cur before long!" The Barcelonese were pleased, however, that the king had presented himself to them in such a quiet and confident manner, and the common people remember with admiration his entrance into the city. I found sympathy for the king even in those who murmured between their teeth: "He is not Spanish," or, as one of them said to me: "Do you think a Castilian king would do well at Rome?" a question to which one must answer: "I do not understand politics —" and the discussion is finished.

But really the most implacable are the Carlists. They say disgraceful things of our revolution in the most perfect good faith; being for the greater part convinced that the real king of Italy is the Pope, that Italy wishes him, and has bowed her head under the sword of Victor Emanuel, because there was nothing else to do; but that she is waiting for a propitious occasion in order to liberate herself, as the Bourbons and others have done. The following anecdote may serve to prove it. I quote it as I heard it narrated, without the slightest desire to wound the person who was the principal actor. Once a young Italian, whom I know intimately, was presented to one of the most highly esteemed ladies of the city, and received with perfect courtesy. Several Italians were present. The lady spoke with much sympathy of Italy, thanked the young man for the enthusiasm he displayed for Spain, maintained, in a word, a bright and charming conversation with her appreciative guest for nearly the entire evening. Suddenly she asked him: "In returning to Italy in what city shall you settle?"

"In Rome," replied the young man.

"To defend the Pope?" asked the lady, with the most perfect frankness.

The young man looked at her, and ingenuously replied, with a smile: "No, indeed!"

That *No* gave rise to a tempest. The lady forgot that the young man was Italian and her guest, and broke out into such furious invectives against Victor Emanuel, the Piedmontese government, Italy (beginning from the entrance of the army into Rome, until the War of the Marshes and Umbria), that the unfortunate stranger became as white as a sheet. But controlling himself he made no reply, and left to the other Italians, who were old friends, the task of sustaining the honor of their country. The discussion lasted for a time and was very fiery; the lady discovered that she had allowed herself to go too far, and showed that she regretted it; but it was still very evident from her words that she was convinced, and with her who knows how many others! that the union of Italy had been compassed against the will of the Italian people, by Piedmont and the king, from a desire for dominion and from a hatred to religion, etc.

The common people, however, are republican in their feelings, and as they have the reputation of being quicker to act than those who promise more, they are held in fear. When they wish to spread the rumor of an approaching revolution in Spain, they begin to say it will break out in Barcelona, or that it is about to break out there, or that it has already broken out there.

The Catalans do not wish to be classed with the Spaniards of other provinces. "We are Spaniards," they say, "but, be it understood, of Catalonia;" a people, in short, who work and think, and to whose ears the sound of mechanical instruments is more grateful than the music of a guitar. “We do not envy Andalusia her romantic fame, the praises of the poets nor the illustrations of painters. We content ourselves with being the most serious and industrious people of Spain.” They speak of the affairs of their brothers in the south as the Piedmontese once talked (now less frequently) of the Neapolitans and the Tuscans:

“Yes, they have talent, imagination, they talk well and are amusing; but we have, as a counterbalance, greater strength of will, greater aptitude for scientific studies, a greater degree of popular education, * * * and then * * * character.”

I heard a Catalan, a man of genius and learning, lament that the War of the Independence had fraternized too thoroughly the different provinces of Spain, because it happened that the Catalans contracted a portion of the defects of the south without these people having acquired any of the good qualities of the Catalans.

“We have become,” he said, “lighter headed,” and he refused to be comforted.

A shopkeeper, of whom I asked what he thought of the character of the Castilians, replied very brusquely that in *his* opinion it would be a good thing for Catalonia if there were no railway between Barcelona and Madrid, because business with that people corrupted the character and customs of the Catalans. When they speak of a loquacious deputy they say:

“Oh, yes, he is an Andalusian.”

Then they ridicule their poetic language, their softened pronunciation, their infantile gaiety, vanity and effeminacy. And the Andalusians, in their turn, speak of the Catalans as a capricious, literary and artistic young lady would talk of one of those housewifely girls who would rather read the Genoese cookbook than the romances of George Sand. They are a hard people, they say, all alike, who have no head for anything but arithmetic and mechanics,—barbarians who would make a press of the statue of Montanes, and a wax cloth of one of Murillo's canvases—real Spanish Bœotians, who are insupportable with their wretched jargon, crustiness and their pedantic gravity.

Catalonia is, in fact, perhaps the Spanish province which is of the least account in the history of the fine arts. The only poet, not great, but celebrated, who was born at Barcelona, is Juan Boscan, who flourished at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and was the first to introduce into Spanish literature the hendeca syllable, ballad, sonnet, and all the forms of the lyric Italian poetry, of which he was a passionate admirer. Upon what is dependent a great transformation, like this one, of the entire literature of a people? Did it arise from the fact that Boscan went to live at Granada when the Court of Charles V was there, and that he made the acquaintance there of an ambassador of the republic of Venice, Andrea Navagero, who knew by heart the verses of Petrarch, and in reciting them said to him:

"It seems to me as if you Spaniards might write like this? Try!"

Boscan made the attempt; all the literati of Spain cried out against him. They said that the Italian verse was not sonorous, that the poetry of Petrarch was mawkishly effeminate, that Spain did not need to write down her poetic inspirations on the ruled lines of any one. But Boscan remained firm. Garcilaso della Vega, the valorous cavalier, a friend of his, who afterward received the glorious title of Malherbe of Spain, followed his example. The body of reformers increased little by little, became an army, and finally conquered and governed the entire literature. The true reformer was Garcilaso, but Boscan had the merit of the first idea, and thus Barcelona the honor of having given to Spain the person who changed the style of its literature.

During the few days of my stay at Barcelona, I used to pass the evening with some of the young Catalans in walking on the sea-shore in the moonlight until late at night. They all knew a little Italian and were very fond of our poetry ; so for hours together we did nothing but declaim, they from Zorilla, Espronceda and Lopez de Vega, I from Foscolo, Berchet and Manzoni, each in turn in a sort of rivalry to see who would repeat the most beautiful verse. It is a novel experience, that of trying to recite extracts from our poets in a foreign country. When I saw my Spanish friends listening attentively to the narrative of the battle of Maclodio, become moved little by little, and then so excited that they seized me by the arm and exclaimed with a Castilian accent which made their words dearer still, "Beautiful! sublime!" I felt my blood stirred with emotion, and if it had been daylight they would have seen me turn pale as a ghost. They recited poems in the Catalan language. I say language because it has a history and literature of its own, and was not relegated to the state of a dialect until political predominance was assumed by Castile, who imposed her idiom, as the general one, upon the State. Although it is a harsh language, all clipped words, disagreeable at first to one who has not a delicate ear, it has, nevertheless, many notable qualities, of which the popular poets have made admirable use as it lends itself particularly to imitative harmony. A poem which they recited to me, the first lines of which imitate the measured sound of a railway train, drew forth an exclamation of surprise. Yet without explanations, even to those familiar with Spanish, the Catalan is unintelligible. They speak rapidly, with closed teeth, without aiding the voice by gestures, so that it is difficult to catch the meaning of ever so simple a sentence, and quite an affair if one is able even to understand a word here and there. Yet even the lower classes can speak Castilian when it is necessary, although with difficulty and entirely without grace, but still decidedly better than the common people of the northern provinces of Italy do the Italian. Not even the cultivated people in Catalonia speak the national language perfectly; the Castilian recognizes the Catalan first, aside from the pronunciation, by the voice, and above all by the use of illegitimate phrases. For this reason, a stranger who goes to Spain laboring under the delusion that he speaks the language well may preserve his illusion as long as he remains in Catalonia, but when he gets into Castile and hears for the first time that burst of *bon-mots*, that profusion of proverbs, subtle and telling idioms, which make him stand open-mouthed from amazement (like Alfieri before the Mona Vocaboliera when she talked to him of stockings), farewell all illusions!

The last evening I went to the Liceo, which has the reputation of being one of the most beautiful theatres in Europe, and perhaps the largest. It was filled from the pit to the gallery, so that not another hundred people could have found place. From the

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box in which I sat, the ladies on the opposite side looked as small as children, and in half closing the eyes they only appeared like so many white lines, one for every tier of boxes, tremulous and glistening like an immense garland of camelias bejeweled with dew and stirred by a light breeze. The boxes, which are very large, are divided by a partition that slopes from the wall to the parapet, leaving the persons seated in the front chairs partly exposed to view, so that the theatre seems to be built in galleries, and thus acquires an air of lightness which is very beautiful. Everything projects, everything is uncovered, the light strikes everywhere, and all the spectators see each other. The passages are spacious, so that people come and go and turn at ease on every side, can look at each lady from a thousand points of view, may pass from gallery to box, from box to gallery, promenade, gather in circles, and wander around all the evening, here and there, without coming in collision with a living soul. The other portions of the building are in proportion with the principal one, corridors, staircases, landings and vestibules suitable for a grand palace. There are ball-rooms immense and gorgeous, in which one could put another theatre. Yet here, where the good Barcelonians ought to think of nothing but amusement after the fatigues of the day, in the contemplation of their beautiful and superb women, even here these good people buy, sell and traffic like lost souls. In the corridors there is a continuous coming and going of bank agents, office clerks, bearers of despatches, and a ceaseless hum of voices like that of a market. What barbarians! How many handsome faces, how many beautiful eyes, what stupendous heads of dark hair in that crowd of women! In olden times, the young Catalans, in order to captivate the hearts of their innamorate, joined a fraternity of scourgers and went under their windows with a metallic whip to make the blood gush through their skin, and the fair ones encouraged them by saying:

"Go on beating yourself, that's right; now I love you, now I am yours!" How many times that evening I was ready to exclaim: "Gentlemen, in the name of charity, give *me* a metallic whip!"

The following morning before sunrise, I started for Saragossa, and, to tell the truth, not without a feeling of sadness in leaving Barcelona, although I had only been there a few days. This city, despite of the fact that it is anything but *la flor de las bellas cuidades del mundo*, as Cervantes called it, this city of traffic and storage, disdained by poets and painters, pleased me, and its busy people inspired me with a feeling of respect. Then, too, it is always sad to leave a city, although a foreign one, with the certainty of never seeing it again! It is like bidding farewell forever to a travelling companion with whom one has passed an agreeable twenty-four hours; he is not a friend, yet you seem to love him like one, and you will remember him all through life with a feeling of desire more lively than you would experience toward many of those to whom you give the name of friends. Turning to look once more at the city from the little window of the railway carriage, the words of Don Alvares Tarfe in Don Quixote came to my lips: "Farewell, Barcelona, the home of courtesy, refuge for strangers, country of the valiant, farewell!"—and I added sorrowfully: "Here is the first leaf torn from the rose-colored book of travel! Thus everything passes. . . . Another city, then another, then another, . . . and then? . . . I shall return home, and the journey will have been like a dream, and it will not seem as if I had been away at all. . . . Then? . . . Another journey. . . . New cities, again sad farewells, and once more a recollection vague as a dream. . . . Then?" It is very unfortunate for any one to allow such thoughts to take possession of him on a journey! Look at the sky and the country, repeat poetry and smoke.

Adios, Barcelona, Archivo de la Cortesia!

CHAPTER II.

SARAGOSSA.

A FEW miles from Barcelona one begins to see the indented rocks of the famous Montserrat, a strange mountain which at first sight gives rise to the idea of an optical illusion, so difficult is it to believe that nature can ever have had so extravagant a caprice. Imagine a series of slender triangles which touch each other, like those made by children to represent a chain of mountains; or a pointed crown stretched out like the blade of a saw; or so many sugar loaves placed in a row, and you will have an idea of the shape in which Montserrat appears at a distance. It is a collection of immense cones which rise side by side, one above another, or, better still, one single huge mountain formed by a hundred others, split from top to bottom almost to a third of its height, so that it presents two great summits, around which are grouped the smaller ones; the highest portions are arid and inaccessible; the lower, covered with pines, oaks, arbutus and juniper; broken here and there by immense grottos and frightful chasms, and scattered with hermitages which are seen on the airy crags and in the deep gorges. In the opening of the mountain, between the two principal peaks, rises the old Convent of the Benedictines, where Ignatius Loyola meditated in his youth. Fifty thousand people, between pilgrims and tourists, go every year to visit the convent and grottos; and on the eighth day of September a fête is celebrated there at which a multitude of people from every part of Catalonia gather.

A short time before reaching the station where one leaves the train to climb the mountain, a crowd of boys burst into the carriage. They were accompanied by a priest, and belonged to a college of some, to me unknown, village, and were going to the Convent of Montserrat on an excursion. They were all Catalans, with pretty pink and white faces and large eyes. Each one had a basket containing bread and fruit. Some carried sketch books, others opera glasses; they laughed and talked, tumbled around and enjoyed themselves generally. Though I paid the strictest attention with ear and brain I could not catch one single word of that wretched lingo in which they were chattering. I began a conversation with the priest who, after exchanging a few words with me, said:

"Look, sir, that boy there," pointing to one of the number, "knows all the poetry of Horace by heart; that other one solves the most difficult problems of arithmetic; this one was born for philosophy," and so he continued to point out the particular gift of each one.

Suddenly he stopped and cried: "Beretina!" All the boys took from their pockets the little red Catalan caps, and giving a shout of joy put them on their heads; some so far back that they fell over the nape of the neck; others quite forward until they covered the end of the nose, and at a sign of disapproval from the priest, those who had them on the nape of the neck pulled them over their noses, and those who had them over their noses drew them back to the nape of the neck. Such laughs, exclamations and hand-clappings as they indulged in! I approached one of the most frolicsome, and for a joke, feeling certain that it would be like talking to a wall, I asked him in Italian:

"Is this the first time you have made an excursion to Montserrat?"

The boy was silent for a moment, and then replied very slowly:

"I—have—already—been—there—several—times."

"Oh, dear child!" I cried, with a feeling of contentment difficult to imagine, "where have you learned Italian?"

Here the priest interrupted me to say that the father of that boy had lived several years at Naples. While I was turning toward my little Catalan to begin a conversation, a wretched whistle and then a disagreeable cry: "Olesa!" which is the village from which the ascent of the mountain is made, cut short the words on my lips. The priest bowed, the boys dashed out of the carriage, and the train started. I put my head out of the window to salute my little friend:

"A pleasant walk!" I cried, and he, detaching each syllable, replied:

"A—di—o!"

Some one may laugh at hearing these trifles recalled, yet they are the greatest pleasures one experiences in travelling!

The city and villages which one sees in crossing Catalonia in the direction of Arragon are almost all inhabited and flourishing, and surrounded by houses of industry, factories, and buildings in process of con-

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struction, from whence are seen, rising on every side beyond the trees, dense columns of smoke, and at every station, a coming and going of peasants and merchants. The country is an alternate succession of cultivated plains, gentle slopes and picturesque little valleys, covered with groves and crowned by old castles as far as the village of Cervera. Here one begins to see great stretches of arid territory, with a few scattered houses which announce the neighborhood of Arragon; then as suddenly enters a smiling valley, covered with olive trees, vines, mulberry and fruit trees, scattered with villages and villas; on one side the high peaks of the Pyrenees appear; on the other, Arragonese Mountains; Lerida, the glorious city of ten sieges, stretched along the banks of the Segra on the slope of a beautiful hill; and all around a luxuriant vegetation, a variety of views, and a magnificent spectacle. It is the last sight of Catalonian country; a few moments later one enters Arragon.

Arragon! How many vague histories of wars, of bandits, queens, poets, heroes, and famous loves this sonorous name recalls to one's mind! And what a profound feeling of sympathy and respect! The old, noble, and proud Arragon, upon whose forehead shines the most splendid ray of Spain's glory, upon whose century-old shield stands written in characters of blood: "Liberty and Valor." When the world bowed beneath the yoke of tyranny, the people of Arragon said to their kings by the mouth of the chief justice: "We, who are your equals and more powerful than you, have chosen you to be our lord and king with the understanding that you preserve our rights and liberties, otherwise not." And the kings kneeled before the majesty of the magistrate of the people, and took their oath on the sacred formula. In the midst of the barbarities of the mediæval ages the proud Arragonese knew nought of torture; secret tribunals were banished from their codes; all its institutions protected the liberty of the citizen, and the law had absolute dominion. They descended, ill-fitted for the restricted country of the mountains, from Sobrarbe to Huesca, from Huesca to Saragossa, and entered the Mediterranean as conquerors. Joined with strong Catalonia, they redeemed from Arabic mastery the Balearics and Valencia, fought at Murat for their outraged rights and violated consciences, subdued the adventurers of the house of Anjou, depriving them of their Italian territory, broke the chains of the harbor of Marseilles, which still hang from the walls of their temples, became masters of the sea from the Gulf of Taranto to the straits of the Gualdalquiver with the ships of Ruggero di Lauria, subdued the Bosphorus with the ships of Ruggero di Flor; from Rosas to Catania they traversed the Mediterranean on the wings of victory; and as if the west were too confined a space for their greatness, they went to inscribe on the heights of Olympus, on the stones of Pireus, on the superb mountains which are near by the gates of Asia, the immortal name of their country.

These thoughts (although not quite in the same words, because I did not have before me a certain book of Emilio Castelar) revolved in my mind as I entered Arragon. And the first thing which presented itself to my eyes on the bank of the Cinca was the little village of Monzon, noted for the famous assemblies of the Cortes and for the alternate assaults and defenses of the Spanish and French,—a fate which was

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common during the War of the Independence to almost all the villages of those provinces. Monzon lies at the foot of a formidable mountain, upon which rises a castle black, gloomy and enormous enough to have been conceived by the most tyrannical of the feudal chiefs who wished to condemn to a life of terror the most hated of the villages. The same *guide* stops before this monstrous edifice and breaks out into an exclamation of timid surprise. There is not, I think, in all Spain, another village, another mountain, another castle which better represents the terrified submission of an oppressed people and the perpetual menace of a ferocious master. A giant who holds a child to the ground with his knee on its breast is but a poor simile with which to give an idea of the thing, and such was the impression it produced upon me that, though knowing nothing of drawing, I tried to sketch, to the best of my ability, the landscape, so that it should not escape from my memory; and while scratching away, I composed the first verse of a lugubrious ballad.

After passing Monzon, the Arragonese country is nothing but a vast plain, enclosed in the distance by long chains of reddish hills, with a few miserable villages and some solitary heights on which stand the blackened ruins of an ancient castle. Arragon, formerly so flourishing under her kings, is now one of the poorest provinces of Spain. Only on the banks of the Ebro and along the famous canal which extends from Judela, for eighteen leagues, nearly to Saragossa, and serves at the same time as a means of irrigation for the fields and a mode of transportation for merchandise, has commerce any life; in the other portions it is languishing or dead. The railway stations are deserted; when the train stops, no other voice is to be heard than that of some old troubadour who twangs the guitar and sings a monotonous song, which one hears again at the other stations and then in the Arragonese cities, different in words, but with the same everlasting melody. As there was nothing to see out of the window, I turned to my fellow-travellers.

The carriage was full of people ; and as the second-class carriages in Spain have no compartments, we were forty in number, counting men and women, all in sight of each other—priests, nuns, boys, servants and other personages who might have been merchants, or employés, or secret agents of Don Carlos. The priests smoked, as is the custom in Spain, their cigarettes, most amiably offering their tobacco boxes and papers to their neighbors. Others ate voraciously, passing from one to the other a species of bladder which, on being pressed with both hands, sent out spurts of wine ; others were reading the newspaper and frowning as a sign of deep meditation. A Spaniard, when he is in company, never puts into his mouth a bit of orange, a piece of cheese, or a mouthful of bread, until he has invited every one to eat with him ; for this reason, I saw fruit, bread, sardines and glasses of wine passed right under my nose, and I know not what beside, everything accompanied by a polite :

"Does it please you to eat with me?" To which I replied :

"No, thanks," against my will, for I was as hungry as the Count Ugolino.

In front of me, her feet really touching mine, sat a nun, who was young, to judge from her chin, which was the only part of the face visible below the veil, and from a hand which lay carelessly on her knee. I watched her for more than an hour, hoping that she would raise her face, but she remained as immovable as a statue. Yet from her attitude it was easy to judge that she had to exercise great self-control in order to resist the natural desire to look around her; and for this reason she awakened in me a feeling of admiration. What constancy!—I thought—what strength of will! What power of sacrifice, even in the smallest things! What noble disdain for human vanities! While immersed in these thoughts, my eyes fell upon her hand,—it was a small white hand, and I thought it seemed to move; I look more closely, and see that it stretches itself slowly out of the sleeve, spreads the fingers, and rests a little forward on the knee so that it hangs down, and it turns a little to one side, is gathered in and reëxtended again. Heavens and earth! Anything but disdain for the human vanities. It was impossible to deceive oneself any longer. All that manœuvring had been gone through to show the little hand! Yet she never raised her head while she sat there, and never allowed her face to be seen when she left the carriage! Oh the inscrutable depths of the feminine soul!

It was foreordained that during that trip I should meet no other friends than priests. An old priest, of benevolent aspect, addressed me, and we began a conversation which lasted almost to Saragossa. At the beginning, when I told him I was an Italian, he seemed a trifle suspicious, thinking me perhaps one of those who had broken the locks of the Quirinal, but having informed him that I did not interest myself in politics, he became reassured and talked with fullest confidence. We fell upon literature. I repeated to him all the *Pentecost* of Manzoni, which threw him into ecstasies; he recited to me a poem of the celebrated Luis de Leon, a writer of religious poetry in the sixteenth century; so we became friends. When we reached Zoera, the last station but one before arriving at Saragossa, he rose, bowed to me, and, with his foot on the step, suddenly turned and whispered in my ear: "Be prudent with the women, for they lead to evil consequences in Spain." Then he got down and stopped to see the train start, and raising his hand in sign of paternal admonition, he said once more: "Be prudent!"

I reached Saragossa late at night, and in getting out of the train I was instantly struck with the peculiar cadence with which the porters, coachmen and boys were speaking as they disputed over my valise. In Arragon it may be said that the Castilian is spoken even by the most ordinary people, although with some defects and some rudeness, but to the Spaniard of the Castiles a half word is sufficient for the recognition of the Arragonese, and there is no Castilian, in fact, who does not know how to imitate that accent and ridicule it occasionally for what is rough and monotonous in it, almost as they do in Tuscany with the Lucca manner of speaking.

I entered the city with a certain feeling of tremulous reverence; the terrible fame of Saragossa had its effect upon me; my conscience almost pricked me for having so many times profaned its name in the school of rhetoric, when I cast it, as a challenge, in the faces of tyrants. The streets were dark; I could only see the black outlines of the roofs and the bell towers against the starry sky, and I only heard the sound of the hotel omnibuses as they were moving off. At certain turns of the street I seemed to see daggers and gun-stocks gleaming at the windows, and to hear the distant cries of the wounded. I would have given, I know not how much, if day would only break, in order that I might satisfy the intense curiosity with which I was possessed to visit one by one those streets, squares and houses famed for desperate struggles and horrible murders, depicted by so many painters, sung by so many poets, and dreamed of by me so many times before leaving Italy, as I said to myself with joy: "I shall see it!" When I finally reached my hotel, I looked closely at the waiter who showed me to my room, smiling amiably at him, as if to say: "I am not an intruder; spare me!" and having given a glance at a large portrait of Don Amadeus hung on the wall of the hallway in one corner, a particular compliment to Italian travellers, I went to bed, for I was as sleepy as any of my readers may be.

At daybreak I rushed out of the hotel. There was neither a shop, door nor window open, but scarcely was I in the street when I uttered a cry of astonishment. A troop of men were passing, so curiously dressed that at first sight I mistook them for maskers, and then I thought "they are from some theatre, and then, no; they are crazy." Picture to yourself: For a hat they wore a red handkerchief knotted around the head like a ring-shaped cushion, from which issued, above and below, their disordered hair; a woolen blanket in blue and white stripes, arranged in the shape of a mantle, falling almost to the ground like a Roman toga, came next; then a large blue girdle around the waist; a pair of short breeches of black velvet, tight at the knees; white stockings, and a species of sandal with black ribbons crossed over the instep; and still this artistic variety of dress bore the evident imprint of poverty; yet with this evidence of poverty, a certain something so theatrical, so haughty, so majestic in their bearing and gestures, almost an air of fallen grandees of Spain, which made it doubtful in seeing them whether one ought to pity them, put one's hand in one's purse, or take off one's hat as a token of respect. Yet they are only peasants from the neighborhood of Saragossa. But what I have described is merely one of the thousand varieties of the same style of dress. In walking on, at every step I met a new one; there are dresses in antique fashion, dresses in the new, the elegant and simple ones, those for fêtes and those more severe, each with sashes, handkerchiefs, cravats, and waistcoats of different colors; the women with crinoline and short skirts which allow a bit of the leg to be seen, and the hips raised out of all proportions; the boys, even they, wear striped mantles, handkerchiefs around their head, and assume dramatic attitudes like the men. The first square which I entered was full of these people, divided in groups, some seated on door-steps, some leaning against the corners of the houses, others playing the guitar and singing, many going around collecting alms, in torn and ragged clothes, yet with their heads erect and a proud glance. They seemed like people who had just left a masked ball, where they had represented together a savage tribe from some unknown country. Little by little the shops and houses opened and the Saragossans spread through the streets. The citizens in their dress do not differ from us, but there is something peculiar in their faces. To the gravity of the inhabitants of Catalonia is added the wide-awake air of the inhabitants of the Castiles, enlivened still more by an expression of pride which is peculiar to the Arragonese blood.

The streets of Saragossa have a gloomy aspect, always sad, as I had pictured them to myself before seeing them. Aside from the *Corso*, which is a broad street that traverses a good part of the city, describing a great semicircular curve,—the *Corso* formerly famous for the races, tournaments and jousts which were celebrated there during the public festivals,—aside from this beautiful, cheerful street, and a few others which have been recently remade and resemble the streets of a French city, the rest are narrow and tortuous, lined with high houses, dark in color, illy furnished with windows, and resembling old fortresses. They are streets which bear an imprint, a character, or, as others say, a stamp peculiar to themselves, which, once seen, is never forgotten. For the rest of our life, when we hear Saragossa named we shall see those walls, doors and windows as if we had them before us. I see at this moment the square of the new Tower, and I could draw house by house and color them, each with its own color; and it seems as if I breathed that air, so vivid are all those figures, and I repeat what I then said: "This square is tremendous"—wherefore, I do not know; it may have been my illusion; it happens with cities as with faces, that each one reads them as he chooses. The squares and streets of Saragossa produced this impression upon me, and at every turn I exclaimed: "This place seems made for a battle," and I looked around as if some thing were lacking,—a barricade, the loopholes and cannons. I felt once more all the emotions which the narrations of the horrible siege had caused me, and I saw the Saragossa of 1809, and ran from street to street with increasing curiosity, as if in search of the traces of that gigantic struggle which astonished the world. Here, I thought, pointing out to myself the street, must have passed Grandjean's division; from that point issued perhaps Musnier's division; from there Marlot's division dashed forth to the combat. Now, let us go forward as far as the corner. Here, I fancy, the assault of the light infantry of the Vistola took place; another turn: here the Polish light infantry made a dash; down there the three hundred Spaniards were massacred. At this point the great mine blew into the air a company of the regiment from Valencia. In that corner died General Lacoste, struck by a ball in the forehead. Here are the famous streets of St. Engracia, St. Monica and St. Augustine, through which the French advanced toward the *Corso*, from house to house, by force of mines and countermines, among the ruins of the enormous walls and smoking timbers, under a shower of balls, grapeshot and stones. Here are the squares and narrow blind alleys, where were fought horrible battles hand to hand, with blows of the bayonette and dagger, scythes and bites; the barricaded houses defended room by room, amid flames and ruin, the narrow staircases which flowed with blood, the sad courtyards which echoed cries of pain and desperation, were covered with crushed bodies, and witnessed all the horrors of the plague, famine and death.

In passing from street to street, I at last came out in front of the church *Nuestra Señora di Pilar*, the terrible madonna from whom protection and courage were sought by the squalid crowd of soldiers, citizens and women before they went to die on the

P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

bulwarks. The people of Saragossa have preserved for her their old fanaticism, and venerate her with a peculiar feeling of amorous terror, which is intense even in the souls of those to whom any other religious sentiment is foreign. However, from the time you enter the square and raise your eyes toward the church, to the moment when, in going away, you turn to look at it for the last time, be careful not to smile, nor to be guilty, even involuntarily, of an apparent act of irreverence; for there is some one who sees you, watches you, and will follow you if necessary. If all faith is dead in you, prepare your mind, before crossing that sacred threshold, for a confused reawakening of infantile terrors, which few churches in the world have such a power of arousing in the hearts of the coldest and strongest as this one seems to possess.

P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

The first stone of *Nuestra Señora di Pilar* was laid, 1686, in a place where there rose a chapel erected by St. James as a receptacle for the miraculous image of the Virgin, which is still there. It is a building with a rectangular foundation, surmounted by eleven cupolas covered with variegated tiles, which give it a graceful Moorish air, the walls unadorned and dark in color. Enter. It is a huge church, dark, bare and cold, divided into three naves, surrounded by modest chapels. The eye falls instantly upon the sanctuary, which rises in the centre; there is the statue of the Virgin. It is a temple within a temple, which might stand in the middle of the square if the edifice surrounding it were razed to the ground. A circle of beautiful marble columns, placed like ellipses, support a richly-sculptured cupola, open above, and ornamented around the opening with bold figures of angels and saints. In the centre of the high altar, on the right, the image of St. James; on the left, at the back, under a silver canopy, which stands out against a large curtain of velvet scattered with stars, amid the gleaming of a thousand votive offerings and in the glow of innumerable lamps, is the famous statue of the Virgin, placed there nineteen centuries ago by St. James. It is cut in wood, worn by time, entirely covered (with the exception of her head and that of the child) by a superb Dalmatica (a tunic for priests). In front, between the columns, around the sanctuary, and in the distance, at the end of the naves of the church, at every point from which the revered image can be seen, kneel the faithful, prostrate, so that their heads almost touch the ground, holding their crucifixes in their hands. There are among them women of the people, workmen, ladies, soldiers and children, and from the different doors of the church there is a continual arrival of people, slowly moving on tiptoe, with the gravest expression of face. In that profound silence not a murmur, not a rustle is heard; the life of that crowd seems to have been suspended, as if all were waiting for a divine apparition, a hidden, secret voice, or some tremendous revelation from that mysterious sanctuary. Even he who does not believe and is not praying, is forced to fix his eye upon the object upon which all glances are fastened, and the course of his thought is arrested in a species of anxious expectation. Oh, for a sound of that voice! I thought; oh, for some apparition, even if it were only a word or a sight that would turn me gray from terror, and make me utter such a shriek as was never before heard upon earth, so that I might be freed forever from this horrible doubt which gnaws at my brain and saddens my life!

I tried to enter the sanctuary, but did not succeed in doing so, for I should have had to pass over the shoulders of a hundred of the faithful, some of whom already began to look furtively at me because I was going around with a note-book and pencil in my hand. I made an effort to go down into the crypt, where are the tombs of the bishops and the urn which holds the heart of the second Don John of Austria, a natural son of Philip IV, but this was not permitted. I asked to see the vestments, gold and jewels which grandees, princes and monarchs of every state and country had scattered at the feet of the Virgin, but I was told that this was not the proper time, and not even in displaying a gleaming *pecéta* could I bribe the honest sacristan. Yet he did not refuse to give me some information concerning the worship of the Virgin when I told him, in order to get into his good graces, that I was born at Rome, in the Borgo Pio, and that from the terrace of my home one could see the windows of the Pope's apartments.

"It is an almost miraculous fact," he said, "and one which could hardly be credited if it were not attested to by tradition, that from the time when the Virgin's statue was placed upon its pedestal until the present day (except at night, when the church is closed) the sanctuary has never been empty for a single moment, in the strictest sense of the word. *Nuestra Señora di Pilar* has never been alone. In the pedestal there is an indentation deep enough to put my head, which has been made by kisses. Not even the Arabs had the courage to prohibit the worship of *Nuestra Señora*; the chapel of St. James was always respected.

"The lightning has fallen into the church, many times near the sanctuary, and even into it, in the midst of the crowded people. Well, let lost souls deny the protection of the Virgin: No one has—ever—been—struck! And the bombshells of the French? They burned and mined many other buildings, but in falling upon the Church of *Nuestra Señora* they produced as little effect as they would have done in striking on the rocks of the Serra Morena. And the French who pillaged on every side, did they have courage enough to touch the treasures of *Nuestra Señora?* One general only allowed himself to take a trifle as a gift for his wife, offering the madonna a rich votive offering in return, but do you know what happened? In his first battle a cannon-ball carried off one of his legs. There does not exist the ghost of a general or king who has ever been able to impose upon *Nuestra Señora.* Then, too, it is written on high that this church will last until the end of the world." * * *

And so he went on in this way until a priest made him a sign from a dark corner of the sacristy, and he bowed to me and disappeared.

Upon leaving the church, my mind filled with the image of that solemn sanctuary, I met a long row of carnival cars, preceded by a band of music, accompanied by a crowd, and followed by a great number of carriages, which were going toward the *Corso.* I do not remember ever having seen more grotesque, more ridiculous, and more extraordinary papier-maché heads than those worn by the maskers; so very absurd were they that, although I was alone and not in the least inclined for gaiety, I could not refrain from laughing, any more than I should have done at the close of a sonnet by Fucini. The people, however, were silent and serious, the maskers full of gaiety. One would have said that in both the melancholy presentiment of Lent was much stronger than the fleeting joy of carnival. I saw some pretty little faces at the windows, but no type, so far, of that beauty properly called the Spanish, of the *deep tint and the dark eyes full of fire*, which Martinez della Rosa, an exile at London, recalls with such deep sighs among *the beauties of the north.* I passed between the carriages, out through the crowd, drawing upon myself some oaths, which I immediately put down in my note-book, and hastily crossing two or three little streets, I emerged on the square of San Salvador, in front of the Cathedral from which it takes its name and which is also called El Seo, and is richer and more magnificent than *Nuestra Señora di Pilar.*

The Greco-Roman façade, although of majestic proportions, and the high, light tower do not prepare one in the least for the superb spectacle which the interior offers. I entered and found myself immersed in gloom; for an instant the outlines of the edifice were hidden from me; I saw nothing but a few rays of pale light, broken here and there by the columns and arches. Then, little by little, I distinguished five naves, divided by four rows of beautiful Gothic pilasters, the distant walls, and a long series of lateral chapels, all of which filled me with astonishment. It was the first cathedral that corresponded with the idea I had formed of varied and imposing and marvellously-rich Spanish cathedrals. The largest chapel, surmounted by a vast Gothic cupola in the form of a tiara, contains in itself the riches of a great church; the high altar is alabaster, covered with roses, volutes, and arabesques; the roof ornamented with statues; at the right and left, tombs and urns of princes; in a corner, the chair upon which the kings of Aragon sat to receive their consecration. The choir rises in the centre of the principal nave, and is a mountain of riches. Its outer circuit, upon which open some little chapels, presented such an incredible variety of statuettes, small columns, bas-reliefs, friezes, and precious stones, that one would need to spend a day there in order to say something at least had been seen. The pilasters of the last two naves, and the arches which curve over the chapels, are overloaded from foundation to ceiling with statues (some large enough to support the edifice on their shoulders), emblems, sculptures, and ornaments of every shape and size. In the chapels there are a profusion of statues, rich altars, regal tombs, busts, and pictures, which, immersed as they are in a half darkness, only offer to the glance a confusion of colors, glittering and vague forms, among which the eye loses itself, and the imagination grows weary. After much running hither and thither, with note-book open and pencil in hand, taking notes and sketching, my head grew confused; I tore out the arabesqued leaves, promised myself not to write one word, left the church, and began wandering about the city, without seeing anything for a half hour but long dark naves, and statues gleaming at the end of mysterious chapels.

There are moments when the gayest and most impassioned tourist, wandering through the streets of an unknown city, is suddenly seized by such a profound feeling of ennui that if he could, by the utterance of a word, fly back to his home among his own family with the rapidity of a genii of the "Thousand and One Nights," he would utter that word with a burst of joy. I was attacked with just such a feeling as I was passing through some unknown little street far from the centre of the town, and was almost terrified by it. I recalled with great haste to my mind all the pictures of Madrid, Seville, and Granada, to rouse myself, and reawaken my curiosity and desire; but these pictures seemed pale and lifeless to me. I was carried back in thought to my home, during the few days previous to my departure, when I was possessed with the fever for travel and could hardly await the hour for starting forth; yet this thought only served to increase my sadness. The idea of still having to see so many new cities, of having to pass so many nights in hotels, of having to be so long among strangers, depressed me. I asked myself how I could have made up my mind to leave home; it seemed to me suddenly as if I had gone far, far away from my country, and was in the midst of a desert alone and forgotten by all. I looked around, the street was solitary, I felt a chill at my heart, and the tears almost came to my eyes: "I cannot stay here," I said to myself, "I shall die of melancholy! I must get back to Italy!" I had not finished saying these words, when I almost burst out into a mad laugh; at that moment everything resumed life and splendor in my eyes; I thought of the Castiles and Andalusia with a kind of frantic joy, and shaking my head in a sort of pity for that passing discomfiture, I lighted a cigar, and went on gayer than before.

It was the last day but one of carnival; through the principal streets, toward evening, one saw a coming and going of maskers, carriages, bands of young men, large families with children, nurses, young girls, two by two; but no disagreeable noise, no broken songs of the intoxicated, no crushing and crowding disturbed one. From time to time, one felt a light touch at the elbow, but light enough to seem the sign of a friend who wished to indicate his presence, rather than the blow of a careless passer-by; and with this touch on the elbow, the sound of voices so much sweeter than the cries uttered by the Saragossan women of old from the windows of the tottering houses, and more burning than the boiling oil which they poured down upon the invaders! Oh these were not the times of which a Saragossan priest told me a few days ago at Turin, when he assured me that in seven years he had never received the confession of one mortal sin!

That evening at the hôtel I found a half-cracked Frenchman whose equal could not be found, I am sure, under the whole vault of heaven. He was a man about forty, with one of those weak faces which seemed to say: "Betray me, cheat me"; a merchant, in easy circumstances, as far as I could judge, who had just arrived from Barcelona and was to leave the following day for St. Sebastian. I found him in the dining-room, recounting his affairs to a circle of travellers who were shouting with laughter. I joined the circle and heard the story too. The man was a native of Bordeaux and had been living for four years at Barcelona. He had left France, because his wife had run away from him *with the ugliest man in town*, leaving four children on his hands. He had never received any news from her since the day of her flight; some said she had gone to America, some to Asia, and some to Africa, but they had only been conjectures without any foundation; for four years he had looked upon her as dead. One fine day at Barcelona he was dining