iards. If a member of the Cortes wishes to speak, he has not to fight for the floor, but gives his name to the President, by whom it is called in its proper order, so that he shall have the same opportunity as others. Thus no member is defrauded of his rights, and perfect justice is united with perfect courtesy.

There is, however, one impediment, if not to the smooth flow of debate, yet to its speedy termination. By the rules of the Cortes, a member cannot speak more than once on the same question; but if another member refers to him, stating his views as he thinks unfairly, he has the privilege of reply to set himself right. These "allusiones" and "rectificationes" often occupy more time than the original debate, which is thereby indefinitely prolonged. Thus the present discussion lasted *four weeks* (from the 18th of November to the 16th of December), which gave ample opportunity for all parties to be heard, and for every member of importance to define his position. The debate called out nearly a hundred speeches—to be exact, there were just ninety-eight!

Some will say that this was all wasted time and useless talk. I do not think so. When it is said that "Spaniards talk a great deal," I say "Let them talk; their mouths have been shut long enough. It is not strange if they should find a keen pleasure in the exercise of their new rights." The very fact that they *can* speak so freely in the face of the Government, is the healthful sign of liberty. Such prolonged discussion is not useless: it does great good. First of all, it is a relief to the speakers themselves: they have freed their minds. When a man is bursting with political excitement, he must have some vent for it, or he will explode. It is better that they should relieve themselves by talking than by fighting. This month of debate I look upon as the natural substi-

tute for a revolution. The Spaniards have let off steam, and are satisfied. The discussion has defined the position of individuals and of parties. It has cleared up the situation, and strengthened the present liberal Government.

And better still: this long "deliverance" is a political education for the Cortes and for the country. It is the sign and symbol of its growing freedom. As I looked down upon that assembly of four hundred men, so grave and calm, even while full of the grand excitement of liberty, I thought, "What would Charles V. or Philip II. say if they could come out of their coffins, and see a Spanish Parliament speaking so freely?" Thus it is that this people are taking lessons in the difficult art of self-control, and that one of the worst despotisms in Europe is being transformed into a liberal and constitutional government.

CHAPTER IX.

CASTELAR.

In coming to Spain, the man of all men whom I most desired to see was Don Emilio Castelar. He is the one Spaniard whose name is a household word in America. For twenty years he has been a great political figure in Spain, where he has been from the beginning the apostle of liberty. Such a man every American must be glad to look in the face, and to take by the hand.

When I was in Paris, Castelar was there, in a round of festivities given by the political chiefs of France, who were eager to do honor to one who was not only a leader in Spain, but one of the Republican leaders of Europe. His visit to Paris was brought to a close by the meeting of the Cortes in Madrid. His friends were looking for him at San Sebastian on the day we left, though he did not come till the day after ; but when we got aboard of the train at Burgos, he was in the sleeping-car, though we did not know it till the next morning, when, in coming into the station at Madrid, we observed a crowd collected as for a political demonstration, the object of which appeared as there stepped on the platform a short, stout man, who was welcomed not in the French way, by a general kissing on

both cheeks, but in the more grave Spanish mode, by all in turn placing the right arm over his shoulder, as if to fold him to their breasts.

The next time I saw him was in the Cortes, sitting in his seat, only rising now and then to move about the chamber and speak to his brother deputies. The first look at him was disappointing. He had not the physique of a man of whom we would make a hero. According to our idea of what *should* be, a commanding stature is the fit embodiment of the exalted mind. When an orator stands erect, he should show a majestic figure, like that of Chatham or Gladstone or Henry Clay. But here was a man rather undersized, thick-set, broad-shouldered, and broad-chested, with neck and breast like a bull. This was not a figure in which a man could pose, or strike attitudes; but it is a physique for the hard work of a public speaker, who, according to Cicero, should have robust sides *(bona latera)*. Such was the figure of Mirabeau, as it was in later years of Gambetta.

Observing a little more closely (for, as I was in the diplomatic box, which was almost directly over Castelar's seat, I could literally look down upon him), I took the proportions of his head, which is of very uncommon size, and round, as if equally developed in every part, the top rising like a dome over the massive substructure. Like many of the Deputies around him, he is almost entirely bald. He must have received the tonsure early, as only a fringe (what the French would call a *soupçon*—a suspicion) of hair lingers on the back of his head. Seeing what a load the body had to carry, it seemed well that it should rest firmly on the shoulders; that there might be the closest possible connection between the vigorous body and the capacious brain.

As I had a letter of introduction to Castelar from Mr.

Foster, our late Minister to Spain (in which he had said some kind things of me, as his manner is), I sent it into the Cortes with my card, and presently received a reply, written in that sprawling hand which is familiar to all who know the Spanish orator, saying that if I would give him my address, he would call upon me ; or if I preferred to come and see him, he would be at home at such a time to receive me. As I did not care for the mere formality of a call at a hotel, where we might be interrupted, I returned answer that I would give myself the pleasure to call upon him, where I hoped (and found) that I could have him all to myself.

He lives in a pleasant part of the city (his address is Serrano, No. 40). As he is not married, an elder sister presides over his very simple domestic establishment. He has a suite of rooms, handsomely though not luxuriantly furnished. The walls are covered with pictures or with *plaques*—the gifts, I presume, for the most part, of admiring friends : for I am told that he is quite without fortune, a fact greatly to his honor, since he has had opportunities of enriching himself, having once been President of the Republic, with the whole power of the government in his hands—a temptation which not all Spanish statesmen would be strong enough to resist. But he is inexorably honest. No imputation upon his integrity has ever been made by his bitterest enemies. For years he lived on his modest salary as a Professor in the University, from which, I believe, he still receives a pension. He gets something also from his writings, and perhaps from his published speeches. But this is all, as members of the Cortes receive no pay ; so that his services to the State are rendered solely from love to his country.

Presently he came rushing into the room, with both hands extended to greet me, but evidently in fear lest we

might have no means of communication: for he does not speak a word of English, and as I do not speak a word of Spanish, our conversation might have been very brief, or only in the sign language, if we had been limited to the two. Hence his first word, after his salutation, was "Vous parlez Français?" "Oui, Senor," was the reply. And so we sat down on the sofa, and began our conversation. I call it conversation, although it was nearly all on one side. Mr. Foster had written to me that Castelar was a brilliant talker as well as orator, and I was too eager for the intellectual pleasure of hearing him, to allow myself to interrupt the flow of what was so delightful. So with an occasional inquiry to draw him on, I sat and listened. First, of course, he asked about Mr. Foster, of whom he spoke, as everybody does here in Madrid, very warmly; from which he launched out into a eulogy of America as "the great New World," the world of liberty and of peace, with a longing, as if to realize the dream of his life, that he might yet set foot upon its blessed shores.

From the Republic on the other side of the ocean, it was a natural transition to the Republic on this, of which I wished to hear his opinion even more than to hear the praises of my own country. Castelar is an out-and-out Republican. His political principles he inherited from his father, who was so pronounced a Liberal that he was sentenced to death in those "good old times," half a century ago, when it was a crime for a Spaniard to love his country too well—a fate which he escaped only by taking refuge under the English flag at Gibraltar, where he spent seven years. This attempted extinguishment of the father did not moderate the zeal of the son, who brought to the support of the cause all the fire that was in his Southern blood (he is a native of the South of Spain). When he came to Madrid as a student, he so distinguished himself that in a

concours for the post of Professor of History and Philosophy in the University, he carried off the prize over all competitors. He delivered also in the Athenæum Club a series of lectures on the History of Civilization, in which his political sympathies were very manifest. Like many other men who have afterwards taken part in public affairs, he became a journalist, and in 1864 founded "La Democracia," which after two years' existence was suppressed, and Castelar, who was accused of being implicated in an insurrection, was condemned to death, like his father before him, and for the same crime—that of too much patriotism. But happily he escaped into Switzerland, from which he made his way into France, where he remained till the Revolution of 1868 made it possible for him to return to Spain. Here he became at once a political leader; was one of the founders of the Republic, and was for a few months its President. Now the Republic is gone, but he stands fast by his old political faith, not changing because the government of his choice is a thing of the past, and he is living under a monarchy.

"And so you still believe that the Republic will come in Spain?" I asked doubtingly. I can still hear his ringing voice as he answered "Oui, oui, oui!" with an air and tone as if he would put to scorn the doubts and fears of all wretched unbelievers. But then, having avowed the prime article of his political faith, he proceeded to explain. He is a Republican: a Republic is to him the ideal form of government, to which all nations must gravitate as they become more civilized and enlightened, and capable of governing themselves. This opinion he does not hold privately disclosing it only to his friends under pledge of secrecy; but avows it in his speeches in the Cortes, and defends it in the press, and thus proclaims it before all the world.

But—and here begin his reserves and explanations—while he is a Republican, he is not a Revolutionist, plotting secretly in dark rooms with low-browed conspirators, and sending secret agents to the barracks of soldiers to stir them up to mutiny. Against all this he sets his face. In this he differs from some of the Republican leaders, who accuse him of want of spirit, and almost of cowardice, because he is not ready to march into the streets, and take the chances of an armed insurrection. But as he has been a student and a teacher of history, he knows that victories so won are as quickly lost. His theory of political action he sums up in one word: "The Republic, not by revolution, but by evolution!"

"But this," I said, "is a slow process."

"Yes, it is slow, but sure."

"How will you prepare Spain for it?"

"Educate the people, and then give them universal suffrage, and let them decide for themselves."

"But would not the same reasoning apply to other countries?"

Again the loud, cheery voice answering "Oui, oui, oui!" and he burst out anew with "The Republic is coming, not only in Spain, but in all Europe." In France it had come already; it would come in Germany—yes, and in Russia also. Napoleon had predicted that Europe would be Republican or Cossack. *Which* it would be, would be settled when the Cossacks themselves were Republicans.

Such were in brief the points of a long and animated conversation, in which he did all the talking. After listening for an hour, I rose, and he said "Now you will come and dine with me on such an evening," to which I willingly consented; and then, as it was the hour for the Cortes to meet, he accompanied me on my way. As we walked

along the street, he stopped every few minutes, as some new idea came into his head, to be delivered of it then and there. It must have been a comical sight to passers-by to see Castelar standing in the middle of the sidewalk, making a speech to a solitary listener! Of course I enjoyed it immensely. He would have carried me off with him to the Cortes, but as there was no debate of special interest, I went on to the Museum, to calm my excited mind in the picture galleries. What a change as I passed along the great halls lined with paintings of Titian and Murillo and Velasquez! Here was Charles V. on horseback, as he appeared at the battle of Muhlberg (I had seen the same figure in the Armory, clad in the very coat-of-mail that he wore on that terrible day), and I could not but think how he would turn in his coffin to hear such revolutionary sentiments in the very streets of his capital. And here was Philip II., the bigot and the tyrant, as cold and sour as when he cursed his unhappy kingdom with his presence. Now he is dead and buried, and they keep him safe in his leaden coffin in the crypt of the Escorial. But in that hollow chamber underground, I hope he sometimes hears the rumbling overhead, the tramping of innumerable feet, which tells him that the descendants of the people whom he ruled with an iron hand, are on the march to liberty.

A few evenings after this, I was again at Castelar's to dinner. He likes to entertain his friends, but does it in a very simple way. His household is very small. Though his sister is much older than himself, he is extremely attached to her, as he well may be, since she is his only near relative, for he has no other sister and no brother; so that they are all in all to each other. As I was the only foreigner present in a company of Spaniards, he seemed to recognize me, with the instinctive courtesy of his coun-

trymen, as the guest of the evening, and asked me to take his sister out to dinner. I was very happy to be seated by this sweet Spanish lady, though our conversation was but limited, as she spoke neither English nor French. But there is a language without words, the language of courtesy (which no people understand better than Spaniards), which almost supplies the want of speech. With the same consideration for what might be agreeable to me, he had placed at my right a member of the Cortes, who had lived in England and spoke English well, with whom I could enjoy little "asides," when others were conversing in Spanish. Two or three young ladies, with half a dozen political friends, completed the group that gathered round the table. As I sat opposite Castelar, he directed a large part of his conversation to me, speaking in French. It took a wide range. For the time we almost forgot that we were in Spain, as he talked of other countries and peoples: of America, on which he is always eloquent; or of France and Italy—countries so like Spain in some respects, and so different in others. And when the conversation came back to Spain, it touched on almost everything Spanish *except politics*, which was thrown into the background, while he talked of books and men, of paintings and cathedrals. With just Spanish pride, he turned back to the great age of his country's literature, the age of Cervantes (which was also the age of Shakespeare in England —*Shakespeare and Cervantes died on the same day*), for whom he has an unbounded admiration. He thought Don Quixote was read more than the Bible, which I could well believe to be the case in Spain, where I fear the Bible is read but very little. In Cervantes as in Shakespeare, the chief element of power was of course the universal humanity: that the fiction, like the drama, held the mirror up to nature, so that man everywhere recognized

in it to some degree the reflection of himself. But Don Quixote was more than this: it was not only a faithful picture of human nature, but of Spanish nature, with graphic delineations, not only of Spanish life and manners, but of Spanish character. There were a thousand points which would be perceived by no one so quickly as a Spaniard, in which Cervantes hits off with a touch that is inimitable the old Castilian pride surviving every humiliation, and other Spanish traits, exaggerated of course, as is the license of the romancer, but still having the foundation in real character and life. And those traits still survive. The originals are gone, but the types remain. This very day, in the streets of Madrid and of Seville, may be seen figures that with a little touch of the artist would answer for Don Quixote himself and his faithful man-at-arms, Sancho Panza.

Turning from books to pictures, Castelar talked fondly of the Spanish school of painters, especially of Murillo, who seemed at once to touch divinity and humanity in his Madonnas soaring to heaven, and his beggars sitting on the ground, covered with rags, but looking up at you with those great Spanish eyes that after two centuries have not lost their fascination.

But Spaniard as he is, he does not approve all Spanish ways and customs. I touched him on the subject of bull-fights, and I might as well have touched a bull with a spear, for he hates the very word. That which to Spaniards generally is the most exciting of sports, is to him so brutal, so unworthy of a civilized people, that he has no words to express his indignation and disgust. "There are three things in Spain," he said, "which I detest—the wine, the bull-fights, and the pronunciamentos"!

Perhaps nothing takes hold of the imagination of Castelar so much as the Spanish cathedrals. He is not a man

given to religious emotion (though his sister is a devout Catholic), but there is something in the architecture of those great piles, in the lofty columns and soaring arches, through which float the vesper hymns at the evening hour when the sunset streams through the stained-glass windows, which touches all the poetry of his nature; and to hear him describe them is almost worth a visit to Spain.

But much as I enjoyed this, I could not be so selfish as to engross his conversation, while his Spanish friends (who could not speak French, or spoke it but indifferently) were silent; so dropping into a side-talk in English with my neighbor-at-table, I had the pleasure of seeing Castelar turn to his countrymen, and at once perceived that, however agreeable he could be in French, he was at his best only in his native tongue. Then he spoke with a rapidity which it was quite impossible for a stranger to follow. At such times it was a study to watch the play of his countenance, which changed every moment, its expression varying with every subject and every mood. Nor was it in his face alone that the intense vitality of the man showed itself, but in every muscle of his body. He shrugged his shoulders, and arched his eyebrows, with a comical expression of humor or contempt, at which all present burst into a laugh, in which he joined, as merry a boy as ever felt the warm Spanish blood dancing in his veins. Observing this, I whispered to my neighbor: "Senor Castelar talks not only with his lips, but with his eyes and with every feature." "What is that?" he said, hearing his name. I repeated the remark, to which he answered smiling: "Yes, one must make use of everything."

But delightful as Castelar is at home—in his library, discoursing of his favorite books, or at his table, in the unrestrained freedom of his familiar talk—it is as an orator that he is above all other men; and to see him in his glory,

one must see him and hear him in the Cortes. For this we were now in expectation: for it had been whispered for some days in Madrid that he was preparing to speak on the state of the country—a subject which just then, in consequence of the recent insurrection, was agitating the public mind.

When the evening came, the Chamber presented a brilliant scene, for there was gathered an assembly such as might fire the breast of any orator. As in England the Lords will often forsake their own House, and rush to the Commons to hear Gladstone, so to-night the two Houses of the Spanish Parliament seemed joined in one: Senators left the "Senado," and crowded into the seats and aisles of the "Congreso," to hear the Great Commoner of Spain. Not only was every seat filled, but every standing-place, while the galleries were crowded with all that was most distinguished in the society of Madrid—"fair women and brave men." There was a large number of high officers of the army, as the late insurrection had raised the question of the loyalty of the troops, while between their glittering uniforms sat duchesses and countesses, all of course with the inevitable Spanish mantilla, and fan in hand, more coquettish even than the half-drawn veil, as it now hides the dark eyes, and now is suddenly withdrawn that they may flash forth with new splendor. These are the bright eyes which "rain sweet influences" on the nights of high debate. Such an array as shone in those galleries might quicken the coldest temperament: how must it thrill the warm Southern blood of the Spanish orator! In such a press it was not easy to find a single point of vantage to watch the scene. Castelar had given me a ticket to a private box reserved for his friends. But how could I plant myself there, where not only Spanish grandees, but ladies, were crowding, to whom my American politeness would

constrain me at once to resign my seat? Accordingly I retreated to my old place in the diplomatic box, from which (though not quite so good as the other) I could look down on the whole dramatic spectacle.

The Spanish Cortes, like other deliberative bodies, is slow in getting in motion. There was routine business to be despatched, and there were other speakers to be heard, to whom the Cortes listened, if not with marked interest at that moment (for all were eager for the great sensation of the evening), yet with attention and respect. This continued for several hours. While the slow debate dragged on, it was a study to watch Castelar, who was restless as a caged lion, moving about in his seat, taking up his hat and going out into the lobby, walking up and down, and then coming back again. It is said that at such moments he seems to himself to have forgotten what he had prepared, and to be in despair lest his attempt should end in utter failure. At length the other speakers had done, the deck was cleared, and there was a hush as the President in a low voice, but which was heard to the end of the Chamber, announced "Senor Castelar!" Instantly there was an eager movement of interest and attention. Senators and ex-members who had the privilege of the floor, pressed in in greater numbers. While they were crowding in, Castelar rose and stood for a few moments silent, with his hands clasped—an attitude that is peculiar to him. The throng in the galleries leaned over in breathless expectation, listening for the first word. Soon it came: "Senores!" That was all, but that was enough: for with the sound of his own voice, every trace of nervousness disappeared; he was master of himself, and once sure of that, he was master of his audience. He did not begin with a rush, but very deliberately, as if he were still the Professor in the University, unfolding the principles of

the Philosophy of History. His voice was low and sweet, to which you listened as to a strain of music. As the fire kindled within him, his voice rose. The words came faster and faster, till the stream became a torrent, and the breeze swelled to the roar of a tempest. Then his gestures answered to his voice. His hands were unclasped, and his right arm extended, quivering as with electricity, his finger pointing wherever he would that the lightning should strike. At times he used a gesture which I had never seen in any other speaker: he would clasp his hands, or even double his fists, and raise them above his head, and then throw them violently before him, as if he had taken a red-hot ball out of his fiery brain to dash it in the face of his enemies! Such a burst generally ended with a flash of lightning and a peal of thunder, at which he stopped exhausted, and turned to take a glass of water, while the great assembly drew a long breath, and prepared to have the onset renewed.

From this it must not be inferred that Castelar deals in personalities in an offensive way. On the contrary, he is a model of courtesy. It is said that he never attacks anybody with violence and bitterness. However much he may differ from his political opponents, his exposure of their principles is not coupled with taunts and sneers, that would rankle in their memories, and make them his personal enemies. If he sometimes turns to an old friend, who has gone over to the other side, it is not with a sharp spear, but with a gentle touch of humor or wit. In the previous debate Gen. Lopez Dominguez had led the attack on the government, even going so far as to say that the troops that had taken part in the late insurrection had been provoked to it because certain reforms which he had proposed when Minister of War had not been carried out! Now Castelar, Republican as he is, is not ready for

armed insurrection, and so without giving offence, he took down a little the formidable appearance of this man of war, as he turned round to him (they were both sitting on the Republican side of the Chamber), and gently reminded him that he owed his rank in the army to Castelar himself, who, when President of the Republic, gave him his command. A man is not apt to stand in awe of his own creations! This quiet hit was greatly enjoyed by the Cortes, which had been a good deal stirred by the domineering attitude of this military assailant.

Again the General in his fierce attack had pronounced the doom of the Ministry. He had said that, when he returned to Madrid after the insurrection, "everybody" whom he met had declared the government "dead"! "Indeed!" said Castelar; "and yet I see before me Senor Sagasta still living, and apparently in excellent health"—a sally which provoked mingled laughter and applause from all sides of the Chamber.

But the main object of Castelar's speech was to vindicate his own position in the very mixed condition of Spanish politics and parties. That position was unique, as he agreed fully neither with the one side nor the other. In fact, he stood almost alone, and had to defend himself against friends as well as foes. To justify the course of the Spanish Liberals, he reviewed the history of the country since the wars of Napoleon changed the face of Europe, and showed how, while other nations had been making progress, Spain had been isolated. Cut off by the Pyrenees from the rest of the Continent, she was still more cut off by her own stagnation. The only hope for her was to rouse her out of this lethargy, and bring her by slow degrees from a state of "semi-Asiatic despotism" to the enjoyment of "a free and constitutional government." The struggle for this had been long, and

the end seemed often doubtful. Members of the Cortes could recall the time when there was a reign of terror in the streets of Madrid; when the most patriotic men in Spain, if suspected of Liberal opinions, were in danger of arrest, of imprisonment, or worse. Not twenty years had passed since Senor Sagasta, to whom he pointed sitting on the Ministerial bench, as the head of the government; and Senor Martos, the President of the Cortes; and himself—were under sentence of death! This lurid picture of a despotism so lately overthrown, showed that Spain, in spite of all obstacles, had made great progress towards liberty.

After the Revolution there had been several experiments of government, one of which was the Republic, to which it was the fashion of the day to refer in terms of disparagement as an ignominious failure. They should remember, however, that it had been surrounded by great difficulties, foes without and foes within: the Carlist war raging in the North, and treason and rebellion conspiring in the capital. But in spite of all, it had left a record of patriotic devotion to the interests of the country, of which he was not ashamed.

This open defence of the Republic was very significant, as it showed how far liberty of thought and of speech had advanced in Spain; that it was greater in Madrid than in most of the capitals of Europe. What member of the German Parliament, even if he were in heart a Socialist or a Communist, would dare to stand up in the presence of Bismarck, and advocate the Republic? Yet here in old monarchical Spain there is a party, and a very large party, that openly declare their belief in the Republic as not only the ideal government, but the coming government, and that its appearance is only a question of time.

After Castelar had thus vindicated his position as