

have tendered, yet I say to you, speaking consciously the unanimous voice of my country, that there are forty millions of republicans there, of all sects and parties, extending their hands, as they have extended their example, to welcome the birth of a Spanish republic! (Vivas.) More than that, there are twelve other republics of the New World which would lift up their voice in your own grand language for a new order in their mother country. (Vivas.) You have cried "Long live the Republic!" (Vivas.) Do not despair of the republic! You have no king. (Cries of "No.") You have no queen. (Loud cries of "No, no!" and vivas.) You are now a republic! You may have heard of the man who was astonished when told that he spoke prose. You may be astonished when I tell you that you are now under a republic (vivas), and yet you live! You earn your wages. Your young señoritas are still winsome, winning, and being won. (Laughter.) Your señoras will still embrace you and present you children. (Laughter.) And yet all this under a republic! This can be continued. Organize your system; and then select your chief; not alone because he is a general, but because he is a citizen—honest, patriotic, and intelligent. Call him what you please; but make him not supreme; only the executive of your supreme will, expressed through your provincial organisms, public opinion, and a constituted federal order. Thus you will make the republic, now provisional and national at Madrid, in your Cortes, federal throughout each province of your historic land! (Vivas.) You saluted me with the cry: "Long live the *Federal Republic*." A federal republic is rational, for every land and for each hemisphere. A republic not federal would lead, as the French Republic led, to the lantern and the guillotine! Liberty herself might be the first victim! A federal republic implies

personal liberty, consisting with social order and public spirit. In a federal republic there is a foedus, a league, a bund of States; each State sovereign over its home-concerns; having its provincial legislature, its ancient customs and franchises, unimpaired by central power, whether that central power be consolidated in an executive tyrant of one head, or a legislative tyrant of many heads. To attain such a republic requires moderation with freedom. You have already made progress in commercial and industrial freedom. You have already freedom of discussion and of opinion, in speech and press, and freedom of soul and body. You can perpetuate these only by self-imposed restraints. Your vegas, which lie below us, are warmed by the sun, but they are tempered by the snows of the sierras above them. Your harvests come as well from the warm solar breath as from the melted snows. It is so with your Liberties. Heaven gives you enthusiasm. It is in your warm hearts. Reason gives you the coolness of moderation, by which to temper enthusiasm. Joining enthusiasm with reason, Liberty results. Under her reign, your plains will be green and golden with fruitful industry, your homes happy, and your republic a realization of your most splendid hopes! To restrain freedom by moderation, avoid the excesses incident to revolutions, frown upon infidel and rash counsels among yourselves; reserve the ballot and keep it pure; reserve the freedom of the press, and keep it rational and fair: the right to worship God without secular hindrance; the right of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; and to conserve these, constitute your republic, not as a tyrannical, consolidated unity, but as a democratic, decentralized diversity in unity, *E pluribus Unum*—in fine, a federal republic! (Vivas.)

‘Your mountains are rich in every kind of precious

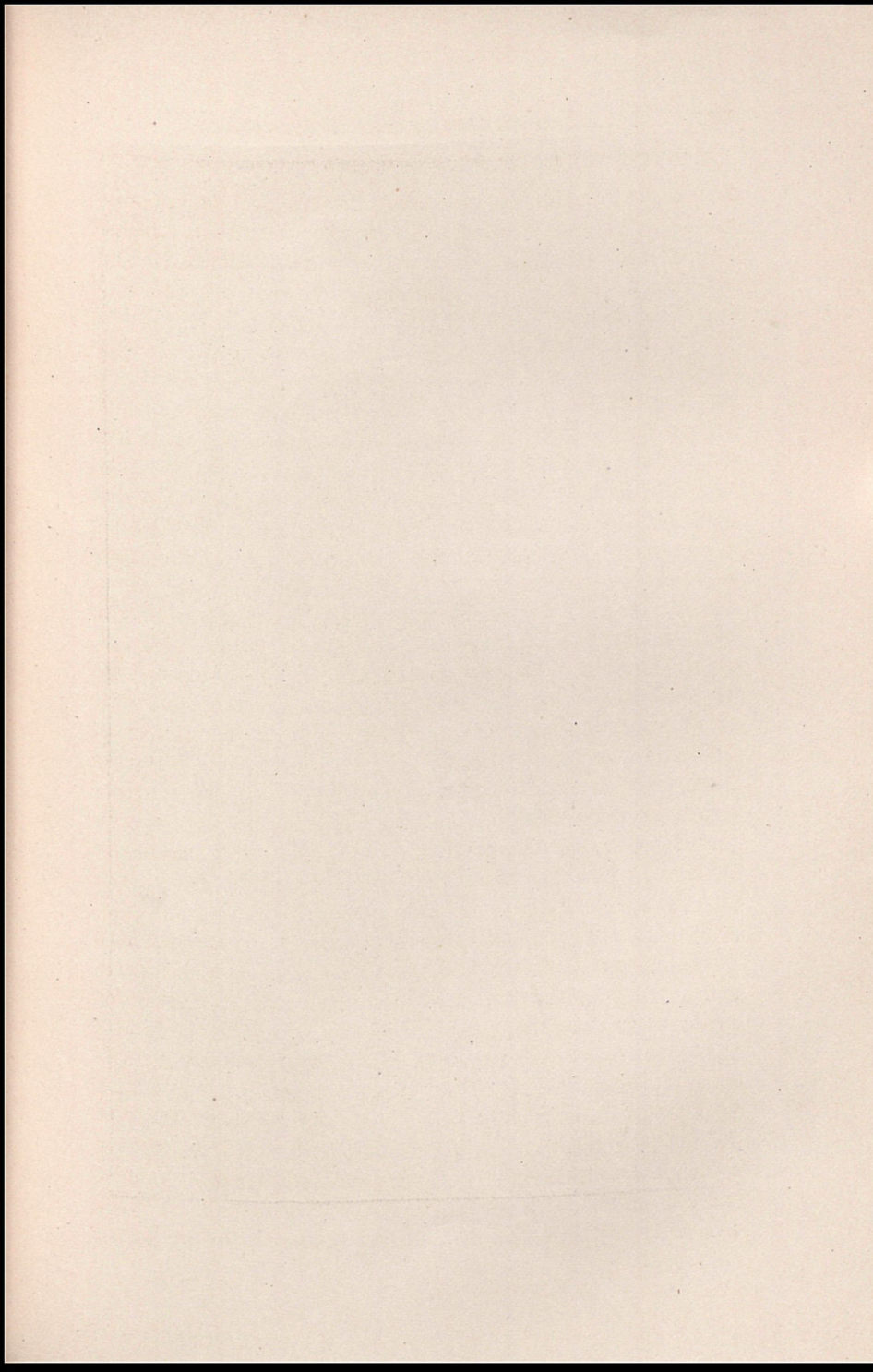
material, especially marbles. Build your temple out of the various marbles of different colours, hewn, they may be, by different hands, and of different sizes; but let them all be fitly joined together, and the foundations so firm, and the arches so keyed, that no convulsions of the passionate populace, and no reaction of king-craft, shall shake them from their proper places. You have it in your power thus to create, out of dissimilar materials and interests, a federate unity. If, however, your elected rulers prefer a monarchy—(murmurs)—bide your time and struggle rather with rational, than with violent methods. Civil war, Spaniards, is the grave of liberty!

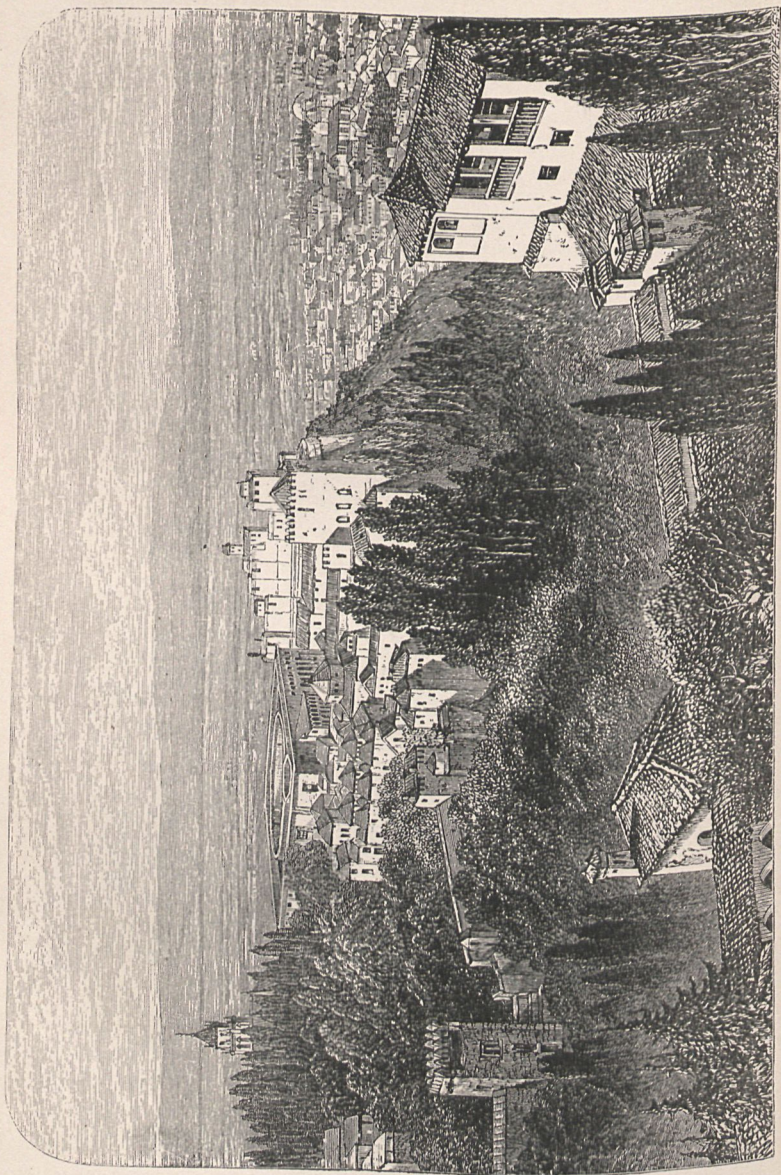
‘If they give you the federal republic—which God help!—guard it with vestal vigilance, for it is a more precious legacy than all yonder monuments of Moorish luxury or Spanish regality—(vivas)—which fill this atmosphere with enchantment. Such a republic is the United States, under its written Constitution. May your Cortes make for you such an organic law. (Vivas.) They cannot do better than the Eternal God! He has made the planets above us—each having a sphere, and all circling round a central orb. Valencia, Valladolid, Aragon, Toledo, Estremadura, Murcia, Catalonia, Grenada—each having an ancient order, established customs, provincial rights, and peculiar methods for their observance, may revolve like the planets, in their own circles, and in safety around a federal central luminary; which, without consuming, will illumine each and all. Thus the central power may be preserved, without aggrandizing itself at the cost or loss of provincial independence and personal liberty. (Great vivas.) Then you will not be harmed in person, nor be taxed in property unless you consent to it (vivas), by your own representative, voted for by yourself. Thus, each Grenadian will become not less

a Spaniard, though always a Grenadian, and ever a man! He will become, as the American republican is—or ought to be under our Constitution—a sovereign, divinely anointed and crowned, and bearing his own sceptre, by the grace of God! (Vivas.)

‘In the meridian of Roman power, your own Andalusia gave to the world Adrian, Theodosius, and Trajan. They were born at Seville. Your great Gothic kings were elected by your people; but they wore the purple often careless of the people they ruled. Your Spanish kings, Charles, Philip, Ferdinand—in whose jewels Spain shines in history—all these belong to the dead past. They are dust. Their swords and sceptres at best were emblematic of rude and absolute sway. Their thrones were erected in the petrification of the human heart. When the people have empire here—every man bearing the fasces of the republic in the procession of power—then a new epoch will dawn for Spain! Before its splendours will pale all the glories of royalty! I salute you, Señores, as from the great American Federation; and drink to the permanent establishment of the Empire of the People, whose reign may it be more beautiful than the Alhambra, and more enduring than the marbles of your kings!’ (Prolonged vivas.)

It is needless to say, that the evening thus celebrated in the gardens of the Fonda, was joyous beyond expression. It is treated by the author as a happy phase of Andalusian hilarity; but the earnestness of the audience, and their rapt attention to the lessons and metaphors of Federation, show that there is an anxiety to learn, as well as to practise, the lessons of moderation and liberty. From that evening forward, he never ceased to watch the varying phases of Spanish politics. The sequel will show how faithfully he has recorded facts, and with what foresight he has reasoned upon them.





THE ALHAMBRA.

For Spain, all liberty-loving people—whether under a polity republican in form or not—lift up their voice in the prayer implied in the Byronic line:—

‘When shall her olive branch be free from blight!’

It is not for me to write more than general impressions of the Alhambra. Where Irving has done so much, it would be a rude hand that would touch the canvas. Still there are changes—other than political—since he lived here, which I may notice. Only *one* person, among all those whom Irving describes, remains. You remember Zia Antonia (Aunt Antonia), who had charge of the Alhambra, and received its visitors and dispensed its favours and flowers, who lived in a corner of the palace, with her nephew and niece, and with whom Irving lived, as it were, in her household. She is not the survivor. She is dead. Her niece, too, the damsel Dolores, who had as many arch-ways as the Alhambra itself, whose ‘bright looks merited a merrier name,’ the heiress of her aunt and the *fiancée* of her cousin, she and her husband are gone to the grave. She left two deaf and dumb daughters, and one survives, the heiress of the aunt’s possessions, ‘consisting of certain ruinous tenements in the fortress,’ as Irving then described them, but now, I am glad to say, in good repair. But she resides in Malaga, and is not here. This solitary granddaughter of his talkative hostess is absent and ‘mute.’

The one survivor here is none other than that ‘tall, meagre varlet, whose rusty brown cloak was intended to conceal the ragged state of his nether garments’—whom Irving found lounging in the sunshine at the gateway of the domains, gossiping with a soldier—none other than that ‘*hijo de la Alhambra*,’ Mateo Ximenes. Irving adopted him into his service as valet, cicerone, guide, guard, and historiographic squire;

heard his marvellous stories; pictured his quaint, superserviceable zeal with most magical touch; made even his grandfather, the legendary tailor, an historical study—in fine, he was the gossiping Figaro of the Alhambra, and to Irving a very Sancho Panza in his search after its romances, as well as his Asmodeus, who uncovered the roofs of Grenada for his study of its domestic life.

Mateo is yet living. I had the honour of congratulating him on his seventy-seventh birthday. He is a little the worse for wear and time. His head is well sprinkled with gray. He wears a jacket yet, after the Spanish manner, and a nice Andalusian hat of velvet, but he is no longer able to do the duties of cicerone. His son José inherits that office. Mateo makes (by proxy) ribbons of various colours upon a loom in his house. He was a ribbon weaver, as his father was, and carries on the work still by deputy. He loves to talk about Irving, and is very proud of the immortality secured him by the American author's pen.

Much else has changed in the Alhambra. That angling in the sky for swallows and martlets which Irving so graphically pictured, as the employment of the school urchins, is now obsolete. The 'sons of the Alhambra' allow the birds to live and guard their fruit! The first court, called *de la Alberca*, or Fish Pond, in which Irving used to bathe, is still clear, cool, and inviting. It is surrounded with a lovely hedge of myrtles, clipped square, and is full of gold fish. But the frogs which croaked there are gone. The saloons upon the right of the corridors of this court were once occupied by the Sultanas. The rooms have been much changed since the Moorish days, and since Irving was here. The archives here collected, and which Irving read, disappeared in 1860. There is a recess in the wall, where I saw two splendid Moorish

vases, enamelled in blue, white, and gold. They were found full of Moorish gold, since Irving's time, and there is that much fact for the foundation of his beautiful tales of the 'Moor's Legacy' and the 'Two Discreet Statues.' I did not learn that any Arabic writing in a sandal-wood box, or any wreath of golden myrtle, were concomitants with, or necessary to the discovery.

My courier, a month ago, found in the Court of Lions, seated by the fountain, an old turbaned man. He was none of the visionary enchanted Arabs of whom Mateo used to inform Irving, but a Turkish general, a tourist. He was found by the courier, beating his breast and shedding tears over those relics and ruins of his race. From my observation, in Africa, I can testify, that what Irving says in reference to the sighing of the Moors for this, their terrestrial paradise, is true. They believe, even yet, that Spain will fall, and that they will be restored to these their old homes. They preserve not only the old keys of their houses, and the titles of their property, but their lineage, so as to claim their own in their good time coming. One of our friends in Algiers, Mustapha, indulges this hope. But the sight of three thousand republicans marching within the walls of the Alhambra, and the vision of Spain with free speech, free press, and free soul, would dissipate their dreams.

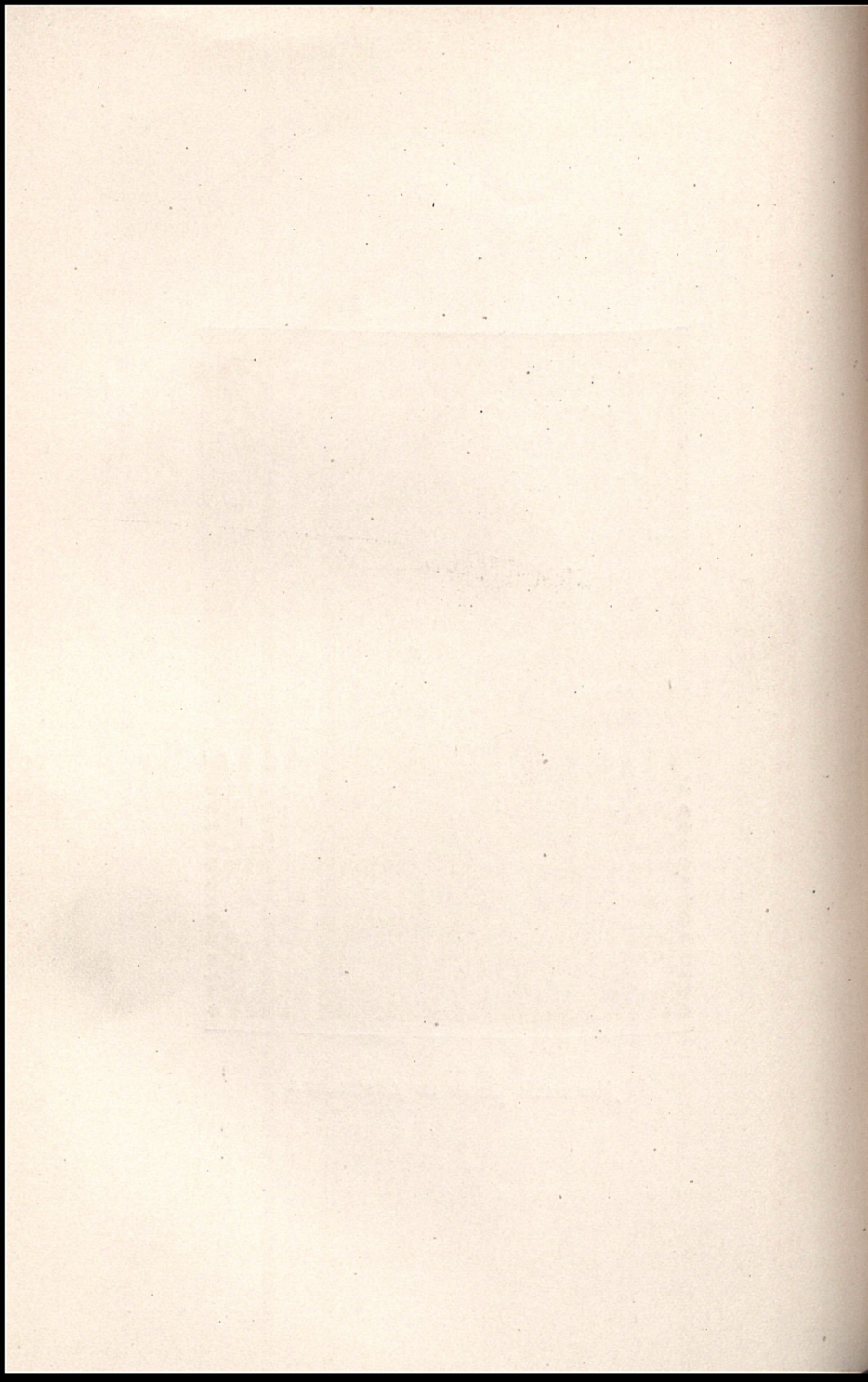
One word more about the Alhambra. Ravishing as an architectural study, the purpose for which it was built makes it morally suggestive only of degradation to human nature. The inner life of the harem must have been made up of bickerings, jealousies, devilries, spites, miseries, tragedies, bloodthirstiness, and blood-guiltiness; the fear of the mother for her child; the rivalry of a new wife made intense by the birth of a new prince; the vigilance of mutes, eunuchs, and spies; and the insatiate sensuality of the Moorish

tigers. No large range of fancy is needed to picture these, as the real 'tales of the Alhambra.'

From one of the towers—the bell tower—in looking down upon the court below, I saw many galley-slaves enjoying themselves in their prison. I am told that they are here for ten years each, and that the life they live is rather pleasant; so much so, that some try to return as soon as they get out! But their life is inexpressible contentment compared to the 'nuptial joy' of the beauties of the harem! It is especially happy in the comparison, if those beauties happened to be what they so often were, Christian maidens of rare culture and loveliness, who were subjected to a life worse than slavery or death. When the tourist wanders through the Alhambra courts, admires its Arabesques and fountains, pillars and turrets, halls and towers—all the fairy architecture of this refined place and race—he must not forget to be disenchanted in one respect. If I had the humorous skill of Artemus Ward among the Mormons, I might draw aside the veil from this grossly sensuous Moorish race, and its elegant and effeminate temples of lust; and, if in no other way, illustrate its Diabolism. As it is, the only illustration I can furnish is that in the engraving of the 'Moorish door of the Alhambra.' It will enable the reader to judge of the exquisite elegance of the architecture, within whose walls and halls was concealed the highest refinement of sensuality.



MOORISH DOOR IN ALHAMBRA.



CHAPTER XVII.

*FROM GRENADA TO MALAGA—THROUGH THE
SIERRAS—ARCADIA.*

‘Jewel of the mountain ring,
City of perpetual spring,
City that the sea still kisses,
Where the wind is dowered with kisses;
From the starry jasmine flowers,
And the thousand orange bowers.’



ON the route from Valencia to Madrid, I lost my companion, Dr. Bennet. He left us to go to the south. We saw him for only an hour afterwards, amidst the Alhambra courts. Having made the circuit of Andalusia, we will soon return to Madrid. Then and there, under the tuition of fresh events, and with more experience of Spanish life and character, I will try and make out a diagnosis of the condition of the Spanish body politic.

Meanwhile will you allow me to show how easy it is to go from Grenada to Malaga, and how easy it is to go out of the latter place, under the impulsion of military displays?

We leave Grenada in the cars, and without much deflection from a right line west, burst through the mountains, after crossing the splendid Vega. We go in a direction, as if we were going direct to Cadiz or Gibraltar. We leave the superb towers where Irving lived and dreamed; where Boabdil held high carnival with wives and eunuchs after the Moslem method; where Isabella the Catholic held high mass; we leave behind us the Pinos bridge, from which Columbus re-

turned at the request of Isabella, to hear that Spain would help him in his designs on a new world; we leave the mountains of Elvira, around whose feet the Moors and Spaniards fought for seven hundred years; we leave the superb sepulchres of Spanish and Moorish royalty and priesthood, and in two hours we are at Loja, and in ten minutes after, in the coupé of a diligence. We try to recall the scattered and splendid memories which make this land of Grenada so romantic. But who can indulge in such luxuries of association when our driver gallops his mules, with their jingle of bells and with terrific outcries through town and country, through narrow streets and up perilous mountain roads? Who can follow the labyrinths of historical lore, when he is winding with easy grace and safety up and down splendid mountain roads? But all this has been told by a hundred tourists in their experiences of the Continental diligence.

I have never read, however, a description of what I saw before entering Malaga. Indeed, I despair of conveying the impression I received. It was not the wild mountain barrier which shelters Malaga to the north-east. Those mountains so grand and lofty, beyond and above which tower the Sierra Nevadas, ever in view to the south of Grenada, and even at Seville ever in view, would astonish of themselves; but a description of mountain scenery loses its charm by oft-repetition. The route lifts us nearly as high as these snow mountains. The air is cool, and we 'wrap the drapery' of our mantles about us, and gaze out upon the mountains below us in wonder, love, and praise. The blue sea appears between the mountains far below. Here is the charm! These mountains for twenty miles around Malaga, are covered with—snow? No. With olives? No. With dust, ashes, rocks, shrubs? No, only with grape-vines. The sides—all sides—from the bottom of the valleys to

the summits, are grape-covered. These vines look fresh and advanced. The sides of the mountains are ridged by the rains, and as far as you can see,—mountain below and below mountain—mountains in groups and ranges—the hills on mountains turning to and from the sun—are all covered with grapes! grapes! grapes! Only one little patch of olives is seen far off; all the rest of the vegetable life is—the grape—grape—grape. Not a blade of grass, or a fibre of moss or lichen; the grapes monopolize the reddish soil, and capture every fugitive rain drop. The soil, such as it is, is worked to an extreme nicety of cultivation. The vines are stubby and set in regular holes, some five feet apart. As far as the eye can pierce, from this lofty perch, the red sides of the mountains are specked with the emerald vines. If you would estimate the vines, or the acres of them even, go to the commercial statistics of Malaga, and see what a yield is here.

Not that all Malaga wine is from grapes here grown and pressed. No, nearly all the wines of commerce from here and elsewhere are fabricated. The greater part of the wines of Spain and France are indebted to the potato for their fine spirit and fruity life.

I am not skilled in grape culture; and cannot technically testify to the modes employed around Malaga. Nor can I affirm that any of the rules applicable to the mountains here, would suit various American localities. Whether drains should be made; how far apart the plants should be; whether sub-soiling is required or cross ploughing; whether the soil should be comminuted and mixed by the spade; whether it is best to start a vineyard with cuttings or with plants; how to support the vines,—these and other matters depend so much on the locality; but one thing even a tyro may detect, that in the fabrication, adulteration, and commerce of wines, the frauds are enormous.

The potato, that simple esculent, becomes an important agent. The potato it is that, if it does not give colour in the cup to the wine, at least does give the carbuncle to the nose. That homely Celtic diet, how it gushes and bubbles to the beaker's brim, beaded with rubies! But how the wines, which owe their sparkle and spirit to it, are made before the homely admixture, is told so graphically by an old Ohio friend, William J. Flagg (who has by reason of his 'Longworth' connection, a right to speak), in a recent volume, that I am tempted to make one 'cutting' from it. He says that in the wine press factory of La Tour, whence issues the good Médoc, men tramp out the grapes with their unwashed feet. Again, in the process of stirring up the mass during fermentation, naked men go into the wine vat, chin deep. Drink deep, brothers, of the flowing Bordolais and Burgundy!

But I do not like to disenchant people. Let us admire everything. It is worth while to admire in Andalusia, without being critical. Even the peasant we meet on our downward way into Malaga—or the muleteer in his leather leggings, or all be-buttoned with his cotton pantaloons, very short and loose, and velvet hat, and gay foulards under it—is an object of admiration. Does he not wear them all with such a grace? On our downward path we are obstructed by a crowd of leather-legged muleteers and leather-headed teamsters. They stop the diligence. Is it revolution or brigandage? Neither. We are told that the big cart of the teamsters, loaded from the bottom thereof—which touches the ground almost—to the round top thereof, has been upset and tumbled down the mountain, with its three mules tandem! It is hard to believe it, as the team is up on the road again, and the cart put together, but immovable. The country people have helped to put the cart together and to reload. We are requested,

with our eight mules, to help in pulling it up the mountain. Our *mayor* assents. He unhitches six mules, and with halloo and screech, whip and push, the heights are gained.

As we approach Malaga, the mountains are dotted white with villas. How clean, sweet, and un-Espagnol they shine under the glowing sun! Nowhere else in Spain have we seen so many beautified spectacles of country life. We still approach, on our spiral downward path, toward Malaga. The country beneath us looks like a raised map of a Swiss canton! Now! See! all at a glance! Malaga itself! Around it are greenish and golden square plots of land—evidence of cultivation and of crops; the green of fields unreaped; the gold of fields harvested; and both floating in a flood of sunlight! Malaga is still ten miles off; more than an hour. I count for a little time the peaks of mountains in view—before we go down into the valley. These peaked mountains, which look so far below, look very high to us, when *we* are below. If a grand glacier could be changed into rocks, and the rocks abraded into smoothness, then seamed by rains, then decked with vines, and then dotted with blanched villas—it would seem to be the country immediately around and above Malaga. But it is not round *these* acclivities we move. A valley is between them and us. We approach Malaga from the north-east. These physical phenomena are on the north-west. Between them and us is a river; a river without a name, save 'River of the City,' and without water; for it is a bed of gravel, used in dry times as a highway, and walled to protect the city through which it runs from sudden, devastating winter floods. The river is used up, to grow the grape and other fruits, before it reaches Malaga. It appears not in the stream, but in the greenery of the plain above the city and for many miles out. As Malaga has over