted roof of which he provided windows for viewing that charming lady at her ablutions. It remains to-day, a cool and gloomy apartment like a tunnel, truly grateful on a hot afternoon to one

wearied with the heat and glare of the gardens. The stone tank in its midst is very long and narrow, not deep enough to swim in, but large enough to accommodate Maria de Padilla and a whole regiment of waiting maids at one bathing. The courtiers were expected to drink eagerly of the water afterward, and in view of their master's hasty temper and habit of cutting off heads for less offense, they doubtless did so with loyal enthusiasm and much smacking of lips!

The palace gardens are extensive and, as has been said, are charming, particularly in the early summer, before the parching heat of Seville has burned them. Thanks to the Moors, who were a cleanly race and addicted to the copious use of water, the garden paths lack not for hydraulic arrangements of every kind. At least one path is perforated from end to end with tiny holes, almost imperceptible to the eye, and the guards regard it as a huge jest to inveigle one into this tempting byway and then set the whole district to playing madly by a sudden turn of a hidden stopcock. The jets rise vertically from the pavement to a height of perhaps four feet—and to appreciate it one must be drest in a bathing suit. To those unsuitably attired, the one feasible course is to beat a hasty retreat to dry ground, and laugh.

VI

GRANADA

THE ALHAMBRA*

BY WASHINGTON IRVING

We found ourselves in a deep narrow ravine, filled with beautiful groves, with a steep avenue, and various footpaths winding through it, bordered with stone seats, and ornamented with fountains. To our left we beheld the towers of the Alhambra beetling above us; to our right, on the opposite side of the ravine, we were equally dominated by rival towers on a rocky eminence. These, we were told, were the Torres Vermejos, or vermilion towers, so called from their ruddy hue. No one knows their origin. They are of a date much anterior to the Alhambra; some suppose them to have been built by the Romans; others, by some wandering colony of Phœnicians. Ascending the steep and shady avenue, we arrived at the foot of a huge square Moorish tower, forming a kind of barbican, through which passed the main entrance to the fortress.

Within the barbican was a group of veteran invalids, one mounting guard at the portal, while

*From "Tales of the Alhambra." Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. Since Irving wrote, parts of the Alhambra then in ruins, have been completely restored.

the rest, wrapt in their tattered cloaks, slept on the stone benches. This portal is called the Gate of Justice, from the tribunal held within its porch during the Moslem domination, for the immediate trial of petty causes; a custom common to the Oriental nations, and occasionally alluded to in the sacred Scriptures. "Judges and officers shalt thou make thee in all thy gates, and they shall judge the people with just judgment." . . .

After passing through the barbican, we ascended a narrow lane, winding between walls, and came on an open esplanade within the fortress, called the Place of the Cisterns, from great reservoirs which undermine it, cut in the living rock by the Moors to receive the water brought by conduits from the Darro, for the supply of the fortress. Here, also, is a well of immense depth, furnishing the purest and coldest of water —another monument of the delicate taste of the Moors, who were indefatigable in their exertions to obtain that element in its crystal purity.

In front of this esplanade is the splendid pile commenced by Charles V., and intended, it is said, to eclipse the residence of the Moorish kings. Much of the Oriental edifice intended for the winter season was demolished to make way for this massive pile. The grand entrance was blocked up; so that the present entrance to the Moorish palace is through a simple and almost humble portal in a corner. With all the massive grandeur and architectural merit of the palace of Charles V., we regarded it as an arrogant intruder, and passing by it with a feeling almost of scorn, rang at the Moslem portal.

While waiting for admittance, our self-imposed cicerone, Mateo Ximenes, informed us that the royal palace was entrusted to the care of a worthy old maiden dame called Doña Antonia-Molina, but who, according to Spanish custom, went by the more neighborly appellation of Tia Antonia (Aunt Antonia), who maintained the Moorish halls and gardens in order and showed them to strangers. While we were talking, the door was opened by a plump little black-eyed Andalusian damsel, whom Mateo addrest as Dolores, but who from her bright looks and cheerful disposition evidently merited a merrier name. Mateo informed me in a whisper that she was the niece of Tia Antonia, and I found she was the good fairy who was to conduct us through the enchanted palace. Under her guidance we crossed the threshold and were at once transported, as if by magic wand, into other times and an oriental realm, and were treading the scenes of Arabian story. Nothing could be in greater contrast than the unpromising exterior of the pile with the scene now before us. We found ourselves in a vast patio or court, one hundred and fifty feet in length, and upward of eighty feet in breadth, paved with white marble, and decorated at each end with light Moorish pertistyles, one of which supported an elegant gallery of fretted architecture.

Along the moldings of the cornices and on various parts of the walls were escutcheons and ciphers and cufic and Arabic characters in high relief, repeating the pious mottoes of the Moslem monarchs, the builders of the Alhambra, or extolling their grandeur and munificence. Along

the center of the court extended an immense basin or tank, a hundred and twenty-four feet in length, twenty-seven in breadth, and five in depth, receiving its water from two marble vases. Hence it is called the Court of the Alberca (from al beerkah, the Arabic for a pond or tank). Great numbers of goldfish were to be seen gleaming through the waters of the basin, and it was bordered by hedges of roses.

Passing from the Court of the Alberca under a Moorish archway, we entered the renowned Court of Lions. No part of the edifice gives a more complete idea of its original beauty than this for none has suffered so little from the ravages of time. In the center stands the fountain famous in song and story. The alabaster basins still shed their diamond drops; the twelve lions which support them, and give the court its name, still cast forth crystal streams as in the days of Boabdil. The lions, however, are unworthy of their fame, being of miserable sculpture, the work probably of some Christian captive. The court is laid out in flower-beds, instead of its ancient and appropriate pavement of tiles or marble; the alteration, an instance of bad taste, was made by the French when in possession of Granada.

Round the four sides of the court are light Arabian arcades of open filigree work, supported by slender pillars of white marble, which it is supposed were originally gilded. The architecture, like that in most parts of the interior of the palace, is characterized by elegance rather than grandeur, bespeaking a delicate and graceful taste, and a disposition to indolent enjoyment. When one looks upon the fairy traces of the peristyles,

and the apparently fragile fretwork of the walls, it is difficult to believe that so much has survived the wear and tear of centuries, the shocks of earthquakes, the violence of war, and the quiet, tho no less baneful, pilferings of the tasteful traveler; it is almost sufficient to excuse the popular tradition, that the whole is protected by a magic charm.

On one side of the court a rich portal opens into the Hall of the Abencerrages, so called from the gallant cavaliers of that illustrious line who were here perfidiously massacred. There are some who doubt the whole story, but our humble cicerone Mateo pointed out the very wicket of the portal through which they were introduced one by one into the Court of Lions, and the white marble fountain in the center of the hall beside which they were beheaded. He showed us also certain broad ruddy stains on the pavement, traces of their blood, which, according to popular belief, can never be effaced. . . .

An abundant supply of water, brought from the mountains by old Moorish aqueducts, circulates throughout the palace, supplying its baths and fish-pools, sparkling in jets within its halls or murmuring in channels along the marble pavements. When it has paid its tribute to the royal pile, and visited its gardens and parterres, it flows down the long avenue leading to the city, tinkling in rills, gushing in fountains, and maintaining a perpetual verdure in those groves that embower and beautify the whole hill *of the* Alhambra.

Those only who have sojourned in the ardent climates of the south can appreciate the delights

of an abode combining the breezy coolness of the mountain with the freshness and verdure of the valley. While the city below pants with the noontide heat, and the parched Vega trembles to the eye, the delicate airs from the Sierra Nevada play through these lofty halls, bringing with them the sweetness of the surrounding gardens. Everything invites to that indolent repose, the bliss of southern climes; and while the half-shut eye looks out from the shaded balconies upon the glittering landscape, the ear is lulled by the rustling of groves and the murmur of running streams.

THE VIEW FROM AN ALHAMBRA TOWER*

BY EDMONDO DE AMICIS

We crossed the garden of the Cabinet of Lindaraja, a mysterious-looking court, and through a long gallery looking out on the country, we arrived at the top of one of the farthest towers of the Alhambra, under a small pavilion opened on all sides, and called "The Queen's Toilet," which seemed to be suspended over an abyss, like the nest of an eagle.

That the spectacle one enjoys from this point is not equaled on the face of the earth, I am sure may be said without fear of contradiction. Imagine an immense plain, as green as a field

*From "Spain." Translated by Wilhelmina W. Cady. By special arrangement with, and by permission of, the publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons. Copyright, 1881.

covered with young grass, traversed in all directions by endless rows of cypresses, pines, oaks, and poplars, scattered with thick groves of oranges (which, in the distance, look like bushes), and great kitchen and flower gardens, so filled with fruit trees that they present the appearance of hillsides covered with verdure. Across this immense plain flows the Xenil, shining among the groves and gardens like a silver ribbon. On all sides are wooded hills, and beyond these hills, very high rocks in fantastic shapes, which seem like a girdle of walls and titanic towers separating this paradise from the world. Directly under one's eyes lies the city of Granada, partly stretched over the plain, partly on a hillside scattered with groups of trees and shapeless masses of verdure, rising and waving above the tops of the houses, like enormous plumes, which seem to spread out, join together, and cover the entire city.

Farther down is the deep valley of the Darro, more than covered, filled, almost overwhelmed, by a prodigious accumulation of vegetation rising like a mountain, beyond which projects a grove of gigantic poplars which wave their tops under the windows of the tower almost within reach of one's hand. To the right beyond the Darro, on a hill rising straight and bold, like a cupola, toward heaven, is the palace of the Generalife, crowned by aerial gardens, and almost hidden amid a grove of laurels, poplars, and pomegranates. On the opposite side, is a marvelous spectacle, an incredible thing—the vision of a dream! the Sierra Nevada, the highest mountain in Europe, after the Alps, white as snow, to within

a few miles of the gates of Granada, white as far as the hills where the palms of pomegranates rear their heads, displays in all its splendor an almost tropical vegetation.

Fancy now above this immense paradise, containing all the smiling graces of the East, and all the grave beauties of the North, which unites Europe to Africa, bringing to these nuptials all the most beautiful marvels of nature, and sending up to heaven in one, all the perfumes of the earth; fancy, I say, above this blessed valley, the sky and sun of Andalusia, which turning toward the West, tints the summits rose-color, and the slopes of the Sierra with all the colors of the iris and all the shades of the clearest blue pearls. Its rays become golden, purple, and ashy, as they fall upon the rocks crowning the plain; and sinking in the midst of a brilliant conflagration, cast, like a last farewell, a luminous crown around the pensive towers of the Alhambra, and the enwreathed pinnacles of the Generalife. Tell me, then, whether the world can offer any thing more solemn, glorious, or intoxicating than this love feast of the earth and sky, before which, for nine centuries, Granada has trembled with voluptuousness and pride.

THE TOMBS OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA*

BY EDMONDO DE AMICIS

The Cathedral of Granada was begun in 1529 by the Catholic kings, but remained unfinished. It has a great façade, with three doors, ornamented by statues and bas-reliefs; and is formed by five naves, divided by twenty immense pilasters composed of a group of slender pillars. The chapels contain paintings of Boccanegra, pieces of sculpture by Torrigiani, tombs and precious ornaments. The most beautiful of all is the principal chapel, upheld by twenty Corinthian columns, divided into two rows, on the first of which rise colossal statues of the twelve apostles, and on the second an entablature covered with garlands and heads of cherubims. Above runs a row of lovely stained glass windows, representing the Passion, and from the frieze which crowns them spring ten bold arches that form the roof of the chapel. In the arches supporting the columns are six great paintings of Alonzo Cano, which have the reputation of being his most beautiful and complete work.

When I had made the tour of the chapels and was preparing to leave, I was suddenly seized with the idea that something still remained to be seen. The Catholic kings must, of course, have been buried at Granada, where they fought the last great chivalrous war of the medieval ages, and

*From "Spain." Translated by Wilhelmina W. Cady. By special arrangement with, and by permission of, the publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons. Copyright, 1881.

where they commissioned Christopher Columbus to arm the ships that took him to the New World! I ran rather than walked to the royal chapel, preceded by a limping guide; an old priest opened the door of the sacristy, and before allowing me to enter and see the tombs, he led me to a species of glass cabinet filled with precious objects, and said: "You know that Isabella the Catholic, in order to furnish Christopher Columbus with the money for the arming of his ships, and not knowing where to find any, as the coffers of state were empty, put her jewels in pawn." "Yes; well?" I asked impatiently, and foreseeing the answer, felt my heart beating rapidly. "Well," replied the sacristan, "this is the box in which the queen placed her jewels when sending them to pawn!" Saying which, he opened the door, took out the box, and handed it to me.

Let strong men say what they choose; for my part, these things make me tremble and weep. I have touched the box which contained the treasures by means of which Columbus was enabled to discover America! Every time that I repeat these words, my blood is stirred within me, and I add: "I have touched it with this hand," and I look at my hand. That cabinet also contains the sword of King Ferdinand, the crown and scepter of Isabella, a missal and several other ornaments of these two sovereigns.

We entered the chapel, between the altar and a great iron railing which separates it from the remaining space, in front of two large marble mausoleums, ornamented with statues and basreliefs of great value. On one of them are stretched the statues of Ferdinand and Isabella,

drest in their royal robes, with crown, sword, and scepter. On the other are the statues of two other princes of Spain. Around the statues are lions, angels, coats of arms, and various ornaments, which present a regally austere and magnificent aspect.

The sacristan lighted a torch, and, pointing to a kind of trap-door situated in the pavement which separates the two mausoleums, begged me to raise it, so that we could go down below. The guide assisted me, we opened the trap, the sacristan descended, and I followed him down a narrow staircase to a little subterranean room, in which were five lead caskets, each one marked with two initials surmounted by a crown. The sacristan lowered the torch, and, touching them one by one, said to me in a slow and solemn voice:

"Here reposes the great Queen Isabella the Catholic. Here reposes the great King Ferdinand V. Here reposes the King Philip I. Here reposes Queen Joanna the mad. Here reposes Dona Maria, her daughter, who died at the age of nine years. God have them all in his holy keeping."

Then planting his torch in the ground, he crossed his arms and closed his eyes, as if to give me time for my meditations.

GIBRALTAR

FROM "THE ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA"*

To the voyager entering the straits of Gibraltar, the "rock" presents a bare and almost barren aspect, especially, when the summer suns have dried up the verdure; but as he approaches he discovers a considerable clothing of vegetation, and closer acquaintance reveals the existence of an extensive flora. Here and there a grassy glen gives shelter to a group of trees, and the villas of the English residents are surrounded with luxuriant gardens and copses.

Gibraltar is emphatically a fortress, and in some respects its fortifications are unique. On the eastern side the rock needs no defense beyond its own precipitous cliffs, and in all other directions it has been rendered practically impregnable. Besides a sea-wall extending at intervals round the western base of the rock, and strengthened by curtains and bastions and three formidable forts, there are batteries in all available positions from the sea-wall up to the summit 1,350 feet above the sea; and a remarkable series of galleries has been hewn out of the solid face of the rock toward the north and northwest. These galleries have an aggregate length of between two and three miles, and their breadth is sufficient to let a carriage pass. Port-holes are cut at intervals of twelve yards, so contrived that the gunners are safe from the shot of any possible assailants. At the end of one of the galleries

*The Ninth Edition. Altho it belongs to England, Gibraltar is physically a part of the Spanish peninsula.

hollowed out in a prominent part of the cliff is St. George's Hall, 50 feet long by 35 feet wide, in which the governor was accustomed to give fêtes. Alterations, extensions, and improvements are continually taking place in the defensive system, and new guns of the most formidable sort are gradually displacing or supplementing the old-fashioned ordnance. . . .

Gibraltar was known to the Greek and Roman geographers as Calpe or Alybe, the two names being probably corruptions of the same local (perhaps Phœnician) word. The eminence on the African coast near Ceuta, which bears the modern English name of Apes' Hill, was then designated Abyla; and Calpe and Abyla, at least according to an ancient and widely current interpretation, formed the renowned Pillars of Hercules which for centuries were the limits of enterprise to the seafaring peoples of the Mediterranean world. The strategic importance of the rock appears to have been first discovered by the Moors, who, when they crossed over from Africa in the eighth century, selected it as the site of a fortress. From their leader Tarik ibn Zeyad it was called Gebel Tarik or Tarik's Hill; and, tho the name had a competitor in Gebel af Futah or Hill of the Entrance, it gradually gained acceptance, and still remains sufficiently recognizable in the corrupted form of the present day.

The first siege of the rock was in 1309, when it was taken by Alonzo Perez de Guzman for Ferdinand IV. of Spain, who, in order to attract inhabitants to the spot, offered an asylum to swindlers, thieves, and murderers, and promised

to levy no taxes on the import or export of goods. The most memorable siege of Gibraltar, indeed one of the most memorable of all sieges, was that which it sustained from the combined land and sea forces of France and Spain during the years 1779-1783. The grand attack on the place was made on the 13th September, 1782, and all the resources of power and science were exhausted by the assailants in the fruitless attempt. On the side of the sea they brought to bear against the fortress forty-six sail of the line, and a countless fleet of gun and mortar boats. But their chief hope lay in the floating batteries planned by D'Arcon, an eminent French engineer, and built at the cost of half a million sterling. They were so constructed as to be impenetrable by the red-hot shot which it was foreseen the garrison would employ; and such hopes were entertained of their efficiency that they were styled invincible.

The Count d'Artois (afterward Charles X.) hastened from Paris to witness the capture of the place. He arrived in time to see the total destruction of the floating batteries, and a considerable portion of the combined fleet, by the English fire. Despite this disaster, however, the siege continued till brought to a close by the general pacification, February 2d, 1783. Since 1783 the history of Gibraltar has been comparatively uneventful.

VII

OTHER SPANISH SCENES

BARCELONA, THE CATALONIAN CAPITAL*

BY ANTONIO GALLENGA

Of the three cities which have good reason to claim the title of Queens of the Mediterranean—Genoa, Marseilles, and Barcelona—this last has every prospect of becoming the largest and perhaps the wealthiest.† It has the immense advantage of combining the business of mill and shop, of warehouse and dock, or, as I said, of Liverpool and Manchester in one. I often drove in the afternoon all around the place, far beyond the ensanches, as the spacious quarters of the new town are called, and went for more than three hours through a perfect maze of tall chimneys, emitting a much denser smoke than the shafts in Lancashire, yet but slightly, if at all, affecting the purity of the light elastic atmosphere, which seems here blest with perpetual

*From "Iberian Reminiscences."

†Barcelona has verified Mr. Gallenga's prediction. The population in 1910 was 560,000, while that of Marseilles in 1906 was 517,498 and that of Genoa in 1906, 255,294. Barcelona is close to Madrid in population. Madrid in 1910 had 571,511.

brightness. All these industrial suburbs, Sans, Las Cortes, Sarria, etc., were to be incorporated with the city of which they are a continuation; and as some of them—Gracia, for instance—are towns of 30,000 or 40,000 inhabitants, they will soon raise the population of Barcelona to half a million.

And nowhere else, perhaps, is the useful more admirably blended with the sweet than it is here. Barcelona, in spite of the dingy narrowness of some of its old quarters, is at all times a sunny town, and every spot about the harbor and all round the old walls, especially the sea-wall, is being widened and improved. It basks in a genial sky and climate. Few cities in Europe can boast a more stately or pleasing thoroughfare than the famous old Rambla, or a more elegant promenade than the Paseo de Gracia. There are nowhere more charming citizens' villas than the casatorres, or garden-houses, of St. Gervasio, Sarria, and Gracia. No people in the world seem better adapted to steer between the extremes of "all work and no play," and "all play and no work." . . .

They have noble churches, a Gothic cathedral, St. Maria del Mar, also Gothic, and about a hundred others, with operatic masses in the morning, while there are as many or more theaters open in the evening—ten theaters in the town alone, without counting those in the suburbs, and the seven play-houses in the open air, only used in the long summer-time. The opera house (Gran Teatro del Liceo) is said to exceed the Milan Scala in size, and it is not yet the principal theater.

Besides these two, we have the Teatro del Circo, the Teatro Cervantes, with imitations of the Olympe, Odéon, Nouveautés, and other places of entertainment, the style and the very names of which are borrowed from prototypes in Paris or Madrid. Between the morning spectacle at the church and the function at night in the play-house, there is the lounge in the Rambla, or the stroll in the Paseo de Gracia; in the Rambla a dense mass of human beings thronging, especially the rich flower-market, toward noon; in the Paseo a long line of well-drest and evidently well-to-do promenaders toward sunset.

Morning, noon and night besides, there is the happy gathering at the café. The cafés at Barcelona are as grand and sumptuous as those of Paris, and some of them—that of the "Seven Doors," of the "Nineteenth Century," and others —more vast in proportion than any in the world. These establishments are, or seem, at least, from their immense size, empty on week days throughout the best working hours; but in the evenings, and especially of a Sunday or holiday, one finds it difficult to obtain a seat or table; and till late at night there is a thronging there of family parties, with children of all ages, nurses and babies not forgotten, people of all classes meeting here on a footing of equality, all prolonging their sitting till very late hours at night; a medley of sights, a Babel of voices; a never-ending, tho at first bewildering, study of characters.

THE MONASTERY OF MONSERRAT*

BY HAVELOCK ELLIS

The serrated mountain was as naturally formed to be the home of the hermits as the devout Spaniard is formed to make a hermit; every hermit could here find his solitary eyrie in the cliff over the great plain, and no hermitage was ever without its inmate. Slowly, too, as the fame of the Lady of Monserrat grew, a mighty army of pilgrims began to march up the winding path to this high shrine, to present their offerings and to receive the hospitality of the monks. In the sixteenth century, it is said, they numbered half a million a year. Kings and princes and nobles joined in the procession; once a queen, Violante, the wife of Don Juan I., climbed up barefoot; Charles V. came here nine times; a great conqueror, Don John of Austria, came here to lay at the feet of the Virgin the spoils of Lepanto and to cover the whole church with gold; most memorable visit of all, it was here that the soldier Loyola came to bid farewell to earthly camps, to spend the night before the Virgin, to leave his sword on her altar, to watch over his new spiritual weapons like a knight of chivalry in Amadis de Gaul, consecrating himself as a soldier of the Church—the first general of the best organized and most famous army that has ever fought in her service.

*From "The Soul of Spain." Published by Houghton, Mifflin Co. Monserrat is in the eastern part of the Pyrenees. It is reached after a short train ride from Barcelona.

It was not alone in the spiritual sphere that Monserrat stood forth resplendent above the world around. Like every great Benedictine monastery, it was a focus of work and enlightenment. Its abbots were sometimes fine architects, and they knew also where to find the best sculptors and craftsmen in Spain to beautify their splendid Byzantine church. They founded a school of music. They set up a famous printing press when printing was still a novelty in the world. If men brought here in profusion their precious things for love of the Virgin, the guardians of her shrine in the days of its prosperity were never unmindful of their own responsibilities. The gifts of natural site and scenery, antiquity and legend, the adoration of a large part of Europe, the skill and energy of its own monks, thus combined to render Monserrat a shrine of almost unparalleled magnificence, altho from its natural position it always preserved a certain aristocratic aloofness, and never enjoyed the immense vulgar fame throughout Christendom of the other great Spanish shrine, that of St. James of Compostela.

Now once again, tho its old splendor has departed, Monserrat is alive. The great church has been restored; large buildings cluster around to furnish the pilgrim and the visitor with a lodging that is, nominally at all events, free; the old shrines are well kept, and the Brothers who guard this ancient home of Our Lady have reestablished the School of Music. For there is an indestructible vitality in this mountain shrine. It was once the Roman Estorcil and a temple of Venus. Even before that, we may

well believe, some Iberian deity was reverenced here. . . .

The little train has arrived at the top, and I follow in the wake of the two young couples, for whom the way seems not unfamiliar, to an office, where a young man, a lay Brother, enters my name and place of abode in a book, and without further question hands a key to another similarly habited youth, who, with two sheets and a towel over his arm, precedes me to a barrack-like building bearing the name of Santa Teresa de Jesus, unlocks the door of a third-story room, and leaves me absolutely and in every respect to my own devices for the three days during which Our Lady of Monserrat grants me the hospitality of her lodging.

I look around the little whitewashed cell which for this brief space will be all my own. It is scrupulously clean and neat, furnished with absolute simplicity. I note—an indication that I am not actually within a duly constituted monastery—that there are two little beds, separated from the rest of the cell by a brilliant curtain, the one touch of color and gaiety my cell reveals. A little table, a chair, a basin, an empty waterpot, and a candlestick without a candle, complete the equipment entrusted to my care. When I have made my bed, taken my waterpot to fill it below, and bought a candle at the provision store which supplies the pilgrims who find the one restaurant here beyond their means, I feel at last free to put the key of my cell in my pocket and give all my thoughts to Monserrat.

It is now evening; from the ledge on which the little group of buildings stands, the final

summits of Monserrat, above the monastery, are to-night wreathed with delicate mist. As I wander up and down the silent deserted terrace, in front of a small group of buildings which make Monserrat an abode of the living, and breathe the exquisite air, and gaze out into the mysterious depths below, or up at the rocky pinnacles which alone remain bright, I feel at last that I have indeed reached the solemn shrine that I have long dreamed of finding at Monserrat. The absolute peace, the absence of any sign of life, becomes at last a little puzzling; but the puzzle is solved when I make my way in the gloom to the church, and pushing open a little door, find myself amid the scattered worshipers in the obscurity of the great church.

PAMPLONA AND IGNATIUS LOYOLA*

BY AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE

From the great plaza, considered to be one of the largest in Spain, in which 10,000 Jews were burned alive to do honor to the marriage of a Count de Champagne—a human bonfire, which was visible from all the country round—a steep, street leads to the Pamplona cathedral. Its Ionic front, built by Ventura Rodriquez in 1780, causes one to be agreeably surprised with the rest of the building, which dates from 1397, when Charles the Noble (or III.) pulled down an

*From "Wanderings in Spain."

older church of 1100, leaving only the chapter-house and a part of the cloisters.

From the cathedral we follow the line of the walls—whose strength in the Middle Ages gave Pamplona the title of "most noble, most loyal and most heroic," and which are said to have been originally founded by the sons of Pompey, who called the palace Pompeiopolis—till we emerged upon the Taconera, close to the church of St. Lorenzo, which contains a statue of the tutelar saint of the city, St. Fermin, who was born at Pamplona, but afterward went to preach at Amiens, where his miracles are carved around the choir, and where the delicious scent of his dead body revealed its resting-place to the bishop—his disinterment in mid-winter being celebrated by an entire resurrection of nature, and the recovery of all the sick.

Near this is the citadel which was besieged in 1521 by the army of Francis I., while Charles V. was absent in Germany. A handsome young knight, Ignatius Loyola, had been left to guard it, and defended it bravely, but was wounded and disabled, and the garrison surrendered upon seeing him fall. A cannon-ball had struck Loyola on both legs, and such was his personal vanity that he insisted, after the wounds were healed, upon having his legs twice opened and a projecting bone sawn off, lest their appearance should be injured; all, however, was of no avail, and he was lame for life. During his detention in the castle of Loyola, he asked for romances to amuse his convalescence, and none being forthcoming, lives of our Savior and the saints were brought to him, which made him say to himself:

"These men were of the same frame as I am; why should I not do as they have done?"—and he rose from his sick-bed with a firm desire to imitate them and to abandon the world and its vanities. The fair lady, to whom he declared that he would henceforth devote himself as champion, was the Virgin Mother of God, and the wars he would wage were those against the spiritual enemies of God's people. This change in the life of the founder of the Jesuits is commemorated at Pamplona by a small chapel near one of the gates, which contains an interesting portrait of Loyola, in his soldier's dress.

SARAGOSSA*

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE

Saragossa, now a thriving town of 70,000 people, will be a place of even more importance.† We went at once to an inn which, with some pretense at Italian customs, was virtually Spanish, and here we spent thirty hours or more very pleasantly. For certain annoyances, in the absence of arrangements which the nineteenth century has invented, one must make up his mind once for all in Spain; but as for the eternities of neatness, obligingness, deference, and a knowledge of his place by every man concerned in the inn, and of her place by every woman, I

*From "Seven Spanish Cities." By special arrangement with, and by permission of, the publishers, Little, Brown & Co. Copyright, 1883.

†The population now (1914) is 98,000.

found these central necessities in every place I visited. For my part, I prefer to try the distinctively Spanish inns, and not those which are called English, French, or Italian.

Every inch of Saragossa is curious. I remember a walk among good-natured people, selling their fruits and vegetables in the market-place, as being quite as interesting to me as any Madonna of the Pillar. Here was I, with three ladies, of all four of whom the costume was almost as remarkable to the Saragossans as that of four Chippewa Indians would be in the market of Detroit. And these nice people were not obtrusive in their curiosity, were good-natured to our execrable Spanish, and at every point, without knowing it, showed us curiosities which we had never seen before. Why, I went into a twine-shop, and bought some red pack-thread, of which I have some to-day. The shop, if it were in Tremont Street, would be visited as a curiosity; or, if I could put it into the Old South Church, the fee for admission to see it would make up the annual income needed by the custodians of that monument.

The four regulation lions of Saragossa are, however, not twine-shops nor market-places, but the cathedral, the church of El Pilar, the leaning tower, and the bridge and fortifications. Does the intelligent reader perhaps remember the puppet-show at which Don Quixote assisted, in which the famous Don Gayferos came to the assistance of the Princess Melisendra? Well, the Princess Melisendra was imprisoned in a tower in Saragossa, of which the other name was Sansuenna. Saragossa, if anybody cares, is

a modern corruption from Cæsarea-Augusta. If the reader remembers, the Princess lowered herself down from the tower and caught on the balcony by her brocade dress. Don Gayferos found her hanging, and, regardless of the injury to the brocade, the book says, he pulled her down from the iron rail, put her astride on the crupper of his saddle, and took her in triumph to Paris. I will not swear that the tower in which she was imprisoned was not the veritable leaning tower of Saragossa of to-day. Let us rather say this stands on the place of that, as this is called the new tower, and was, in fact, built in 1504. Melisendra, on her part, was the daughter of Charlemagne, so far as she had any real existence.

The guide-books say that the foundation of the tower settled on one side, and that the leaning is, therefore, accidental. I do not believe this. I think it was built to lean. The artists of our party wanted to go up, and I accompanied them to the place, meaning to sit at the bottom. But the climb proved so easy that I went on and on, till we were at the top. It is about as high as Bunker Hill Monument.

It was very curious to look straight down the sloping side, and see the tops of dogs and men and horses. A few years ago the architects got frightened about it; so they built a new wall about the bottom, where it would not show outside, and shaved off the projections which once were at the top. But I do not think this made much difference. Anyway, our two hundred kilograms, more or less, of weight did not make it tremble.

There are practically two cathedrals in Saragossa, for this reason:—there is the cathedral of La Seo, which means the cathedral of the See, a fine and ancient building, in which Ferdinand the Catholic was baptized in 1456. Parts of the building are very much older. This cathedral would answer every purpose. But very early in the history of the religion the Virgin Mary descended visibly upon a certain pillar, still extant, and gave word that the place was under her direction. She did her worship here for some time daily. Naturally, a church built itself around this pillar, and it became a place of devotion, even pilgrimage, of special interest. At some time in the sixteenth century, I believe, some royal person—but I think I never knew who—took interest enough to pull down the old church, which was, perhaps, burned, and build a bigger in its place, and to give word that this also should be a cathedral.

So you have a chance to see how badly the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries did this sort of thing, in comparison with the admirable success of the earlier centuries, when they had the same thing to do. The pillar itself is the central point of an altar, in a beautiful chapel of its own. It is of reddish marble, and has a sort of extinguisher over it, made of I know not what. A priest was at his devotions before it and some fifty of the people, while in the larger "coro" hard by the choir of priests, and I suppose the bishop, were celebrating High Mass. For the first time in Spain I heard here at mass a single boy's clear soprano voice in some part of the service. We could see from where

we were none of those in the "coro." But this clear treble, alternating with the heavy bass of the chorus, had a musical effect very interesting, and I need not say that I did my best to translate it into devotion.

Something similar was going on in the other cathedral, which is truly noble; and here in Saragossa there are a considerable number of people who pass in and out to their daily prayers in these churches. You do not have that grewsome feeling that these are only a set of drummers at work, keeping up the daily drumbeat round the world, so that some one may be able to say that there is a continuous drumbeat. You really feel that somebody here takes some vital interest in the service. I saw no monument of the Maid of Saragossa or of Palafox, who conducted the defense with so much spirit against the French in 1808. But the old wall still exists on the river-side, and marks of the attack and defense are everywhere shown.

CORUÑA AND THE GRAVE OF SIR JOHN MOORE*

BY GEORGE BORROW

The next day we departed for Coruña, leading our horses by the bridle; the day was magnificent, and our walk delightful. We passed along beneath tall umbrageous trees, which skirted the road from Betanzos to within a short distance of

*From "The Bible in Spain."

Coruña. Nothing could be more smiling and cheerful than the appearance of the country around. Vines were growing in abundance in the vicinity of the villages through which we passed, while millions of maize plants upreared their tall stalks and displayed their broad green leaves in the fields. After walking about three hours, we obtained a view of the bay of Coruña, in which, even at the distance of a league, we could distinguish three or four immense ships riding at anchor.

Coruña stands on a peninsula, having on one side the sea, and on the other the celebrated bay, generally called the Groyne. It is divided into the old and new town, the latter of which was at one time probably a mere suburb. The old town is a desolate ruinous place, separated from the new by a wide moat. The modern town is a much more agreeable spot, and contains one magnificent street, the Calle Real, where the principal merchants reside. One singular feature of this street is, that it is laid entirely with flags of marble, along which troop ponies and cars as if it were a common pavement.

It is a saying among the inhabitants of Coruña, that in their town there is a street so clean, that puchera may be eaten off it without the slightest inconvenience. This may certainly be the fact after one of those rains which so frequently drench Galicia, when the appearance of the pavement of the street is particularly brilliant. Coruña was at one time a place of considerable commerce, the greater part of which has lately departed to Santander, a town which stands a considerable distance down the Bay of Biscay.

There is a small battery of the old town which fronts the east, and whose wall is washed by the waters of the bay. It is a sweet spot, and the prospect which opens from it is extensive. The battery itself may be about eighty yards square; some young trees are springing up about it, and it is rather a favorite resort of the people of Coruña. In the center of this battery stands the tomb of Moore, built by the chivalrous French, in commemoration of the fall of their heroic antagonist. It is oblong and surmounted by a slab, and on either side bears one of the simple and sublime epitaphs for which our rivals are celebrated, and which stand in such powerful contrast with the bloated and bombastic inscriptions which deform the walls of Westminster Abbey:

"JOHN MOORE,
LEADER OF THE ENGLISH ARMIES,
SLAIN IN BATTLE,
1809."

The tomb itself is of marble, and around it is a quadrangular wall, breast high, of rough Gallegan granite; close to each corner rises from the earth the breech of an immense brass cannon, intended to keep the wall compact and close. These outer erections are, however, not the work of the French, but of the English government.

Yes, there lies the hero, almost within sight of the glorious hill where he turned upon his pursuers like a lion at bay and terminated his career. Many acquire immortality without seeking it, and die before its first ray has gilded their name; of these was Moore. The harrassed general, fly-

ing through Castile with his dispirited troops before a fierce and terrible enemy, little dreamed that he was on the point of attaining that for which many a better, greater, tho certainly not braver man, had sighed in vain. His very misfortunes were the means which secured him immortal fame; his disastrous route, bloody death, and finally, his tomb on a foreign strand, far from kin and friends. There is scarcely a Spaniard but has heard of this tomb, and speaks of it with a strange kind of awe. Immense treasures are said to have been buried with the general, tho for what purpose no one pretends to guess. The demons of the clouds, if we may trust the Gallegans, followed the English in their flight, and assailed them with water-spouts as they toiled up the steep winding paths of Fuencebadon; while legends the most wild are related of the manner in which the stout soldier fell. Yes, even in Spain, immortality has already crowned the head of Moore—Spain, the land of oblivion, where the Guadalete* flows.

CADIZ†

BY THEOPHILE GAUTIER

It was perfectly dark when we reached Cadiz. The lanterns of the ships and smaller craft at anchor in the roads, the lights in the town, and the stars in the sky, literally covered the waves with millions of golden, silver, and fiery spangles;

*The ancient Lethe.—Author's note.
†From "Wanderings in Spain."

where the water was calmer, the reflection of the beacons, as it stretched over the sea, formed long columns of flame of the most magical effect. The enormous mass of the ramparts loomed strangely through the thick darkness.

In order to land, it was necessary for ourselves and our luggage to be shifted into small boats, the boatmen fighting with one another, and vociferating in the most horrible manner, for the passengers and trunks, in about the same style as that which was formerly patronized at Paris by the drivers of the Coucons for Montmorency and Vincennes. My companion and myself had the utmost difficulty not to be separated from each other, for one boatman was pulling us to the right, and another to the left, with a degree of energy that was not at all calculated to inspire us with any great confidence, especially as all this contention took place in cockle-shells, that oscillated like the swings at a fair. We were deposited on the quay, however, without accident, and, after having been examined by the custom-house officers, whose bureau was situated under the archway of the city gates, in the thickness of the wall, we went to lodge in the Calle de San Francisco.

As may easily be imagined, we rose with the dawn. The fact of entering, for the first time, a town at night, is one of the things which most excites the curiosity of a traveler; he makes the most desperate endeavors to distinguish the general appearance of the streets, the form of the public buildings, and the physiognomies of the few people he meets in the dark, so that he has at least the pleasure of being surprized, when, the

next morning, the town suddenly appears all at once before him, like the scene in a theater when the curtain is raised.

Neither the palet of the painter nor the pen of the writer possesses colors sufficiently bright, nor tints sufficiently luminous, to convey any idea of the brilliant effect that Cadiz produced upon us that glorious morning. Two unique tints struck our view; blue and white—the blue as vivid as turquoises, sapphires, or cobalt, in fact the very deepest azure that can be imagined, and the white as pure as silver, snow, milk, marble, or the finest crystallized sugar! The blue was the sky repeated by the sea; the white was the town. It is impossible to conceive anything more radiant and more dazzling—to imagine light more diffused, and, at the same time, more intense. In sober truth, what we term the sun in France is, in comparison, nothing but a pale night-lamp at the last gasp, by the bedside of a sick man.

The houses at Cadiz are much loftier than those in the other towns of Spain. This is explained by the conformation of the ground, which is a small, narrow island connected with the continent by a mere strip of land, as well as from the general desire to have a view of the sea. Each house stands on tiptoe with eager curiosity, in order to look over its neighbor's shoulder, and raise itself above the thick girdle of ramparts. This, however, is not always found sufficient, and at the angle of nearly all the terraces, there is a turret, a kind of belvedere, sometimes surmounted by a little cupola. These aërial miradores enrich the outline of the town with innumerable dentations, and produce a most

picturesque effect. Every building is whitewashed, and the brilliancy of the façades is increased still more by long lines of vermilion which separate the houses and mark out the different stories; the balconies, which project very far, are enclosed in large glass cages, furnished with red curtains and filled with flowers.

Some of the cross streets terminate on the open space, and seem to end in the sky. These stray bits of azure charm you by their being so totally unexpected. Apart from this gay, animated and dazzling appearance, Cadiz can boast of nothing particular in the way of architecture. Altho its cathedral, which is a vast building of the sixteenth century, is wanting neither nobleness nor beauty, it presents nothing to astonish, after the prodigies of Burgos, Toledo, Cordova, and Seville; it is something in the same style as the cathedral of Jaen, Granada, and Malaga; it is a specimen of classic architecture only rendered more slim and tapering, with that skill for which the artists of the Renaissance were so famed. The Corinthian capitals, more elongated than those of the consecrated Greek form, are very elegant. The pictures and ornaments are specimens of overcharged bad taste and meaningless richness, and that is all. I must not, however, pass over in silence, a little crucified martyr of seven years old, in carved, painted wood, most beautifully conceived, and carried out with exquisite delicacy. Enthusiasm, faith, and grief are all united on the beautiful face, in childlike proportions and the most touching manner.

PALOS AND RABIDA*

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE

Most American school-boys and school-girls know that Columbus sailed from "Palos in Spain" to discover America. Some of them know that he sailed on the 3d of August, 1492.

When they grow to be men and women, if they look for Palos on a good enough map they will not find it. It will be on some purely American-manufacture maps. But it will not be on the average map. I was in the cabinet of one of the first geographers in the world, and he took down an excellent map of Spain, on a large scale, authenticated by an official board, and there was no Palos there.

I had determined to see Palos. And Seville is the point of departure for this excursion. On a lovely May day we started—my daughter and I. There is a railway, sufficiently good, built chiefly or wholly by a mining company, which comes from the valley of the Guadalquivir to that of the Tinto, and takes you there. It is a pleasant ride of sixty-five miles or thereabouts.

We fell into talk with a courteous Spanish gentleman, who was most eager to explain what we did not understand. The western sun, low in the horizon, is streaming through the windows of the carriage. Our friend is on the eastern side; he is looking watchfully across the marshes and the river; and so, as some mound of sand is

*From "Seven Spanish Cities." By special arrangement with, and by permission of, the publishers, Little, Brown & Co. Copyright, 1883.

passed by the train and opens a full view to the other side of the wide estuary, he raises his hand, points across the marshes and says, "Palo!"

We were all silent for a moment. I think he knew something of my feeling. And I—I found I cared for Palos more than I had supposed possible. I had crossed Spain with the intention of seeing the place. But I had not at any time pictured to myself the gulf between 1492 and 1882; nor even asked myself to imagine Columbus and Martin Pinzon at work on the equipment of the ships. Of a sudden all the features of the contrast presented themselves. Enough, perhaps, that, as we dashed on in the comfort of the railway train, we were looking across the desolate marshes to the forsaken village, where hardly a few white houses could be made out, and told ourselves that from the enterprise and courage of that place the discovery of America became possible.

The seaport of Palos in the time of Columbus was a place so important that the crew and vessels of the first expedition were all gathered there, in face of the difficulties which the superstition of the time and the terms of the voyage presented. I do not suppose it to have been a seaport of the first class, but it was a considerable and active town. It was on the eastern side of the estuary of the Tinto River, a considerable stream, known to navigators as far back as the first history of navigation. It takes its name Tinto from the color which it brings from the copper and iron mines above, which are the very mines which gave to Spain its interest for Phœnician navigators. In nearly four cen-

turies since Columbus's time the current of the river has been depositing silt in what was then the port of Palos, and this port is now entirely filled up. With the destruction of the harbor the town has gone to ruin. The few white specks which my Spanish friend pointed out to me, in the light of the evening sun, marked the place of the few houses in which a hundred or two poor people are living, where were once the dock-yards and warehouses of the active town. The rival town, Huelva, which was, even in Columbus's time, a place of considerable importance, takes all the commerce of the estuary. I think not even a fishing-boat sails from Palos itself. . . .

I was wakened the next morning, before five o'clock, to hear the singing of birds in a lofty orange-tree in the front of my window, that we might embark at once on our visit to the convent of Rabida, and, if possible, to the ruins of Palos. A fine half-decked boat, such as we might have hired in Marblehead for a like purpose, with a skipper who looked precisely like his Marblehead congener, but with the lateen sail which is so curiously characteristic of Southern Europe, was ready for our little voyage. We passed heavy steamers which suggested little enough of Columbus, but there were fine-looking fishing-boats which suggested the plucky little "Niña" of his voyage; and their seamen are probably drest to-day much as the men who landed with him at San Salvador.

A run of an hour brought us to the fine headland on which the convent of Rabida, or Sta. Maria de Rabida, stands, scarcely changed, if

changed at all, from the aspect it bore on the day when Columbus "asked of the porter a little bread and water for his child."* Strange enough, as one pushes along the steep ascent from the landing at Rabida up the high bluff on which the convent stands, the palm-tree and the pine grow together, as if in token of the dream of the great discoverer who was to unite the continents.

In this convent Columbus made his home while the expedition was fitting out; Palos hard by, and quite accessible. Hither the Pinzons and the learned physician, Gracia Fernandez, were summoned by the good friar Marchena, Columbus's steady friend, for the great consultations from which the discovery grew.

The convent is a large rambling building, of Moorish lines and aspect, built around several courts or gardens. Hardly any windows open through the outer walls; but the life of the building engages itself in and around the courts within. Here cloisters, made by columns with arches, surround the pretty enclosures, and in these one dines, writes, takes his "siesta," or does nothing. Columbus's room, as a fine chamber upstairs is called, has a large table in the middle, on which is Columbus's inkstand. All around the room there now hang pictures; some of him, one of Isabella, one of the good old friar, and some by modern painters of different scenes in the first great voyage and of his experiences after his return.

The old chapel of the convent is below. It

*This is Mr. Everett's language, in a speech which old schoolboys will remember.—Author's note.

is neat and pretty, and worship could be renewed there at any time. The Duke of Montpensier, who married a sister of Isabella II., the late Queen of Spain, arranged to have it all put in proper order. The nation maintains the place, and a charming family of Spaniards, grandfather, grandmother, son, daughter, and three nice boys, Christopher, Immanuel, and Joseph, keep it in order.

After a visit full of interest to Rabida, we returned to our boat, and I directed my seamen to take me to some landing whence I could go into the very streets of Palos, or what was left of them. To my surprize I was told that this was impossible. No such landing remains, even for a fishing-boat of five tons. If the señor wished, it would be necessary for the boat to come to anchor, and the señor must be carried on the back of the skipper for three-quarters of a mile or more, over the flat under-water, formed where proud ships once rode. The señor declined this proposal, and bade the boatman take him to the bar of Saltes, the little island in front of Palos and Huelva, where Columbus's vessels lay, and from which he sailed at eight o'clock on the morning of Friday, August 3, 1492.

The run from Rabida, tacking back and forth with a brisk breeze, was perhaps an hour, or a little more. The island, which was the last of Europe for the great navigator, can be scarcely changed. It is a narrow bar high enough to break the force of the south and southwest winds as they sweep in from the Atlantic, and thus make the admirable harbor of Huelva.

We discharged the grateful duty of collecting

some memorials of a place so interesting, and then, by a rapid run before the wind, returned to the pier at Huelva, which is some six miles up the river.

WHERE THE GRAPE OF SHERRY GROWS*

BY RICHARD FORD

Sherry, a wine which requires more explanation than many of its consumers imagine, is grown in a limited nook of the Peninsula, on the southwestern corner of sunny Andalusia, which occupies a range of country of which the town of Xerez is the capital and center. The wine-producing districts extend over a space which is included within a boundary drawn from the towns of Puerto de Santa Maria, Rota, San Lucar, Tribujena, Lebrija, Arcos, and to the Puerto again. The finest vintages lie in the immediate vicinity of Xerez, which has given, therefore, its name to the general produce. The wine, however, becomes inferior in proportion as the vineyards get more distant from this central point.

Altho some authors—who, to show their learning, hunt for Greek etymologies in every word—have derived sherry from the Greek word for "dry," to have done so from the Persian Schiraz would scarcely have been more far-fetched. "Sherris sack," the term used by Falstaff, no mean authority in this matter, is the precise

*From "Gatherings from Spain." Published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

"seco de Xerez," the term by which the wine is known to this day in its own country; the epithet "seco," or dry—the "seck" of old English authors, and the "sec" of French ones—being used in contradistinction to the "sweet" malvoisies and muscadels, which are also made of the same grape. The wine, it is said, was first introduced into England about the time of Henry VII., whose close alliance with Ferdinand and Isabella was cemented by the marriage of his son with their daughter.* It became still more popular among us under Elizabeth, when those who sailed under Essex sacked Cadiz in 1596, and brought home the fashion of good "sherris sack, from whence," as Sir John says, "comes valor."

The quality of the wine depends on the grape and the soil, which has been examined and analyzed by competent chemists. Omitting minute and uninteresting particulars, the first class and the best is termed the "Albariza"; this whitish soil is composed of clay mixed with carbonate of lime and silex. The second sort is called "Barras," and consists of sandy quartz, mixed with lime and oxide of iron. The third is the "Arenas," being, as the name indicates, little better than sand, and is by far the most widely extended, especially about San Lucar, Rota, and the back of Arcos; it is the most productive,

*The marriage of Catherine of Aragon to Prince Arthur is here referred to. Prince Arthur soon died and Catherine was then married to his brother, Henry VIII., and from him afterward was divorced. She was the mother of Queen Mary Tudor ("Bloody Mary").

altho the wine is generally coarse, thin, and ill-flavored, and seldom improves after the third year; it forms the substratum of those inferior sherries which are largely exported to the discredit of the real article. The fourth class of soil is limited in extent, and is the "Bugeo," or dark brown loamy sand which occurs on the sides of rivulets and hillocks. The wine grown on it is poor and weak; yet all the inferior produces of these different districts are sold as sherry wines, to the great detriment of those really produced near Xerez itself, which do not amount to a fifth of the quantity exported.

The varieties of the grape are far greater than those of the soil on which they are grown. Of more than a hundred different kinds, those called "Listan" and "Palomina Blanca" are the best. The increased demand for sherry, where the producing surface is limited, has led to the extirpation of many vines of an inferior kind, which have been replaced by new ones whose produce is of a larger and better quality. The "Pedro Ximenez," or delicious sweet-tasted grape which is so celebrated, came originally from Madeira, and was planted on the Rhine, from whence, about two centuries ago, one Peter Simon brought it to Malaga, since when it has extended over the south of Spain. It is of this grape that the rich and luscious sweet wine called "Pajarete" is made—a name which some have erroneously derived from "Pajaros," the birds, who are wont to pick the ripest berries; but it was so called from the wine having been originally only made at Paxarete, a small spot near Xerez; it is now prepared everywhere, and thus the grapes are

dried in the sun until they almost become raisins, and the syrop quite inspissated, after that they are prest, and a little fine old wine and brandy is added. This wine is extremely costly, as it is much used in the rearing and maturation of young sherry wines.

VIII

PORTUGAL

TO LISBON FROM THE SEA*

BY HENRY FIELDING

In the morning our captain concluded that he had got into lat. 40 degrees, and was very little short of the Burlings, as they are called in the charts. We came up with them at five in the afternoon, being the first land we had distinctly seen since we left Devonshire. They consist of abundance of little, rocky islands, a little distance from the shore, three of them only showing themselves above the water. Here the Portuguese maintain a kind of garrison, if we may allow it that name. It consists of malefactors, who are banished hither for a term, for divers small offenses—a policy which they may have copied from the Egyptians, as we may read in Diodorus Siculus. That wise people, to prevent the corruption of good manners by evil communication, built a town on the Red Sea, whither they transported a great number of their criminals, having first set an indelible mark on

*From "The Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon." It was in 1754 that the author of "Tom Jones" sailed for Lisbon, hoping its milder climate would restore his shattered health; but he died within two months of his arrival and was buried there in the English cemetery.

them, to prevent their returning and mixing with the sober part of their citizens. . . .

These rocks lie about fifteen leagues north-west of Cape Roxent, or, as it is commonly called, the Rock of Lisbon, which we passed early the next morning. This is a very high mountain, situated on the northern side of the mouth of the river Tagus, which, rising about Madrid, in Spain, and soon becoming navigable for small craft, empties itself, after a long course, into the sea, about four leagues below Lisbon.

On the summit of the rock stands a hermitage, which is now in the possession of an Englishman, who was formerly master of a vessel trading to Lisbon; and having changed his religion and his manners, the latter of which, at least, were none of the best, betook himself to this place, in order to do penance for his sins. He is now very old, and has inhabited this hermitage for a great number of years, during which he has received some countenance from the royal family, and particularly from the present queen dowager, whose piety refuses no trouble or expense by which she may make a proselyte, being used to say that the saving one soul would repay all the endeavors of her life.

Here we waited for the tide, and had the pleasure of surveying the face of the country, the soil of which, at this season, exactly resembles an old brick-kiln, or a field where the green-sward is pared up and set a-burning, or rather a-smoking, in little heaps to manure the land. The sight will, perhaps, of all others, make an Englishman proud of, and pleased with, his own country, which in verdure excels, I believe, every

other country. Another deficiency here is the want of large trees, nothing above a shrub being here to be discovered in the circumference of many miles. . . .

We did not enter the Tagus till noon, when, after passing several old castles and other buildings which had greatly the aspect of ruins, we came to the castle of Bellisle, where we had a full prospect of Lisbon, and were, indeed, within three miles of it. Here we were saluted with a gun, which was a signal to pass no farther till we had complied with certain ceremonies which the laws of this country require to be observed by all ships which arrive in this port. We were obliged then to cast anchor, and expect the arrival of the officers of the customs, without whose passport no ship must proceed farther than this place. In the evening, at twelve, our ship, having received previous visits from all the necessary parties, took advantage of the tide, and, having sailed up to Lisbon, cast anchor there, in a calm and a moonshiny night, which made the passage incredibly pleasant to the women, who remained three hours enjoying it, while I was left to the cooler transports of enjoying their pleasures at second-hand; and yet, cooler as they may be, whoever is totally ignorant of such sensation is, at the same time, void of all ideas of friendship.

Lisbon, before which we now lay at anchor, is said to be built on the same number of hills with old Rome; but these do not all appear to the water; on the contrary, one sees from thence one vast high hill and rock, with buildings arising above one another, and that in so steep and

almost perpendicular a manner, that they all seem to have but one foundation. As the houses, convents, churches, etc., are large, and all built with white stone, they look very beautiful at a distance; but as you approach nearer, and find them to want every kind of ornament, all idea of beauty vanishes at once. While I was surveying the prospect of this city, which bears so little resemblance to any other that I have ever seen, a reflection occurred to me that, if a man was suddenly to be removed from Palmyra hither, and should take a view of no other city, in how glorious a light would the ancient architecture appear to him! and what desolation and destruction of arts and sciences would he conclude had happened between the several areas of these cities!

LISBON*

BY ANTONIO GALLENGA

It would be difficult to imagine what city might have risen at the mouth of the Tagus, if any of the three Philips, under whom the two kingdoms of this peninsula were brought together for sixty years (1580–1640), had ever thought of transferring their seat of government to Lisbon.

At the time the union was effected, Madrid had been only a few years a royal residence; and the disadvantages of its site were still so strongly felt that the project of a removal back to Toledo, Valladolid, or Seville, was repeatedly entertained. On the other hand, Lisbon had been a

*From "Iberian Reminiscences."

capital for several hundred years, and for a long period in the sixteenth century it had almost the monopoly of the world's maritime and commercial enterprise. Of all the westward-looking seaports, just when westward-ho had become the watchword all over Europe, Lisbon was the grandest, the safest, and most frequented. It was the main gate to the East and West Indies, the great highway to that empire of the son of Charles V. on which, it was said, without boast, the sun never set. It had the finest position outside the Mediterranean, rivaling the beauty of Genoa and Naples, and exceeding the importance of declining Venice and enslaved Constantinople.

The pride of Portugal would have been gratified by the elevation of the minor kingdom to the dignity of the sovereign state. The boundary of the two countries, nowhere traced visibly by natural landmarks, would have been speedily obliterated, and the immense advantage of maritime communication for a state ruling over Italy, the Netherlands, and the colonies, would have more than counterbalanced the importance of the central position of that dreary Madrid—a center of which it could only be said that it was inconveniently equidistant from every point in the circumference. . . .

Even at the head of a kingdom of four millions, Lisbon has all the aspect and pretensions of a great capital. It rejoices in one of the grandest, strongest, and most picturesque situations; and boasts a genial, as well as a perfectly healthy southern climate. Without one thoroughfare of imposing stateliness; without one church, palace, or edifice of transcendent merit; without

a museum, a monument, a statue, or a picture worthy the attention of a traveler familiar with the wonders of Spain and Italy, Lisbon has more than enough to charm the eye, and to interest the mind of a visitor for a prolonged sojourn. Before 1755, this city, like Genoa, had no streets, but only hills. But in that year the earthquake did Lisbon all the good that fire often does for Constantinople; it made a gap through the maze of lanes and alleys; it caused a depression between the hills, which was subsequently leveled and laid out into that half-dozen decent streets, round that truly magnificent "Black Horse Square," where one fancies himself in some stately quarter about the new Paris boulevards, or the Paddington and Westbourne Park districts in London.

For a man with sound lungs, and free from all apprehension of a disease of the heart, the hills, however, will have the chief attraction. Lisbon has all the panoramic variety and amenity of Genoa; it has all the tawdriness of the churches; all the gloom of the forsaken monasteries; all the vestiges of a ubiquitous, overgrown, ecclesiastical establishment, which in its downfall threatened to involve the city itself in its ruins, and which gives many of its remote and sequestered districts the look of a settled desolation and decay.

Nine out of ten streets in Lisbon are named from some of the saints of the Portuguese calendar, evidently admitting even some who are still awaiting papal canonization. Like Constantinople, and all other rivals of Rome, Lisbon is described as "seated on the Seven Hills." But

as one walks up and down its interminable labyrinth of steep paths, the impression rather is that the town straggles over two main ridges, broken up into seventy or more little knolls and bluffs, and parted by the deep gaps made one hundred and twenty-seven years ago by the earthquake. Except in the immediate neighborhood of the main square above named, and along the artificially widened quays of the golden Tagus, there is no flat ground but what has been smoothed down and terraced up by dint of hard work, and at a high cost. Lisbon is one of those towns which have risen in olden times in obedience to consideration of warlike defense, and in which men continue to crowd together from habit, from indifference to elbow room, from love of pure air, from attachment to a picturesque situation, with utter disregard of comfort—and are all the better for it. . . .

And the horses in Lisbon are trained in the same hardening school; for one sees even the jades and screws put to hackney-carriages, by no means recommendable on the score of outward look, driven down long and fearfully abrupt slopes at a headlong pace, which terrifies the beholder, and takes away the breath of the "fare" inside the vehicle, yet so sure-footed, and held up by such masterly hands, that it never happened to me, in a fortnight or three weeks' residence, to see one of them trip or slip, much less measure its length on the ground. . . .

What the business of Lisbon may be it would be difficult to say, for, in spite of its great historical traditions, and the advantages of its matchless situation, this city has no very ex-

tensive trade, and all the energy and thrift of Portugal seem concentrated in Oporto and the northern districts. Yet it is evident that, if this is not the place for men to work, it is the very spot they choose for the enjoyment of work's wages. Tho there be little gain, there must be considerable wealth in Lisbon—wealth not accumulated in a few hands, but reaching some of the lower degrees in the social scale. The number of gentlemen's fine houses—not only clustering round such favorite spots as the Praça do Rocio, Pascio Publico, Praça do Principe Real, and the like, but scattered here and there in out-of-the-way quarters, and often in the midst of mean hovels—away up the hills, along the quays, and where one would least look for them —appears to be altogether out of proportion with the population of the place, which barely exceeds 275,000, suburbs included.*

But the fact is that Lisbon is the center of the country's wealth, and is clad in all the glory of national industry, tho it does not as largely contribute to its development, as the great cities of London, Paris, Vienna, or Berlin do to their respective nations. It has not laid aside the traditions, and rejoices in the remnants of its vast maritime empire. The resources of the place lie in the western isles and Madeira, in its colonial establishments on the east and west coasts of Africa, and its pied-à-terre in the East Indies, but, above all things, in the connection it keeps up with the emancipated empire of Brazil —which is still the Portuguese oyster. All this makes Lisbon the center of a commercial enter-

*The population now (1914) is placed at 356,000.

prise, only the final results of which are visible in the well-being of many who come back to rest from their labors, and to look for the safe investment of the outcome of their ventures.

It is mainly the wealth of these Brasileros (for so are called the Portuguese emigrants who settle here on their return from Rio Janeiro, Bahia, or Pernambuco), their wealth, gotten no one knows or asks how, that makes Lisbon what she is. By far the greatest number of them are natives of the fine districts of the Douro and Minho; and the ambition of these is to own a few acres of land, and to build a big house in the petty towns or villages which gave them birth. But those who bring back colossal fortunes, or who have in some degree been polished by foreign travel, who have caught up ideas and manners, and social wants and habits, from their intercourse with other races—men of a more stirring, fastidious, and aspiring disposition—disdain the obscurity of provincial repose, and are irresistibly attracted to the capital. Here, they trust, the glitter of their riches will be better appreciated; it will make their way into that charmed circle of the upper ranks whose titles will be within their reach, whose somewhat faded splendor they will easily outshine, and whose graces and elegancies they will strive to copy.

The mansions and gardens of these nouveaux riches vastly outnumber, in Lisbon, the palaces of the old nobility and a stranger is, on a superficial acquaintance, bewildered by the frequency of high-sounding names and handles to names; and finds it difficult to discriminate between the genuine article and the mere counterfeit.

CINTRA*

BY MARTIN HUME

The village of Cintra lies in one of the folds of the great hill, at perhaps a third of its height up the side: a little Swiss-looking pleasure-town round an open praça, like a set scene upon a stage. Sheer aloft upon a precipice a thousand feet and more above its roofs there stretch the mighty battlements and massive keeps of a huge castle of fawn-colored stone, a castle so immense as to dwarf Thomar, Leiria, and even Obidos almost to insignificance. Long lines of crenellated walls, following the dips and sinuosities of the crest of the peak, appear to grow out of the mighty, rounded boulders; some of these great masses of rock seeming to hang over perilously—as they must have done for thousands of years—top-heavy and threatening.

To climb such an eminence looks impracticable when seen from the praça of the little town, and yet it is but a pleasant and easy walk up the zigzag road round the projecting shoulder of the hill. As I start in the early morning to ascend the two twin peaks, only one of which is visible from the praça, the air is indescribably sweet with the mingled freshness of the sea and the perfume of herbs and flowers. The way winds upward between the trim walls of villas embosomed in gardens. Ampelopsis, blood-red now, long trails of wistaria and starry clematis, and large fuchsia trees loaded with flower, hang over

*From "Through Portugal." Published by Doubleday, Page & Co.

the pathway everywhere, while masses of heliotrope clothe the jutting gables and corners, and pervading all are the scent and sight of oceans of flowers. Palms, planes, poplars, and firs shoot upward, and around their straight, bare trunks there clusters a tangle of figs, laurels, mimosa, camellias, aloes, and cactus. On the outer side of the road, as the villas are left behind, you may look over the dwarf-wall down the tree-clad slopes into glens of deep shade, with here and there a glimpse through the branches of a vast sunlight plain far below, while on the inner side of the zigzag way, the mosses and ferns, and the pendent greenery of the precipitous hillside, with an occasional break into a deep ravine, exhibit at each turn and step some new beauty of tint or atmosphere.

Presently, at a turn of the road, after half an hour's climb, you see right overhead the bare granite cliff covered with huge overhanging boulders, and on the summit a long stretch of yellow battlements and a huddle of enormous towers. The trees around us are mostly oaks now, and the gray boulders are covered on their inner faces with ivy and lichens, while clumps of purple crocuses star the grass by the wayside. The sun is as hot as July in England, but the breeze is delightfully fresh and pure, the sky of spotless azure, and the air so clear that the ancient fortress, still far above us, is seen in all its detail as if we had it near to us under a giant microscope.

Suddenly, as I turned a corner, there burst upon my view another and a loftier peak than the one upon which stands the Moorish strong-

hold that had hitherto been my objective. A crag so inaccessible it looked, as to suggest that the imposing building upon it, with its lofty towers, was the work of a magician. The royal palace of the Penha is this, piled up rather than built upon a sheer precipice. Here upon the highest point of the rock of Lisbon was King Manuel the Fortunate wont to linger for hours and days for many months together, climbing up from his palace in the town below, that he might gaze far out upon the Atlantic, watching and praying for the return of Vasco da Gama from his voyage to India round the African continent, the route that in two generations the impetus of Prince Henry the Navigator had opened up. There was but a tiny Jeronomite hermitage or penitentiary here in this savage eyrie to shelter the anxious king, and during his vigils he vowed that if the great explorer came home successful he would build upon the spot a worthy monastery of the order, in memory of the event. The work must have been a prodigious one, for even now the place is hardly accessible by carriages, and the quantity and the weight of material necessarily brought from below was enormous.

This monastery, like the rest, was dis-established and secularized by the State in 1834, and King Ferdinand, the consort of the Queen of Portugal, and a first cousin of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, bought the building for conversion into a royal palace, as it remains to-day, and here he lived the latter years of his life with his second wife, the ex-opera-dancer, the Countess of Edla. Ferdinand altered his palace, in many cases with very doubtful taste, Moorish and Ger-

man baronial features being liberally grafted on to the Manueline edifice, with the result that the whole building when seen closely is a pretentious muddle, saved from contempt by some of its ancient portions, and by its sublime situation.

The palace on the peak was soon lost to sight again on my climb upward, and the path led direct to the outer donjon of the Moorish stronghold opening upon a narrow path cut along the face of the rock, and bordered on the outer side by a low stone wall. The view down over the steep, rocky slope, with the town of Cintra far below, and the plain limitless beyond, is very fine, and the walls that border the path are clothed with mosses and ferns. . . .

To describe in detail this prodigious ruin would be impossible in any reasonable space. The summit of the crag consists of two separate peaks at some distance from each other, the higher one occupied by the main keep, "the royal tower," and long battlemented walls reach from one point to the other, with bastions at intervals and massive square keeps at the salient angles. On all sides within the great enclosure formed by the battlements, covering the whole summit, remains of towers and buildings of various sorts are scattered, amid the dense growth of trees and brushwood that have intruded upon the space.

The battlements, many of them built upon the rounded boulders that border the precipice and following the contour of the hill top, are strong and perfect still; and it needs but little imagination to people them again with the turbaned and mailed warriors, sheltered snugly behind them, watching for the advancing hosts of the Christian

king, certain that, so long as Islam was true to itself, no force could take this stronghold of their race. The view over the battlements on all sides is tremendous. Just below the walls a Titanic scatter of boulders, varying in size from a few feet in diameter to the bulk of a cathedral, and then the descending folds of greenery, with the sunlit plains and clustering towns below; and there on the west, seemingly almost at the foot, a long stretch of breaker-strewn beach, and the blue line of the sea. The view on the Cintra side is almost appalling, the drop from the battlements and boulders to the town being almost sheer, and on the southeast a great bay opens, and the mouth of the Tagus bounds the prospect.

BECKFORD'S MONSERRATE*

BY MARTIN HUME

As I retrace my steps down the long zigzags to Cintra again, and ever and anon look up at the heights from which I have come, they seem quite inaccessible. Equally, or more so, does the somewhat lower, but even more precipitous eminence called the Cruz Alta, from which the prospect is of surpassing extent over land and sea.

Everywhere the flowers trail over the walls of villas, and the high palms within rock softly in the heliotrope-scented breeze. Very beautiful it is; but the gardens belong to other people, and

*From "Through Portugal." Published by Doubleday, Page & Co.

are jealously closed by stone walls and iron gates. From above them, at hundreds of points all over Cintra, you may command views of gardens of tropical luxuriance; but without permission of the wealthy owners you may not enter them. Cintra's beauty is not free like the sacred wood of Bussaco, where you may wander at your will through purely sylvan scenery that not even Cintra can surpass. The grandeur of the towering Moorish stronghold on its crest of gray boulders is more imposing than anything Bussaco can show, and the interior of some of the highly cultivated private gardens of Cintra are as fine as any in Europe; but, so far as the enjoyment of the mere traveler is concerned, I am inclined to agree with the opinion of those who hold that Cintra's fame is quite equal to its merits. Beckford had very much to do with it.

His friends the Marialvas were among the first of the Portuguese aristocracy, and owned the large palace of Seteaes, where Byron and some guide-books erroneously say that the humiliating convention of Cintra was signed by the victorious English generals. Beckford's visits to them and to the court at Cintra inspired him with an enthusiastic admiration for the place, and his letters are full of references to its beauty. To the immensely wealthy and eccentric young Englishman desires and their accomplishment ever went hand in hand, and Beckford purchased a picturesque valley and slopes of the mountain some two miles from the town round the shoulder of the hill toward the west. Here he built an eccentric house, partly in the Moorish style, and

here he displayed the virtuoso tastes and exotic luxury which afterward made Fonthill famous.*

When Byron visited Cintra in 1809, Beckford, whose fame as an author rests upon his curious Eastern tale of "Vathek," had left his villa at Monserrate for the more pretentious splendors of Fonthill, and the Peninsular war was pending.

"And yonder towers the Prince's palace fair:
There thou, too, Vathek, England's wealthiest son,
Once formed thy paradise, . . .
Here didst thou dwell, here schemes of pleasure plan,
Beneath yon mountain's ever beauteous brow;
But now, as if a thing unblest by man,
Thy fairy dwelling is as lone as thou."

All that money and skill could do was lavished upon the gardens in the ravines and slopes of Monserrate; and long before Beckford died the place became famous throughout Europe. Sir Francis Cook, Viscount de Monserrate, to whom Monserrate belonged for many years, greatly extended and improved the property, and his son, Sir Frederick Cook, the present owner, has followed the same course of munificent maintenance of this earthly paradise; with the result that now the beauties of the glens at Monserrate are probably unequaled in their own way. It was the middle of October when I visited the gardens

*Fonthill Abbey is in Wiltshire, England. It had a tower 260 feet high, which fell, crushing a part of the edifice. Fonthill cost Beckford $1,300,000. Before the tower fell, he had sold it.

on this occasion, altho I had seen it in all the glory of its spring and summer splendor on other visits, and the luxuriance of the vegetation showed as yet no signs of waning.

BUSSACO*

ADAPTED FROM BAEDEKER BY THE EDITOR

The royal domain of Bussaco is 1,300 feet above the sea-level; and vies with Cintra in natural beauty. In variety of trees and shrubs the woods are without a rival in Europe. The views, ranging west to the Atlantic, and east to the Serra da Estrella, are as picturesque as they are extensive. Bussaco is reached by rail from Lisbon in about four hours and from Oporto in about three; and thence by a drive of one and a quarter hours. In the midst of the woods, on the site of a Trappist monastery suppprest in 1834, rise the sumptuous battlemented buildings of a hotel, designed in the Emmanuel style by Luigi Manini and erected in 1888–1905. The elaborate ornamentation in carving and azulejos was executed by Jose Barata, Anacleto Garcia, and other Portuguese artists. Adjoining the main building are four pavilions, two of which are reserved for the royal family. In front of the hotel lies a beautiful palm-garden and all around are magnificent Portuguese cypresses. The only existing remains of a monastery are the modest church, the cloisters, and a few cells lined with cork as a protection against damp.

*From "Spain and Portugal."

The decoration of the outside walls with mosaic-patterns in black and white or red pebbles is peculiar to Bussaco, and is found on other buildings contemporaneous with the monastery.

The woods of Bussaco are surrounded by a wall three miles in circuit with nine gates, and include not only trees indigenous to Portugal but a large number of exotic varieties, some of which were brought home by Portuguese navigators as early as the sixteenth century. Others have been planted since the middle of the nineteenth century. With the dark needles of the cypresses are mingled "the leaves of gigantic planes, chestnuts, and evergreen oaks, the long tassels of the sea-pines, the graceful crowns of the forest-pines, and the thick and gnarled stems of the cork-oaks." Pears, apples, and plums flourish side by side with oranges and lemons. Ivy, broom-plants, and heaths attain an extraordinary luxuriance. Many of the trees are centenarian cypresses, but the boast of Bussaco is its gigantic cedars, among which the cedar of Lebanon, the Atlantic cedar and the Himalayan cedar or deodar are all represented. A magnificent avenue of cedars, the Avenida do Mosteiro, marks the former main approach to the monastery from the Porta de Coimbra. The road from Luzo leads to the northwest portion of the wood, which was added by purchase in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Footpaths intersect the wood in every direction, leading to the monastic Ermidas, or hermitages, and Passos, or chapels of the Passion, which are still visited by the country-folk, altho they have long been empty. Excellent water comes from numerous springs. The water of the Fonte Fria, to the north of the

hotel, descends into a small lake over a water-staircase of ten steps, constructed in 1886. The Fonte do Carregal flows out of a grotto to the south of the hotel.

Bussaco is famous for its walks. Two of them are in charming groves. The Cruz Alta (1,775 feet), the highest point in the southwest portion of the convent-domain, richly repays the ascent. A carriage-road diverging at the hotel to the right from the Rua da Rainha leads to the top, which is marked by a stone cross. The summit may be reached in half an hour by a picturesque foot-path which quits the carriage-road at a point five minutes from the hotel, and ascends to the right, finally in zig-zags passing chapels with the Stations of the Cross. The top commands a magnificent panorama. To the southeast are the denuded heights of the Serra da Estrella; to the south ensconced amid pleasant green hills, are Coimbra and the Mondego valley; to the southwest, far below us, lies Pampihosa, to the west of which are extensive pine-woods, a long chain of dunes, and the sea.

OPORTO*

BY MARTIN HUME

I stood in the center of a daring bridge, spanning with one bold arch of nigh six hundred feet a winding, rocky gorge. Far, far below me ran a chocolate-colored river crowded with quaint

*From "Through Portugal." Published by Doubleday, Page & Co.

craft, some with high-raised sheltered poops and crescent-peaked prows, some low and long astern with bows like gondolas and bright red lateen sails, upon which the fierce sun blazed sanguinely. On the right side thickly, and on the left more sparsely, climbing up the stony sides of the gorge, were piled hundreds of houses, pink, pale-blue, buff, and white, all with glowing, red-tiled roofs, and each set amid a riot of verdure which trailed and waved upon every nook and angle uncovered by buildings. Trellised vines clustered and flowers flaunted in tiny backyards and square-enclosed courts by the score, all on different levels, but all open to the down-gazing eyes of the spectator on the bridge high above them. Here and there a tall palm waved its plumes as in unquiet slumber, but everywhere else was the impression of ardent, throbbing, exuberant life, such as all organic creation feels under the spur of stinging sunshine and the salt twang of the sea-breeze.

The river gorge winds and turns so tortuously that the view forward and backward is not extensive, but as far as the eye reaches on each side of the umber stream the hills of houses and far-spread terraced vineyards beyond rise precipitously, with just a quayside at foot on the banks of the stream, thronged now with folk who swarm, gather, and separate like gaudy ants, and apparently no bigger, as seen from the coign of vantage on the bridge. To my left, as I stand looking toward the west, there crowns the summit of the ridge close by a vast white monastery against a green background; a monastery now, alas! like all others in this

Catholic land, profanated and turned to purposes of war instead of peace, but, withal, there still rears its modest rood aloft upon the crest one poor little round chapel where the sainted image of Pilar of the Ridge stolidly receives the devotion to the faithful. To the right, the height is crowned by a vast, square, episcopal palace, and near it, over all, is the glittering golden cross that shines upon the city from the summit of the square cathedral towers. This is Oporto. The Port par excellence, which gives its name to Portugal, seen from the double-decked iron bridge of Dom Luis. . . .

I know few more characteristic thoroughfares than the road by the river-side at Oporto, called the Ribeira, which is the center of maritime activity of the port. The path runs beneath what was the ancient river-wall, now pierced or burrowed out to form caverns of shops, where wine and food, cordage and clothing are sold to sailor men. Many of the open doors have vine trellises before them, in the shade of which quaintly garbed groups forgather, and a constant tide of men and women flows along the path, eddying into and out of the cavernous recesses in the ancient wall. . . .

Along the shore of the busy Ribeira lie ships unloading; small craft they usually are, for the bar of the Douro is a terrible one, and the big ships now enter the harbor of Leixões, a league away. In a constant stream the men and women pass across the planks from ship to shore, carrying the cargo upon their heads or shoulders in peculiar boat-shaped baskets, which are the inseparable companion of the Oporto workers.

Here is a smart schooner hailing from the Cornish port of Fowey, from which stockfish from Newfoundland is being landed on the heads of women—flat, salt slabs as hard and dry as wood, but good, nutritious food for all that; and farther along, with their prows to the shore, rest a dozen unladened wine and fruit boats from up the Douro, and flat-bottomed passenger skiffs into which women and men with baskets and bundles, representing their week's supplies purchased in Oporto, are crowding to be carried back to their homes in the rich vineyard villages miles up the river. One by one the quaint craft hoist their crimson sails, and struggle out from the tangle of the bank, until the breeze catches them, and in a shimmer of red gold from the setting sun they hustle through the brown tide until a projecting corner hides them from view. It is a scene never to be forgotten.

The center of the Ribeira is the Praéa called after it, where a sloping square facing the water opens out. The scene is picturesque in the extreme. The space is thronged by men, either sleeping in their baskets or carrying them filled with fish or merchandise upon their heads; a motley, water-side crowd, men of all nations, pass to and fro, or gossip under the vine trellis before the wine-shop overlooking the square, and as the observer casts his eyes upward he sees the gaily colored houses piled apparently on the top of one another, until at the top of all, as if overhead, is the glaring white palace of the bishop, and the glittering cathedral cross.

THE ABBEY OF BATALHA*

BY MARTIN HUME

I drove out of Leiria in the morning just as the business of the market was in full swing; and for the first half-hour of the upward way amid a country of vines and olives, we met crowds of country people riding into the town on heavily laden asses. Then, mounting high above the plain, we passed into the region of pines and heather, where the warm but invigorating air came charged with the scent of thyme, lavendar, and rosemary. At a point of the road, about eight miles from Leiria, a deep hollow opens to the left, and at the bottom of it, and reached by a downhill road running almost parallel with the way we came, lies the world-famed Abbey of Batalha, the wonder and envy of ecclesiastical architects for six centuries, and even now, dismantled and bedeviled as it is, one of the most beautiful Gothic structures in existence.

Before its west front I stand lost in admiration. The whole edifice is built of a marble-like lime-stone, which time has turned to a beautiful soft yellowish cream color, similar to that of an old Japanese ivory carving. Like most Portuguese cathedrals the body of the church is somewhat narrow; but in this case a large chapel on the north side extends the apparent width of the exterior west front. How can one hope to convey in written words an adequate impression

*From "Through Portugal." Published by Doubleday, Page & Co.

of this exquisite façade? To the severe perpendicular parallel lines over the door and window, reminiscent of the west front of Lincoln, is added a lace-like elaboration of parapets, pinnacles, and glorious flying buttresses, which almost bewilders by its aerial gayety and transparent richness. A beautiful Gothic breast-rail stands before a double flight of steps leading down to the west door, for the abbey is lower even than the road before it; "the portal," wrote William Beckford, a hundred and twenty years ago, "full fifty feet in height, surmounted by a window of perforated marble of nearly the same lofty dimensions, deep as a cavern, and enriched with canopies and imagery in a style that would have done honor to William of Wykeham, some of whose disciples or co-disciples in the train of the founder's consort, Philippa of Lancaster, had probably designed it."

To me this door presented itself rather more in detail. I saw a portal the whole width of the nave-space, the deep, beveled sides being occupied by the Twelve Apostles standing under rich Gothic canopies, and from the capitals above them a slightly pointed arch sprang ending in a floreated cross finial, the arch itself being composed of six orders, each occupied by a row of Kings of the House of David under exquisite Gothic canopies. The great window above is full of tracery so intricate and plastic in appearance as almost to banish the impression of a work in stone. The octagonal lantern of the side chapel is supported by flying buttresses of indescribable grace and lightness, and is fronted by a screen pierced with three Gothic

windows almost level with the main west front; and upon every point of the building and along each side of the roof of the nave crocketed pinnacles rise, supported by fairy flying buttresses —the effect of the whole exterior from the west front being an exquisite blending of seriousness and exuberant rejoicing. . . .

One of the great glories of Batalha is the side chapel, the octagonal "chapel of the Founder." The arrangement of it and its general effect are strikingly like those of Queen Victoria's mausoleum at Frogmore. In the center, standing high and imposing in all the pomp of Gothic tracery, are the twin tombs of John the Great and his English wife, their sculptured effigies hand in hand as the noble pair went through life; and around the chapel are ranged the sarcophagi of their sons Pedro, Joäo, Fernando (who chivalrously passed all the best years of his life a hostage to the Moor), and the greatest of them all, the Prince Dom Henrique the Navigator, who made Portugal a world power. Upon each stone coffin are carved the insignia of the Garter and the arms of England quartered with those of Portugal, and along the fillets run the quaint mottoes that each royal personage adopted for his device.

A door in the south aisle leads into the renowned cloister, and here, the work being of a later date than the church, controversy has spent itself as to whether the luxuriant exuberance of the sculpture is, or is not, in perfect taste. Personally, I find the cloister exquisite beyond description, and I care not whether the purists condemn it or not. The sensation produced, it

is true, is—like all Manueline sculpture—neither purely devotional nor highly exalted, but rather one of joyous delight in the actual handiwork, in the gracious curves, in the kaleidoscopic variety, in the dexterous adaptation of means to ends, and these sensations, tho I am told that they are vulgar when produced by ecclesiastical sculpture, I experienced in the fullest measure as I gaze at this marvel of human skill, the cloistered court of Batalha.

Standing in the center of the courtyard and looking up at the abbey, one sees three beautiful lace-like parapets rise one above the other along the whole length, on cloister, clerestory, and nave, clear-cut edges of perfect curves against the blue sky. Each of the cloister arches is filled with stone tracery of amazing richness and variety, the cross of the Order of Christ and the armillary sphere being deftly introduced in the fretwork with great effect.

LEIRA AND THE GREAT CASTLE ABOVE IT*

BY MARTIN HUME

We drove for two hours more, and, just as the black shadows began to lengthen, we drove into the town of Leiria, the Calippo of the Romans, and for long the stronghold whence the Moors harried the advancing Christians to the north. It is a lovely place on the banks of

*From "Through Portugal." Published by Doubleday, Page & Co.

the Liz, set in the midst of pine-clad hills, and the center of a great agricultural district. Here, again, the two abrupt eminences that loom over the town are crowned respectively by the enormous medieval stronghold and the religious house that forever seems to keep it company. I started soon after my arrival at the inn, where there was no particular temptation to remain, to scale the hill from which the castle frowned down upon the town.

A rocky path aslant the hill amid the undergrowth seemed to offer no great difficulty at first, and I began the climb. The path, if it can so be called, was continued by other slanting ascents more difficult than the first, but still intent only upon each next step, I scrambled on by the aid of tufts of esparto grass, until I became aware that the track had ended altogether, and that the farther ascent was apparently impossible. Not until then had I looked down, but when I did so I understood in a moment the peril in which I was. I stood at a height of some five hundred feet above the level, and descent by the way I had come was absolutely impossible. For the last hundred feet I had only scrambled up by the aid of occasional stones that afforded a momentary lodgment for the toe and by clutching tufts of grass, but these would not help me to descend. The pine-needles that lay thick underfoot made the slope as slippery as ice, and I knew that if I attempted to retrace my steps I should certainly be dashed to pieces. . . .

The great castle around me, built by King Diniz the Farmer, in the thirteenth century,

upon the site of the Moorish stronghold, was of immense extent, and included ruins of residential edifices of later medieval times. As I saw it now it was a dream of beauty. The setting sun falling athwart its lichen-covered stones dyed them as red as blood. Within the vast crenellated walls two distinct castles stood, one the cyclopean early structure, and the other a lovely Gothic palace, whose ogival windows, pointed arches, and slender pillars were still graceful in decay. The dismantled chapel is exquisite, and if light had served, or any intelligent guidance had been obtainable, the inscriptions in it would have been interesting. But the twilight was falling, and the magnificent view from the battlements over the town, the plain, and the mountains called to me.

It was a feast of loveliness to the eye. The golden light of the setting sun glorified the vast plain below me, with its silver river fringed by poplars winding through it for many a mile, and the hills in the distance clothed to the crests with lofty pines, black and solemn now in the fading light. On a hill adjoining that upon which I stood the great white Convent and Sanctuary of the Incarnation looks across at the crumbling castle that it has outlived; and, just below me, between the inner and outer defenses of the stronghold, on a green grassy slope, some children are playing joyously. As I wander down the way, safe and easy on this side, through mighty donjons, and thick, tunnelled walls which have seen so many bloody sights and echoed so many dismal sounds, the very spirit of peace seems to pervade the place. Past

a quaint old desecrated church and the enormous monastery of St. Peter, now, like most of such places, a barrack, I tread the picturesque praça of the town again, and stroll along the fine avenue of planes and eucalyptus by the side of the river as the afterglow lights up the cliff and the castle with a pearly reflected glamor. The hill from below is like that of Edinburgh, but apparently double as high, and the vast extent of the battlements is more evident than when seen on the summit. Huge buttresses of rock seem to sustain the curtain that connects the keep of the fortress with the Gothic palace, and everywhere the gray of the granite is covered with a patina of yellow lichen, and the crevices filled with yew, aloes, and olives.

FROM BRAGA TO BOM JESUS*

BY MARTIN HUME

At the railway station at Braga, in the outskirts of the city [of Oporto], a noisy, assertive little steam-train of several carriages is waiting in the street, and, with much puffing and whistling, it carries the travelers up the slope into the narrow thoroughfares of the town. It is Sunday, and the streets are thronged with gaily drest people, the women, heavily decked with the ancient gold jewelry, long earrings, heavy neck chains, and crosses upon the white shirt that covers the bosom. Across the shoul-

*From "Through Portugal." Published by Doubleday, Page & Co.

ders of most of them there is a brilliantly colored silk handkerchief, while their full-pleated, short skirts are usually of some thick, dark-colored cloth, and upon their heads here in Braga they often wear, like their sisters in Oporto, the peculiar round cloth pork-pie hat, with the curling silk fringe on the top of the rim. The men are less picturesque in their Sunday trim, for many of them wear felt wide-brimmed hats instead of the work-a-day bag cap; but even they have usually added a bit of color to their somber masculine garb in the form of a bright scarf encircling their waists to do the duty of braces.

From the door of the hotel in the Campo Sant' Anna the tyrannical little street train that bullies Braga several times a day carries us to the foot of the Bom Jesus on the spur of Mount Espinho. For nearly two miles of continuous gentle ascent the road passes through a long stretching suburb of humble houses; and then a quarter of a mile through a close grove of shady trees brings us to the outer portico of the sanctuary, a white gateway at the head of a flight of steps, backed apparently by a dense, luxuriant wood. Hard by the portico is the starting platform of an elevator railway, by which pilgrims may, if they please, dodge the rigors of the penance, and arrive at the summit without exertion. This course, on my arrival, commended itself to me, and I left until the next day a full exploration of the place. On the summit of the spur, by the side and behind the great church, white outlined by brown granite as usual, there lies a land of enchantment. Vegetation of surprizing luxuriance is everywhere, giant trees full of verdure

nearly all the year round, mosses, ferns, and flowers in every crevice. Gushing fountains and cascades, rustic bridges, and sweet, winding paths through the woods, everything that can conduce to tranquil repose and comfort is here, with air so pure and exhilarating at this great elevation as to raise the most deprest to vivacity.

The sanctuary is naturally a great resort among the people of Braga in the hot summers on the plain, and I can not conceive a more agreeable place to pass a few days for rest at any time of the year; but the special religious element draws many devotees who conscientiously go through the pilgrimage to the shrines, and on the 3d of May and Whit Sunday, especially, many hundreds of pilgrims flock to the sanctuary for devotion as well as for pleasure. The astonishing feature of the place is, of course, the devotional approach to the church up the side of the mountain, and it is difficult in a few words to give an idea of the eccentricity of the structure. It may be admitted at once that the taste displayed is atrociously bad, for it belongs to that eighteenth century which has loaded Portugal with rococo monstrosities; but the very vastness of Bom Jesus, and its exquisite position, save it from triviality; and looked at as a whole, either from above or below, the effect is grandiose in the extreme. Mere words are weak to describe the charm and beauty of the Bom Jesus. There is nothing quite like it anywhere else in Europe, and as sanctuary, health resort, and architectural curiosity, it deserves to be better known than it is.