With this cordial welcome, one could not indeed but feel at home; and as we sat on the sofa side by side, the conversation naturally turned to subjects in which we had a common interest. Every American is, of course, interested in the discoverer of America, and would pause long before what might claim to be a portrait of the great navigator. Our host had found what he regarded as the best one in existence in an old monastery, from which he obtained it, and it was now hanging on the wall. It is a noble countenance, some features of which have been perpetuated in his descendants, and may be recognized in the possessor of the name at the present day. One cannot look at it without thinking what a life of care and struggle had left its traces on that rugged face during the long and weary years that he sought for royal patronage, and sought in vain. It is no common feeling which rises in you at the moment that you have looking down upon you the eyes that first saw the shores of the New World.

Knowing that there had been some question as to the burial-place of Columbus, I was glad to be able to make inquiry of one who, of all men living, was most likely to be rightly informed, and to hear him say that he thought there could be no doubt that the remains of his ancestor were in the Cathedral of Havana. This is as it ought to be: for though he died in Spain (in Valladolid, May 20, 1506), the country to which he had given a hemisphere, and yet to which he was once brought back in chains, was not worthy to keep his bones; and it was most fitting that they should be carried across the ocean, to rest forever in the New World which he had discovered.

The mention of Havana led us to speak of Cuba—a subject on which every Spaniard is sensitive, and to which the present Columbus clings with Spanish pride as the last and greatest possession which Spain holds in that far-

distant land which his forefather was the first to see. He said that Spain would never give up Cuba; that no power should take it from her, and no money could buy it; that she would hold it if it took her last dollar and her last drop of blood!

Turning the conversation to the projected celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America, I told him that he ought on that occasion to pay us a visit, and to see for himself how great was that Western Hemisphere which his ancestor had brought to the knowledge of mankind. But he has all a Spaniard's disinclination to leave his own country, and thinks that the celebration should be *in Spain*, from which Columbus sailed, rather than in the islands or the continent that he discovered beyond the sea. I could not but feel that there was a good deal of reason in what he said. If there is to be indeed a grand Festival of the Nations—a sort of Thanksgiving in which two Hemispheres unite—is it not fitting that the children should go back to the old home and the old hearthstone, rather than that the mother country should come to the new? However it may be arranged, every one of us must desire that Spain should know that America (which ought to have been called Columbia in honor of Columbus) does not forget what it owes to the great navigator who sailed from her shores, or to the Ferdinand and Isabella who sent him forth on his voyage of discovery.

It is a pleasant reflection to an American coming to Spain, that the relations of the two countries have always been friendly. We have had two wars with England—that of Independence and that of 1812 (so sad it is that those of the same kindred and blood will sometimes quarrel)—but with Spain, while our relations have been far less close and intimate, our mutual good understanding

has never been interrupted. Perhaps it has been in part for the very reason that we have *not* been in such close proximity and such constant intercourse, which might have caused difficult questions to arise, but I must think it is also partly due to the wisdom of our government in selecting its representatives. In this respect our country has been singularly fortunate from the days of Alexander Everett (chosen for this post by John Quincy Adams) and Washington Irving. Of late Ministers, Mr. Lowell was honored in Madrid, as he was afterwards in London, both by the government to which he came and by scholars and literary men. Hannibal Hamlin, who was here but a few months, was looked up to with the veneration due to an old man of noble presence, who had been Vice-President of the United States when Mr. Lincoln was President. Our late Minister, Mr. Foster, I hear spoken of everywhere with a degree of respect united with a personal regard, which is very gratifying. It is only necessary to mention his name as that of a friend, to be introduced at once to the courtesies of the best people in Madrid.

This honorable line of diplomatic representatives has a worthy successor in our present Minister, Hon. J. L. M. Curry, of Richmond, Virginia. To me it is no objection that he was on the other side in our late civil war. I think the time has come when leading men of the Southern States should have their place in the general government, if the South is to be, not a detached fragment of our country, lately broken off from it, and with the rent but partially restored, but a constituent part of an indissoluble Union. I have found by personal observation that many of the very best men in the South were those who fought the hardest against us; and having been among them, having eaten of their bread and drunk of their cup, God forbid that I should say one word against them. When

our bravest leaders, when Grant and Sherman and Sheridan, accept the loyalty of Southern men and Southern soldiers, as offered in perfect good faith, it ill becomes us to revive bitter hatreds, or even painful memories. Mr. Curry is not only a man of the highest character, but a most efficient administrator. For five years before he resigned to accept a foreign post, he was the manager of the great trust left by the late George Peabody for the promotion of education in the Southern States; and with what signal ability he fulfilled its responsibilities, all who were associated with him in the Board (which includes such men as Ex-President Hayes, Mr. Evarts, and Robert C. Winthrop) will testify. A man of such proved capacity for public affairs, was just the one to be entrusted with a diplomatic position, the duties of which are often of the most delicate kind, requiring not only a thorough mastery of public questions, but tact and judgment, wisdom and discretion.

Added to all this is the social influence which our new Minister has acquired. He is a great favorite, not only in official circles, but in Spanish society, in which he is aided by his admirable wife. Living in very handsome style (far beyond what his salary affords, but the deficiency of which he supplies from his private means), he entertains generously. At his table I have met Members of the Cabinet, Foreign Ministers, and officials of the Palace, while his weekly receptions bring together a large representation of the best circles in Madrid.

Some may think this going beyond the letter of his instructions or the sphere of his duties, but such hasty critics understand but little the country with which he has to do. No people in the world are more influenced than the Spaniards by such courtesies, which often smooth the way to the successful negotiation of public affairs. Even a stranger can see this. One day Mr. Curry took me to

the Foreign Office, to introduce me to Senor Moret, the Secretary of State, who is one of the first men in Spain, and it was easy to see at a glance that the two men were in relations, not only of business, but of personal friendship; and after a half-hour of conversation, I could not help saying to the distinguished Secretary, "So long as you are in charge of the Foreign Affairs of Spain, and we are so fortunate as to have such a Minister as we have now, I am sure there can be no difference between our two countries"—a sentiment to which he responded very warmly, so far as it expressed what he felt to be no undue praise to the American Minister.

And here I must add my personal acknowledgment for all the courtesies which I received from the same source. Although I had seen Mr. Curry but once in my life (and that was ten years ago in Cairo, when he was going to Jerusalem and I to India), he has been as thoughtful and as kind as if I had been an old friend; and to him and his wife, and I must not forget to add, to the accomplished Secretary of Legation, Mr. Stroebel, I owe very much of the pleasure of my visit to Madrid, for which I shall always hold them in grateful remembrance.

Next to them in kindness has been the British Minister, Sir Clare Ford, who inherits a distinguished name. He is a son of the man who wrote the famous Handbook of Spain, which though it appeared a generation ago, is to this day the best authority. Some months since my friend, Rev. J. C. Fletcher of Naples, learning that I was coming to Spain, wrote to me that Prescott, the historian, once said to him that "the only man whose criticisms he feared was Ford, inasmuch as he was of all men living the most thorough master of Spanish history." His son inherits his knowledge of Spain and of the language, with which he became familiar long since in South America, in Buenos

Ayres and Brazil. He is one of those Englishmen who have been trained to diplomacy as a profession, as a graduate of Oxford is trained for holy orders or to the bar, and whom their government, wiser than ours, retains in office under all changes of administration at home, and by whom therefore England is so admirably served. As he had received a letter from the British Secretary for Foreign Affairs, introducing me, he seemed to consider me as "committed to his care," and was indeed most kind in every way; getting me tickets to go everywhere, and coming in his own carriage to take me to the Museum, which contains one of the most celebrated picture galleries in Europe (some think it surpasses any in Rome or Florence); conducting me from room to room, and pointing out (as he is a connoisseur and indeed somewhat of an artist himself) the most notable pictures. I was always welcome at the Legation, and we came to be such friends that I felt quite at liberty to accuse him gently of the only ill turn he had ever done to my country. As he had been in Washington, and was familiar with transatlantic affairs, he was chosen by his government to argue its case before the Board of Arbitration which sat at Halifax to consider its claims for damages in the matter of the fisheries, a Board which decided against us, and adjudged the United States to pay five millions of dollars! This was rather a bitter pill for us, elated as we had been with the result of the Arbitration at Geneva of the claims for losses by the Alabama. We had many a joke about it. "If we had only had you for our counsel," I said, "we should not have had to pay that money." However, I forgave him, seeing that he was one of the kindest men in the world, telling him "After all, it was no matter: it was all in the family"; and that "if *we* had to pay *five* millions, *they* had to pay *fifteen* for the damages caused by the Alabama!" all which

he took in the best part. No one could be more cordial than this noble-hearted Englishman, and not content with my having a good time in Madrid, he proposed when I should go away to pass me on to the Governor of Gibraltar, and the British Consuls along the Mediterranean.

To these kind American and English ministers must be added one of another country, who also understands in perfection the fine art of courtesy. A year ago my friend, Mr. Elie Charlier of New York, spent a part of the Winter in Algiers and Tunis, where he found some old friends and made many new ones. The Resident of Tunis was particularly kind to him, so that an intimacy and friendship grew up between the two families; and when I was about to depart for the same quarter of the world, he gave me a letter of introduction. But on arriving in Paris, I learned from the public journals that the Resident of Tunis had been summoned home, and a few days later his name was gazetted as the French Ambassador to Spain. He passed through Pau at the very moment I was there, and we reached Madrid about the same time. I saw him at a distance on the day that he went for the first time to be presented to the Queen, when he was conveyed with his suite from the Embassy to the Palace and back again in three royal coaches, such as were used in the time of Louis XIV., of enormous size, covered with gold, each drawn by six horses richly caparisoned, led by men on foot dressed in the fantastic style of a former century. Truly, "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these" Ambassadors. But his glory did not make the new Ambassador forget his old friends, and my letter of introduction brought an immediate invitation to the Embassy where he received me with true French warmth, which was followed by still further courtesies; and then, since he could not be in Africa to receive me, he sent me letters of intro-

duction to the Governor of Algeria, to the Prefect of Constantine, to his own successor in Tunis, and to others still who could be of service to me on the Barbary coast. Thus "the lines have fallen unto me in pleasant places," nothing in life being more pleasant than to meet with such unexpected kindness in a land of strangers.

Outside of these official and diplomatic circles, the foreign community in Madrid is not large, but it includes some men who are well worth knowing. Mr. Houghton, the correspondent of the London "Standard" and of the Paris "Temps," is one of those trained journalists sent by the London press to all the capitals of Europe to collect the news of current events, and to furnish the fullest and most accurate reports not only to England, but to the whole English-reading world. During the Carlist War he was in camp with the Spanish army, since which (that is, for the last ten years) he has lived in Madrid, where, speaking Spanish like a Spaniard, he is perfectly at home; and being personally acquainted with almost every public man in Spain, and familiar with the whole course of Spanish politics, he is probably as good an authority as any man living on the affairs of the Peninsula.

Nor will I forget my own profession, as represented in an Englishman, a Scotchman, and a German: The Rev. Mr. Whereat, the Chaplain of the British Embassy; the Rev. Mr. Jameson, a fine specimen of the Scotchman, who has lived here so many years that he is "as good as a native," though his heart clings to the stern faith and simple worship of his fathers; and Pastor Fliedner, the Chaplain of the German Embassy, who speaks half a dozen languages, and carries in his head so much historical lore, both of Germany and of Spain, and so much varied information of all kinds, that it is a perpetual delight to listen to his conversation.

It is often said that there is no society in Madrid. This may be true in the sense that there is not so much giving of dinners and parties as in Paris or London. But there are certainly, if I may judge by my own experience, men and women who draw around them circles of intelligence and refinement, which are the delight of a scholar or a literary man. One charming interior I have now in mind, in which Mr. Lowell was wont to find himself more at home than in any other in Madrid, where books piled to the ceiling (as one might have seen them in the library of Dean Stanley) attest the tastes of the occupants; and where, privileged as I have been to sit in the same room, and, looking out upon the same Park, to listen to the conversation of the gifted lady who presides over the place, I have felt that I was in the same atmosphere that pervades the most refined and cultivated homes of England.

Another influence which affects powerfully the intellectual life of Madrid, is that of the University. I am ashamed to say how ignorant I was of the state of learning in Spain. Of course it is not what it once was. The day has long gone by when scholars from beyond the Apennines, having exhausted the resources of their own countries, had to complete their studies in the Universities of Cordova or Salamanca. To-day the thing is reversed, and Spain is far behind France and Germany. And yet Madrid has its University, which, with its ninety professors and its five or six thousand students, holds no mean place among the Universities of the Continent. Here were educated a large proportion of those who are to-day the leaders in Spain, where many of them obtained not only their knowledge of science, but their liberal political opinions. Castelar was a Professor of History here; so was Moret, now Secretary of State, and others, whose names still stand on the rolls of the University, where they are retained as a

matter of pride, even though they may be no longer able to undertake the duties of instruction.

Still another element of the growing intellectual life of the capital, is furnished by its literary club, the Atheneum, to which Mr. Jameson took me one evening; where I was surprised at the size of the building and the completeness of its appointments; with its spacious reading-room, in which one may find all the leading journals of Europe; and more than all, at the character of those of whom it is composed. It has eight hundred members, among whom are most of the men who are eminent in any department of public life—Cabinet ministers, Senators and Deputies, advocates and journalists, authors and artists. This tall, spare man to whom my friend introduces me, is Figuerola, who was once Prime Minister; and this the leader of the Free Trade party in Spain—both of whom spoke with a very warm feeling of America. Thus men of opposite parties in politics and religion, come together under one roof; they meet on common ground, and enjoy equal freedom in the expression of their opinions, in which Spaniards exercise to the full their new-found liberty. One feature it has which I have not seen in any club elsewhere, viz: a hall for discussion, where once or twice in the week there are regular debates. The evening that I was present the subject was Parliamentary Government—a topic which opened a wide field, and on which Republicans and Monarchists spoke with equal boldness.

CHAPTER VII.

THE QUEEN REGENT AND THE LITTLE KING.

In the gay Spanish capital, the most important personage, the centre of all eyes and all hearts, is of course the widowed Queen, the mother of the future King of Spain. In all the royal houses of Europe there is not a more touching figure than that of this young mother, clad in deep mourning, holding in her arms a child that was not yet born when the father was laid in the grave. It is little more than a year since King Alfonso died: the anniversary occurred a few weeks since, and it recalled sad and painful memories. He was by no means a great King, nor altogether a good King: how could he be, of such a royal race, and coming to the throne when he was a boy of seventeen? But considering all that was against him, he did not only as well as could be expected, but a great deal better; so that he made himself beloved while he lived, and was sincerely mourned when he died.

Nor was he by any means a pattern in his domestic life. Like many other royal husbands, he was inconstant in his devotion, and gave too much of his time, if not of his heart, to ladies of his court or capital. There was a time when Madrid was full of the scandals of his amours, by

which the Queen was so outraged that she took the two little princesses, as a mother-eagle snatches up her young under her wings, and indignantly left Spain, and fled back to her own country, to the protection of her father, a brother of the Emperor of Austria. But a few months of this voluntary exile brought the King to his knees, and the cruel wrongs that he had done to the heart that loved him were repented of and forgiven, and the later life of the royal couple was most affectionate and happy; so that when he was on his death-bed, and she bent over him, knowing that it was for the last time, all her woman's heart gushed forth in tenderness and tears.

Alfonso was dead! The officials of the Palace gathered round him, and after the ancient Spanish custom, called Senor! Senor! but he gave no answer; and so they bore him away with funereal pomp to the Escorial, on the side of the Guadarrama Mountains, to sleep in the sepulchre of kings.

When all was over, the Queen found herself alone, and never was human being more desolate. Her position was truly pitiful. It was nothing that she was in a Palace, surrounded by the pomp of a court. She was not among her own kindred, in her father's house, nor even in her own country. The companions of her early life, who would have loved her and cherished her, were far away beyond the Pyrenees and beyond the Alps. Accustomed to speak another language, it would have been a solace in those hours of sadness if, instead of Spanish maids of honor, she could have had nearest to her those who spoke her own native tongue. But in all around her she had none to lean upon, and almost none to love.

Besides, her own position was as yet undefined. Though a Queen, she was not the sovereign: she was only the widow of the King. The interregnum was one of great

anxiety to the Government, which was in fear of a revolution. The country that had been loyal to a Spanish King might not be so ready to submit to an Austrian Queen. But at this moment of painful suspense (such are the surprises of history), weakness itself became a source of strength, as feminine helplessness appealed to manly courage and strength, and the widow of Alfonso was chosen Queen Regent of Spain.

Mr. Curry tells me that he was present in the Cortes when she appeared to take the oath, and he never witnessed a more touching scene. The Chamber was crowded with all that was greatest in Spain—the high officers of Government, Senators and Deputies, and the defenders of the country, her military chieftains, some of them bronzed and scarred from many wars. It was a moment of intense emotion when the door opened and a figure in deep mourning entered and stood in the midst of this brilliant assemblage. There was a stillness as of death as she answered in a low voice to the oath which bound her to protect sacredly the rights and the liberties of Spain. Then truly weakness proved strength. It had seemed as if Spain were leaning on a slender reed; but such is the chivalrous feeling of this people that the sight of that young and widowed Queen at once took them captive. When she withdrew, she had gained the victory. The woman had proved stronger than a man, for she had conquered the hearts of the people. From that moment she was a sovereign indeed, with a brave and loyal nation around her.

This action of the Government, as it fixed the position of the Queen in the State, gave her a place in the royal house of Spain which could not be disputed, and made her, with her preceding sorrow, softened in manner, in disposition, and in character. Her private secretary,

Count Morphy, whom I met at Sir Clare Ford's, told me that since the King's death, the Queen had changed very much; that there was in her manner a peculiar gentleness such as those about her had not known before. In her first years in Madrid she had seemed cold and distant, and many of those who were presented at the Palace, thought her very ungracious. When there were guests at the royal table, instead of trying to entertain them, she would converse apart in German, as if she preferred that language and people to those of her adopted country, and indeed it was said she sometimes made fun of the grave Spanish hidalgos—which was of course a mortal offence to Castilian pride. In those days it could not be said that the Queen was much loved.

But this irritability was partly explained by the fact that she was not happy, the reasons for which were manifold. Besides the conduct of the King, which gave her so much pain, it was said that the King's sisters did not like her: she was a foreigner; she had not the blue Spanish blood in her veins; and so the daughters of Isabella took a certain pleasure in making her feel that she was not one of them. All this was changed by the King's death, when instead of standing in his shadow, she stepped to the front, and as Queen Regent became the first personage in the realm. Then if she had given way to her natural resentments, she had full opportunity for that which a woman of rank sometimes feels to be the greatest pleasure in life—to snub those who have snubbed her! It is to her honor that she forebore indulging in this sweet revenge, but returned good for evil, kindness for coldness; while in her intercourse with others she won all hearts by an expression of countenance that was better than beauty, in which a natural grace and dignity took on that tender and appealing look which comes only from a great sorrow.

And now was coming into her life something that was to change her still more. In the oath which she took before the Cortes as Queen Regent, there was one very singular clause, which pledged her to guard sacredly the rights of her own child (what an oath for a mother!) *as yet unborn!* This recognized what had been whispered in Madrid, that she might yet give birth to one who, if a son, would be the rightful heir to the throne of Spain. What the child should prove, was a subject of great anxiety to all connected with the Government, as the event might have an important bearing on the future of the kingdom.

As the time approached, all the members of the Diplomatic Corps in Madrid were notified to hold themselves in readiness to be summoned to the Palace at a moment's notice. The hour arrived, and they came in a body in full court dress, brilliant with stars and decorations, and were introduced into an apartment adjoining the royal bedchamber, which *had but a single door* for entrance or egress, so that there could be no possibility of introducing a supposititious child.

Here they waited until at length a faint cry was heard, and instantly the Prime Minister, Sagasta, emerged with a beaming countenance, exclaiming "Viva el Rey!" [Long live the King!], followed a moment after by an official, bringing, as John the Baptist's head was brought, "on a charger" the little morsel of humanity that was such an object of interest to a whole kingdom. This was passed round the circle to be inspected, like some curious specimen in natural history, by every foreign representative: from the Papal Nuncio and the French Ambassador to the Ministers of England, Germany, Austria, Italy, Russia, and the United States; and even from the Spanish-speaking countries of South America; that all might be able henceforth to bear witness that a man-child had been

born into the world, and that he was of the blood-royal of Spain!

Of course, with our American ideas, all this seems very childish and absurd, and yet it is not so in a country where there is a hereditary monarchy: for if there is to be a King at all, there must be some way of deciding who is the rightful heir to the throne. If it is left to the officials of the Palace, there is room for fraud and imposture. Even in sober England representatives of the Government, we believe, have always been present at the birth of the children of Queen Victoria. The elder ones had their royal lineage attested by the Duke of Wellington. Such precautions must be taken; otherwise there may arise a War of Succession, such as has disturbed the peace of almost every kingdom in Europe. The Spanish War of Succession was one of the most terrible in her history.

Hardly had this little creature crept into existence, even while his half-opened eyes were blinking in the light that streamed through the Palace windows, before he became the leading figure in the State. From the very instant that the thunder of cannon announced to the expectant capital the birth of an heir to the throne, he was the King, and his royal mother ruled only in his name. In a few days came the august ceremony of baptism, when the Archbishop of Toledo, the Primate of all Spain, in presence of a great assemblage of civil and ecclesiastical dignitaries, gave him the holy chrism; anointing him with oil, touching his eyes that he might see, and the tips of his ears that he might hear, and his lips that he might speak only words of truth and wisdom; and, calling over him the name of the Trinity, received him into the bosom of the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church.

Of course from the hour that he was born, the King was an object of immense interest to the Spanish people.

All his little ailments were subjects of animated conversation, not only among the ladies of the Court, but in the fashionable circles of Madrid; and a friend tells me how at a brilliant reception an official of the Palace appeared with a joy in his countenance that could hardly be expressed, as he exclaimed aloud to the astonished company, "The King has a tooth!" This of course provokes a smile; and yet, after all, more than one prince has died from teething, and a people may well be anxious when an attack of the measles may decide the fate of the monarchy.

The little scion of royalty had not attained many months before he was presented in public: was brought out on the balcony of the Palace, not only that he might hear the military bands playing in the court below, but that the army might pass before him, horse, foot, and dragoons, sometimes to the number of ten thousand men, going through all their military evolutions, infantry marching and cavalry prancing—all which the King surveyed with a military eye; while the high officers of the Government kept their gravity, and looked on with unmoved countenance.

But the attempt to have the little King give audiences, was not always successful. Not long since the Queen made a pilgrimage to one of the shrines of the Virgin which are so numerous in Spain, where she was received with the honors becoming her royal state. A Duke, who was the great man of the Province, met her at the door of the church, armed with an address, which he proceeded to deliver in the most sonorous Castilian, when the King, who did not always observe the laws of propriety, set up a cry which quite drowned the voice of the orator, to the confusion of his royal mother, who possibly at that moment wished her *enfant terrible* in his nurse's arms, out of sight and hearing. However, the Duke was equal to the