

These duties over, we were conducted to a long, low, dirty omnibus, in which the passengers were seated, all except ourselves smoking villainous cigars, while the trunks were tossed upon the roof by baggage smashers who reminded us of home. We started, only to be stopped at the gates and our hand-bags examined by the officials who collect the "octroi" tax upon edibles and goods for sale brought into the town. At last these examinations were ended, and we drove across the grand old bridge built over the Ebro in the fifteenth century, beyond which are the two cathedrals of Zaragoza, in which service is held alternately every six months.

The streets of the old city are neither regular nor clean, and the pavements are rough. In some streets it is impossible for vehicles to pass, and in others there is not room for both vehicles and foot-passengers. From these narrow ways we emerged into the broad and open Plaza de la Constitucion, and were backed up to the door of the Fonda Europa. The "maid of Zaragoza" who showed us to our rooms was a man, and men are the usual "domestics" in Spanish inns. The Spanish hotels are kept upon the "American plan"—that is to say, a fixed price is charged per day, which includes rooms, meals, lights, and attendance. The meals are at regular times, though only the dinner is at a precise hour. The Spaniard takes a cup of chocolate and a piece of bread on rising, as the French take their coffee. From ten till one, the regular breakfast, consisting of a choice of three courses, goes forward; and the table d'hôte dinner is served at different hours in different

places, between six and eight o'clock in the evening. Smoking during meals, and after meals, and at all hours of the day and evening, is allowed in all hotels; and one who tries to change the habits of the Spaniards in this respect undertakes a hopeless task. The very servant who sweeps your room or brings up your morning coffee will have a cigarette in his mouth, and I have seen a smoking barber shaving a customer, who held a lighted cigar between his fingers and puffed vigorously between the cuts of the razor. The ordinary wine of the country is furnished with meals, and carafes of water are also freely supplied. The wine is strong and is said to be less acid than the French wines and more healthful. The water is sometimes very good, especially at Madrid and in Granada; but I should not care to drink much of it at Zaragoza or Seville. Bottled waters can always be had at low rates, and ice is not the unknown luxury in Spain that it is in some parts of Europe. The natives always sleep after the morning meal. The *siesta* is more than a custom, it is one of the conditions of life in a Spanish town. Even the beggar sprawls upon the pavement in the sun and sleeps like a dog in the highway at the appointed hour. The French cabman is not more determined to have his breakfast than is every Spaniard, from the highest hidalgo to the lowest menial, to secure his hour of sleep in the middle of the day. Whole cities seem to go to sleep when the summer sun has climbed into the zenith. We soon got into the way of resting at that hour and of sleeping when the

accommodations were nice. I cannot say much for the cleanliness of the rooms or the excellence of the fare at the best hotel in Zaragoza, but when compared with the rest of the town in these respects, it might be easily considered first-class.

VII

ZARAGOZA

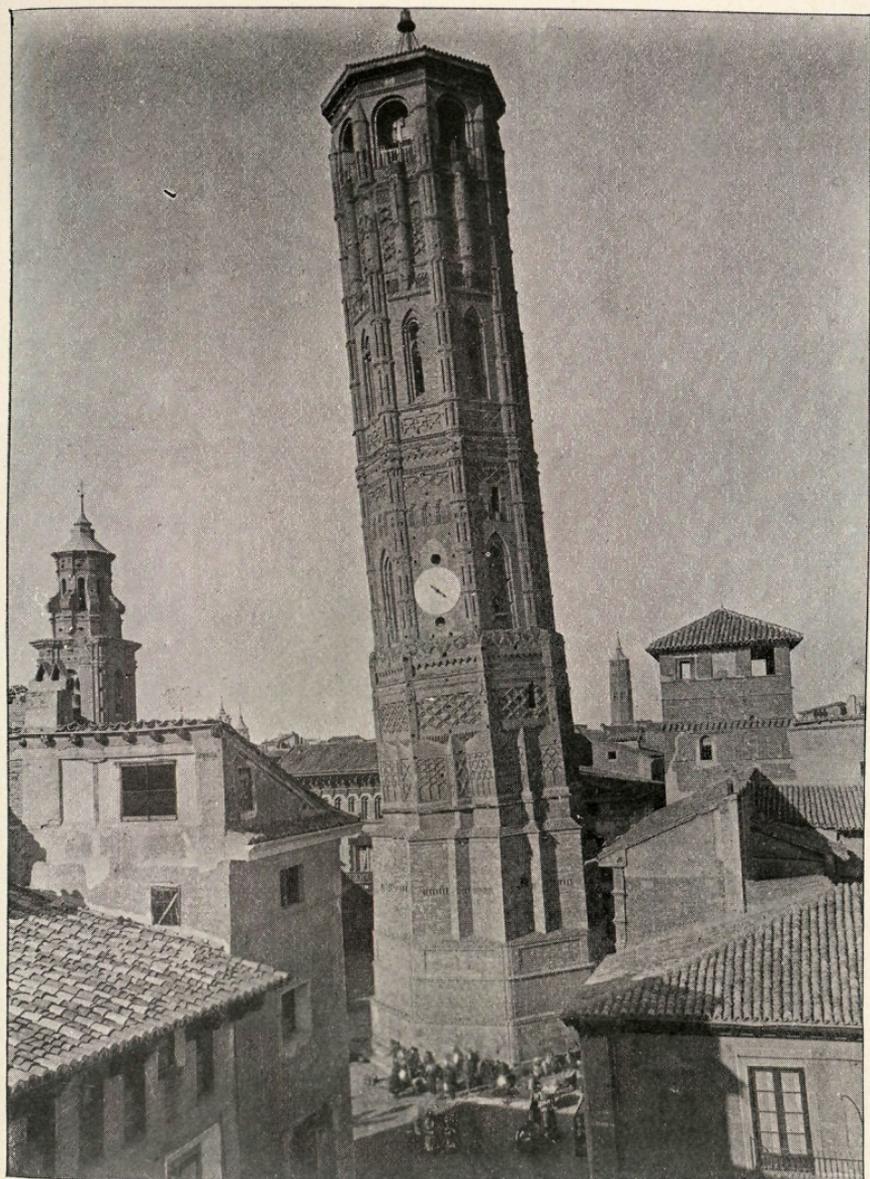
AGUSTINA, THE MAID — THE SIEGE — THE CASTLE AND
ITS DUNGEON — TWO CATHEDRALS — A FAMOUS SHRINE
— ANOTHER LEANING TOWER

It was pleasant to find, when morning broke and we walked about Zaragoza, that the town did not look so bad as it smelt, and that there was a fine promenade, and houses with gardens in the suburbs. The river Ebro runs through Zaragoza, and waters the valley in which it stands. The country round about is diversified with olive groves and fields, whose verdure forms a pleasing contrast to the desert and horrid region on either hand. There were numerous white villas and towers around the city, which told of individual wealth, and inside of the town an occasional opening disclosed the courtyard of an elegant establishment. But the general impression left upon the mind about Zaragoza was that of a cold, poor, and decaying town, where the descendants of the ancient Aragonese drag out a miserable existence. The spirits of the Moor and the mediæval Spaniard pervade the place. Most of the streets are narrow and winding lanes, where people with tawny skin unused to water, and sad brown eyes, bare legs and arms, and swarthy, open chests, saunter about or

stand absorbed in dreamy contemplation; coarse brown woollen cloaks, reminding one of the dress of the Arabs of the desert, and gay handkerchiefs twisted around the heads of the people, like turbans, give a picturesque look to the arcades and markets where the crowds gather. The fronts of the houses are covered with balconies so thickly that there would be neither room nor need for a modern fire-escape, and the arrangements for awnings showed that all the year was not as cold as the springtime when we made our visit. We looked everywhere for Agustina, Byron's heroine of the siege of 1808. The description is so complete that we could not have missed her:

“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 Zaragoza's tower
Beheld her smile in Danger's Gorgon face,
Thin the closed ranks and lead in Glory's fearful chase.”

She died in 1867, and I am quite sure that she left no descendants who would fight beside a lover and work the gun when he fell mortally wounded, though it is said that these cold, indolent Aragonese are still heroic when aroused, and need only a taste of blood to fight like tigers. The siege is memorable in Spanish history. It lasted during sixty-two days of constant attack and defence. There was no organized army of defenders, but the people chose their own



ZARAGOZA—THE TORRE NUEVA.

officers and obeyed them. When famine came upon them, they formed processions to the Virgen del Pilar, and as they were fighting against men who would, if victorious, despoil the churches and profane all that they held sacred, their heroism became desperation. At last, after a number of unsuccessful attempts, the French made a breach, and ten thousand maddened troops rushed into the town. There in every narrow street there was a breastwork, and every housetop became a fortress. The combat in the streets continued for twenty-one days longer, and finally the city capitulated, obtaining, however, the most honorable terms.

The buildings in Zaragoza which attract the traveller are few. Two cathedrals, a wonderful leaning tower, the Lonja or Exchange, the castle, and a few private houses comprise the sights of the place. Not all of these are worth seeing, but we took a rickety cab and jolted for fifteen minutes over the cobblestones to see the castle, once a Moorish palace, afterwards the residence of the kings of Aragon, and now used as barracks for the troops. It has also been used as the palace of the Inquisition in those dark days when this fearful tribunal ruled in Europe, and when the *autos da fé* took place in the plaza of the town. A woman in authority showed us through the staircases and chambers, where royalty and ceremony and bigotry and cruelty have played their parts in the centuries gone, and where now common soldiers sleep and eat, and store their arms. Most of the place is covered with whitewash, but we could discern some traces of Moorish work in the first court,

and the arcades in the second; and some finely carved and gilded ceilings are traceable to the thirteenth century. One is shown, which is said to have been overlaid with the first gold which Columbus brought from America. There is a dungeon here, where the unhappy lover of Leonora, the heroine of *Il Trovatore*, languished in confinement.

La Seo is an ancient and sombre pile, whose beginnings antedate 290, when there was a Christian bishop in Zaragoza. When the Berbers came they turned this cathedral into a mosque, and it was reconsecrated to Christian worship in 1119. It was very much dilapidated after the Moors left, and was centuries in being repaired. It has been remarked with truth, certainly so far as Spain is concerned, that "in the supposed *ages of faith*, faith was somewhat reluctant to give up any money for its own support and that of its ministers," and it was only after centuries of ordained imposts, taxes on food, land revenue, and such like contributions, that the cathedrals were built, enlarged, or restored. How different the habit in these so-called degenerate days, when, throughout Protestant England in the present century, nearly every cathedral of the Anglican Church has been restored at great expense from voluntary gifts! The interior of this sacred and historical place, for here all the kings of Aragon were anointed and crowned, is sombre and solemn. There are no side windows, and the light filters in through small round windows high up in the walls, over which in fine days faded red curtains are drawn. The pavement was comparatively clean, and was very

elegant, being made of choice marbles laid in rays diverging from the bases of the immense piers which support the roof. This device was designed to reproduce the tracery of a roof studded with rosettes and wheels, upon the floor, as if in a mirror. It was Moorish work of 1432. The modern ornamentation is in a style of architecture called "Churrigueresque," because invented by José Churriguerra, an architect of the early part of the eighteenth century. It might be classed with the "impressionist" style in painting, the object being to obtain effect as a whole, without reference to the tawdry and tasteless character of the details.

Many "mysteries" have been acted in this cathedral, and among them one of the Nativity, acted in 1478, before Ferdinand and Isabella. In the archives, we find charges like these for the expenses of such festivals, "Seven sueldos for making up the heads of the bullock and donkey in the stable at Bethlehem; six sueldos for wigs for those who are to represent the prophets; ten sueldos for six pairs of gloves to be worn by the angels."

The choir stands in the centre of the middle aisle of the Cathedral, and is rich with statues and carvings. At one end is a statue of a canon, to whom tradition declares that the Virgin Mary spoke on this very spot. The chapels are full of ornament, and services of some kind were always going on when we made our visits. The other cathedral is in striking contrast to La Seo. It is called the Catedral del Pilar. The exterior is like a Russian church with many domes and towers, covered with green

and blue and yellow tiles, gaudy and barbaric. The interior is a vast space, five hundred feet in length, bright with white paint and gilding, containing the most famous shrine in Spain, and a superb retablo carved in alabaster. The Santa Capilla is an elliptical chapel inside of the Cathedral, even as the chapel of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem is within the church, with three entrances, a cupola supported by jasper pillars hung with flags and banners, captured from the Moors, and a holy image of the Virgin descending on a pillar. The Virgin and the pillar are enclosed and secluded from the public gaze, but the faithful look, and pray, and kiss through a small hole, and were standing in a long line, waiting for their turn. Within the chapel, several hundred persons, from the elegantly dressed lady to the vilest beggar, were on their knees upon the marble floor, praying and vowing to the Virgin. I have seen no more abject devotion in the Greek churches in Russia than in this and other Roman Catholic churches of Spain. This chapel is founded upon the legend that St. James, after the crucifixion, about A.D. 40, came to Spain to preach the gospel. When he was sleeping at Zaragoza, the Virgin appeared to him, standing upon a jasper pillar, and surrounded by angels. She spoke to him, and manifested a desire to have a church built on this spot. St. James at once complied with the request, and, in the little chapel which he reared, the mother of our Lord frequently attended divine service. The place has become celebrated since for the miraculous cures wrought upon the pilgrims to the shrine. Images in wax and sil-

ver, and even gold, of hearts, and legs, and arms, etc., mementos of healing, hang around the roof. Pope Innocent III. said that "God alone can count the miracles which are performed here." Fifty thousand pilgrims have been known to come here at the festival on the twelfth of October. No wonder that they come in crowds to see what Cardinal Retz says he saw in 1649 with his own eyes — nothing less than a leg, which had been cut off, grow on again while it was rubbed with oil from the lamps before the Virgin's shrine! There is a constant throng in this chapel, and its revenues must be very large.

In the Plaza San Felipe, there is a very lofty steeple, called the Torre Nueva, which is even more of a leaning tower than the Campanile at Pisa. It is octagonal in shape, and the face of the walls is of panelled brickwork. There is a clock two-thirds of the way up, and a bell upon the very top, besides those in the belfries. The leaning of the tower was no doubt caused by defects in the foundations and the absence of buttresses. On one side a pile of brickwork has been built, to prevent this steeple from settling any more. It is already far enough out of the perpendicular to give the adventurer who climbs to the top "a turn" when he first looks down into the square. Two days were more than sufficient in which to see the sights and hear the traditions and history of Zaragoza; so in the moonlight we drove to the Madrid station, and after spending the usual time in stamping tickets and weighing luggage, we were permitted to enter the train. We vainly en-

deavored to obtain a compartment to ourselves for the night; neither by purchase nor by bribe could we secure one. Chance proved a better provider than either, and we travelled all night without interruption, and also escaped the incessant tobacco smoke, which is one of the disagreeables of travelling here. We were glad to miss some of the ugliest scenery in Spain, and to see Madrid for the first time bathed in the brilliant sunshine of a clear spring morning.

VIII

ENTERING MADRID

A LITTLE PARIS — THE BEST HOTEL — WATER AND ITS
USES — THE PUERTA DEL SOL — SITUATION AND CLI-
MATE OF THE CAPITAL — SUNDAY SERVICES

THE railway from Zaragoza lands the traveller in a low and disagreeable part of Madrid. At the time of our arrival a new station was in process of erection and the old one had been allowed to deteriorate. With deliberation and precision we were permitted to leave the railway and were placed in a long yellow omnibus, belonging to a company which seems to have a monopoly of the passenger travel. I was reminded of a certain transfer company in New York, when I found how difficult it was to "transfer." Finally, however, the luggage was discovered, the passengers paid their fare, and the six mules simultaneously kicked up their heels, jerked all our bags off the seats, and made the passengers intimately acquainted. Then they began to toil over the stones and up the hills to the hotel and finally landed us in good style at the door, where we were welcomed by a handsome English-speaking manager, whom we afterwards learned to be a native of Constantinople, able to read and write a dozen languages. Madrid is a "little Paris," without the surface refinements

which make Paris so delightful to the looker-on. There is the same sort of active life in the streets, brilliancy in the shop windows, and a vivacity which has nothing in common with the dignified Spanish character. A great number of handsome equipages promenade in the "Retiro" every afternoon, driving around and around, just as "the world" does in the Allée des Acacias in the Parisian Bois; there is a wild rush in Madrid to the bull-fights, just as Parisians rush to the races; and the crowds of handsomely dressed people and showy nurses, which one meets upon the Prado of Madrid in the fine afternoons, differ only in their faces and forms from those which throng the Champs Elysées in Paris.

The French language, too, is almost as common as Spanish, and the fashions come direct from the French capital. Only in the customs of the people is the difference manifest. The Madrileño puffs his smoke in a lady's face, and stares her out of countenance, and picks his teeth between every course at the table d'hôte, though he does not intend rudeness any more than the tobacco-chewing American does who squirts his filthy juice in cars and hotels all over the floor. We were at the Hôtel de Paris, which is the best hotel in Madrid. The food was excellent and well served; the Spanish people who ate it had the habits of animals and worse. The rooms were well furnished, but the all-pervading odor of stale tobacco and the abundance of insect life made them undesirable habitations for thin-skinned people. There are five long staircases in the hotel, and no elevator. The lower rooms are noisy and ill



MADRID.



ventilated; the upper rooms are pleasant—when you get there. The house fronts the “Puerta del Sol,” or Gate of the Sun, and this is the heart of Madrid. Other hotels and places of business surround the great plaza, and it is always full of people by day and by night. All the principal streets lead into the Puerta del Sol, which is about four hundred feet long and one hundred and fifty feet wide. There is a fine fountain in the centre of the square, which throws its sparkling jets at least sixty feet into the air. This pure water, brought from the Guadarrama mountains, is supplied throughout the city, and is said to add much to the comfort and health of the inhabitants. The streets are constantly washed, and the roads in the Prado are always muddy, and channels are made to carry water to the roots of the trees. Comparatively few women are seen in the Puerta, but of men and animals there is no lack. Splendid horses, and equally handsome mules, herds of goats for milking, and multitudes of workmen pass through the square from early morning till midnight. Here newsboys cry their papers, in various editions, during eighteen hours out of the twenty-four; venders of lottery tickets ply their trade, and sellers of all things that can be carried on donkeys, or upon the backs of men and women, seek a market for their wares. In the sun during the winter, and in the shade during the summer, there is an ever changing but never departing assembly of loafers, with slouch hats and long cloaks thrown over one shoulder, to be found in the Puerta del Sol, who do nothing but smoke and lounge the hours away. Mingling among

them are the omnipresent beggars, who regard the stranger as their legitimate prey. On Sundays and saints' days (and it seems as if every other day were a saint's day), the shops are closed, and the people throng to the churches, to the bull-fights, to the theatres, and later on to the balls and *tertulias*, which last far into the night. Activity there is much of, but industry, which is quite another thing, seems at a discount in Spain. We were inclined to agree with a former traveller who says that one third of the people of Madrid spend their lives in carriages, one third in cafés, and the other third in begging.

The situation of Madrid, twenty-five hundred feet above the sea, is in the midst of a stern and desolate landscape. From the square in front of the royal palace, the mountains of the Guadarrama chain are seen in the distance, and until the summer heats there is snow upon them. Nothing protects the city from sudden and dangerous winds, which are often fatal to those who are in delicate health. The changes of temperature are sudden and violent; the sky is overcast, a deluge of rain falls, an icy blast sweeps down from the mountains, across the treeless hills and plains, like a messenger of death; the natives wrap themselves closely in their fur-lined brown cloaks, and pull the sombrero about their ears. In another hour the sun is out with burning heat and there is not a breath of air. But the nights are always cold and the Spaniards muffle themselves up to their noses. Only the women are exposed; they wear the mantilla or go bareheaded, and seem to fear no evil.

On Sunday we searched for the English Church, and found it in the Legation, where also were schools for children and a depot for the sale of Bibles and Testaments. The congregation consisted of a dozen people besides the family of the British ambassador, but the service was well and seriously read, the singing was excellent, and the chaplain of the embassy preached a most able and philosophical sermon upon the "Freedom of the Will." Many years ago, Jonathan Edwards had settled that question for me in a New England college, and it seemed rather singular to listen to its discussion again in a stone chamber in the capital of Spain, not far from the place where the Inquisition tortured its victims for asserting the right of private judgment. Things have changed even in Spain since those days; though the cause of religious liberty moves slowly, yet it makes progress. But Romanism is nowhere so dense and dark and relentless still as in the land of Isabella the Catholic and Philip the Second.