

Raphael and Titian gave their genius to the Continent; then there was in Spain a generous enthusiasm in the encouragement of painting which has not since been known, and has never been surpassed. This Museum is for Spain what the Medici Chapel, or the Patti Palace, is for Italy. It marks the era in the world of Art—and, I may add, of letters and commerce, which the biographer of Lorenzo, the magnificent, thus analyses:—‘The close of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century, comprehend one of those periods of history which are entitled to our minutest study and inquiry. Almost all the great events from which Europe derives its present advantages are to be traced up to those times. The invention of the art of printing, the discovery of the great Western Continent, the schism from the Church of Rome, which ended in the reformation of many of its abuses and established the precedent of reform, the degree of perfection attained in the fine arts, and the final introduction of the principles of criticism and taste, compose such an illustrious assemblage of luminous points as cannot fail of attracting for ages the curiosity and admiration of mankind.’

It was a splendid ordination of Providence that Murillo and his compeers should have been contemporaneous with this dawn of Art.

When Murillo arose—the Chaucer, or rather the Spenser, of Spanish Painting—there were many to applaud and there was much to encourage, but ‘the soul of Adonais, like a star,’ waited long for a throne. At length Madrid erected one. It is in the Museum. There are to be found forty-six Murillos, sixty-four Velasquez, ten Raphaels, and forty-three Titians; what a company of Olympians! Are they not all ‘Grand Masters’?

In another museum of San Fernando there are

several Murillos, and among them the 'Artist's Dream,' so celebrated as the representation of sleep. It is the ideal realized in the artist's own family, for the features and forms are copied from his Andalusian wife and relatives; but the dream is beyond conception unreal and tranquil. It is the story of the Roman patrician, who dreamed of the building of the Santa Maria Church at Rome. The Virgin appears to point out the spot for its erection. There is a companion picture, painted in Murillo's *vaporoso* style, in which the lines are not so well defined, but the sweet hues and charming forms are blended as if under some spell of enchantment. Many of these pictures have had their heroic experiences. They have been prisoners of war, have been exchanged, and returned home.

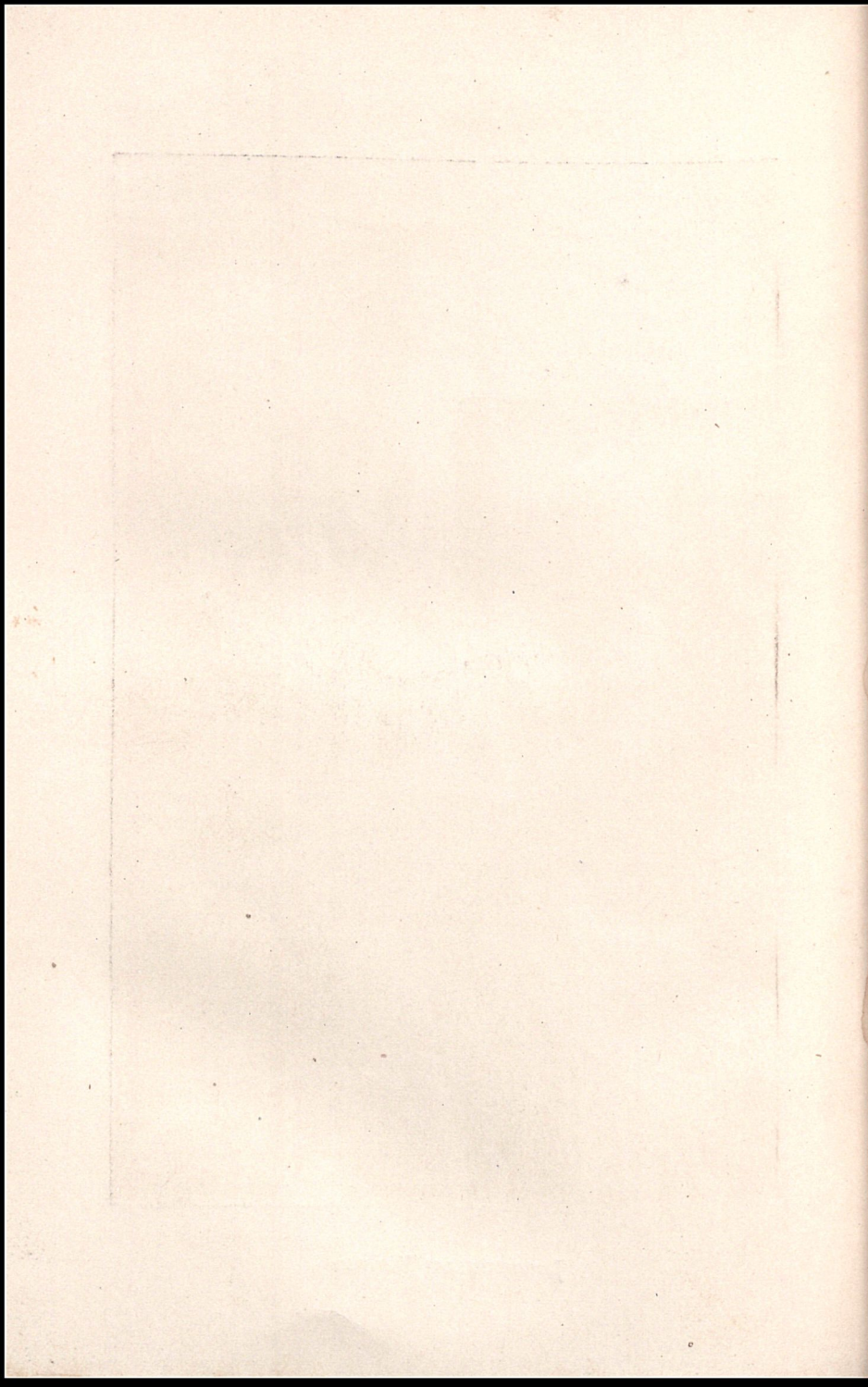
But I must linger no longer at Madrid, not even with my pen and memory. I must travel, where the portly Isabella trod before, en route to France. Leaving my Murillos to be packed (copies I mean), and the charming originals in museum and chapel; leaving my heart with those wonderful originals and with our kind friends at Madrid; leaving the Spanish capital in a state of excitement, which scarcely ever subsides, we arrange for a night ride toward the Pyrenees, with Saragossa for our objective point.

What we passed by—at Alcala, once a proud seat of learning, fostered by Ximenes, now its light extinguished; what at Guadalajara, so full of memories of Moors and of Mendoza—is in the dark. To sleep, perchance to dream, through those enchanted realms, every mile of which has a history or a romance, is more of a necessity than a pleasure, as most of the trains in Spain are nocturnal—to avoid the heat. We awake at Calatayud. We are on genuine Aragonese soil and in one of the genuine towns. This was the birthplace of the Roman poet Martial, but we did not

think of him. At the depôt, and along the route, we began to see the peasants in their native costumes. Knee-breeches take the place of pantaloons. Broad brims take the place of head handkerchief, velvet sombrero, and Phrygian cap. Broad silken, gaudy sashes all the men wear; and the red kirtle and blue boddice are worn by the Aragonese women. They are as picturesque as any painter could wish for, as sisters or 'sitters' for the 'Maid of Saragossa.'



LOTTERY AT MADRID.



CHAPTER XXIII.

*SARAGOSSA—THE MAID—OVER THE BORDER—
OUT OF SPAIN.*

WE reached Saragossa early in the morning. As we alight at the depôt and drive to the hotel, my eye glances about for the 'Maid.' It was a strictly historical optic. I saw her. My first glance was at her bronze figure at the public fountain, where, in graceful posture, she is for ever emptying water from an upturned classic pitcher. Besides, I saw her in photograph, as we rode by, in the narrow streets. I bought pictures of her firing off a cannon, while the dead lover lay near, weltering in his blood. I knew that she was an artillery-man, but I was not prepared for the anachronism of her photograph. Perhaps it was a spiritualist one. I saw her (or her descendants) carrying babies about; for the 'Maid of Saragossa' is a mother now. I saw her bearing on her head a basket of clothes to the brink of the Ebro, for a day's washing. I saw her with her face tied up as with the tooth-ache or mumps. Finally, I saw her at work in one of the cool, stony houses on the first floor, of a narrow street, with one of Wheeler and Wilson's American sewing-machines! The heroine of Saragossa, plying her plump little satined foot, and using the heroic glance of her death-defying eye upon a Yankee sewing-machine! Well! well! all I can do, is to present her, as she was and is.

What of the maid! Is she a myth? Does she

vanish when you approach her home? Saragossa, from Roman days—from earliest Christian days—from the early wars with Goth and Frank and Moor—and later in the French wars of 1707—and later still in the Napoleonic wars, was brave to the very death and starvation point! Free, beyond all other Spanish



The Maid of Saragossa.

provinces—having a *fuero*—or magna charta, or declaration of independence of her own; having, in fact, republican liberty, with a congress of four branches, each a check on the others, and all jealous of monarchical prerogative and encroachment. Aragon, whose capital Saragossa was, became renowned for the bravery, persistence, and chivalry of her sons, in which patriotic attributes her daughters shared.

What of the 'Maid'? Byron writes that the enemies of Spain were 'foiled by a woman's hand before a battered wall;' and adds, in a note, that, 'When the author was at Seville, she daily walked on

the Prado, decorated with medals and orders, by command of the Junta.' We did not see her—perhaps; but we saw many of her sisters, or her progeny. We went to the battered wall, near the north-west gate. There you will see the place where she fought by her lover's side. There, when he fell, she took the flaming match. There she worked the thunderous gun! Prose fails to tell what I would. I therefore quote the poet:—

'Is it for this the Spanish maid, arous'd,
Hangs on the willow her unstrung guitar—
And, all unsex'd, the Anlace hath espoused,
Sung the loud song, and dared the deed of war ?

Ye who shall marvel when you hear her tale,
Oh! had you known her in her softer hour,
Mark'd her black eye, that mocks her coal-black veil;
Heard her light, lively tones in lady's bower.
Seen her long locks, that foil the painter's power,
Her fairy form, with more than female grace,
Scarce would you deem that Saragoza's tower
Beheld her smile in danger's Gorgon face.

Her lover sinks—she sheds no ill-timed tear;
Her chief is slain—she fills his fatal post.
Her fellows flee—she checks their base career;
The foe retires—she leads the sallying host:
Who can appease, like her, a lover's ghost?
Who can avenge so well a leader's fall ?

This is all very well; but it is due to truth to say that her legitimate business was to sell cooling drinks. However, she has gained, by fighting Frenchmen, an immortality for bravery in Aragon which has been shared by a few others of her sex. In the famous sieges of the city there are recounted many stories of heroic devotion like hers, and among the photographs we bring home are those of two other heroines who fought in the early wars for the safety of their homes and city.

Saragossa is a republican city. As I said on a

former occasion, on the Sunday before we came, there were 10,000 people in the Plaza del Toros to bury the crown. That was on the day when they were proclaiming the monarchy at Madrid. Along the walls, as we rode to the hotel, we saw posted in large letters, 'FUNERAL! ALL INVITED TO THE OBSEQUIES!' We noticed that the soldiers here were very plentiful, and early and late were displaying themselves in drill and otherwise. We drove round the walls; thence out into the country to the falls and canals, where the Ebro River, uniting with the waters of the Great Canal of Aragon, furnished this part of Spain with creative irrigating water power. People were gathering their grain, or directing the water into its channels of irrigation. The great plain was all green with verdure, or yellow with the ripe harvest. There are beggars in plenty; but the people, especially the peasants, are industrious and well off. In their red plaid shawls, knee breeches, wooden shoes, and independent air, we find that we are nearing the mountains: for the mountaineers of Aragon are not unknown to history for their defiant love of independence and their ability to maintain it. The 'Maid' has left many descendants worthy of her pluck.

It was hard to leave Saragossa. We were in fact driven thence by the heat, and we press ardently for the French frontiers. As we pass through Navarre and then into Biscay, the glorious Pyrenees appear in their misty mantles, and begin to fling their cool shadows from their snowy tops upon us. The fields of Navarre and Biscay are picturesque with women at work. They wear their broad hats tied close under their chin, and in violently red gowns they blaze like big animated poppies over the fields. We are yet to hear the Basque people talk! It is conceded that Adam talked Basque. The primeval guttural of the

natives of Biscay is proverbial. In the other provinces, the Spaniards say, 'The Basque folks write "*Solomon*"—and pronounce it "*Nebuchadnezzar!*"' The houses on our route still remind us of Africa; for the Moors have been here also. Where have they not been? These houses have square windows, and look forbidding beside the deep, green, cultivated valleys in which they are placed. We pass many spurs of the Pyrenees, as the tunnels indicate. Swiss cottages appear in Biscay. The country begins to lose its calcined, desolate appearance. It becomes sylvan, in its green groves and running waters, and flocks of sheep and goats. We look for Pan and his pipe. All that we have heard of these beautiful intervalles is more than realized. We watch the panorama of cultivated loveliness till the evening comes on to melt all outlines into one harmoniously beautiful scene.

Then appears in a dusky light St. Sebastian, where Isabella ate her last Spanish breakfast. In fancy, if not in reality, she had bid hurried adieux to her palaces at La Granja, Aranjuez, and Madrid; and here, upon the frontier of a foreign land and a new home, she who ruled by defrauding her cousin Charles of his (so-called) right, and by the forced repeal of the ancient law of descent; she who ruled, too, in defiance of decency, of the people, and of God—here bid a long and last farewell to all her greatness. 'These are bad times for us,' she said to a friend who bid her good bye at the railway station. Compressing her lips and hiding her eyes, to conceal her depression and her tears, the same railway which bore plebeian and peasant, carried the last Spanish Bourbon over the border.

As we enter St. Sebastian, the lofty green mountain, surmounted by a splendid fort—the scene of many a battle—rises on the left. We are in the town, and amidst the noises, nurses, and children of the beautiful

promenades of this finest of watering-places. Groves are all about us, and promenades in plenty. The dusty, hot ride of the day is forgotten in the beautiful prospects. Soon we pass through rocky, mountainous defiles, and are at Hendaye, just on the border. The Pyrenees are pierced! Our trunks are searched. A grim Spanish Custom-house officer says to me: 'Any cigars, caballero?' 'No.' 'Pass!—no, stop! What is in that long box?' Now that was my box of Murillos. It looked formidable and suspicious. It had been taken once for a coffin. I related succinctly that it held pictures. He doubted. He was about to open it, when a superior officer came and stopped him. The inferior said that he thought it might contain—arms! Arms—to be carried out of Spain and into France! What for? I was not able to solve this strategico-political problem before the cars hurried us to that beautiful spot on the Bay of Biscay—Biarritz! I have not solved it since.

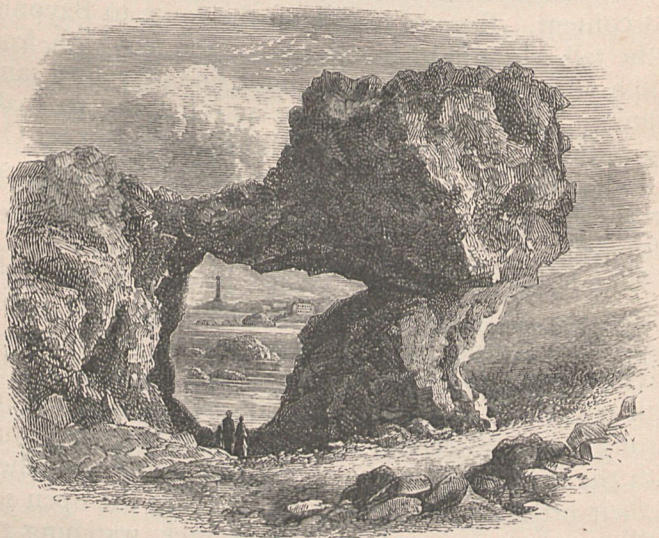
Out of Spain! Snugly ensconced in the uttermost south-western corner of France, with the proud peaks of the Pyrenees along the coast to the west and to the south, with the Bay of Biscay making a right angle here with the coast line—if one angle there is right, where all is so crooked and rugged—and with the sweetest refreshment of air from the sea, we begin, here and now, to realize that we are out of Spain! The Sunbeams of the Peninsula began to warm and warn. Thereupon we came to the north and to the seaside. Looking out upon the west, with the waves slightly curling and capped with white, the mind turns to the home-land beyond—beyond—beyond! There are all our hopes and loves. We seem nearer to them now than at any time in our travels. Upon the shore are a score or more of unshapely masses of isolated rock, under, over, and on which the sea pounds and froths, and

under which, even on calm days, it sulks and roars. These rocks furnish a breakwater for the harbour and smooth the sanded bathing beach. These caves are the counterfeit presentment of those of the Jersey Isle, where Victor Hugo's sea-toiling hero found the devil-fish, or the devil-fish found him. Along the shore are the villas of the French nobles and millionnaires; and there, on that hill by the shore, is the newly-fashioned palace, or lodge, where the Emperor and Empress of France summer away the solstice in (perhaps) measureless content. Beyond it still, on the route to Bayonne, is the tall, white light-house, nearly 300 feet high, from which you may perceive the slight line of yellow sand, running far out into the sea, and helping to make the harbour of Bayonne 'in the Bay of Biscay, O!' and the line of the Pyrenees, running from the sea far to the inland in one grand continuous line of loftiness!

Wandering amidst the palace pleasure-grounds by the lakes, and (by permission) through the palace itself—just fitting up, and soon to be occupied—or driving along the beautiful road to Bayonne, shaded with pines, and to the lakes in the rear of Biarritz, and through the (so-called) Bois de Boulogne; mingling with the fishermen on the shore and going with them in their little shells of boats far out into the open sea, trolling as we go, and in lieu of luck, watching the porpoises flounder, flop, and wallow like hogs—*cochons de mer*, as they are well named; strolling and clambering over the straggling rocks, which are anchored to the sounding shore by the neatest of fairy-arched bridges; seeing the new faces, mostly Spanish (absent from the home perils of revolution), with nurses and babies; observing the throngs sauntering and sunning themselves along the beach, or the bathers, young and old, of both sexes, rejoicing under the sweet sun and in

the glad waves—thus have the days gone by since we pierced the Pyrenees. Most delightfully; for Biarritz is by nature and art the very pearl of a summer resort. From the verandah or terrace in front of the palace not only is there the finest sea view, but the freshest air which ever salt sea gave to the famishing lung.

And yet one cannot always linger here, even amidst the Sweet Sunbeams, nor dwell on what surrounds



Pierced Rock at Biarritz.

Biarritz. Indeed, my mind has not yet been relieved of its memories of Spain. I love to be on the sand of the shore or on the grass by the lakes, and paint my castles in Spain with fancy's pencil. The political excitements which come from Paris, and which quicken the newsmongers here in this far corner of the empire, scarcely interest me—at least not yet; for the Spanish

interest is yet unabated. I should not be surprised to hear at any time of fresh troubles and new complications, even of a sanguinary kind, in Spain. Not in Madrid; but at Malaga, Seville, and Cadiz, where there is much rampant dissatisfaction with the present arrangement. No one seems to fear that the dynasty of Louis Napoleon will be disturbed by the *éméutes* at Paris. They are the froth of the elections. France, more than Spain, has been solidified and compacted in her polity and policy. Spain is yet in the nonage and experiment of parliamentary and public liberty. An illustration which I saw the other day in an English paper, applied to France, has a much more apt application to Spain. The writer, after praising England for the substantial foundations of her government, indicates that France, owing to repeated shakings, is still unsettled. Its component particles have never yet found their level. There is no stratification, scarcely even have the various elements had time to crystallize. He does not find in France, and it is still harder to find in Spain, a strong granite basis, the result of many fiery processes it may be, but formed and welded together into an indissoluble whole. Upon that kind of foundation alone the superimposed strata lie easily and firmly. We shall see!

From Biarritz, securely aloof from all the cares, tremors, and ills of Spanish travel, I can cast an eye backward, and reverently upward—to the Source of that Light of which I have been in search—to thank God that he has permitted me to see so much of what is rare in nature, beautiful in art, kind in courtesy, and sacred in worship. Only one thing doth Spain need. Not royal pageantry; not historic memories; not pictured or statuesque forms; not heroic qualities;

‘—not the spirit of religious chivalry
In fine harmonic exaltation’—

not grand cathedrals, or the still Grander Presence; not mountains swelling splendidly from alluvial plains; nor seas almost encircling its Peninsular borders with a blue girdle of beauty. Let the following fable, which Ford records, illustrate the one great need of Spain, and suggest the problem which she is now attempting to solve: When San Ferdinand captured Seville from the Moor, and bore the conquest to heaven, the Virgin desired her champion to ask from the Supernal Power any favour for Spain. The King asked for a fine climate and sweet sun. They were conceded. For brave men and beautiful women. Conceded. For oil, wine, and all the fruits and goods of this teeming earth. This request was granted. 'Then, will it please the beauteous Queen of Heaven to grant unto Spain a *good government?*' 'Nay, nay! That can never be. The angels would then desert Heaven for Spain!'

That angelic advent will never happen until something nobler shall absorb the Spanish mind than the perpetual parade of nearly a quarter of a million of expensive soldiers, even though they march to the soul-inspiring, liberty-born Hymn of Riego!

THE END.



