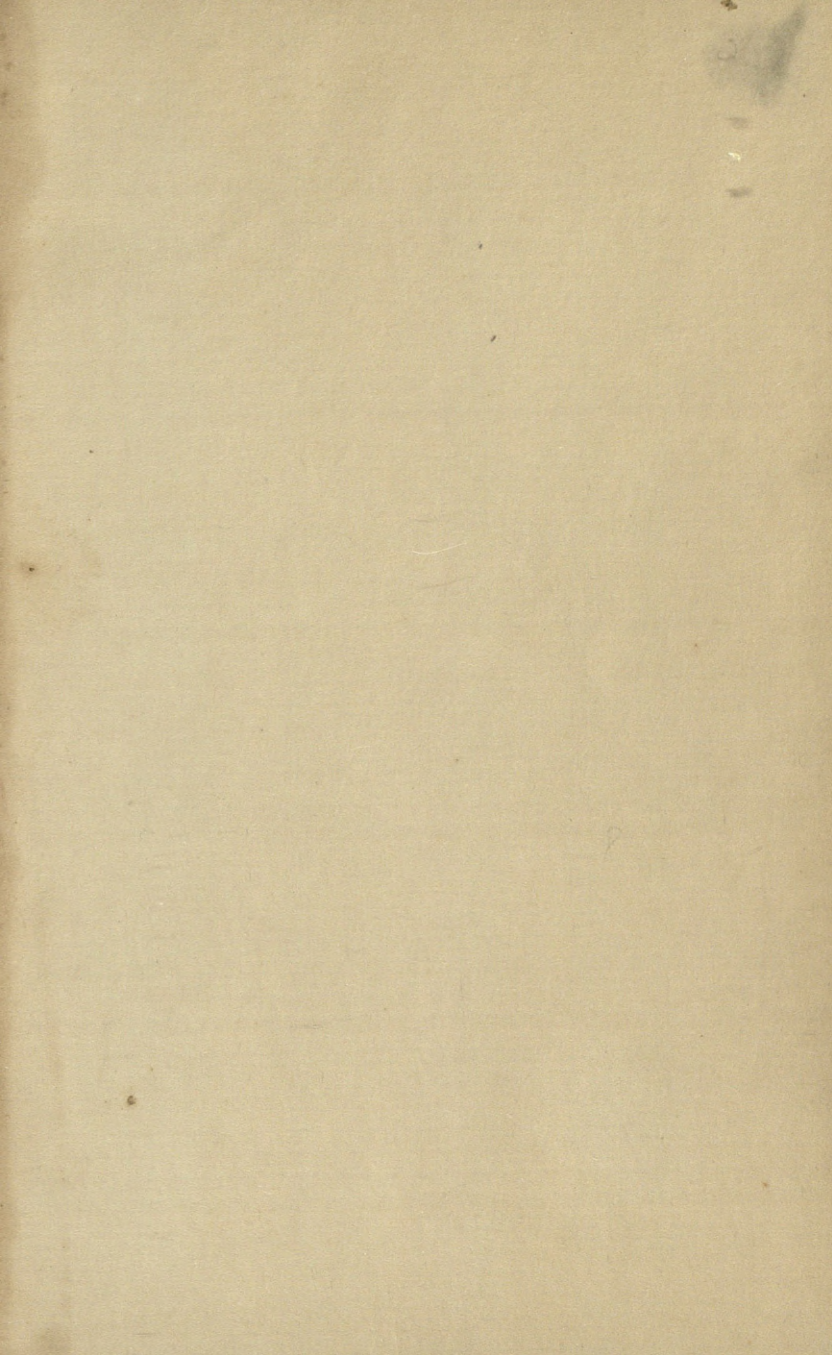


Two  
Travelers  
In  
Spain



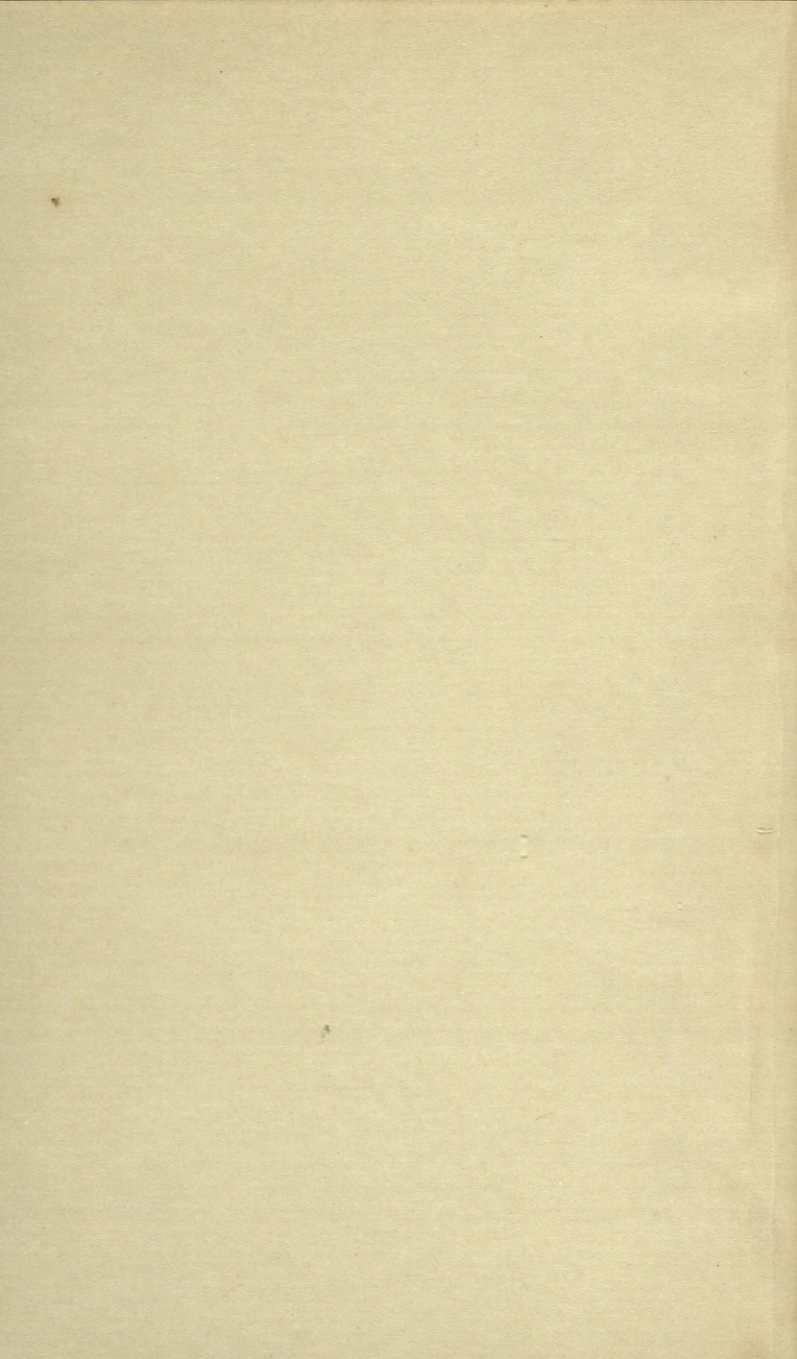




















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Two Travelers  
In Spain

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## *Christmas Greetings*

SOME YEARS AGO, when kings were still kings, we took a journey through Spain. These rough notes give a few reflections of the splendors that we saw, but we send them to you with best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Eleanor

and

Wilfred Fulk





# TWO TRAVELERS IN SPAIN

## *Spain*

### INTRODUCTORY

**T**HIS we can say of Spain. She reversed and confounded our expectations, and swept aside our preconceived ideas with a gesture.

We had thought to find a wide and sun-lit land, filled with the charm, the graciousness, the hospitality, the inviting warmth and friendliness of the semi-tropics. We found instead a land of dark, stern, endless broken sierras, cleft by wild ravines where muddy torrents raged; a land of sharp contrasts, where arid, empty hills held in their heart deep valleys of luxuriant fertility.

We found a land that is the very soul, spirit and breath of romance. What poems these wild hills hold; what strophes and stanzas of epics are strewn in every valley; the aqueduct that Roman skill threw across that gorge; the silent watch tower that Moorish hands raised on that hill; this dark, storied dungeon, builded by Philip

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## *Spain*

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the Cruel; that fairy Aladdin palace conceived in oriental elegance by Arab imagination.

What a treasure-trove of priceless relics has been dropt here by the slow moving glacier of the centuries; what invaluable booty for the antiquarian; for the poet; for the historian.

Spain is a nation fresh; unchanged, unspoiled; the debris of the ages still lies untouched upon her vegas and her mountains. Other nations are winning the great prizes of commerce; Spain still rides with Don Quixote on her donkeys.

Spanish men are still superstitious and cruel, as in the days of the Inquisition; they are still proud and indolent as when King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella held the sceptre; they still have those qualities of temperance and self-respect, of daring, chivalry and gravity described by early travellers.

And Spanish women still go clad in the luminous and multicolored shawl and the tall, lovely comb and mantilla; they still walk with Carmen's insinuating grace and glance that have won for them through all history the girdle of Venus; they still stir the blood with those barbaric dances of castanet and stamping heel that hover between Europe and Africa.

The pictures that Spain gave us will remain long and vividly in our hearts. We have walked



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## *Spain*

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by the blue waters of the Mediterranean and gazed on the coast of Africa, where the Moors fled after eight hundred years of glorious conquest. We have stood on the hill of the Alhambra under the white glory of the Sierra Nevadas and have looked upon the roofs and bell-towers and into the charming streets and bright patios of Granada; we have peered into dungeons and oubliettes where the air was still heavy with the memories of inquisitional horrors, and have gazed through windows, narrow and barred, where the stone sills were worn smooth by the knees of prisoners who looked longingly at the fields and sky; we have rested reverentially in the cloistered gloom of great cathedrals; we have seen the ruins of Phœnician enterprise, of Roman magnificence, of Moorish elegance; we have watched the breakers come thundering in by the Bay of Biscay; we have stood in the tower of Giralda, and heard the great bell ring out the evening orisons, while Seville spread out below us, in its oriental dress of dazzling white, with the silver ribbon of the Guadalquivir for its scarf; we have visited a land "where," as Don Quixote said, "there are opportunities, brother Sancho, of putting our hands into what are called adventures up to the elbows."



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## *The Approach to Spain*

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### *The Approach to Spain*

#### MADEIRA

**I**T would take something more expressive, more sensitive than prosaic ink and flat white paper to record the emotions of the last twenty-four hours.

The approach to Madeira, the island rising from the sea like a phantom of grey and purple mist, crowned with a pure white cloud; the transition from grey to red, and red to vivid green; the slender, lace-like veils of water-falls, the thin distant fringe of surf running up and down the key-board of the invisible beach, the inviting vineyard clad hills, the dark, deep, forbidding valleys, the majestic mountains with their bases set on the ocean floor itself—you can try to catch such things as these in the web of words, but despite you they will break through and escape.

We entered the harbor of Funchal at five o'clock and were immediately besieged by an armada of dories manned by natives, who dived

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## *The Approach to Spain*

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unbelievable distances for the pennies that we flung overboard.

We landed at six o'clock, and fought off the temptation of taking a sled, covered with a gay canopy of canvas and drawn by oxen and stepped into a modern motor car, so that we might reach the hotel betimes and secure a room.

With the business details completed we walked out on a little terrace, and sipped our first Madeira, a wine, compounded of sun-kissed grapes and moonlight nights, and liquid tropic warmth. Then we strolled down through dark groves of palm trees and tropic vegetation, until we came out on the open sea, and there we sat, through sunset and twilight, and saw the changing lights on sea and cliffs, and watched the stars come out—not only the constellations in the heavens, but the little, fairy-land constellations of lights that now twinkled like fire flies in the village and on the boats floating at anchor and clear up the mountainside.

After dinner we stepped into a diminutive carry-all kind of sleigh, drawn by two donkeys, and were driven at breakneck speed through the narrow streets by two Portuguese apaches, to the tune of unintelligible staccato shouts that echoed weirdly against the walls of the sleeping town.

Our objective was the Casino of Funchal. On



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## *The Approach to Spain*

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our arrival we entered directly into a large ball-room, where the dancing was in full swing, with a medley of British Officers, Americans, plump señoritas, and dark, lean Spanish and Portuguese cavaliers on the floor. Threading our way through the couples we came to a smaller salon, where two huge roulette wheels were in operation, surrounded by a dense and feverish crowd of gamblers. It was fascinating to watch their faces—some dull and apathetic—others with flame in their eyes.

Just off this room was a bar, while in the direction of the sea, all of the rooms opened on a terrace. As we stepped out the moon was rising—a sight of indescribable beauty.

That night we were in our beds by two o'clock. Outside our window a mammoth palm tree stood sentinel, and from afar and faintly we could hear the ocean

*"Who doth with his eternal motion make  
A sound like thunder, everlastingly."*

It was delightful beyond words in the morning to be wakened by the songs of unfamiliar birds and to be greeted by the marvellously sweet perfume of exotic flowers.

At nine sharp we met the rest of the boats' people at the funicular railway, and the poor,



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## *The Approach to Spain*

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panting little engine struggled and scolded and thundered for forty minutes to push and shove us up some three or four thousand feet, to a chalet perched on the top of a mountain that rises sheer behind the town. As we stepped from our miniature train we turned and stood, transfixed and thrilling, with half the universe laid bare to our view. We had never—and we never hope again—to see a sight more overwhelming. At our feet, a mile below, lay the little toy town of Funchal, with its dainty harbor and diminutive ships. Here and there, on the mountain sides, were vineyards and villas; to our right, the dark cliffs were set like finely etched prints against a Maxfield Parrish sky. And before us a limitless expanse of sea, utterly dazzling and intoxicating in its immensity and its radiant beauty with every variety of delicately shaded blue on its surface that could be stolen from a painter's palette. It seemed to us we felt the combined ecstasies of Cortez, of Drake, of Mandeville, of all the explorers of all time.

The trip down was an adventure. We were packed in a little wicker sleigh, with wooden runners, and we literally slid down the mountain at breakneck speed—down over the small, smooth cobbles, gathering a terrifying momentum in the long steep stretches, swerving around sharp

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## *The Approach to Spain*

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curves, flashing by gardens and white houses, past little brown, barefoot children, who pelted us with flowers and then ran breathlessly after us to catch a hoped for penny, down past beggars, bowed and bent, in pitiful rags, standing with withered outstretched hands, down—ever down—until at last we were pulled to a standstill by the two panting and grizzled natives who had guided and controlled our strange vehicle.

And so our trip was over—as was also our stay in this enchanted isle. But what a picture we will carry with us during our lives—a picture of a fairy island, flooded with sunlight like a Claude landscape, wreathed round and garlanded with a riotous growth of multicolored flowers, with palms and cypresses, with orange and almond and fig trees.



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## *Gibraltar*

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### *Gibraltar*

WE sighted the coast early in the morning. There was a perceptible thrill at passing through the straits, and one could hardly help but wish that he might see the armadas of strange vessels that sailed through this narrow gateway in centuries gone by.

The rock itself was a stupendous, an overwhelming sight—a massive monument to England's might and to the majesty of her statesmanship. And to give accent to the picture seven of England's largest battleships, manned by ten thousand sailors and marines, were riding at anchor before the city.

The town of Gibraltar itself is an arsenal, armed to the teeth and guarded at every gate; its narrow streets echo to the tramp of the military, and even the civilian population must accommodate its life to martial laws; and overshadowing all is the rock of Gibraltar, precipitous, impregnable, honeycombed with galleries and secret passage ways and subterranean council chambers, and pierced with jagged apertures through which massive cannon command the narrows.



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## *Gibraltar*

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There were many quaint sights to be seen—the little Italian fishing village, set apart from the town, maintaining an independent existence. They were the original settlers, and are an inter-related family of four hundred souls. There were the queer little shops, the twisted, narrow streets, the Spanish beggars, the Arab market, the Jewish market, and every nationality from smart British officers to dirty, dishevelled Turks. We now know at least one reason why they call the Turk unspeakable. We had never seen such filthy creatures, man or beast; a greasy fez, a foul shirt, revolting trousers, and indescribably vile stockings with slippers that slap through the dust—all this capped by a smutty face and a dusty beard.

And so we left Gibraltar and our Inn, the Reina Christina, across the straits at Algeciras, and we took the train and climbed mile after slow mile into the mountains of Spain, and trailed beside dizzy gorges, filled with muddy and tumultuous torrents, and passed through tunnel after tunnel, and skirted forests of cork trees, and orange plantations and almond groves, and hills covered with olive trees. We tarried at stations regardless of time-tables, while dark-skinned villains, sucking at their eternal cigarettes, and wrapped to their evil eyes with black

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## *Gibraltar*

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cloaks, stared at us from under the brims of black sombreros; we passed fields that had only century plants for fences; we bargained for oranges through the car windows with olive tinted señoritas; and finally here we are in the neatest of rooms at the Reina Victoria in Ronda, fighting off the cold winds that blow down from the Sierra Madras, with our little coke fire. We feel farther away from home to-night than ever before in our lives, farther from friends and the accustomed streams of civilization.

Our hotel is perched on a high plateau. The garden walk in front of the Inn is stopped suddenly by a low wall, beyond which the earth drops sharply away for a thousand feet. A cigarette tossed over would fall directly to the floor of the valley below without let or hindrance.

In the afternoon we drove out through the village—winding up streets so narrow that they could be spanned with outstretched arms, and old beyond the memory of man. For the mantle of time hangs heavy on this town. The Iberians and Celts trod these streets; the tramp of Rome's legionaries echoed against these walls; the Goths sacked these houses; the Moors claimed them for their dwellings; and now for centuries they have rested and slept under the flag of Spain.

This town is like some ancient cemetery of



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## *Gibraltar*

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dead civilizations, whose skeletons are still visible among the living. Here we rattle in our carriage over a Roman bridge, marvellously contrived to span a river that rushes in a tumultuous, turbid torrent a perpendicular thousand feet below; there we see an old Moorish fort, with three hundred steps descending from it to the stream—steps that had felt the weary feet of captive Christians who trod up and down, day and night, to bring water to the Moors; beyond we dismount from our carriage and enter a Spanish bull-ring, and discover that it is built accurately on the foundation of a Roman amphitheatre where Christians were given to the lions twelve hundred years ago. A little later on we reach a Roman aqueduct, fallen into disuse, but still largely in perfect condition, after sixteen centuries of storm and earthquake; and lastly, turning back to the town, we are privileged to explore the Cathedral of Ronda, where the last of the Montezumas is sleeping out the centuries—a modest structure—impressive, none the less, with its stately pillars and vaulted arches and the mystery of its dark chancels and its dim, cloistered peace, broken only by our echoing steps.



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## *Granada*

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### *Granada*

WE have arrived at Granada after a day's trip from Ronda—a day of eternal climbing in our little toy train, puffing and panting our way thru groves of the orange, the olive and the aloe, of cyprus and cork trees, and past veritable forests of giant cactus, thru plains of unbounded fertility and over mountains utterly barren of vegetation.

At Granada we scramble bag and baggage from our train and into a bus that takes us rattling thru the streets and up to our hotel, perched like an eagle's nest, a thousand feet, perhaps, above the valley. It is a strange hotel, garishly modern, but built in Moorish design and owned, if you please, by a duke.

The morning following our arrival we went up to the Alhambra, situated on the top of the hill, just a short distance from our hotel.

We walked along a road bordered by a graceful line of ivy-hung trees, passed under an ancient Moorish arch, turned into an esplanade and faced the brown and dingy outer battlements of the Alhambra. With an anticipatory thrill we

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## *Granada*

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entered the modest ruined door, and came suddenly upon a vast court, paved with white marble. It was as tho an ugly chrysalis had opened and released a radiantly beautiful butterfly. The contrast was unexpected and startling.

Here is a long and lovely pool, filled with darting and gleaming gold-fish, and edged round about with rose-bushes. On all four sides slender pillars, of marvellous grace, support light Arabian arcades. Above, at either end, are elegant balconies, with balustrades of fretted lattice-work, through which you can almost see the dark eyes of the Moorish maidens, who, in ancient days, peered down, seeing all and yet themselves unseen. And arches, cornices and walls are covered with a net-work of exquisite tracery, lace-like in its fragile design, and of an indescribable delicacy and ineffable beauty—seeming rather like frozen music than mere masonry and stucco.

From the Court of Alberca we pass into the famed Court of Lions—splendid in its proportions, graced by a lovely garden, and richer than any other part of the palace in the original, oriental coloring of its walls—a coloring that rain and sunshine have diminished, but not destroyed—a coloring that somehow gives the final touch of languorous elegance and indolent grace to the setting.



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## *Granada*

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The Fountain of the Lions, itself, is an absurd piece of sculpture, but at the least it is another vent for the crystal water, so beloved by the Moors, that sparkles and tinkles in little rivulets, sending its silver echoes thru all the dwelling-rooms, halls and alamedas of the palace.

The Hall of Abencerraces immediately adjoins this court. It was here that the unfortunate Moorish cavaliers passed one by one under the headsman's axe, and, as we are told, as recently as two years ago, the traces of the tragedy could be seen in the bloodstains on the stones. Here again, in this hall, we noted the fairy traces of Arabic inscriptions, glorifying the deeds of their warriors and extolling the munificence of their mighty princes. These inscriptions and reliefs are the only decoration of the Alhambra, as the Moors seemed to have a superstitious disinclination to use the figures of man or beast as motifs in their architecture.

And so we wander thru a labyrinth of halls and patios—we see the baths of Sultan and Sultana, the very room in which they were perfumed, the dainty patio with its bit of garden where they lay down to rest and to listen to the Arab musicians playing in a concealed balcony above; we see the apartments of Jane the Crazy, still caged in with ominous bars; we walk thru

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## *Granada*

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the Sultana's garden that was forbidden to her; we visit deep caves and subterranean grottoes where dark deeds were planned; we enter the Hall of the Ambassadors, and stand on the very spot where Columbus pleaded with Queen Isabella the Catholic, and where America was born; we mount to dizzy turrets and balconies, perched like the nests of birds on the edge of great ravines.

What glimpses; what views these high places reveal!—"a spectacle," says Edmondo de Amicis, "unequalled on the face of the earth." Vertically below we see the gypsies washing their clothes in the deep gorge of the Xenil. To the left are the tiled roofs of Granada. It is sun-down and the evening orisons are being sounded by a hundred quaint and clanging bells in a hundred steeples—a clatter of gossiping tongues, scarcely musical, but full of unusual charm. Beyond the town the fertile vega, laid out in vineyards, in fields of grain and sugar beet, in groves of olive, orange and lemon trees, sends up its immemorial incense to an Andalusian heaven.

To the right, through the Moorish windows of the balcony, one sees a marvellous, an almost unbelievable sight. Beyond the groves of pomegranates rise the Sierra Nevadas, their peaks towering to heights above all others in Europe, save only the Alps, and covered with a dazzling



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## *Granada*

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white mantilla of purest snow that seems to reach down to the very gates of Granada.

These mountains dominate and overshadow the city—you catch sudden unexpected glimpses of their white glory from the streets of the town, from the hotel windows, from the Hill of the Alhambra, from everywhere. And at evening it is a rare privilege to watch them flush with the rose glow caught from the last rays of the sun.

And so we turn unwillingly from the Alhambra, and from its halls that still echo to the ghostly steps of many conquerors, and we marvel at what this fairy palace must have one time been, when now, after earthquake, storm and devastating hands and bitter wars its ruins still can so thrill the human mind and heart.

The town of Granada is almost untouched by modernity. We walked down to it one morning, along a narrow, precipitous alley-way, until we came out on the main street.

What a strange sight met our eyes. Donkeys everywhere; donkeys laden with water in skins and jars; donkeys, mud-bespattered, carrying market produce from the country; donkeys that were peripatetic hardware shops; no trucks; no carts; just these patient little beasts, shaggy and unclipped; diminutive, rebel creatures, inwardly resenting their slavery, but doing their jobs with

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## Granada

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deftness and despatch; in the centre of the roadway a cow was delivering milk direct to the consumer; herds of goats were at almost every corner ready to sell their product to those who preferred their brand; altogether as bizarre, as delightfully romantic and picturesque a sight as ever met the eye.

A little farther on we entered the Cathedral of Granada—to the inexperienced eye, much as other cathedrals—dim and shadowy, a place of vast spaces; great pillars supporting arches that met above like folded hands; the faint, ever present odor of incense; and from afar, the distant, echoing, intoned chant of priests at mass. But there were two things that will rest long in our minds; the empty case in which Queen Isabella took her jewels to be pawned; and five lead caskets, each one of which the sacristan touched, saying in a slow and solemn voice:

*"Here reposes the great Queen Isabella the Catholic; here reposes the great King Ferdinand V; here reposes Philip I; here reposes Queen Joanna the Mad; here reposes Dona Maria, her daughter, who died at the age of nine years; God have them all in His holy keeping."*

And so we leave Granada to-night and head for the sunny towers of Seville!



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## *Seville*

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### *Seville*

SEVILLE sent her messengers to meet us long before we reached her gates. Tall, slim palms welcomed us, and meadows aflame with crimson poppies and golden-yellow primroses. The air was soft and warm with early spring, for we had left the cold plateaus of Granada for the milder sea-levels.

Was there a touch of disappointment in Seville? It would be unfair to say for we had arrived too soon. This lovely city wears her crown of glory during Passion Week, when spring has reached the final rich fulfilment of her promise; when thronging thousands press forward toward the cathedral on Easter morning to witness the procession where all the chief splendors of the church are displayed; when chattering and laughing crowds fill the amphitheatre of the Plaza de Toros on Easter afternoon with a blaze of vivid costumes, and surrender themselves to the passion and fever of the first bullfight of the year.

Now, Seville's week of triumph was yet to

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## Seville

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come. The dust of winter still lay on her streets. The evenings were too cool to tempt the troubadour with his guitar; and the magic city of story and song, of Figaro, of Don Juan, of Carmen, was not quite realized.

Then, too, Seville is chary of showing her charms to the casual traveller. Her houses, of grey-white stone, bare of all ornament, with windows inhospitably barred, are built to conceal the bright patios within, that are so filled with sunshine, so radiant with multicolored flowers and shining fountains, where oleanders and laurels, roses and acacias and carnations run in a riot of confusion, and struggle for supremacy.

The climax of Seville's beauty lies, of course, in her cathedral. Gigantic in its proportions, its mammoth pillars seem actually slender in the vast spaces of its interior. It is filled within with a half-light, warmed and softened by stained windows—a light not so garish as Amiens or Cologne, but still more friendly than the deep and obscure gloom of the typical cathedral of the extreme south.

How vigorous the roots of religion must have been in those dim, mediæval days—how deep they must have struck into the hearts of this pious race—to have flowered into an edifice of such unmatched proportions and harmonious symme-



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## *Seville*

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try! What an ecstasy of faith must have raised the walls and shaped the arches, and set the eighty shrines and altars within this sanctuary!

No other cathedral in all Christendom is so large, except St. Peter's at Rome. Notre Dame could be set upon this marble floor, and its spires would come comfortably under the vaulted dome. And to complete its glory, the cathedral wears in her diadem the priceless gem of the Giralda—that jewel of Moorish minaret architecture.

And when we climb the winding incline that leads to the bell-tower and then look down upon the white maze of dwellings, and into bright courtyards and gay parks and sunny promenades lying under a blue and cloudless sky, such as April brings only to Seville, it is easy to know why this city is the very heart and soul of Spain; it is easy to realize why every Spaniard is proud of Seville and most happy to go there; it is not hard to understand why Columbus exclaimed with longing, as he neared the West Indies: "God be thanked, the air is very soft, as of April in Seville, and it is a pleasure to be there."

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*Madrid*

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*Madrid*

WHAT shall we—what can we—say of Madrid—that great city set upon the plateau of unlovely Castile, a mile or less above the level of the sea?

It is scarcely a part of Spain. We left Spain in Seville. These broad avenues, these exquisitely appointed hotels, these Parisian looking shops, this modern Palace of the King, more magnificent than Versailles, or Windsor, or any other in Europe; this art gallery, with a collection of paintings more priceless than the Louvre—these are the accoutrements of a twentieth century cosmopolitan city, and Spain is mediæval.

Madrid seems to convey no definite, distinct impression. It possesses neither the brilliance of Paris, the stupendous masculine power of London, nor the immaculate order and shining cleanliness of Berlin.

It is rather a hybrid, a mongrel, not especially beautiful, not at all romantic, while historically it is completely overwhelmed by the resplendent pages of its near neighbor—Toledo's—brilliant and sinister story.



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## *Madrid*

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There is only one vivid impression that we carried away from Madrid—and that, curiously enough, was the playing of the orchestra at the Ritz. Their music was like an excellently distilled liqueur—smooth, warm and stimulating. It was the very essence of civilization—the perfect attunement, the exquisitely accurate co-ordination—and yet what savage suggestion, what wild innuendos, what restless, poignant sweeps from major to minor! It told us that the Moor had not been entirely driven across the straits to Africa.

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## *Toledo*

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### *Toledo*

**T**OLEDO will be one of the ineffaceable experiences of our lives. Anticipation was strong in us, but for once it was over-topped by realization.

The train trip itself was a perfect preparation for the city we were about to enter. After leaving Madrid, at half past seven in the morning, we sped for twenty miles through a country that was awful in Castilian barrenness—iron-bound—scorched and seared through æons by burning sun-fire and blasting winds—a country stripped naked of its verdure and standing unashamed, revealing the ribbed strength of nature. A desolate, fearful, awe-inspiring land, and yet its vast spaces held the sublimity of the sea—a great ocean, transfixed by a curse, its rolling billows turned motionless, by evil magic, to mounds of red and sullen earth.

And in this desert, set high on a pinnacle of rocks, like some forgotten king on some unremembered throne, stands Toledo.

As we walked up the steep and zigzag road,



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## *Toledo*

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that leads to the city, the centuries were mist that rose and rolled away. Almost we saw the waving plumes of knights above the battlements; almost we heard the flourish of trumpets. For now indeed we were standing on legendary shores.

Other cities of the earth have accepted modern life—have grown and waxed great—have opened their veins to the streams of commerce and trade. But Toledo, proud and haughty in her great days, when her semi-royal archbishops flourished and the Kings of Spain courted the favor of her smile and feared her frown—Toledo is proud also in her death and has remained magnificently faithful to her past.

As she looks now, so she must have looked in prehistoric days, when she was built by king and chieftain long lost in legendary mists; so must she have looked in her great days of glory, of Gothic or of Christian rule, or when the crescent floated from her towers and the muezzin was heard above her narrow streets.

We drove for miles over the arid hills around Toledo; we saw the slender, yellow ribbon of the Tagus that binds her round, we saw her palaces and convents terraced on the rocky slopes; her swarming steeples; the gigantic cubic Alcazar that crowns her topmost height. We entered her colossal gates and threaded the dædalian maze

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## *Toledo*

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of her confined Moorish streets; we stood in solemn ecstasy within her cathedral—that purest specimen of Gothic genius, on which has been lavished a thousand years of fabulous wealth and fanatical piety; we felt its grave and most harmonious majesty; its cool and twilight vastness, so marvellously enriched by the soft light of exquisite windows; we walked among the tall and sombre grove of marble and granite pillars; and by the grace of seven priests with seven keys we were admitted into that guarded chapel which holds the most priceless treasure of any cathedral on earth.

And then at last we came out into the street again. There were modern sights, of course—a modern carriage, a usual table d'hôte at a conventional hotel. But Toledo strode these petty and feeble examples of modernity like a colossus. We scarcely felt their presence. Our eyes could only see the ancient turrets and mediæval walls. Our imagination could easily revision the great tournament of Don Roderigo, that prodigal, last prince of the Goths, when the vega round about Toledo was covered with ten thousand tents, when all the lords and ladies, ambassadors, princes and potentates of France, of Spain, of Africa, of the distant North and the far East,



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## *Toledo*

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were assembled in a brilliant and stupendous gathering of guests at King Roderick's Court.

We could also picture that other day, so terrible, the Day of the Foss, when the Moors ruled, and Hakam was Sultan of Spain. We could conjure up that ghastly scene, when the very flower of Toledo, five thousand in all, were summoned as guests to the palace and treacherously butchered.

We could remember the tradition of the old sword makers, who wrought so exquisitely, working each in his own house, surrounded by a band of apprentices. Their art has vanished for ever with the glory that was Toledo.

As we strolled through the city, we came suddenly upon a drab and dingy inn, set beside a Moorish gate. We entered the little cobbled courtyard, surrounded by a rickety balcony upheld by ancient, weathered beams. An aged, withered, dark-skinned señora was putting produce in some sacks swung across a donkey's back. A few villainous-looking caballeros in cape and sombrero were lounging against the open doorways. All about was the homely bustle of a fourth-rate hostelry. And here, in this very spot, that had no doubt rested unchanged through the centuries—here in this miserable inn, Cervantes lived and wrote and died.

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## *Toledo*

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We left this humble shrine, passed through the Moorish gate, and descended the broad road that leads to the bridge of Alcantara. And now our eyes were startled by an extraordinary sight. These hills that seemed so stern and empty had been caught in the last rays of sunset; the ominous spell that had rested upon them had been lifted. They had received a mantle of most marvellous colors; soft shades of brown and red, warm sepia and burnt sienna touched here and there with a radiant, crimson glory of flame, that gave them, momentarily, an appearance of unbounded fertility and hospitable charm; hidden patches of bright, green fields, hitherto unseen, became visible; and even the Tagus, a moment ago so turbid and yellow, took on the silver sheen of a pure mountain stream. Never before had we witnessed any transformation so miraculous and so thrilling. Nowhere had it ever been our privilege to see so rich and lovely a flush on valley, rock and hill. A moment later and the spell was broken; the sun had set; the vision vanished; the curse rested once more upon the land; once more the murky Tagus flowed through its sterile and rock-bound hills.



## *San Sebastian and Biarritz*

**S**AN SEBASTIAN and Biarritz—those twin sisters of most inviting charm—are especially blessed by mountains, sea and sky, these three elements conspiring together to form a bit of paradise on earth.

We shall, I think, always carry in mind the sight of the breakers at Biarritz. The high waves start to curve and curl and crumble in snowy ruins far out to sea. They come in rank on serried rank, curve high and break in a welter of white foam, feeling with lace-like fingers the far reaches of the beach—begin and cease and then again begin.

The whole inlet is a seething lather of white; a plunging, charging cavalcade of milk-white horses tossing milk-white manes, electrifying in their blinding beauty. At the far end of the beach the waves are shattered against a battlement of cliffs and rise in sparkling fountains and gleaming geysers of spray that inundate the shelving rocks and return in miniature niagaras to the sea, or drift off in shadowy veils of mist.

San Sebastian is best seen from a casino on the

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## *San Sebastian and Biarritz*

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top of a high hill which we climbed in a car, up a circuitous roadway that turns and doubles on itself time without end. The little town, with its precise houses, is built with military exactness around the beach of a small bay that sweeps in a symmetrical and perfect curve to form a Moorish arch. The narrow inlet is partially stopped by a pleasing island, topped by a villa. From our airplane vantage point we could command the little haven that emptied into the broad blue Bay of Biscay; to the south we could follow the hilly shores of Spain, that had assumed an indescribable purple hue under clouds that came bearing April showers. To the north we could see the shadowy shores of France, clear to Biarritz; and behind us, to the east, was a sight as inspiring as the broad sweep of water before us; for miles and miles, clear to the distant, snow-crowned peaks, we could follow the tangled, jagged mountains of Spain. There are mountains, perhaps, of greater majesty, more impressive in their sublimity and colossal grandeur—there are still others more friendly, clothed with forests and green verdure; but these bleak ranges, serrated, with jagged peaks, strange outlines and uncertain contour, rich in their hues of dull red and brown, and deep, dark green, are the very essence of the romantic soul of Spain.





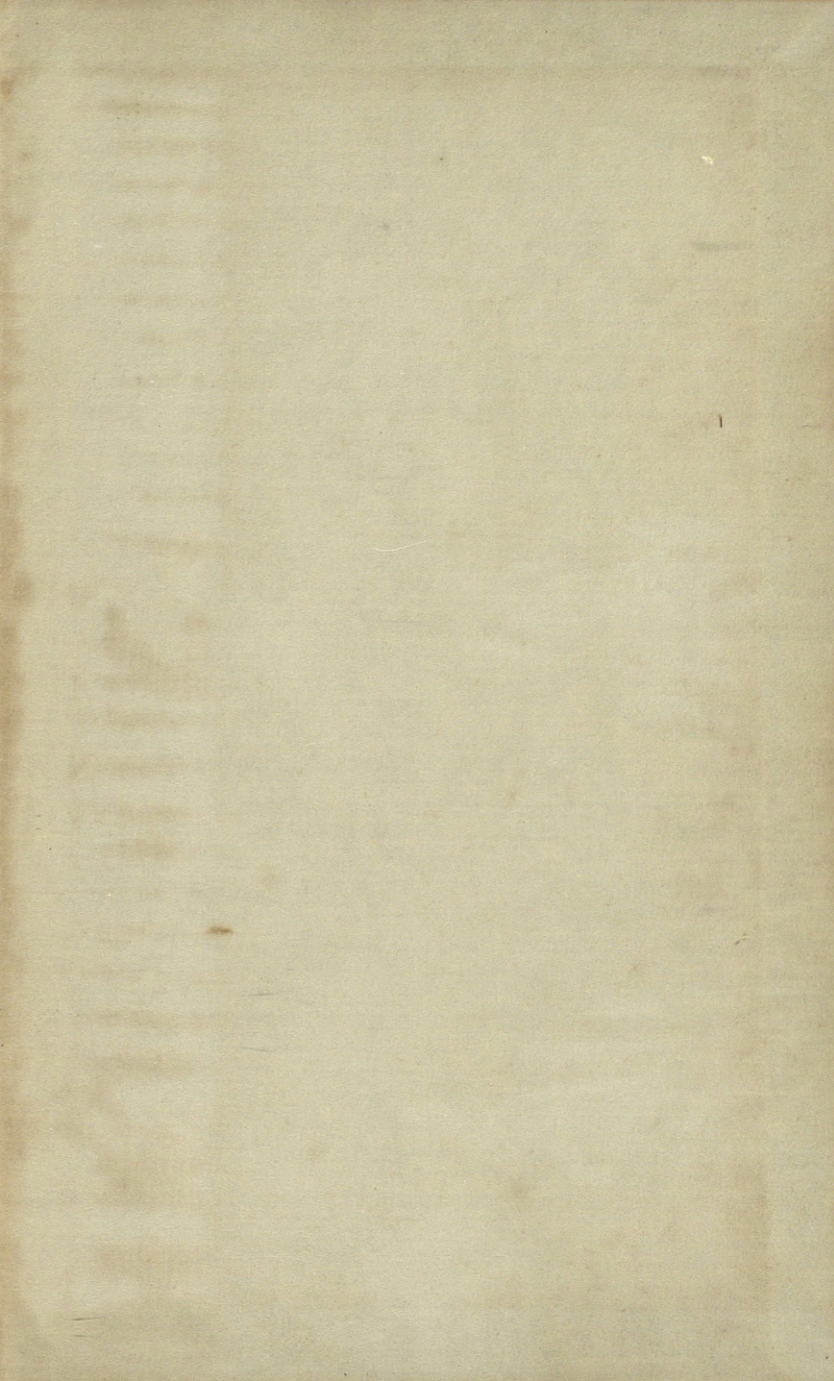












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