

with a friend from Marseilles who said to him (and it was as good as a play to see the comical dignity with which he told the story): "My friend, one of these days I wish to go to St. Sebastian."

"What for?"

"To amuse myself."

"Love affairs, eh?"

"Yes—that is—I'll tell you: it really is not a love affair, because in love affairs I like to be number one; it's a caprice. Pretty woman, though. Why, no later than day before yesterday I received a letter; I did not wish to go; but there are so many *comes* and *I expect you's*, and *my friend*, and *dear friend*, that I have allowed myself to be tempted." Saying which he handed his guest the letter with a grin of Don-Juan-like pride.

The merchant takes it, opens it, and reads:

"In the name of Heaven, it's my wife!" and without saying another word he leaves his friend, runs home to get his valise, and away he goes to the station. When I entered the dining-room, he had already shown the letter to all present, and, stretched out on the table, so that every one could see them, were his certificate of baptism, certificate of marriage, and other papers which he had brought with him in case his wife did not wish to recognize him.

"What are you going to do with her?" all asked in one voice.

"I shall not harm her, I have made up my mind; there will be no blood-shedding, but there will be a punishment more terrible still."

"What then?" asked his auditors.

"I have made up my mind," repeated the Frenchman with the greatest gravity, and, drawing from

his pocket an enormous pair of shears, he added solemnly : " I am going to cut off her hair and eye-lashes ! "

Every one shouted with laughter.

" Messieurs," cried the injured husband ; " I have said it, and I shall keep my word ; if I have the pleasure of finding you here on my return, I shall make it my duty to present you her wig."

Here followed a tumult of laughter and applause, without the Frenchman's losing for one moment his tragical expression of face.

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

" I shall put him out of the window ! " he replied.

" But if there were many ? "

" Everybody out of the window."

" But you will create a scandal, the neighbors, gens d' armes, and people will gather ! "

" And I," shrieked the terrible man, striking himself on the chest, " I will put out of the window the neighbors, gens d' armes, people, and the entire city, if it is necessary ! "

So he continued to boast, gesticulating with the letter in one hand and the shears in the other, amid the uncontrollable laughter of the travellers.

Vivir para ver, live to see, says a Spanish proverb ; but it ought to have run *viajar* (travel), for it seems as if one encountered such originals only in hotels and railways. Who knows how this affair ended ?

Upon entering my room I asked the waiter what those two things were which I had observed, since the night of my arrival, hanging upon the wall, and which seemed to have some pretension to being portraits.

“Nothing less, sir, than the Argensola brothers,” Arragonese, natives of Barbastro, “two of the most famous poets of Spain!”

And these were really the Argensola brothers, genuine literary twins, who had the same passion, studied the same things, wrote in the same style—so pure, grave, and polished,—forming a bulwark with all their powers against the torrent of bad taste which began to invade, in their day (at the end of the sixteenth century), all Spanish literature. One died at Naples, as secretary of the Viceroy; the other at Tarragona, a priest; and they left, both of them, a dear and honored name, to which Cervantes and Lopez de Vega added the splendid seal of their praise. The sonnets of the Argensolas are numbered among the most beautiful in Spanish literature, for their clearness of thought and dignity of expression. Then there is one, of Lupercio Leonardo, which all know by heart, and the close of which ministers often quote in response to the phillippics of the orators of the Left; I add it in the hope that it may serve some of my readers as a retort to friends who reprove them for being in love, like the poet, with a *woman who resorted to rouge*, etc.*

“First of all I wish to confess, oh Sir John, that the white and carmine of Donna Elvira only belong to her because of the money with which she purchased them; but I wish that you would confess in your turn that the beauty of her feigning is so perfect that no beauty of a real face can compare with hers. But why should I trouble myself about such a deception, if one knows that nature deceives us all in the same manner? And in fact, that blue sky which we all see, is neither sky nor blue. * * * What a pity that so much beauty should not be truth!”

* See Appendix for original.

The following morning I wished to indulge in an amusement similar to that which Rousseau enjoyed in watching the flight of the flies,—the pleasure of roaming about the streets at will, stopping to look at the most insignificant things, as we do in the street at home when we are waiting for a friend. Having visited several public buildings, among them the palace of the Bourse, which contains an immense hall formed of twenty-four columns, each one ornamented with four shields bearing the coats of arms of Saragossa, placed on the four fronts of the capital; having visited the old church of Santiago and the palace of the Archbishopric, I went and planted myself in the middle of the vast and gay square of the *Constitucion*, which divides the *Corso*, and receives two other principal streets of the city; and from thence I started, and sauntered all over until midday with infinite pleasure. Now I stopped to look at a boy who was playing *nocéno*, now I peeped into a little student's café out of curiosity, now I slackened my pace to listen to the gossip of two servants at a street corner, now flattened my nose against a bookseller's windows, now tried to tease a poor tobacco-woman by asking for cigars in German, now stopped to hold a conversation with a match-vender, here I bought a paper, there begged a soldier for a light, further on asked my way of a girl, and meanwhile thought over verses of Argensola, began facetious sonnets, hummed Riego's Hymn, thought of Florence, the wine of Malaga, the warnings of my mother, of King Amadeus, my pocket-book, of a thousand things and of no one; and I would not have exchanged my fate for that of a Grandee of Spain.

Toward evening I went to see the new tower,

which is one of the most curious monuments of Spain. It is eighty-four metres in height; four more than Giotto's tower; and leans nearly two metres and a half quite intact, like the tower of Pisa. It was raised in 1304; some affirm that it was built so, others that it was bent afterward; opinions differ. It is octagonal in shape, and is entirely made of brick, but presents a different aspect at every story, and is a graceful mingling of the Gothic and Moorish. In order to gain an entrance, I was obliged to go and ask permission of some employé of the municipality who lives near by, and who, after looking at me attentively from head to foot, gave the key to the custodian, and said to me:

"You may go, sir."

The custodian was a vigorous old man who climbed the interminable staircase with greater rapidity than I.

"You will see, sir, a magnificent view!" he said.

I told him that we Italians had also a leaning tower like the one at Saragossa. He turned and, looking at me, replied dryly:

"Ours is the only one in the world!"

"Oh—indeed! I tell you that we have one too, and that I have seen it with my own eyes, at Pisa, and then if you do not believe me read here, the guide-book says so also."

He gave a glance and muttered:

"It may be so."

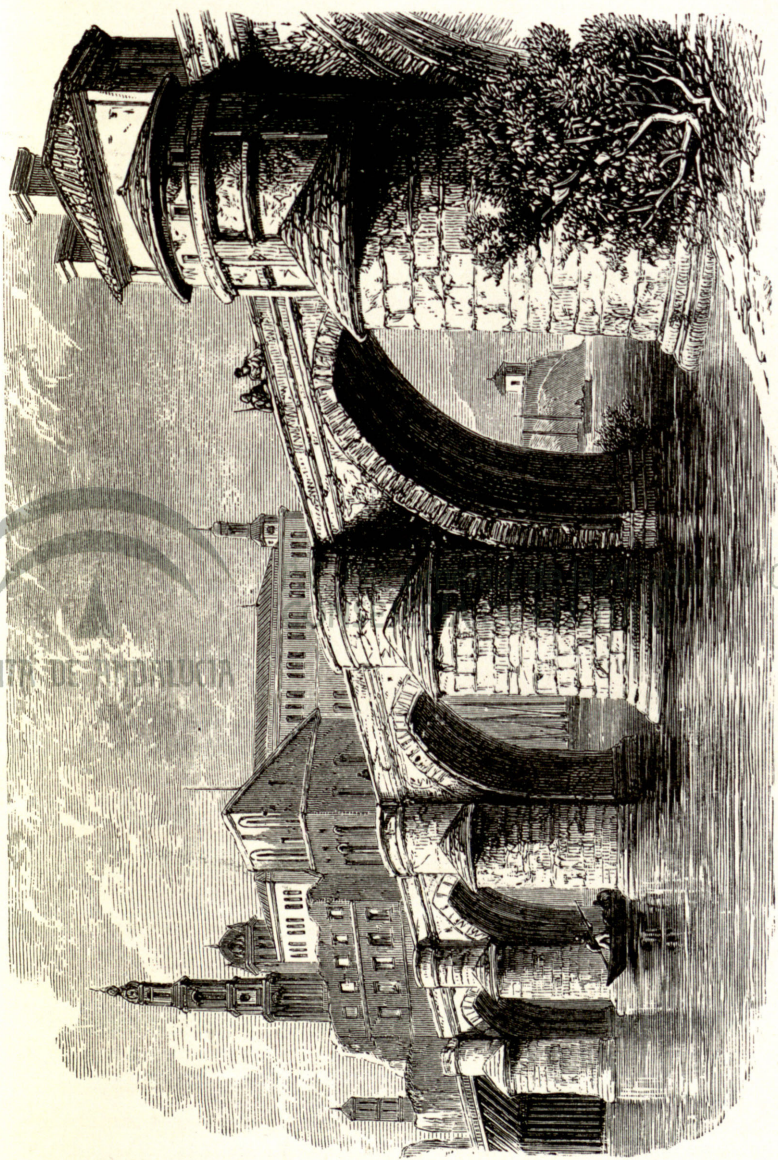
"May be so! You old piece of obstinacy!"

I was ready to give him a blow on the head with my book. Finally we reached the top. It is a magnificent view. Saragossa can be seen at a glance; the great street of the *Corso*; the promenade of St. Engracia; the suburbs, and just below, so that it

seems as if one could touch them, the colored cupolas of *Nuestra Señora del Pilar*; a trifle beyond, the bold tower of *El Seo*; farther away the famous Ebro, which winds around the city in a majestic curve; and the broad valley, enamoured (as Cervantes says) of the clearness of its waters and the gravity of its course; and the Huerba, and the bridges and heights, which recall so many bloody encounters and desperate assaults.

The custodian read on my face the thoughts which were passing through my mind, and as if pursuing a conversation which I had already begun, he commenced showing me the different points at which the French had entered, and where the citizens had offered the bravest resistance.

“It was not the bomb-shells of the French which made us yield,” he said; “we ourselves burned the houses and blew them up with mines; it was the epidemic. During the last days more than fifteen thousand men of the forty thousand who were defending the city lay in the hospitals. We had no time to gather the wounded or bury the dead; the ruins of the houses were covered with putrefied bodies which poisoned the air; a third of the city buildings were destroyed; yet no one spoke of surrendering; and if any one had spoken of it (a scaffold had been raised on purpose in each square) he would have been killed; we wished to die on the barricades, in the fire, under the debris of our walls, rather than bend our heads. But when Palafox found himself at the point of death, when it was known that the French had conquered in other directions, and that there was no longer any hope, we had to lay down our arms. But the defenders of Saragossa surrendered



BRIDGE AT SARAGOSSA.

BIBLIOTECA DE LA ALHAMBRA

with the honors of war, and when that crowd of soldiers, peasants, monks, and boys, fleshless, ragged, covered with wounds, and stained with blood, filed before the French army, the conquerors trembled with reverence, and had not the courage to rejoice in their victory. The last of our peasants could carry his head higher than the first of their marshals.

"*Saragossa*," and uttering these words he was superb, "*has spit in the face of Napoleon!*"

I thought at that moment of the history of Thiers, and the recollection of the narration he gives of the taking of Saragossa roused in me a feeling of disdain. Not one generous word for the sublime hecatomb of that poor people! Their valor, to him, is only a ferocious fanaticism, or war-like mania of peasants weary of the tiresome life of the fields, and of monks surfeited with the solitude of their cells; their heroic resistance is obstinacy; their love of country a foolish pride. They did not die *pour cet idéal de grandeur* which kept alive the courage of the imperial soldiers! As if liberty, justice, the honor of a people, were not something grander than the ambition of an emperor, who assaults it by treason and seeks to govern it with violence!

* * * The sun was setting, the steeples and towers of Saragossa were illuminated by its last rays, the sky was very clear; I gave one more glance around me to impress upon my memory the aspect of the city and the country, and, before turning to descend the stairs, I said to the custodian, who was looking at me with an air of benevolent curiosity:

"Tell the strangers who shall come from this time forth to visit the tower that one day a young Italian, a few hours before starting for Castile, tak-

ing leave for the last time, from this balcony, of the capital of Arragona, bared his head with a feeling of profound respect, thus—and that not being able to kiss on their foreheads, one by one, all the descendants of the heroes of 1809, he gave a kiss to the custodian." And I gave it, and he returned it, so I went away content, and he too. Let any one laugh who chooses!

After this, I felt that I could say I had seen Saragossa, and I returned to the hotel, thinking over all my impressions. I had still a great desire to talk with some Saragossan, and after dining I went to the café, where I instantly found a master-builder and a shopkeeper, who, between one sip of chocolate and another, explained to me the political state of Spain, and the most efficacious means of saving her. They thought very differently. One, the shopkeeper, who was a small man with a hooked nose and a great bunch between his eyes, wished a federal republic without any delay, that very evening before going to bed; and made as a condition, *sine qua non*, for the prosperity of the new government, the shooting of Serrano, Sagasta, and Zorilla, in order to convince them that *one cannot joke with the Spanish people*.

"And your king," he said, turning to me, "the king whom you sent us,—you will excuse, my dear Italian, the frankness with which I speak,—to your king I would give a first-class ticket to return to Italy, where the air is better for kings. We are Spanish, my dear Italian," with which he placed a hand on my knee. "We are Spanish and we do not wish foreigners cooked or uncooked!"

"I think I understand your idea, and you," I said, turning to the master-builder, "how do you think Spain can be saved?"

"There is only one method!" he replied, in a grave tone; "there is only one method! A federal republic—in this I agree with my friend,—but with Don Amadeus as president! (The friend shrugged his shoulders.) I repeat, with Don Amadeus as president! He is the only man who can uphold a republic; not only in my opinion, but in the opinion of many people. Let Don Amadeus make his father understand that a monarchy does not please here; let him call to the government Castelar, Figueras, Pi y Margal; let him proclaim the republic, have himself elected president, and cry to Spain: 'Gentlemen, now I am commanding, and if any one interferes there will be blows!' Then we shall have true liberty."

The shopkeeper, who did not believe that true liberty consisted in receiving blows, protested; the other replied, and the dispute lasted for a time. We then began talking about the queen, and the master-builder declared that, although he was a republican, he had a profound respect and warm admiration for Donna Victoria.

"She has a good deal here," he said, touching his forehead with his finger. "Is it true that she understands Greek?"

"Yes, indeed," I replied.

"Do you hear that?" he asked of his neighbor.

"Yes," muttered the shopkeeper, "but you don't govern Spain with Greek, however!"

He admitted, nevertheless, that in having a queen it was desirable to have a clever and well educated one, who should show herself worthy of the throne of Isabella the Catholic, whom, as every one knows, knew as much Latin as a professor, rather than one of those light-headed queens who had no head

for anything but fêtes and favorites. In a word, he did not wish to see the house of Savoy in Spain; but if anything could make him regard it with favor, it would be the queen's Greek. What a galant republican!

There is, however, in this people a generosity of heart and a vigor of mind which justifies their honorable reputation. The Arragonese is respected in Spain. The people of Madrid, who find fault with the Spanish of all the provinces, who call the Catalans rough, the Andalusians vain, the Valencians ferocious, the Galicians miserable, and the Basques ignorant, treat with a little more reserve the proud sons of Arragon, who in the nineteenth century wrote with their own blood the most glorious page in the history of Spain. The name of Saragossa sounds to the people like a cry of liberty, and to the army like a cry of war. But since there is no rose without a thorn, this noble province is also a hot-bed of restless demagogues, headquarters of guerillas, of tribes of hot-headed people, who give all the governments plenty to do. The government is obliged to caress Arragon as it would a gloomy, fiery son, who, if beaten, is capable of blowing up the house.

The entrance of King Amadeus into Saragossa, and the short stay he made there in 1871, was the occasion of many deeds which merit being narrated, not alone because they refer to the prince, but because they are the eloquent manifestations of the character of the people. And first of all, the address of the mayor, of which so much was heard in and out of Spain, and which will remain among the traditions of Saragossa as a classical example of republican audacity. The king arrived, toward evening, at the railway station, whither the representatives of

many municipalities, associations, military and civil bodies from the various cities of Arragon, accompanied by an immense crowd, had come to receive him. After the usual shouts and applause there was a silence, and the alcaid of Saragossa presented himself to the king and read, in an emphatic voice, the following address :

“ Sir! it is not my modest personality, it is not the man of profound republican convictions, but the alcaid of Saragossa, invested with the sacred universal suffrage, he who, from an unavoidable duty, presents himself to you and places himself at your disposal. You are about to enter the precincts of a city which, satiated with glory, always bears the title of heroism ; a city which, when the national integrity was in danger, proved a modern Numanzia, a city which humiliated the armies of Napoleon even in their triumphs, etc. Saragossa was the advance guard of liberty. No government seemed to her sufficiently liberal, etc. In the breast of her sons no treason was ever harbored, etc. Enter, then, into the precinct of Saragossa. If you have not the courage to do so, you have no need of it, because the sons of the ever heroic mother are openly valorous and incapable of treason. There is no shield, no army more prompt with which to defend, at this moment, your person than the fealty of the descendants of Palafox, since even their enemies find a sacred refuge under Sarragossan roofs. Think and meditate that if you constantly follow the road of justice, if you make every one observe the laws of strictest morality, if you protect the producer who up to this time has given so much and received so little, if you sustain the truth of suffrage, if Saragossa and Spain shall owe you one of these days the fulfilment of

the sacred aspirations of the majority of this great people whom you have come to know, *then, perhaps, you will be adorned with a more splendid title than that of king.* You may be the first citizen of the nation, and the most beloved in Saragossa, and the *Spanish republic* will owe to you her complete happiness!"

To this address, which, in the end, really signified: "We do not recognize you as king; but pray come among us, and we will not murder you, because heroes do not kill in an underhand way; and if you will be brave and serve us well, we will consent, perhaps, to uphold you as president of the republic,"—the king replied, with a bitter-sweet smile, which seemed to say: "Too much condescension!" and pressed the hand of the alcaid, to the astonishment of all present. Then he mounted his horse and entered Saragossa. The people, it is said, received him joyously, and many ladies threw poetry, flowers, and doves down on to him from the windows. At different points, General Cordova and General Rosell, who accompanied him, had to clear the streets with their own horses. While they were entering the *Corso*, a woman of the people dashed forward to give him a memorial; the king, who had passed on, became aware of this fact, turned back and took it. Shortly thereafter, a coalseller presented himself and put out his black hand, which the king pressed. In the square of Santa Engracia he was received by a gay masquerade of dwarfs and giants, who greeted him with certain traditional dances, amid the deafening shouts of the people. Thus he traversed the whole city. The following day he visited the Church of the Madonna of Pilar, the hospitals, prisons, bull-circus, and everywhere he was treated with almost

monarchical enthusiasm, not without secret annoyance to the alcaid, who accompanied him, and who would have preferred that the Saragossan people should have contented themselves with the observance of the sixth commandment: "Thou shalt not kill," without going beyond the modest promises he had made for them. The king had an agreeable reception on the road from Saragossa to Logroño. At Logroño, amid an innumerable crowd of peasants, national guards, women, and children, he saw the venerable General Espartero. Hardly had they caught sight of each other than they hastened forward; the general sought the king's hand; the king opened his arms; the crowd uttered a shout of joy.

"Your majesty," said the illustrious soldier, in a voice full of emotion, "the people receive you with patriotic enthusiasm, because they see in their youthful monarch the firmest support of the liberty and independence of the country, and are sure that if the enemies of our future should try to disturb it, your majesty, at the head of the army and militia, would know how to confound and put them to rout. My feeble health did not admit of my going to Madrid to congratulate your majesty and your august consort on your ascension to the throne of Ferdinand. To-day I do so, and repeat once more that I will faithfully serve the person of your majesty as king of Spain, chosen by the will of the nation. Your majesty, in this city I have a modest house, and I offer it to you and beg you to honor it with your presence."

With these simple words the new king was greeted by the old, best-beloved, and most glorious of his subjects. A happy augury, which future events failed to fulfil!

It was toward midnight when I went to a masked ball at a theatre of medium size on the *Corso*, a short distance from the Square of the Constitution. The maskers were few and miserable ; but there was compensation for this in an immense crowd, of whom full a third were dancing furiously. Aside from the language, I never should have known that I was at a masked ball in a Spanish theatre, rather than at one in Italy ; for I seemed to see just the same faces. There was the usual handling, license of words and movements, the same degeneration of a ball into a loud and unbridled revelry. Of the hundred couples who passed me in dancing, only one is impressed upon my memory : a young man of twenty, tall, slender, light, with great black eyes ; and a girl about the same age, dark as an Andalusian ; both of them stately and handsome, dressed in an old Aragonese costume, tightly encircled, cheek to cheek, as if one wished to catch the other's breath, rosy as two pinks and beaming with joy. They passed in the midst of the crowd, casting around them a disdainful look, and a thousand eyes accompanied them, followed by a deep murmur of admiration and envy. On coming out of the theatre, I stopped a moment at the door to see them pass, and then returned to the hotel alone and melancholy. The following morning, before daybreak, I left for old Castile.





CHAPTER III.

BURGOS.

IN going from Saragossa to Burgos, the capital of old Castile, one must ascend all the great valley of the Ebro, crossing a portion of Arragon, and a part of Navarre, as far as the city of Mirande, situated on the French road, which passes through San Sebastian and Bayonne. The country is full of historical recollections, ruins, monuments, and famous names; every village recalls a battle, every province a war. At Tudela the French routed General Castaños; at Calahorra Sertorius resisted Pompey; at Navarette Henry, Count of Transtamare was conquered by Peter the Cruel; one sees vestiges of the city Egon ad Agoncillo, the ruins of a Roman aqueduct at Alcanadre, and the remains of an Arab bridge at Logroño, so that the mind is wearied in trying to remember the history of so many centuries and so many people, and the eye is wearied with the mind. The aspect of the country varies at every moment. Near Saragossa are green fields scattered with houses, winding paths, on which you see groups of peasants enveloped in their variegated shawls, together with carts and beasts of burden. Further on there are only vast undulating plains, which are barren and dried, without a tree, house, or path; where one sees nothing from mile to

mile but a herd, herdsman, and hut ; or some small village, composed of low dirt-colored houses, which one almost confuses with the ground ; rather groups of hovels than villages,—real representatives of misery and squalor. The Ebro winds in great curves along the road, now quite near, so that it seems as if the train would dive into it, now far away, like a stream of silver, that appears and disappears among the elevations of ground and bushes on the banks. In the distance one sees a chain of blue mountains, and beyond them the white summits of the Pyrenees. Near Tudela is a canal ; after passing Castejon the country becomes verdant ; and as one goes on, the arid plains alternate with olive trees, and some streaks of vivid green break here and there the dry yellowish look of the abandoned fields. On the tops of the distant hills appear the ruins of enormous castles, surmounted by broken, shattered, and corroded towers, resembling the great torsos of prostrate giants who are still menacing.

At every station of the railway I bought a newspaper ; before accomplishing half of my journey I had a stack of them : newspapers from Madrid and Arragon, large and small, black and red ; no one of them, unfortunately, in favor of Don Amadeus. I say unfortunately, because in reading newspapers in those days one was sorely tempted to turn his back on Madrid, and return home. From the first to the last column they were filled with insults, imprecations, and threats against Italy : stories about our king, ridiculous things about the ministers, and rage against our army ; all founded on the rumor, then current, of an approaching war, in which Italy and Germany, allied, would attack France and Spain, in order to destroy Catholicism, the everlasting enemy of both, to

place on the throne of St. Louis the Duke of Genoa, and secure the throne of Philip II to the Duke of Aoste. There were threats in the leading articles, in the appendix, among the news items, in prose, in verse, in the illustrations, in critical letters, and long rows of dots; dialogues between father and son, the one from Rome, the other from Madrid, the former asking:

“What am I to do?”

The latter replying:

“Shoot!”—from time to time: “Let them come! We are ready! We are always the Spain of 1808; the conquerors of the army of Napoleon fear neither the grimaces of Emperor William’s Uhlans, nor the clamor of Victor Emanuel’s sharpshooters.”

Then Don Amadeus was designated as the *poor child*, the Italian army as a troupe of ballet dancers and singers, the Italians in Spain invited to leave with the hardly courteous warning: “Italians to the train;” in fact there was something to supply every possible demand. I confess that, at first, I was a little disturbed by this; I fancied that at Madrid the Italians were pointed at in the streets; I remembered the letter received at Genoa; repeated to myself thus: “Italians to the train!” as a counsel that deserved serious meditation; I looked with suspicion at the travellers who entered the carriage, the railroad officials, and it seemed to me that, in seeing me at first, they would all say: “There is an Italian emissary; let us send him to keep company with General Prim!”

On approaching Mirande, the road enters a mountainous country, varied and picturesque; from which, on any side you looked, nothing is to be seen, as far as the eye can reach, but grayish rocks, which

give the landscape the appearance of a sea petrified in a tempest. It is a country full of wild beauty, solitary as a desert, silent as an iceberg, which appears to the fancy like an uninhabited planet, and rouses in one a mingled feeling of sadness and fear. The train passes between the walls of pointed, hollowed, crested rocks, worn into every shape and form, so that it seems as if a crowd of stone-cutters had been at work on them for a lifetime, cutting blindly here and there to see who would leave the most capricious traces. The road then emerges into a vast plain, filled with poplars, in which rises Mirande.

The station is at a great distance from the city, and I was obliged to wait in a café until night for the train to Madrid. For three hours I had no other society than that of two custom-house guards (called in Spain *carabineros*), dressed in a severe uniform, with dagger, pistols, and a gun slung over the shoulder. At every station there are two of them. The first time I saw the muzzles of their carbines at the carriage window, I fancied that they had come to arrest some one, perhaps * * * and I put my hand almost involuntarily on my passport. They are handsome young men, bold and courteous, with whom the traveller who is waiting may entertain himself agreeably in talking of Carlists and smuggling, as I did, to the great advantage of my Spanish vocabulary. Toward evening a Mirandese, a man of fifty, an employé, who was naturally gay and a great talker, arrived, and I left the *carabineros* to join him. He was the first Spaniard who talked understandingly with me of politics. I begged him to unravel this terrible skein of parties, of which I could make nothing, and he was delighted to do so, and gave me very explicit information on the subject.

“It is explained in two words,” he began; “this is the state of affairs: There are five principal parties,—the absolutist, the moderate, the conservative, the radical, and the republican. The absolutist is divided into two bodies—the real Carlists and the dissenting ones. The moderate party into two: one wishes Isabella, the other Don Alphonso. The conservative party into four—keep them well in your mind: the Canovists, headed by Canovas del Castillo; the ex-Montpensierists, headed by Rios Rosas; the *fronterizos*, headed by General Serrano; and the historical progressionists, headed by Sagasta. The radical party is divided into four sections: the democratic progressionists, led by Zorilla; the *cimbrios*, led by Martos; the democrats, led by Ribero; the economists, led by Rodriguez. The republican party is divided into three: the unionists, headed by Garcia Ruiz; the federals, headed by Figueras; the socialists, headed by Garrido. The socialists divide twice more: socialists with the *internazionale*, socialists without the *internazionale*. Sixteen parties in all. These sixteen are subdivided again. Martos wishes to constitute his party, Candau another, Moret a third; Rios Rosas, Pi y Margall, and Castelar are each forming their own party. There are, therefore, twenty-two parties; parties formed and to be formed. Then add the partisans of the republic, with Don Amadeus as president; the partisans of the queen, who would like to dispose of Don Amadeus; the partisans of Espartero’s monarchy; the partisans of the Montpensier monarchy; they who are republicans on the condition that Cuba is not relinquished, those who are republican on the condition that Cuba is relinquished; those who have not yet renounced the hope of the Prince of Hohenzol-

lern ; those who desire a union with Portugal ; then you would have thirty parties. If you wish to be more exact, you could subdivide again ; but it is better to get a clear idea of things as they are. Sagasta leans toward the unionists, Zorilla depends upon the republicans, Serrano is disposed to join the moderates, the moderates (if occasion offered) would league with the absolutists, who, meanwhile, favor the republicans, and these unite with a portion of the radicals to dispose of the minister Sagasta, too conservative for the democratic progressionists, too liberal for the unionists, who fear the federalists, while the latter repose no great faith in the radicals, who are always vibrating between the democrats and Sagastines. Have you a clear idea of the matter ? ”

“ As clear as amber,” I replied, shuddering.

Of the journey from Mirande to Burgos I remember as little as I would of the page of a book skimmed over in bed when one's eyes are beginning to close and the candle is burning low, for I was nearly dead with sleep. One of my neighbors touched me from time to time to make me look out. It was a clear night, the moon shining brightly ; every time I put my face to the window I saw on both sides of the road enormous rocks of fanciful shapes, so near that it seemed as if they would fall upon the train ; they were as white as marble, and so well illuminated that one could have counted all their points, indentations, and projections as if it were daylight.

“ We are at Pancorbo,” said my neighbor ; “ look on to that height ; there stood a terrible castle which the French destroyed in 1813. We are at Briviesca ; look ; here John I of Castile assembled the General

States, who accorded the title of Prince of the Asturias to the heir of the crown. Look at the Brujola mountain, which touches the stars!"

He was one of those indefatigable cicerones who would even talk to umbrellas; and always saying "look," he would hit me on the side where my pocket was. Finally we arrived at Burgos. My neighbor disappeared without taking leave of me. I was driven to a hotel, and as I was on the point of paying the cabman, I discovered that I no longer had a small purse containing change which I generally carried in my overcoat. I thought of the General States of Briviesca, and settled the matter with a philosophical "It serves me right," instead of crying out, as many do on similar occasions: "In Heaven's name! what sort of a country are we in?" as if in their own land there were not dexterous people who walk off with one's portemonnaie without being even civil enough to give one any historical or geographical information.

The hotel where I stayed was served by women. They were seven or eight great, plump, muscular, overgrown children, who came and went with armfuls of mattresses and linen, bent backward in athletic attitudes, so very gasping and brimful of laughter that it put one in good spirits to see them. A hotel where there are female servants is quite different from the ordinary hotels; the traveller seems less strange there, and goes to sleep with a quiet heart; the women give it a home-like air, that almost makes those who are there forget their solitude. They are more thoughtful than men; they know that the traveller is inclined to melancholy, and it seems as if they wish to relieve him from it; they smile and talk in a confidential manner, as if to make one understand

that he is at home and in safe hands; they have something housewifely about them, so that they wait upon one less as a profession than from the desire to make themselves useful; they sew on your buttons with an air of protection; take the whisk out of your hand in a playful way, as if to say:

"Give it to me; you are good for nothing."

They pick the shreds off your coat when you go out, and say, "Oh, poor fellow!" when you come back covered with mud; they recommend you not to sleep with your head too low when they wish you good-night; and give you your coffee in bed, saying benevolently to you:

"Lie quietly; don't stir!"

One of these maids was called *Beatriz*, another *Carmelita*, and a third *Amparo* (protection), all having that ponderous mountain beauty which makes one exclaim in a bass voice:

"What fine-looking creatures!"

When they ran through the corridors the whole house shook.

The following morning, at sunrise, Amparo called out:

"Caballero!"

A quarter of an hour later I was in the street. Burgos, situated on the slope of a mountain, on the right bank of the Arlanzon, is an irregular city of tortuous and narrow streets, with few notable edifices, and the majority of the houses not older than the seventeenth century. But it has one particular quality which makes it curious and genial; it is as variegated in color as one of those scenes in a Marionette theatre, with which the painters intend to call forth an exclamation of surprise from the ser-

vants in the pit. It has the appearance of a city colored on purpose for some carnival festival, with the intention of whitewashing it afterward. The houses are red, yellow, blue, ash-color, and orange, with ornaments and trimmings of a thousand other shades; everything is painted there,—the doors, railings of the terraces, gratings, cornices, brackets, reliefs, and projections. All the streets seem decorated as for a fête; at every turn there is a different sight; on every side it is like a rivalry of colors, to see which will most attract the eye. One is almost tempted to laugh, for there are hues which never before were seen on walls,—green, scarlet, purple, colors of strange flowers, sauces, sweets, and stuff for ball-dresses. If there were an insane asylum for painters at Burgos, one would say that the city had been colored some day when its inmates had escaped. In order to render the appearance of the houses more graceful, many windows have a sort of covered terrace before them, enclosed with glass, like a case in a museum; one on every floor generally, and the top one resting on that below, the lowest one on the show windows of a shop, so that from the ground to the roof they all look like one immense window of an enormous establishment. Behind these panes of glass one sees, as if on exhibition, the faces of girls and children, flowers, landscapes, figures on pasteboard, embroidered curtains, lace, and arabesques. If I had not known it, I should never have fancied that a city so constructed could possibly be the capital of old Castile, whose inhabitants have the reputation of being grave and austere. I should have imagined it one of the Andalusian cities, where the people are gayest. I supposed I should see a pensive matron, and I found a

whimsical masker. Having taken two or three turns, I came out on a large square called *Piazza Maggiore* or *Piazza della Constitucion*, all surrounded by pomegranate-colored houses, with porticos, and, in the centre, a bronze statue representing Charles III. I had not given a glance all around before a boy enveloped in a long, ragged cloak, dragging two sabots, and waving a journal in the air, ran toward me :

"Do you wish the *Imparcial*, caballero?"

"No."

"Do you want a ticket for the Madrid lottery?"

"No, indeed."

"Would you like some smuggled cigars?"

"No!"

"Would you—?"

"Well!"

My friend scratched his chin.

"Do you wish to see the remains of the Cid?"

Heavens and earth, what a leap! Never mind; let us go and see the remains of the Cid.

We went to the municipal palace. An old door-keeper made us cross two or three small rooms, until we reached a room where we all three stopped.

"Here are the remains," said the woman, pointing to a species of coffer placed on a pedestal in the centre of the room.

I approached; she raised the cover, and I looked in. There were two compartments, at the bottom of which were piled some bones, that looked like fragments of old furniture.

"These," said the door-keeper, "are the bones of the Cid; and these, those of Ximene, his wife."

I took the shin bone of one and a rib of the other

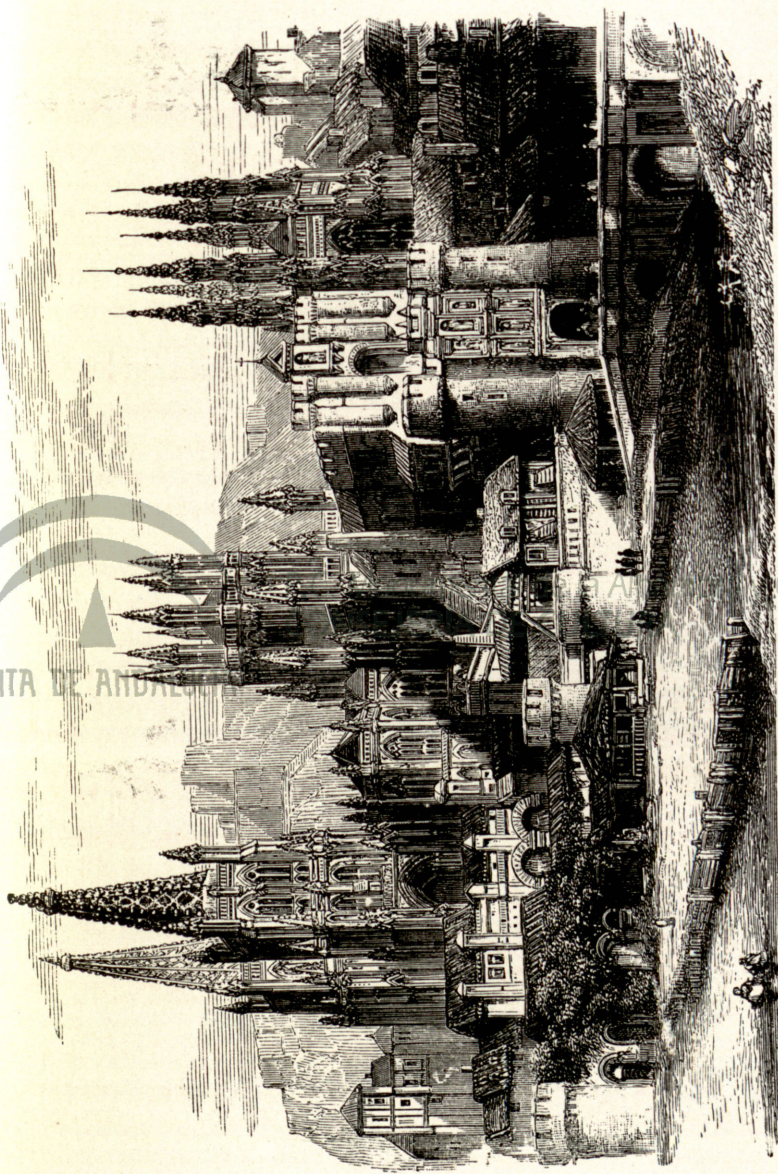
in my hand, looked at them, felt of them, turned them over, and not being able to form therefrom any idea of the physiognomies of husband or wife, replaced them. Then the woman pointed out a wooden folding-stool, half in pieces, which was leaning against the wall, and an inscription which said that this was the seat upon which sat the first judges of Castile, *Nunius Rasura, Calvoque Lainus*, great-grandfathers of the Cid, which is as much as to say that that precious piece of furniture has stood in that place for the trifling space of nine hundred years. I have it at this moment before my eyes, drawn in my note-book, in serpentine lines; and I still seem to hear the good woman ask: "Are you a painter?" as I rest my chin on my pencil in order to admire my masterpiece. In the next room she showed me a brazier of the same age as the folding-stool, and two portraits, one of the Cid and the other of Ferdinand Gonzales, first Count of Castile, both of them so blurred and washed out that they no more present the image of the originals than did the shin bones and ribs of the illustrious consorts.

From the municipal palace I was taken to the bank of the Arlanzon, into a spacious square with a garden, fountains, and statues, surrounded by graceful new buildings. Beyond the river is the suburb Bega, further still the barren hills which dominate the city, and at one end of the square the immense gate of Santa Maria, which was erected in honor of Charles V, ornamented with statues of the Cid, Fernando Gonzales, and the emperor. Beyond the gate appear the majestic spires of the cathedral. It was raining; I was alone in the middle of the square, and without an umbrella; I raised my eyes to a window, and saw a woman, who seemed to be a servant, look-

ing and laughing at me, as if to say, "Who is that idiot?" Finding myself caught so suddenly, I was rather disconcerted, but putting the best face on the matter, I looked as indifferent as possible, and walked off toward the cathedral by the shortest road.

The Cathedral of Burgos is one of the largest, handsomest, and richest monuments of Christianity. Ten times I wrote these words in my head, and ten times the courage to proceed failed me, so inadequate and miserable do the powers of my mind seem when compared with the difficulty of the description.

The façade is on a small square, from which one takes in at a glance a part of the immense edifice; around the other side run narrow, tortuous streets, which impede the view. From all the points of the enormous roof rise slender and graceful spires, overloaded with ornaments of dark chalk color, reaching beyond the highest buildings in the town. On the front, to the right and the left of the façade, are two sharp bell towers, covered from base to summit with sculpture, and perforated, chiselled, and embroidered with a bewitching grace and delicacy. Beyond, toward the central portion of the church, rises a very rich tower, covered too with bas-relief and friezes. On the façade, on the points of the bell towers, at each story, under all the arches, on all sides, there are an innumerable multitude of statues of angels, martyrs, warriors, and princes, so thickly set, so varied in pose, and standing out in such perfect relief from the light portions of the edifice, that they almost present a lifelike appearance, like a celestial legion placed there to guard the monument. In raising the eyes up by the façade, to the furthest point of the exterior spires, taking in little by little



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BRIDGE, GATEWAY, AND CATHEDRAL OF BURGOS.

all that harmonious lightness of line and color, one experiences a delicious sensation like hearing a strain of music which raises itself gradually from an expression of devout prayer to the ecstasy of a sublime inspiration. Before entering the church your imagination wanders far beyond earth.

Enter * * * The first emotion that you experience is a sudden strengthening of your faith, if you have any, and a burst of the soul toward faith, if it be lacking. It seems impossible that that immense pile of stone could be a vain work of superstition accomplished by men; it seems as if it affirmed, proved, and commanded something; it has the effect upon you of a superhuman voice which cries to earth, "I am!" and raises and crushes you at the same time, like a promise or a threat, like a ray of sunlight or a clap of thunder. Before beginning to look around, you feel the need of revivifying in your heart the dying sparks of divine love; the feeling that you are a stranger before that miracle of boldness, genius, and labor, humiliates you; the timid NO which resounds in the depths of your soul, dies in a groan under the formidable YES which smites you on the head. First you turn your eyes vaguely round about you, looking for the limits of the edifice, which the enormous choir and pilasters hide from sight. Then your glance falls upon the columns and high arches, descends, climbs, and runs rapidly over the numberless lines which follow each other, cross, correspond, and are lost, like rockets which flash into space, up through the great vaults; and your heart takes pleasure in that breathless admiration, as if all those lines issued from your own brain, inspired in the act of looking at them with your eyes; then you are seized suddenly, as if with fright, by a feeling of sad-

ness that there is not time enough in which to contemplate, intellect with which to understand, and memory to retain the innumerable marvels, half seen on all sides, crowded together, piled upon one another, and dazzling, which one would say came rather from the hand of God, like a second creation, than from the hand of man.

The church, which belongs to what is called the gothic order at the time of the Renaissance, is divided into three very long naves, crossed through the middle by a fourth, which separates the choir from the high altar. Above the space contained between the altar and the choir rises a cupola, formed by the tower which is seen from the square. You turn your eyes upward, and stand for a quarter of an hour with open mouth; it is a mass of bas-reliefs, statues, small columns, little windows, arabesques, suspended arches, and aerial sculpture, harmonizing in one grand and lovely design, the first sight of which causes a tremor and a smile, like the sudden igniting, bursting, and gleaming of magnificent fireworks. A thousand vague imageries of Paradise, which cheered our infantile dreams, break forth together from the excited mind, and winging an upward flight, like butterflies, go to rest on the thousand reliefs of the high vault, there moving and mingling so that your eye follows them as if it really saw them, your heart beats, and a sigh escapes you.

If in turning from the cupola you look around you, a still more stupendous spectacle is offered to your view. The chapels are so many churches in vastness, variety, and richness. In every one is buried a prince, a bishop, or a grandee; the tomb is in the centre, and upon it is a recumbent statue representing the deceased, his head resting on a pillow and hands