is cheap, or both. The city is as still as death. It is like a cloister, so cool and still. It is a pity to awake it by the irreverent, reverberating rumble of our vehicle. It seems as if it ought not be disturbed by the clatter of the mulish hoof. The inhabitants gaze out of their shops and houses as if amazed at our intrusion. We feel conscience-stricken, as if we had aroused a weary person who had done much and needed repose. Besides, the Toledans *have* done much, and have much pretension. They have a right to sleep. Are they not the *élite* of Spain? Is not theirs the true Spanish tongue? Is not here the slow, deep, and guttural enunciation, and here the perfect grammar? Is not all else *patois?* And is not Toledo still crowned, if not on earth, in heaven, as the proud metropolis of the Spanish ecclesiastical world?

It is very hard to find one hotel. I am writing all the time with Toledo, Ohio, in my eye. The contrast will force itself. Indeed, I should not have been here but for a sort of foolish Buckeye pride to make some felicitous comparisons. One hotel! and that so poor that I am reminded by it of our Corsican accommodations amidst the mountains of Evisa! And only one public carriage. Think of that. Tagus, cease to brawl your praises beneath these historic walls! Maumee, raise your Ebenezer from the turrets of your grain elevators! We could not complain, for we got the only carriage—a sort of half omnibus. It opened at the rear. Every part was creaky. Its voice was cracked, and so were its panels. The harness was made of ropes. One carriage. What a fall is here! Once Toledo, besides her immense cathedral, had twenty-six churches, nine chapels, three colleges, fourteen convents, twenty-three nunneries, and ten hospitals. Now—only one carriage. No one comes here for business. There is no trade; it would be sacrilege

to traffic. The painter and tourist, with palette and pen, may come. Old Mortality may come with his chisel. He may distinguish the Gothic from the Roman ruin; decipher the Moorish from the Hebraic, and both from the Christian inscription and monument; wander amidst palaces whose halls have but an empty echo; gaze at fragmentary statues dust-laden, and pictures time-tarnished; and see great rooms and much room for worship, but no worshippers!

Did I not say that the hotel was very poor and very small? It was also very old. How the omnibus ever worked up and round in the angular streets, with its three mules, and these half blinded by the red head-trappings, and dashed us into the little court of the hotel, where we were suddenly spilled, I do not know. Toledo has a good driver. He was the only wakeful person I met. The hotel people gave us a room, with a dungeon door and a monstrous lock. It had a ceiling about seven feet high, though the room was nine feet by seven in dimensions. It had a few prints on the walls, very old and dusty. One was the portrait of the 'Illustrious D. George Juan, profundo matematico,' who died at Madrid in 1773; another was of a great medicine man, Dr. Valles, who doctored Philip II. I pity him. He must have had a hard time of it with his distinguished patient. The picture represents a melancholy man. I also pity the patient. Then there was a picture of D. Pedro Calderon de la Barcas, poet! His face I know. It makes my room glorious! Our feast at the hotel was not Olympian. It was a feast of the imagination. I soon perceived that we must make our supper here with the 'convocation of public worms' who are supposed to be preying on the dead past in the old crypts. So, without more ado, we enter our carriage and proceed first to the Alcazar, or palace.

The Alcazar is high above the rocky banks of the river. You may drive up nearly to its portals. A balustrade, decorated with large stone 'cannon balls,' lines the upward roads. We pass stone statues of Gothic kings, very gray and, as usual with all old statues, without noses. How quaintly these effigies stand, frosted over with the rime of years. Not less motionless are the lazy, live Toledans at midday, snugly snoring in the shadow and angles of the great square of the palace. Nothing seems to work hereabouts but the river. The Tagus generally has not been considered worth a—dam—but here there is one. The stream roars and plashes, and turns the slow, creaking old water-wheels, as it did when the Moors lived here. It is refreshing to see the river run. We look through the rocky defiles whence it issues. Then it seems to please itself by spreading out and winding over the Huertas del Rey—the meadows to the West, where it works less noisily but as valuably—after the manner of other waters in Spanish soil. But then, as if tired of the effort, it wanders lazily off toward the West. Its waters are fretted by no commerce. They are content to empty themselves into the ocean, near the capital of Portugal.

Many a romantic incident, however, is associated with its flow. Have you not read Southey's poem—'The Last of the Goths'—and Irving's description of Florinda, who was so fair and yet so frail (the frailty, however, Southey, as well as Irving, denies), and who was seen by Roderick, the last King of the Goths, in her bath by its banks—the same Roderick who brought so much trouble on Spain, nay, its downfall, by his rude wooing. That will do for one story of the Tagus. Besides, the Cid Campeador was once Governor in Toledo. That fact alone is a romance! Was he not the hammer of Thor for strength and the

scimitar of Saladin for chivalry? Is not his name a poem? Around it cohere sword, and cuirass, and buckler, guitar, castanet, and beauty! Nay, his name is a volume of gold-clasped lyrics of war and love! Far down upon the green Huertas, on which I look from the Alcazar towers, the Cid once convened a Cortes. It met upon the banks of the river, near which are yet to be found some genuine ruins, amidst which some poor peasants live. These are the ruins of the proverbial 'Castle in Spain.' This castle, it is said by Ford, duly confirmed by Murray, was built in the air, by Galafre, a king, as a home for the beautiful Galiana, his daughter, whom he loved passing well. Cynical criticism has it that no such king was ever crowned; that no such king ever had a daughter; and that no such king ever constructed a castle for any supposed, or non-existent, or other daughter! Hence I argue that there is good foundation for this ethereal architecture! It is also added that Charles Martel courted this apochryphal daughter of a king who never was, who lived in a castle constructed in phantasy; and that Charles, in a fight which never took place, slew a rival, who it is generally believed was not killed, inasmuch as Charles never came to Spain and the rivalry was a myth! Is not this the very fifth essence of Spanish romance? But the Tagus has had something besides ideal castles upon its banks. The direst conflicts of that long religious war between Christian and Moor here took place. They furnish the argument of many a roundelay.

But let us clamber up *into* the Alcazar. It is refurnishing, if not rebuilding. The workmen tell us that before the recent revolution it was intended to be fitted up for a college. Once a palace and a fortress, it is now—a nondescript. It has felt the improving hands of Alonzo, Charles, and Philip. Façades, rooms,

and staircases were built by them, and afterwards used by paupers; for it was changed into a weaving factory for the poor to work in. The French, in the Napoleonic wars, made it a barrack. They mutilated and nearly burned it down. Kings have been born here. From its towers, overlooking the regions round about, through which the Tagus flows, queens have gazed down upon the tide of battle, upon which the fate of kingdoms depended. From its lofty point is seen the circle of olive-clad hills beyond the dull, dead town, the ruins of the Roman circus in the plain, and the yellowish, whitish walls of the city, here and there surmounted by the still numerous spires of the churches. Through its court the birds—the only live and jocund inhabitants—chirp the slow hours away. Let us hence, Come. There is something so offensively defunct here that it would be better to go at once to the Cathedral. There we are sure of seeing, at least, mimic life, illustrated by the old paintings and tombs, which prove that men have once stirred the dust of this heavily bound, seven sleepers of a city.

Rumbling down and up through the narrow winding of the city streets, followed by beggars, and still gazed at by the roused population, we reach the principal square of Toledo. It is called Zocodover. I have not studied the philology of the term; but I think it means the plaza of laziness. It used to be the resort of all the devil-may-care, clever, proud, swindling, and gambling Don Whiskerandos of the ancient regime. Still, on a warm day, it is revisited by the ghosts of those departed worthies, which lingering haunt the shady ends of cool stone seats.

Come along further! We may see something which speaks of the olden time, and of the Jews who then suffered, if indeed there ever was a time in

Spain when they did not suffer. The Jews of Spain were of the highest quality. Toledo was their Western Jerusalem. I have seen an elaborate paper in Latin, preserved by the Toledan ecclesiastics, which purports to be a protest against holding the Toledan Jews responsible for the Crucifixion of Christ. They prove that they were of the ten tribes transported by Nebuchadnezzar to Spain; and not only assert an *alibi*, but insist that when they were consulted as to the Crucifixion, they searched the Scriptures and found that Jesus was the Christ; that he fulfilled the prophecies of their sacred books; and that hence they advised against the 'deep damnation of his taking off.' Whether this is a fictitious document, or a ruse of the Jews when hard pressed by the Christians—or what, I am not to judge.

Two synagogues remain to attest what this class once were. The older one, built in the ninth century, was almost destroyed by a mob, and then changed into a church. The French made it a storehouse. The soil below the pavement is from Mount Zion, and the beams of the ceiling are cedars from Lebanon. Its aisles and arches, pillars and patterns, mark an era of great Hebrew taste and wealth. The other synagogue was built in the fourteenth century, by one Samuel Levi—the rich treasurer of Pedro the Cruel. It had Moorish arches, an artesonada roof, honeycomb cornices — all Oriental, bespeaking not only a peculiar people, but a people peculiarly Oriental in their architecture. These are but the spoiled and degraded memorials of a race which clung with such tenacity to its faith that no fires of persecution could sever the bond. Ever despoiled and ever filling their coffers; children of peace, and making wealth by its pursuit; coming to this, their favourite Tarshish—the golden America of their hopes—from the persecutions

of the far East; driven by Roman Emperors from Italy in Pagan days; cut off by 'scythes of revenge' through Moorish hate; in goods mulcted and in person decapitated; driven from place to place by Catholic and Protestant, they ever clung to the horns of their ancient altar, and bore the oracles of God, as in the ark of the covenant, down through the dark and bloody ages, until in this bright noon of a new era they are at length enfranchised even in England and in Spain. In England they have at length the right of suffrage and that of sitting in Parliament. In Spain they are accountable to none but Jehovah for their religious convictions. In America they have ever been free; and, being free, how they have thriven! A wonderful race; Semitic it is called, from its ancestor Shem; Oriental it is, ever persistent, energetic, and brilliant. What music has it not composed and sung since its harp was taken down from the willows of Babylon? What eloquence, what art, what letters, what genius in journalism, in finance, and in statesmanship, has it not illustrated? Let the Hebrews of France, Germany, and England attest. If I mistake not, the late Premier of England came from the loins of one of the tribes of this Spanish 'Tarshish'! Now that Spain is free, and the Jews so opulent, would it not be worthy of their high descent and rich estate if they rescued 'Juderia' in Toledo, and its two despoiled synagogues from degradation and decay?

Now for the cathedral, which towers above all, proudly eminent! We alight at its gates. Before we enter the temple itself, observe upon the walls of its cloistered avenues pictures of grinning Moors. They are cutting up Christians with scimitars, or dragging them to disgrace and death. This was a lively preface to the stone-bound volume we are soon to open. But even these vivacious frescoes are already

beginning to lose their colours, and the turbaned and breeched forms their lineaments. But here, along this court—upon the left, or outside—is an orangery, and the orange trees are intermixed with laurel and cypress. That surely shows life sweet and fragrant. The birds make their nests here. They sing us a hymn from the cypress as we enter the heavy, bronzed portals. We tread over marble pavements, on which are written the virtues and station of those whose ashes repose beneath. We observe sculptures and paintings, 'an innumerable host,' altars and tombs, jasper steps and alabaster forms, bronze doors and carved wood-work, bas-reliefs and cloisters. There are, amidst this opulent labyrinth of art, two conspicuous objects. One is the superior painted windows. At sunset they glow like jewels! They are justly celebrated as marvels. The other is the Gothic Respaldos of the fourteenth century. This is the boast of Toledo. It consists of sculptures in white marble—almost yellow now. Columns and cherubs surround St. Raphael in full figure, with his head downwards and wings stretched, flying out from the marble clouds! It cost—excuse me—but it is reckoned at 200,000 ducats! I omit the dollar, as that detracts from its poetry and subtracts from its age. This is the most extensive piece of sculptured marble that I have ever seen. It extends to the vault of the Cathedral.

But why should I disturb the dust of old Toledo? Why linger amidst these petrified abodes of the great Mendoza and Ximenes—those redoubtable old ecclesiastical knights, whose swords were as potential as their croziers? 'Their swords are rust; their bodies dust; their souls are with the saints—I trust.' No *renaissance* in style or sculpture can arouse them to glory again. Spain has left them in the rear. The orators of the Cortes—the Figueras and Castellars—

take the lessons of these elder primates only to frame a new code, instinct with the present and fit for the political future. Nay, to the credit of hierarchical Spain be it said that her bishops and archbishops have sought places in the Cortes, and have shivered many a lance with the ardent orators of that forum. His Grace of Santiago, foremost in the arena, brings his learned eloquence to bear in support of the unity of his religion, and its paramount authority in connection with the State. So, in England, their Graces of Canterbury and Dublin, and the bishops of Derry and St. David's, Tuam and Peterborough, and more especially the last named, have within the week held the Lords entranced by their learning and eloquence in defence, or in derogation, of the Irish Episcopal establishment. Omitting all discussion as to the merits of such contests—to state the question is all the logic required for an American—it is a bright augury of a better era when schoolman and churchman step forth as it were, from the unseen world into the arena of reason, to combat error, defend truth, or even to uphold the wrongs which time and power have crystallized into institutions and vested rights!

But the mind is so framed as to be reverent of the past and of the dead. It requires an effort, sometimes a convulsion, to free it from the slavery of mere symbols. There is a just medium between this reverence and its iconoclastic enemy. Spain is struggling for it. The best Catholics have helped the struggle. Indeed, there is no other religion in Spain except the Catholic, and there is no probability of any other just now. If the Protestant would stop progress and promote reaction, let him do as some of the 'weaker brethren' are doing, taking advantage of the new code of toleration, and send into Spain inflammatory tracts and fanatical colporteurs; both abusive of the existing

faith, and so Protestant in excessive zealotry as scarcely to be Christian in charity or practice.

Turn we again to the world of symbol and faith in the great Toledan temple. No bickerings of politicians, no polemics of theologians, disturb the repose of its solemn aisles. All about us are effigies of the departed. Yonder chapel celebrates the victory of Ximenes, when he took Oran from the Moors. We have visited in Africa the scene of his exploits. Here is the sword of Alonzo VI., who conquered Toledo; there is the same cross which the great Cardinal Mendoza elevated in presence of Ferdinand and Isabella on the captured Alhambra! Come with me into the library of this cathedral! How cool is 'the still air of delightful studies'! How dim the light! Here are volumes gigantic in size, and ponderous with Greek, Latin, and Arabic lore! Here are Talmuds and Korans; illuminated Bibles, the gifts of kings; missals, whose pages were once turned by the hands of an emperor of two hemispheres, and printed Italian books as well (six thousand), and all reposing unread under dust. Has not a new volume been opened by Spain? Hope illuminates and progress peruses it. Paintings there are of Virgin and Child, Saviour and saint, holy families, in this great cathedral, but I miss the ever graceful Murillos, which make the Cathedral of Seville as entrancing as a thought of Heaven.

Yet, with all these relics of the past, what is it the stranger recalls when he thinks, if he ever does think, of Toledo? Nay, I make the question more specific. I ask of the Buckeyes—who have a city christened after this proud capital of Spain—what is it you think of when you recall old Toledo? Is it her grand primacy, her cathedral, her theocracy? Is it her piety? Is it her Hebrew name—derived from Toledoth—signifying 'city of generations;' the refuge of the children

of Israel when Nebuchadnezzar took Jerusalem? Is it her strange Hebraic history — her having been turned over by the Jews to the Moors, because of Gothic persecution, and afterwards, when they were persecuted by the Moors, turned back again by the Jews to the Christians? Do you think of Leovigildo, the king, who consolidated the Gothic power and made Toledo its capital? Is it that Wamba and the Cid once ruled here? Is it that you recall the magnificent charities and hospitals here once existing? Is it her rugged cliffs of gneiss or her magnificent veins of granite? Is it her splendid plaza for loungers, her Alameda, her Alcazar, her romances, her Châteaux en Espagne? Is it her primitive donkey power? For know, that Toledo, being on a high rock and being without water, and the old Moorish aqueducts, or 'roads of silver,' being destroyed, has depended this many a year on donkey power for water. The donkeys carry the jars in their panniers, and thirsty Toledo is thus satisfied. Is it this system of *elevators* which recalls your Spanish namesake? Is it the 'great wars which make ambition virtue'? Both Toledos have had them. Old Toledo was the subject of many a fray, bloody and bitter, as your Maumee Valley was when mad Anthony Wayne waged his Indian warfare, and as new Toledo was when, as disputed ground in the 'Wolverine war' between Ohio and Michigan, she witnessed the destruction of water-melons and corn whisky! The sweat which then flowed, and the feathers which were then ruined, are known to the old inhabitants of Ohio. Then I was a youth, but I have the recollection of hearing valiant colonels, in my own native Muskingum hills, addressing the militia drawn up round them in hollow squares, inspiring them to rescue the realm of quinine and hoop-poles from the grasp of the insatiate Michi-

ganders! The recollection makes my heart tremble. Ah! that was a war, whose Cid no poet has dared yet to celebrate! The passions then engendered even yet vibrate in the 'cornstalks' of the Maumee Valley! A remarkable war! when soldiers retreated before a foe which was not pursuing, and ran through almost impassable swamps, guided by the battle-fires of their own flaming eyes! The dead and wounded of that war were never counted. Both sides fought for a boundary-line, and both ran that line with the same exactitude and compass. Their lines were both straight. I said I was but a boy then; but the tympanum of my ear even now, at this distance and age, echoes to the rataplan of that sanguinary war. And yet, I venture to say, that it is not this history, that is the vinculum of memory, which connects these historic spots of similar name!

Why then was Toledo, in America, thus called? Who christened it? What for? Where and how do Americans get their magnificent names for village, town, and city? What is now the association between the old and the new? To answer these queries I have searched history, science, geology, river, people—associations of all kinds—fruitlessly. Stay! From the war to the warrior, from the warrior to his weapon, there are but one, two, three steps! Eureka!

Toledo, Spain, and Toledo, Ohio, each has a *Blade!* True, one is a newspaper and the other a sword. But when the Toledan of either city would recall its namesake, is it not because he is situated like Aladdin, who, when he courted the beautiful princess, found a flashing blade between them! *Eureka!* I should be untrue to my vocation of a tourist if I did not describe the visit I made to the manufactory of these world-famed blades. Down the steeps of the rock-built city, out upon the road and over the plain to the south-

west, and on the bank of the Tagus, scarcely a mile, we drive to the celebrated *Fabrica de Armas*. That huge rectangular pile you see before you was erected by Charles III. in 1788. It has a chapel dedicated to Santa Barbara, who patronizes arms. The sign over the door of the factory indicates that the arms are called *blancas*. Why white I do not know, except from the sheen of the metal when made into the blade. We enter within the gate. Our first salutation is an unexpected challenge from a pet brindle goat—who gave us a 'Mee-hah-hah!' We are next saluted at the door by an *employé*, who was more courteous. He takes care to let us know that *he* made the Toledan blades which were sent to the Paris Exhibition. He himself had the honour of taking them there. The pride of the blade has entered his Castilian soul! He first invites us to a room where there is a collection of finished blades. He takes one up. It is of fine temper and mirrored-polished. He tries it. It curls up like a watch spring or a glistening snake. It flies straight again! He hacks a hard log of iron or steel with it. No dent is left on the keen edge. The sword fills Falstaff's definition of a good bilboa, 'in the circumference of a peck hilt to point, heel to head.'

What is the secret of this refinement of steel? Our conductor says the peculiar water. But there is some secret behind. It is not the metal; that is English. It is not the fire; that is the same old Promethean spark. Is there any secret in the handling? They tell us not; but I noticed at the forges the most painstaking labour and diligence. The secret of the *Damascus* blade, or of its manufacture, ought to be, if anywhere, known here. Indeed, the Moors first taught the Toledans to make this blade. Knowing that fact, and putting the unknown down as the work of Oriental enchantment, we are content, without inquiry

further, to follow our guide; first, into the room were workmen are pricking the steel with points, and painting the marks and decorations on the blade. These are then burned into the metal till they add a magic glamour to its silver sheen. We then go into the department where the grindstones are flying around and the sparks are flying off. They are turned by water-power. A part of the Tagus runs through the factory, and works as it runs. While looking at the men polishing the blades upon whirling walnut-wood wheels, amidst the hum of the room, a clear-eyed boy of twelve, catching some words of English I had dropped, came up and said, politely: 'I am so glad to see some one, sir, who speaks English. Excuse me for asking if you are not English.' He had been three years away from home, learning to make Toledo blades and to speak Spanish. He was a Birmingham boy, and as bright in his eyes as the blades he polished, though as grimed as Vulcan in his face. I have since learned that Birmingham manufactures great numbers of Toledo blades; but this is irrelevant. We purchased some of the daggers, as mementoes of the spot. My blades had to be paid for; were they not genuine arms from Toledo? Was not Toledo, for a thousand years, the fabricator of those swords most petted by the proud Spaniards? Were not these swords to them almost sentient beings; and, like Burke's rhetorical sabre, ready to leap from the scabbard by their own inherent, chivalric temper? We paid well for our souvenirs; but, as the conductor remarked, 'Señor, one must pay for his caprices!'

I have made out my case. It is this blade which, more than anything else, gives Toledo its fame. Toledo still preserves the art. The Fabrica is the only sign of life in or about the city. Three hundred and fifty workmen here earn their living making the *armas*

blancas for the Spanish cavalry. Until the nations learn the art of war no more, and the sword is beaten into the ploughshare (a most valuable improvement for Spain, where the old wooden ploughs are to be seen yet), this grand old capital of Spain will be known by the glistening letters painted in umber and burned with fire into its blades. These blades have a moral—if not in their thrust, in their elegant elasticity. They show that the finest metal, the most exquisite temper, and the most elegant polish, are consistent with that gracious bending which is the proof and essence of true gentility. The stiff, unyielding, untempered iron is easily shattered; the pliant, graceful, tempered steel, like true courtesy, is for all time. We hear of heroes who have backbone. Backbones, to be useful, must be vertebrated and bend like the blade. The Toledan blade of choicest quality hath its renown because in its polish and elements it reflected the knightly gentleman who bore it! I make my parting salute to Toledo—with her own courtly blades! Swish! Allons!

CHAPTER XX.

ALCOLEA—CORDOVA AND ARANJUEZ.

'The temples and the towers of Cordova
Shining majestic in the light of eve.
The traveller who with a heart at ease
Had seen the goodly vision, would have loved
To linger——'

SOUTHEY'S 'Roderick, last King of the Goths.'

WITHOUT telling you now how I reach Cordova, I spring—like the Toledo blade—elastic, at once thither. Having been over the road, through the waste places of La Mancha, celebrated every inch by the eccentricities of Don Quixote, am I not licensed, as was the hero of Irving's story, to seize upon enchanted means—say, a magic velocipede—for the journey? From the Tagus to the Guadalquivir we fly by ruined towers and ancient castles; now and then by imperial palaces and theatres of Roman eras; then by olive trees and vineyards watered by the Moorish norias; then without seeing it, by the dull, poor, but royal, city of Ciudad Real (how much royalty in dilapidation Spain has!); then by the Venta de Cardenas, where Don Quixote paid penance and liberated the galley slaves, through tunnels and over bridges, amidst scenes of Moorish and Spanish wars, over a battle-field where the chronicles report 200,000 Moors killed and only 25 Christians, through the mining shafts of Linares, leaving the impurpled peaks of the Sierra Morenas to