

THE CHILDREN'S

STUDY

SPAIN

THE CHILDREN'S STUDY

SCOTLAND. By Mrs. OLIPHANT.

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THE LAST SIGH OF THE MOOR.

FROM THE PAINTING
BY RUIZ MORALES.

The Children's Study



SPAIN

BY
LEONARD WILLIAMS

Author of
BALLADS AND SONGS OF SPAIN

LONDON
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P R E F A C E



It is not easy to throw the history of Spain into a form intelligible to children and young people. The subject, though garnished with a world of chivalric and fascinating incident, is large and intricate to a degree, and the reigns of the older kings of Castile—to mention one alone of Spain's component parts—make painful and laborious reading, even to the aptest student of history.

It seemed to me, therefore, that there was little to gain and much to confuse by insist-

ing too narrowly on the *minutiæ* relating to the Christian and Moorish sovereigns who succeed one another, often with bewildering rapidity, in Aragon, Castile, Navarre, or Moslem Spain. Now and again, however, a great fighting king stands forth, a head and shoulders above his fellows, a landmark, so to speak, amid the wilderness. Him I have endeavoured to throw into relief, so that even a child may be able to point to him, and say, 'Here, at least, I find a fact and figure I can understand.'

And yet I have tried to avoid undue exaggeration. For instance, I have thought it opportune to reject the fables which have gathered round the Cid. I do not see why even children should be taught to regard him as an altogether noble or inspiring example, and so, basing my deductions on the sober and impassionate monograph of Señor Malo de Molina, I present Rodrigo de Bivar as what I believe him to have been—the Robin Hood of Spain.

In the general preparation of the volume

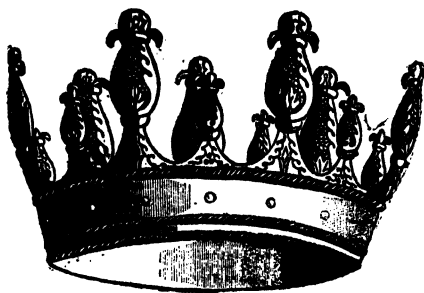
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I have been guided by Spanish rather than foreign authorities. All the verse illustrations are from my 'Ballads and Songs of Spain.'

LEONARD WILLIAMS.

December 11, 1898.





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NOTE.

The fine painting which affords the frontispiece represents the Moorish king, Boabdil, taking his last look at Granada, after surrendering that city to Ferdinand and Isabella. The woman beside him is Zoraya, his mother, who is said to have ~~pointed to the distant walls of the Alhambra,~~ reproaching her son with weeping like a woman over what he had failed to defend as a man. The remainder of the scene is described in Chapter X.



CHAPTER I

SPAIN BEFORE THE MOORISH CONQUEST



IF you take your atlas and turn to the map of Spain and Portugal, you will notice that these two kingdoms together form a squarish-shaped peninsula, bordered on the north by the majestic Pyrenees mountains and the Bay of Biscay, on the west by the Atlantic Ocean, and on the south and east by the Atlantic Ocean, the Strait of Gibraltar, and the Mediterranean Sea, consecutively.

Roughly speaking, this peninsula is crossed laterally—that is, from side to side—by three great mountain systems—the northern,

central, and southern. In the northern we have the Pyrenees and Cantabrian mountains; in the central the Sierra¹ Guadarrama, Sierra de Gredos, and Sierra de Estrella; and in the southern the Sierra Morena and Sierra Nevada, these latter with two beautiful peaks rising to a height of over ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, and crowned with perpetual snow. Among the valleys that lie between these various mountain ranges, several important rivers—such as the Ebro, the Douro, the Guadiana, and the Tagus—have their sources and make their winding way seawards.

A great part of the middle of the Peninsula consists of high, barren tablelands, wind-swept, deserted, cheerless, and scorched in summer by the ardent southern sun. The coasts, on the other hand, are generally fertile and lovely, possessing a mild and healthy climate, and bearing all

¹ The word 'Sierra,' meaning 'a saw,' is often applied to Spanish mountain ranges, from their toothed shape.

kinds of valuable produce. Many wealthy cities lie along the shores of Spain—among them Barcelona, famed from the earliest times for her shipping and commerce, Valencia,—whose beautiful environs yield harvest upon harvest of grain and fruits, oranges, and lemons, and almonds, and pomegranates,—Alicante, Malaga, Cadiz, and glorious Seville, the capital of sunny Andalusia, situated, to be sure, some little distance inland, but upon the banks of the Guadalquivir, a river broad and navigable, so that steamers and sailing vessels alike can easily approach it from the sea.

Such, in a word, is the interesting country whose history we propose to read together.

Many centuries before the birth of our Lord, long, in fact, before the history of Spain can properly be said to have begun, the Peninsula was inhabited by a people of whom we know hardly anything at all, beyond that they were called 'Iberians.' At the present day a remnant of them is said to survive in the Basque provinces in

the extreme north of Spain. They are called Basques, and they speak the very curious Basque language, which is asserted to be a relic of the old Iberian tongue. These Iberians, then, are believed to have dwelt in the eastern regions and to have been attacked at some time or other by the Celts, who invaded their territory and overwhelmed them. Victors and vanquished finally merged into one people, called the Celtiberians, who occupied the central districts of the country. While changes such as these were proceeding in the interior, the rich and virgin districts that are washed by the blue waters of the Mediterranean attracted the notice of the Phœnicians, a bold, seafaring people who paused in their voyages to build cities and plant settlements at various points of the coast. The Greeks, too, founded one or more colonies about the eastern or north-eastern shores and the Balearic islands, while the Phœnicians seem to have preferred Andalusia. But, as I say, very little indeed is known about these

remote times, and so we will pass on to about three hundred years before Christ, when we begin to stand upon the solid ground of history.

At that period there flourished on the shores of northern Africa a powerful people called the Carthaginians. Their capital was Carthage, a populous city on the coast midway between the confronting islands of Sicily and Sardinia. The Carthaginians and the Romans were bitter foes, and the two great nations waged upon each other a series of wars which are known as the Punic Wars. I daresay you are reading about them in your history of Rome.

In the first of these Punic wars, the Carthaginians, having lost Sardinia and Sicily, turned their eyes longingly towards Spain, thinking to find compensation in that rich and spacious territory. Accordingly, two hundred and thirty-seven years before the birth of our Saviour, a notable Carthaginian general, Hamilcar Barca, landed at Cadiz with a large army. He met with

little resistance ; in fact he was rather welcomed than opposed by the inhabitants of the country, who gradually united with the invaders and helped to swell their army, so that the Celtiberian infantry, the Andalusian cavalry, and the crossbowmen of the Balearic islands became useful allies of the Carthaginians.

A few years passed, and Hamilcar Barca had cleverly subdued the whole of the south of Spain, when he was drowned in fording the river Guadiana. He was succeeded in command by his son-in-law, Hasdrubal, who built the city of New Carthage—Carthagera as it is called to-day. Hasdrubal, in his turn, was succeeded by the famous Hannibal, his son, one of the greatest military leaders the world has ever seen. Meanwhile, the gigantic Roman commonwealth was also extending its sway, and Roman legions, penetrating the passes of the Pyrenees, entered Spain from the north. Thus were the two rival nations of Carthage and Rome once more brought face to face. But the

struggle which followed was mostly of a desultory nature, for Spain was a roomy country and foreign to both invading parties, while the main body of the Roman forces had plenty to do in other parts of Europe.

There was, however, some sharp fighting. The sieges of Illiturgis, Astapa, and Saguntum deserve to be remembered. These cities, attacked by the Romans, were valiantly defended by their inhabitants. All who were strong enough to bear a weapon sallied forth beyond the walls to fight the enemy, while the old men who remained within the city slew the women and children to save them from falling a prey to the Roman general, who would otherwise, according to the cruel custom of his time and country, have paraded them in the triumphal procession his government awarded him in recognition of his victories.

In the end these cities and many others were captured, and after two centuries the greater part of the Peninsula became Roman, although the native Spaniards and the Car-

thaginians who had survived, continued to wage a guerrilla warfare on their conquerors. A guerrilla war consists of rapid attacks made by small bodies of men, who give trouble, not because they are formidable in themselves, but because they move swiftly, and, being familiar with the mountains and hiding-places of the land they fight in, are therefore very difficult to overtake. It was partly through fear of these guerrilla bands that the Romans established strong garrisons at Saguntum (Murviedro), Gades (Cadiz), and Tarraco (Tarragona). No sooner were the Romans assured in their possession of Spain than they fell to quarrelling among themselves, and we have an instance of their dissensions in the struggle between Cæsar and Pompey, ending in the death of the latter. But, all things considered, they were the makers of Spain. They accomplished for her what the Carthaginians had not the time, the inclination, or the ability to even attempt. They civilised her. They taught the natives of the country to be something

infinitely better than semi-barbarians, dwelling in miserable huts and herding together like cattle. They built bridges, and roads, and aqueducts, and theatres, and towns. Pliny, a Roman historian who wrote during the lifetime of our Lord, tells us that in his day there were eight hundred and twenty-nine cities in Spain. Many of these must have been founded by the Romans. The Latin language gradually became naturalised in the Peninsula, and more than one Spaniard achieved distinction as a poet or historian. Above all, the Romans introduced the Christian religion, although it was not, of course, until much later that it began to take appreciable hold upon the people of the country.

We need not enter here into the causes of the decay of the great Roman Empire. Suffice to say that the effects of its decline soon began to be felt throughout the whole of Rome's dominions, including Spain. Between the third and the fifth centuries the rule of Rome in the Peninsula was

dwindling to a shadow of its former vigour and authority.

Towards the middle of the fourth century we find becoming prominent in history a people called the Goths, who lived north of the river Danube, in lands which had formerly belonged to Rome but were now abandoned. In 376 a great number of these Goths, escaping from the attacks of another people, the Huns, crossed the Danube and settled southwards of it. As the power of the Romans diminished, the Goths grew bolder and bolder in opposing them. At last, breaking into open revolt, they defeated the emperor Valens at the battle of Hadrianople, 378, and in 410, under their fierce king, Alaric, invaded Italy, and marching up to the very walls of Rome, captured and sacked the city.

In 411 various hordes of barbarians began to pour into Spain. Of these barbarians, the Vandals and the Suevi settled in Galicia and old Castile, the Alani in Lusitania (the

modern Portugal), and Cataluña, and the Silingi in Andalusia.

Alaric died, and was succeeded by Athaulf, who made peace with the Romans, and undertook to pass into Spain and restore order in that province—a task he duly entered upon and which his successor Walia continued. The undertaking thus concluded with Rome was quite a peaceful one, and as the Goths were to receive in Spain certain lands on which to settle in return for their services in pacifying the country, there was little danger of their clashing with the Romans.

Thus, in 414, began in Spain the Gothic dominion which was to last for three hundred years. It was at its strongest at the close of the fifth century, decaying subsequently much as the Roman dominion had decayed before it. The Gothic kings were thirty-six in number, and made the ancient city of Toledo their capital. They were elected by the will of the people, so that the right of hereditary succession was not

observed. Under the Goths, the institutions of the Romans were preserved and developed, rather than new institutions introduced.

You will do well to bear in mind the following features of the Gothic rule in Spain :—

1. The steady spread of Christianity. Its first convert among the Gothic kings was Recaredo, in 587.

2. The growing influence of the priests and nobles.

3. The discontent caused by serfdom—or the system of slavery—which embittered the lower classes against their overlords, and ripened them for rebellion ; and—

4. The persecution of the Jews, who retaliated on their tormentors by plotting secretly to undermine the Gothic dynasty, and welcome any invader who should present himself.

The last three of these features combined to wreck the Gothic dominion in the Peninsula. There is no doubt that by the close of the seventh century the strength of the

nation, torn by constant feuds between the monarchy, the priesthood, and the aristocracy, was utterly exhausted. The last two kings were Witiza, who was deposed in 708, and his cousin, Roderick, 'the last of the Goths'—as he is picturesquely and pathetically styled in many a ballad and fable. Witiza had a brother-in-law, Julian, count of the southern provinces, including the African cities of Ceuta and Tangier. For some reason or other we cannot exactly determine, Julian appears to have borne a bitter grudge against King Roderick.

✓ In the meantime a great power had been extending its sway and conquests along the shores of northern Africa, much in the same manner as the Carthaginians had done a thousand years earlier. This new power was the Mussulmans, Moslems, or Mahomedans, known also by various names besides these, according to the sect they represented or the country they came from. For instance, there were the Berbers, descendants of the Vandals, who had crossed over from Spain

into Africa in 429, and the particular portion of the Mahommedans who lived in north-west Africa, over against the shores of Spain, are known as the Moors.

These Mahommedans were collectively the champions of a new religion, Mahommedanism, based upon the teaching of Mahomet. Mahomet, who gave himself out to be the true prophet, was born at Mecca, in Arabia, in 569, and died in 632. During his lifetime, his followers were content to practise his doctrine within their own country, but no sooner was he dead than his successors in power, the Caliphs—of whom the first was Mahomet's father-in-law, Abu-Bekr, prepared to carry the new creed through other quarters of the world, and embarked upon a fiery career of conquest. The Mahommedans invaded northern Africa in 647, and by 709 the whole country was in their power.

You will remember my saying that Julian, the lord of the southern Spanish provinces, hated the Gothic king Roderick. In fact, the invasion of Spain by the Moors is commonly

attributed to an act of treachery on the part of this Count Julian, who is represented as inviting the Moors to cross the Strait of Gibraltar, and promising them his aid. But it is just as probable that the Moors, restless, ambitious, and eager to extend their religion to other countries than their own, looked often across the narrow strip of water that separates the southern capes of the Peninsula from the opposite African coast, and seeing for themselves that the land was fair, longed to conquer it. Certain it is that Musa, the Mussulman general in those parts, wrote to his Caliph, Waled, asking permission to throw an army into Andalusia. The permission was granted. Accordingly, in 711, when the Gothic dominion was already collapsing of its own accord, a fierce Mussulman leader, *Tarik el Tuerlo*,¹ landed in Spain with seven thousand men—a force which was subsequently strengthened by the arrival of five thousand more—and pitched his camp at Gibraltar, whence, after routing in a pre-

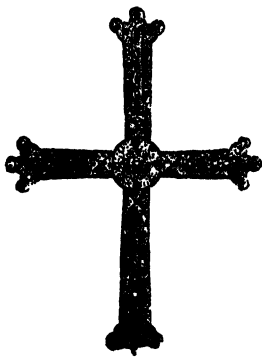
¹ 'The one-eyed.'

liminary engagement the Duke Theodomir, Governor of Andalusia, he boldly advanced into the country, prepared to meet the Gothic hosts and give them battle.

The Goths, for their part, had assembled a vast multitude of men, but their army, though large in numbers, was poor in quality, composed for the most part of agricultural labourers, sluggish, half-hearted (for they were serfs, chafing under the tyranny of their owners), unused to handling warlike weapons, and, in a word, quite incompetent to cope with the trained and fiery Berbers. In addition to these disadvantages, various members of the Gothic aristocracy, including the infamous Julian, and Oppas, Bishop of Seville, went over to the enemy. The battle, called the battle of the Guadalete—from the name of the stream upon whose banks it was decided—is said to have lasted a week, and ended in the total defeat of the Goths. The slaughter was appalling, and the unhappy Roderick, after witnessing the rout of his subjects and the ruin of his kingdom, was

either slain outright, or crept ingloriously from the field, to hide himself from his victorious enemies.

As for Tarik, little was left to oppose him, as, flushed with triumph, he led his warriors north and eastwards. City after city threw open its gates, or surrendered after a feeble and brief resistance. Thus was the Moorish occupation unflinchingly pursued, and the tottering fabric of Gothic sovereignty hurled finally to earth by the strong and dusky hand of the African invader.





CHAPTER II

THE FATE OF THE CONQUERED SPANIARDS (711-1065)



A GOTHIC nobleman, named Pelayo, escaping, together with a few companions, from the disastrous battle-field of the Guadalete, spurred swiftly northwards, and although the Moorish cavalry gave him hot pursuit, managed at length to reach the wild and rugged region of Asturias, where he penetrated the passes of the sierras, and lay in hiding between the mountains and the sea. Pelayo's followers, who are said to have at first numbered but thirty, must soon have swelled considerably, for in 718, only seven

years after the Guadalete, they declared him king and swore to obey him as his subjects. Besides, you will remember that in Asturias there already lived the remnant of the Iberians, or old inhabitants of the Peninsula, so that Pelayo's Goths, mingling with these Iberians, formed what we shall henceforth be able to call *the Spaniards*. Thus did Pelayo become the first of a long line of Christian sovereigns, destined in the end to win back Spain, step by step and inch by inch, from the powerful occupation of the Moor.

To this day the Asturians point out a cave which formed a mountain stronghold of brave Pelayo and his little band. It is called the Cave of Anseva, and will hold about three hundred men.

After a while the Moors learned that Pelayo was in hiding, and sent a body of troops to hunt him down. Among the leaders of these troops was Bishop Oppas, of Seville, the traitor who deserted to the Moors at the battle of the Guadalete. The Moorish

force, then, knowing the Christians to be few, and expecting to crush them with the greatest ease, were marching carelessly through the mountain defiles that led to the haunts of Pelayo, when they were suddenly attacked both in front and rear. Some of Pelayo's men had climbed the precipices, and, hurling down shower upon shower of stones, destroyed the Moorish rearguard, while Pelayo himself, with the pick of his cavalry, charged their front. The Moors were completely routed and many thousands slain, together with the traitor Oppas. This battle, which thus began the reconquest of Spain by the Spaniards, is known as the Battle of Covadonga.

From this moment the power of the Christians grew. In 737 Pelayo died and was succeeded by his son Favila. Favila had only reigned for two years when he was killed during a bear-hunt. The next king was Alfonso *The First*, Favila's brother-in-law. He was a great and wise sovereign. Boldly overstepping the narrow boundaries

which had contented Pelayo and Favila, he added the whole of Galicia to his kingdom and reconquered the important cities of Leon, Astorga, Salamanca, Avila, and Segovia. If you find these cities in your map it will be clear to you that the home of the Christians was now no longer a little strip of valley-land among the mountains, but a really ample and important territory.

The state of the Peninsula was therefore as follows : In the north the tiniest speck of land originally occupied by the Spaniards had grown to be their spacious kingdom. The south and east were in full possession of the Moors. In our next chapter we shall see more exactly what was the territory of the Moors, and who were its rulers. Between the domains of Moor and Christian lay the broad regions of central Spain, and as the fighting was incessant, the cities that lay upon the borders of this "Tom Tiddler's Ground"—as we may almost call it—suffered many a desperate siege and fell with alarming frequency into the hands, now of one of

the combatant parties, now of the other. This state of affairs lasted for centuries.

In 759, after a glorious reign of eighteen years, Alfonso died. His son and successor, Fruela, succeeded him, and after reigning feebly for six years was murdered by his people. He did nothing to advance the splendid conquests of his father. The same may be said of the next four kings, Aurelio, Silo, Mauregato, and Bermudo. Then came Alfonso II., who ruled quietly for fifty years, and after him Ramiro I. Ordoño, Ramiro's son, waged vigorous war upon the Moors and paved the way for Alfonso III., another of the great Christian kings. This Alfonso, like his ancestor of the same name, was a valiant enemy of the Moslems.

But if Alfonso III. was fortunate on the field of battle, he was sorely unhappy in his private life. His son Garcia and his wife conspired against him. Their conspiracy was successful, and Alfonso was forced to give up his throne in favour of the undutiful Garcia, who shared the kingdom with his

brothers Ordoño and Fruela—Ordoño ruling Galicia, Fruela Oviedo, and Garcia what remained of the entire territory.

Here you must begin to bear in mind a very important and remarkable feature of Spanish history. From the time when Alfonso III., by his abdication, began the bad habit, down to the final union, in the fifteenth century, of the Christian states of Spain, it became the custom of Spanish kings to break up their kingdoms and leave a piece, at their death, to each of their sons, or even daughters. The habit, as I say, was a bad one. It made mischief among the Christians, who might otherwise have presented an unbroken front to the Moor, working successfully and rapidly to drive him out of the country. But for hundreds of years henceforward there is no *single* Spanish kingdom. We find instead of the fine, original, compact monarchy founded by Pelayo and his nearest successors, a series of comparatively little kingdoms ruled, in the vast

majority of instances, by greedy and selfish sovereigns who preferred plundering and squabbling with one another to making common cause against the Moor. The custom of thus dividing the kingdom, even among children of the same family, was indeed deplorable, for though family ties are strong, ambition—the desire to be richer or more famous than one actually is—is stronger still, even among kings and princes, so that from the reign of Alfonso III. onwards, the pitiless incidents of brother warring against brother, son against father, or wife against husband, make dismal and by far too frequent reading in the chronicles of the Peninsula.

A little while after the kingdom of Alfonso III. had been broken up in this manner, Garcia moved his capital from Oviedo to Leon, and his kingdom is henceforward known as the kingdom of Leon. The reigns of Garcia and Ordoño were uneventful enough, save for a series of fitful and not too energetic expeditions against the Moors.

The same may be said of the reigns of the succeeding kings, Alfonso IV., Ramiro II., Ordoño III., and Sancho "the fat."

The reign of Sancho's son, Ramiro III., was full of trouble. Some time before this there had risen into existence the Counts of Castile, who were quite as powerful as kings, and, in fact, actually became kings a little later. The Count of Castile raised the standard of revolt against Ramiro, while at the same time Almanzor, the great Moorish general, of whom we shall learn more later, entered the Christian territory, laying waste the country before him. He stormed city after city until at last even Leon, the capital, fell. While Almanzor was still threatening the Christians with complete destruction he died, and by his death relieved for a time the Leonese and Castilians from the peril of a fresh invasion.

Before Almanzor's death Ramiro was followed on the throne by Bermudo II. and Alfonso V. All through their reign the struggles between the Moors and Christians

continued fiercely, now one side gaining, now the other. Bermudo, son of Alfonso V., married Ximena, the Count of Castile's daughter, while Alfonso's daughter, Sancha, was married to the Count's son, Garcia. From this time forward the Counts of Castile were raised to the dignity of kings.

In 1028 Alfonso V. died in battle with the Moors, and Bermudo III. succeeded him. Bermudo was attacked by Sancho, King of Navarre. Sancho, besides being lord of Navarre and Aragon, was also King of Castile, to which he succeeded in 1026, having married a daughter of the Count of Castile, Garcia. Sancho, then, attacked Bermudo III., captured Leon, and ravaged Bermudo's country as far as Galicia. The unfortunate Bermudo, who was given no rest by his enemies, was slain in battle with Ferdinand, King of Castile, and Sancho of Navarre, dying in 1035, followed the old and evil custom of dividing his realm among his three sons, Garcia, Ferdinand, and Ramiro. To Garcia fell Navarre and the Basque pro-

vinces, to Ferdinand Castile and Leon, and to Ramiro the lordship of Aragon.

Ferdinand immediately set himself the task of extending his kingdom, attacking the Moors in their strongholds about the Castilian frontiers, and vanquishing in battle his brother Garcia of Navarre. He also invaded Portugal, driving the Moors before him. Thus he gradually built himself up a spacious kingdom, just as his father had done before him. Unfortunately, at his death in 1065, he relapsed into the old, old folly, and divided his broad and hardly-won dominions among his sons Garcia, Sancho, and Alfonso, and his daughters Urraca and Elvira.



CHAPTER III

THE EARLY MOORISH DOMINION AND THE CALIPHATE OF CORDOVA (711-1030)



WE have followed for a while the fortunes of the conquered Spaniards. Let us now retrace our steps and see what has become of their Moorish conquerors.

After the battle of Guadalete Tarik swept rapidly through the land, city after city falling before him. One of very few districts he left uninvaded was, as we have seen, the strip of land among the rocky fastnesses of Asturias, where Pelayo took refuge with his slender following.

Tidings of the success which had befallen

Tarik's expedition were not slow in reaching his superior officer, Musa, whom we left in Africa, waiting to see the turn affairs would take. Tarik's triumph aroused his envy and spirit of emulation, so he rapidly gathered an army of 18,000 men and crossed to Spain, capturing Seville and Merida, and finally reaching Toledo, where he found Tarik. The interview between the two warriors was stormy. It is even said that Musa had Tarik arrested for disobeying, or at least exceeding, his orders, but that the Caliph at Damascus, hearing of it, ordered him to be set free, and recalled and punished Musa.

In the meantime the Moorish rule began to develop all over the Peninsula. The land was divided into provinces, each province having its *wali*, or governor, while the fortified cities had each a civil judge and an *alcayde*, or military commandant. From this arrangement sprang a great deal of trouble and disorder, since each provincial governor wanted to be in his small way a

king, and independent. But the worst dissensions of all were those between the Berbers and the Arabs. Berbers and Arabs alike were Mahommedans, although in their nature there was little in common between them. The Berbers were those fierce African warriors—such as Tarik—who had first invaded the country, overrunning it in one victorious rush from end to end. They were, in a word, soldiers, and nothing but soldiers, and their only talent and delight was the art of making war. The Arabs, on the other hand, were those Mahommedans who came from farther east. Though good soldiers on occasion, they were finely educated and mild-mannered as a rule, lovers of poetry and music, of fine clothes and houses, and rich living. The Arab trusted to his wits; the Berber to his war-horse and his weapon.

Of these two great sects, Berbers and Arabs, the Arabs held the upper hand, since they were the more cunning, the more numerous, and the more influential. They

treated the Berbers with supreme selfishness, driving them up to the desert plains of Castile and La Mancha, where for many future generations they were exposed to the fierce attack of the Christian sovereigns, and reserving for themselves the lovely districts of the south, and sunny Andalusia. In this manner the frontiers and barren districts of the Mussulman territory came to be Berber, the fertile provinces Arab; and, although we call Berbers and Arabs collectively *Moors*, or *The Moors*, you will recognise that we do so for the sake of convenience and simplicity, and that in point of fact the Moors were not one people but two, bound together by one supreme tie—a common religion.

The Moors, then, treated with leniency such of the Christians as peaceably submitted to their rule, on condition of their paying tribute. They allowed them to continue in the occupation of their lands and in the exercise of their religion. Slavery remained unchanged,

During these years there flourished in Mecca a noble family named the Omaiyades, who had ruled in Damascus for nearly a century, and furnished Mahommedanism with fifteen of its Caliphs. At length they were attacked and overcome by their rivals, the Abbassides, who exterminated them with the exception of one, who managed to escape. This survivor, a brave, talented, and graceful youth named Abderaman, fled to Spain, and taking advantage of the discord which prevailed there between the Arabs and the Berbers, and the various governors and generals, succeeded in imposing his strong will upon them and making himself supreme. By the year 756 he was recognised as Emir (or lord) of all Spain. This title of Emir was afterwards changed for that of Caliph. Thus began in Spain what is known as the Caliphate of Cordova, since this capital became the residence of the Emir, Sultan, or Caliph, and, in consequence, the chief seat of Government.

Abderaman though he made himself as

absolute a sovereign as might be, was often in difficulties, for the Moorish kingdom was in a confused and undeveloped state, and you have seen how Arabs and Berbers, and the petty Moslem princes and governors and chieftains were perpetually struggling one against another. It needed, indeed, a strong will and a hand of iron to combat so many conflicting elements and reduce them to comparative harmony.

Abderaman died in 788, and was succeeded by his son Hicham, a learned and generous prince. Hicham began the building of the great Mosque—as the Moorish places of worship are called—of Cordova. Although it is now used as a Christian cathedral, it retains much of its former appearance, and by reason of its size and beauty is one of the most famous edifices of the world.

We need only take a brief glance at most of the succeeding Caliphs. Some of them were good and wise, and helped to make of Cordova a rich and splendid city

and a seat of learning and the fine arts. On the other hand, some were foolish or evil, and under these the country became oppressed and discontented, and rent by discord and battle between the petty chiefs and governors. Under the good Caliphs we learn that Cordova grew to possess five hundred thousand inhabitants and one hundred and thirteen thousand houses, together with spacious streets and elegant and sumptuous public buildings, and, above all, the magnificent mosque of which I have spoken.

Between 886 and 888 we find the Moorish kingdom in a most distressing state. The Caliph was Abdallah, a feeble prince, under whom the price of bread rose alarmingly, and riot and disturbance was rampant everywhere. A powerful chieftain named Ibn-Haddadj set himself up as ruler in Seville, and defied Abdallah, who, being the weaker, was forced to strike a humiliating peace with him. Abdallah's grandson, Abderaman III., was a very different character. He stormed

and took the ~~insurgent~~ cities one after another, and, carrying his victorious arms through the country, penetrated, in 932, as far as Toledo, attacking and capturing that important stronghold. In fact Abderaman may be said to have completely knit together and united the Moslem rule in the Peninsula.

Abderaman's grandson, Hicham II., was a weak and timid character, but in his reign there rises into prominence a great figure in Moorish history, Almanzor, of whom we heard in our last chapter. Almanzor was Hicham's vizier, or prime minister. Though in many respects a just and excellent man, he was, nevertheless, a savage enemy of the Christians. It is said that he waged war upon them in no less than fifty campaigns, while he took and burned Barcelona, and was victorious in battle over the Count of Castile and Ramiro III. of Leon. Flushed with his triumphs he tried, in 996, to make himself Caliph. Hicham, however, though he had done nothing to deserve it, was greatly beloved by his people, who loyally

took his part, and Almanzor was forced to content himself with remaining vizier. He died in 1002, and was succeeded as vizier by his sons Modhaffer and Abderaman, the latter of whom poisoned his brother Modhaffer, and induced the wretched Hicham to leave him the throne—an arrangement which came to nothing, since the family of Almanzor were unpopular, and the people were determined not to admit them as their rulers.

Thus ended the dynasty of the Omaiayades and the Caliphate of Cordova, and for a long time to come the dominion of the Moors was given up to hopeless anarchy and confusion.



CHAPTER IV

RODRIGO DE BIVAR—THE 'CID CAMPEADOR'
(1020 ?—1099)



AT the beginning of the eleventh century, and in the picturesque city of Burgos, in Old Castile, there lived a gentleman of good family, named Diego Lainez. Don Diego, whose father had been judge of the kingdom of Castile, appears, from the slender records that remain of him, to have been a citizen of the utmost respectability. On several occasions, as we observe in documents which still exist, his sovereign rewarded him with grants of land for ser-

made done

vices he had ~~rendered~~ to the Crown, and he played a creditable, if not conspicuous part in the wars in Navarre, which raged between the brother princes, Ferdinand and Garcia.

In course of time Diego Lainez married, and a son was born to him. His wife was Doña Teresa Rodriguez, the daughter of an Asturian Count. We know but little of her—even less than of her husband. Their son was Rodrigo de Bivar, familiar to history as 'the Cid.'

The boy Rodrigo grew up to be a tall, broad - shouldered, big - limbed, strapping fellow, active, daring, boisterous, and adept in every kind of sport and manly exercise. He had reached some sixteen years when both his father and mother died, and the King, Don Sancho, son of Ferdinand the First, either in recognition of the faithful services of Rodrigo's father, or else because he was attracted by the orphan's bold address and gallant figure, took him to his palace, where he had him educated as his

own child, or rather brother—for Sancho also was quite young.

Our hero's education consisted of little beyond military exercises, tourneying, horsemanship, and the like. There was little book-learning in those days, while wars were frequent and bloody, and every man had need to practise soldiering. And so Rodrigo de Bivar, growing to manhood ~~under the eye of the monarch who had adopted and befriended him~~, repaid his royal benefactor by becoming the pride and glory of his warlike Court, and the bravest, strongest, and skilfullest soldier in all Christendom. *long*

Sancho, too, was a fighter. You will remember that he attacked his brothers for the sake of their inheritance, and wherever he carried his campaigns Rodrigo—who had won the dignity of knighthood before he was twenty—accompanied him as his *alferez*, or standard-bearer—the proudest office in the army of Castile.

At the siege of Zamora, the city possessed

and stoutly defended by his sister Urraca, Sancho met his death by the hand of a Zamoran soldier, named Vellido Dolfos, who ~~passed~~ into his camp under pretence of bearing him a peaceful message, and traitorously stabbed him, galloping off full speed into the darkness. For some time afterwards all was turbulence and confusion in Castile. Finally the Crown passed to Alfonso, the younger brother of Sancho, but it was resolved that he must take an oath that he was guiltless of conniving at Sancho's death; 'and who,' inquired the Castilian nobles, 'should better fulfil the solemn task of administering the oath than Rodrigo de Bivar, their resolute and valiant knight and captain-general of their army?'

It required no slight amount of courage in those savage days to speak severely to a king. But Rodrigo stepped boldly forward, 'Will you swear,' he sternly demanded of Alfonso, 'that you took no part whatever in the murder of Don Sancho? If you swear

falsely, may God slay you even as Don Sancho was slain, and may you perish by the hand of a low-born villain and no gentleman.' 'I swear,' replied Alfonso, 'that I am wholly innocent of Don Sancho's death.'

It was customary on such occasions to repeat the oath three times. At the second and third repetition Alfonso bit his lip and coloured, for it ill became a prince of the blood royal to submit to such inquiries from a vassal, but though he laid his hand upon the pommel of his sword and scowled darkly at Rodrigo, he made the same reply and hid his anger as well as he was able.

Rodrigo, ever the same unvanquished and untiring leader, was ready to continue in Alfonso's service, supporting him in his expeditions into Moorish territory, and aiding him with his sagacious counsel and strong right arm. But Alfonso proved an ungrateful master. His character was vindictive and spiteful, and he neither forgot

nor forgave the ignoble episode of the oath, which he regarded as having placed him in a humiliating, not to say ridiculous, position before his courtiers. He repaid Rodrigo's loyalty with cold contempt, degraded him in his command, and on a trivial pretext banished him from the kingdom.

When the news of this stern sentence was brought to Rodrigo, he held his peace, although the scurvy treatment must have rankled in his heart. Attended by a few devoted knights, who swore to follow him through thick and thin, he mounted his war-horse, shook his bridle, and turned his back upon Castile.

What was he to do? He had no education to speak of, beyond his knowledge of fighting, so by fighting he must live. His native land was closed to him. The greater portion of the rest of Spain was in possession of the Moors. The problem was a knotty one, and while we leave him to resolve it, let us turn aside for a moment and briefly

examine the titles by which he is familiar to history.

These were two. He is spoken of as 'the Cid,' or 'the Campeador.' The Cid is equivalent to the Arabic 'Al Said,' 'the Chieftain'—for so the Moslems called Rodrigo when they had learned to recognise his bravery and skill in battle. The origin of the word 'Campeador' is not so easy to trace. It is tolerably certain that it bears no relation to our English 'camp.' Some writers take it to mean a champion. It was a common usage in old warfare for a knight or soldier to advance beyond his army and challenge a foeman from the enemy's ranks to single combat. You will remember the case of David and Goliath. As both Moors and Christians, therefore, were much addicted to this custom, it is possible that 'Champion' may be the meaning of 'Campeador,' the more especially as Rodrigo was of fiery and daring temper, and distinguished above all other warriors of his day for valour and agility.

We left the Cid wending his way sadly and silently over the Castilian plains. At length he found himself outside the kingdom. He had taken the bold determination to live by plunder, to serve any master, Moor or Christian, who would pay him well, and to trust to his bodily strength, indomitable courage, and military skill, to support himself and his faithful band of followers.

Henceforth his career becomes a dizzy succession of exciting episodes. We find him in the service of the Moorish princes, or making war against them on his own account. Now he is in one part of the country, now in another, spreading havoc and desolation before him, burning, besieging, devastating, laying ambushes, or giving battle. The Moslems went in terror of his very name :—

'The camp was a-slumber, the breezes were laid,
The Arabs a-dining, in the shadows reclining
From the white summer heat—but they sprang to
their feet
At a warning—a whisper—" Al Said ! Al Said !

" I have seen his white war-horse
A-rest on the sward—
He is whetting the edge
Of his broad battle-sword.

" I have seen his grim comrades,
Their lances' bright sheen,
Each pennon-hue dances
Through forest-leaves green.

" Ye have seen—ye have felt him—
The flash of his brand,
To the death-dealing stroke
Of his heavy right hand.

" He shall smite and o'ertake ye—
I heard his lips say—
Your plunder forsake ye
To save you this day.

" Ye have seen—ye have felt him—
Will ye meet him again ?
Ye are weaker and fewer,
But one to his ten.

" The race of the storm-rack
Is tardier than he
To furrow the track
Of an enemy."—

The hooves of their stallions
Strike clouds from the earth
That have veiled each rider
From helmet to girth

Those whirling battalions
A-galloping go
Like an arrow half-seen
As it leaveth the bow.

They have cloven the pass
Like the measureless blast
Of the gale, or the streak
Of a javelin's cast.

In hurry and fear
The word they obeyed,
The whisper—"Al Said !
Al Said is near !"

At one period the Cid patches up a peace with his old master, the ungrateful Alfonso, and renews service under him—an alliance which lasts, off and on, until his death, though in the intervals we find him hand in glove with the King of Saragossa, Al-Mutamin, with Al-Mutamin's successor, Ajmed Al-Mostag'in, or other Moorish princes ;—at another he swoops upon the Aragonese under Sancho Ramirez, and throws them into consternation by his rapid movements and invincible tactics ; at another he strikes a truce with Sancho's son, Pedro.

In 1091 he quarrelled with the Count of Barcelona, Ramon Berenguer. When their forces approached each other at Calamocha, in the neighbourhood of Albarracin, Rodrigo and his men encamped upon a little plain among the mountains, commanded by a tortuous and narrow bridle-path.

Al-Mostag'in, who was friendly to the Cid, sent a messenger to warn him of Berenguer's approach. Rodrigo thanked the messenger, and handed him a letter for his master, in which he spoke in the sourest and most contemptuous tones of the Count of Barcelona, and requested Al-Mostag'in to hand the letter to Berenguer, a favour which the Arab was prompt to perform.

'Berenguer,' we learn, 'was greatly angered at the phrases Rodrigo used towards him, and wrote him a similar reply. 'You have called us women,' he wrote. 'We are no women, as I will prove to you. You worship rocks, and caves, and animals, and put more trust in your devilries and sorcery than in the mercy of the Most High God. If to-

morrow you will come down to the plains and fight me in the open, then I will call you Cid Campeador ; if you refuse you are a coward.'

The Cid retorted with another missive, mocking the haughty words of the Count, and calling him a craven and a boaster. These latter words were more than Berenguer could bear, so he waited till night drew on, and stealthily led his men towards Rodrigo's camp ; then, as soon as day began to dawn, he stormed it.

The struggle was sharp and soon decided. The Cid sprang to his saddle, but his horse, stumbling, threw and injured him, so that he had to be carried to the rear. His men, learning of the mishap which had befallen their beloved leader, laid on with treble fury, smote the Catalans hip and thigh, and captured Berenguer. The crestfallen Count asked to be led before Rodrigo. He found him sitting in a chair, resting from his injury. At first the Cid received his prisoner sullenly, refusing to treat with him, but

after a short while he relented, and released the Count and all his troops without so much as mentioning a ransom.

‘A deed,’ observes a critic, ‘unparalleled in those days, and which shows how compassionate was Rodrigo’s heart towards all those who professed the same religion as himself.’

In 1092, having fallen out with the irritable Alfonso of Castile, Rodrigo made war upon the Almoravides,¹ and happened to reach Valencia, then ruled by its governor, Al-Kaadir, a former tributary of Alfonso, and an old ally of the Cid. He received Rodrigo with the utmost hospitality, and begged him to continue in the city ; but his guest was bound upon a series of expeditions in the country between Valencia and Saragossa. He promised, however, to return at no distant date.

¹ The Almoravides, who invaded Spain under Yousof, of whom we shall read shortly, were a noble family who had migrated from Arabia into Africa.

While the Cid was engaged in these forays, an Arab named Ben D'yajaf conspired against Al-Kaadir and deposed him. Al-Kaadir, disguising himself as a woman, and secreting beneath his dress his jewels and valuables—among them a collar of pearls of marvellous price and beauty—fled for refuge to an empty house in a mean suburb, where he lay in hiding. Ben D'yajaf, however, discovered him, and had him stabbed for the sake of his jewels. These were divided among his murderers, who cut off his head and threw it in a tank ; then, wrapping the mutilated trunk in a blanket, they carried it to a spot outside the walls, where the camels were fed and sheltered, and buried it, naked, 'as though it were a common beggar's.'

Those who were loyal to the murdered governor lost no time in making their way to Saragossa, where the Cid then was, and informing him of the fate which had befallen his friend. Burning with rage, Rodrigo marched upon Valencia, and wrote a stern

letter to the usurper Ben D'yajaf, reproaching him in bitter words for the foul deed he had committed, and commanding him to deliver up the whole supply of corn he had stored in his granaries. Ben D'yajaf replied that he had been robbed of all his corn, and so could send none ; but he invited the Cid to swear allegiance to the Almoravides, and promised, on this condition, to become his ally.

After some further correspondence, which rapidly assumed a more uncompromising tone, Rodrigo determined to appeal to force and occupy the city. Accordingly, he sent word to all the governors of castles round Valencia that they were to hold their supplies at the service of his troops, and opened the siege. Inch by inch he made himself master of the suburbs. Castle after castle fell before him, after desperate resistance. On one occasion he transfixed twelve men, single-handed, himself being wounded in the throat and having two horses slain under him.

In course of time the Almoravides heard of these events, and collecting their army marched by way of Alcira and Alcacer to raise the siege of the city. 'Great,' we read, 'was the joy in Valencia when the watch-fires of the rescuers' army were discerned.' But the hearts of the Africans sank within them ; their general, Abu-Bekr, resolved to return by the way he had come, and when the morrow dawned, after a night of storm such as is seldom witnessed in those smiling regions, his craven army had disappeared.

This was a sad blow to the beleaguered citizens. We are told that their faces grew as black as darkness, and that they wandered aimlessly about the streets, lost in despair, no man daring to speak to his neighbour.

From this point onwards the story of this famous siege is full of interest and adventure. The Christians drew so near to the walls that they could audibly shout to those within, urging them to surrender to the Cid, 'since on him alone depended their salva-

tion.' Famine broke out. The smallest quantities of honey, wheat, or figs fetched fabulous prices. But the Christians were well supplied with provisions, for they tilled the ground and raised crops, and every morning, by Rodrigo's orders, held a market in the *vega*.¹

Ben D'yajaf, the ruler of Valencia, was both an imbecile and a knave. 'Instead of minding the fate of his vassals, he surrounded himself with poets and men of letters, and abandoned himself to every kind of sensual enjoyment, jeering at those of his subjects who came to complain to him of their privations.' He seized the property of such as died of hunger, and even of many who were yet alive, imprisoning and scourging them if they ventured to resist.

The Christians kept approaching nearer and nearer to the walls, 'so that they were able to cast stones at the citizens, and their arrows overshot the town.' The besieged

¹ A *vega* is a stretch of level land, fertile, well-watered, and sheltered from the winds.

were living on cats, and rats, and offal, tearing up the very drains in order to devour the refuse they found within. Crowds of despairing wretches—women and children for the most part—thronged about the gate; and if it were opened for a moment, crept forth and threw themselves upon the mercy of the Christians, who put them to the sword or sold them into slavery. ‘These helpless creatures,’ says the narrative before me, ‘were so weak that if a morsel of bread were given them, they dropped dead for want of strength to bite at it.’ Those of the better class were bought by slave-dealers who crossed the sea from Africa, and hovering round the Christian camp busily pursued their shocking traffic. A bitter verse was sometimes muttered by the townspeople. It ran :—

‘If I turr to the right the river will swallow me,
If I turn to the left the lion will slay me,
If I go forward the sea will drown me,
If I go back the fire will burn me.’

At last the rich sustained themselves by

chewing grass and leather, and the poor by feeding on the flesh of their dead countrymen ! Children fell lifeless in the streets, and ' the greater part of the inhabitants were by this time corpses.'

And yet the valour of these intrepid infidels knew no bounds. On one occasion the Cid, believing them to be at their last gasp, mustered his men and stormed the Bab-el-Sanesch (' Gate of the Snake '). The citizens saluted him with volleys of stones and arrows, and drove him back with overwhelming loss. Thereupon the Christians took refuge in some baths, but the Moors gave chase and dashed upon them, so that Rodrigo escaped with difficulty, breaking open a disused door and retreating through it. After this experience, resorting to the former method of starvation, he issued a proclamation to the effect that all those infidels who had fled into his camp must return to the city or else be burned alive—a sentence which, in many instances, he grimly carried out, ' the pyre being

placed so that it could be easily seen from the city. Eighteen unfortunates were thus disposed of in a single day. 'Others were thrown to savage dogs, who tore them to pieces and devoured them alive.'

But all that mortal resistance was capable of accomplishing had been done. Valencia could hold out no longer. The inhabitants were so wasted that 'they lacked the strength to mount the walls and, by casting themselves headlong, end their sufferings.' The very soldiers began to clamour for capitulation. At last the city surrendered. Ben D'yajaf was to be leniently treated and his wives and property respected. No new taxes were to be levied, and no new monies struck.

When the news reached the town that these moderate terms had been accepted by the Cid, the famishing inhabitants, as gaunt as so many spectres, assembled in the market-place, and when the gates were opened, crawled into the fields, where they devoured the grass, 'and numbers died from eating such a quantity.'

The Cid entered the city in triumph and high spirits. Mounting the loftiest of its towers, he surveyed his new domain, and allowed the Moors to kiss his hand and do him homage ; after which he ordered that the vanquished should be treated with all kindness ; that the privacy of their houses should be respected, and that the Christians should courteously salute them in the streets—dispositions which won for him the fervent gratitude of the Moslems, who ‘said they had never seen so well-behaved an army or so excellent and honourable a man.’

The tyrant Ben D’yajaf, however, had ample cause to tremble for his life ; so thinking to appease the Cid he sent him a present of a quantity of gold and jewels which he had robbed from the citizens. But Rodrigo, knowing whence the treasure proceeded, sternly refused the gift, and summoning the people by his heralds’ proclamation, thus addressed them :—

‘I am,’ he said, ‘of no royal lineage, nor

have I ever possessed a kingdom ; but the day I first set eyes upon Valencia, its aspect pleased me, and I coveted it, and prayed to God to give it me for mine own. Ye see how infinite is God's power, for when I was besieging Cebolla, a couple of loaves of bread were all I had, but now by God's grace I am become the lord of this great city. If I rule it justly and administer your affairs with wisdom, I am confident that God will help me to retain it, but that if I bear myself maliciously and proudly, He will deprive me of its possession.'

He proceeded : ' I will listen to your complaints upon two days in every week, on Mondays and Thursdays ; but if any of you have a pressing matter to disclose, he may come to me at any time and I will hear him, since I am not like your chiefs who are for ever singing and drinking, and whom it is impossible to talk with. My desire is myself to manage your concerns. I will be your comrade ; as your father and your friend I will protect you, and if any of you

stand in need of justice, let him come to me, and I will judge for him.'

But the agreeable effect produced by such fair words and promises was soon to be dispelled. The Christians made no scruple of seizing on the property of the Moors, and these, remembering the Cid's assurance that their belongings should be respected, went in a body to remind him of it. They found him sitting in his garden ; but his speech was very different from the first occasion :—

'Were I to lose my followers, I should become as one that loses his right arm, or as a warrior without lance or sword. So it is meet that first of all I should consult the welfare of my men and of myself.' Whereat the Moors retired crest-fallen, 'wondering greatly at his change of manner.'

His next act was to seize Ben D'yajaf and torture him, to make him disclose the whereabouts of his riches. The wretched tyrant drew up a list of rings, and necklets, furniture, and precious stones, vowing he

had no more. But Rodrigo, knowing him to be lying, made careful search, and recovered the bulk of the Moslem's treasure. He rewarded Ben D'yajaf for his folly and untruthfulness by burning him alive, burying him in a pit up to his middle, so that his arms were free, and the wretched victim 'with his own hands drew the blazing fuel towards his body, to end his sufferings the sooner.'

From then (1095) until his death, the Cid enjoyed his hardly-won possession, making occasional forays into the surrounding country, besieging the fortresses of Murviedro and Almenara, and concerting with the neighbouring princes, Moor or Christian.

According to the popular chronicle, his end was exemplary. In 1099 he breathed his last, 'satisfied that he had done his duty towards his God,' and receiving the sacrament at the bishop's hands.

So lived and died Rodrigo de Bivar, the Cid Campeador. A long series of legends and national songs, which, however beautiful

and stirring in their language, are utterly untrustworthy, have held him up to admiration as a pattern of chivalry—the ‘veray parfit gentil knight’ of old Chaucer. He was nothing of the kind. By trade he was a robber, the most successful and unscrupulous of his age. As a robber he was magnificently daring and magnificently skilful. His first consideration after every victory was to secure the spoil. In common with nearly all mankind, he could be generous on occasion ; but in the main he was both cruel and false. He broke his word without a qualm, and made it his invariable rule to serve the cause which paid him best.

Yet his strength and nerve, his swiftness of decision, his unflinching heroism and readiness of resource in moments of peril—all these are undeniable. He trod his neighbours underfoot, and they respected him—and so, since might is right the wide world over, he is a great character in the annals of history.



CHAPTER V

FROM THE DEATH OF FERDINAND THE FIRST OF
CASTILE TO THE BATTLE OF LAS NAVAS DE TOLOSA
(1065-1212)



WE have followed the fortunes of both Moors and Christians, and seen how the territory of the former spread southwards and eastwards and westwards, from Pelayo's tiny strip of land in the Asturias, until it embraced the kingdoms of Leon, Castile, Navarre, and Aragon ; and we have also seen how the Moorish territory, comprising, with the exception of the Countship of Barcelona, in the extreme north-east, the

whole of the rest of Spain, had become, during the early years of the eleventh century, the seat of indescribable tumult and confusion.

At the close of our second chapter—the last in which we dealt with the Christian kingdoms—we reached the death, in 1065, of Ferdinand I. of Castile. Ferdinand was in every respect a great king. He was brave, generous, and just, a valiant soldier, and a careful and excellent ruler; but he made the familiar mistake of dividing his kingdom among his children. To his eldest son, Sancho, he left Castile; to Alfonso, Leon and Asturias; and to Garcia, Galicia. To his daughters, Urraca and Elvira, he left the cities of Zamora and Toro respectively.

His death was followed by a civil, or, more exactly speaking, a family war. The brothers attacked one another's possessions, and even the cities which had been bequeathed to their two sisters. In the end the victory remained, as we have seen, with Alfonso, who, after Sancho had

been murdered, and Garcia thrust into prison, found himself monarch of the same dominions as his father had been before him. It was during the reigns of Ferdinand, Sancho, and Alfonso, father and sons, that there lived and rose to prominence Rodrigo de Bivar, 'the Cid,' whose story I have told you in our last chapter.

Towards the close of the eleventh century, while Alfonso was still ruling over his broad possessions in the north, there crossed from Africa, and arrived in Southern Spain, a Moorish prince named Yousof, belonging to the Almoravides, and whose help the Andalusians had invited against Alfonso. Yousof, who had won much celebrity as a warrior, having led his troops through nearly the whole of north-west Africa, and subdued the Berber cities of Fez, Tunis, Tangier, and Algiers, brought with him into Spain a considerable army, and at once marched to meet Alfonso. The ensuing battle, which took place in 1086 at a spot named Zallaca, was long and desperate. The

Spaniards charged with fury, disordering the Moorish ranks, but in the end the Moslems rallied and drove the Christians headlong from the field.

Yousof's task was practically over. He had been invited to Spain to beat Alfonso, and he had beaten him. But Yousof was ambitious, and had no intention of fighting for nothing, while his keen eye had noticed the lack of unity prevailing in the Moslem government. So he brought from Africa an army even larger than the first. This time his countrymen were his victims. Sweeping through the land he reduced all the Moorish princes, and proclaimed himself supreme. Thus began, in 1094, the dynasty of the Almoravides in Spain.

Sancho, the only son of Alfonso VI. was slain in 1108 by the Moors at the battle of Uclés, disastrous to the Christian cause. Alfonso himself died in 1109, and a long and wearisome civil strife ensued, during which the Moors, particularly Ali, King of Cordova, resumed hostilities against the

Spaniards and captured a number of important cities.

We now come to one of the greatest of the Christian kings, Alfonso of Aragon, 'El Batallador—the fighter.' His territory, Aragon, lay to the north of the Moorish Emirate of Saragossa, and between that region and the Pyrenees. At the period of which I am speaking it was a very small, though important and increasing state, and as Alfonso and other brave and able kings who succeeded him made headway against the Moors, it grew and grew until, by the middle of the thirteenth century, we find it built up into a mighty kingdom.

One of Alfonso's earliest acts was to march upon and attack Saragossa, which city, after a long and obstinate siege, he took. From that day forth he never rested, battling with the Moors on every possible occasion, and capturing the strong cities of Daroca, Calatayud, and Tarragona. At last he was killed while besieging Fraga, and the crown passed to his youngest brother, Ramiro.

In the meantime Castile and Leon were for a short while united under Alfonso VII., of Leon (II. of Castile), who seems to have been a poor fighter, though a vain man, since, in 1135, he had himself proclaimed Emperor of all Spain. In spite of this ridiculous assumption of supremacy, the little kingdom of Navarre, assisted by the Portuguese, who now for the first time play a prominent part in history, made war upon him and disturbed him greatly.

You will remember how Yousof, the leader of the Almoravides, had, before his death, which occurred in 1107, made himself supreme in Moorish Spain. He was a brave and clever prince, but the Almoravides, as a whole, were not a powerful body of rulers. They lacked sufficient skill and influence to keep their realms united. City after city slipped through their grasp,—Cordova, Granada, Valencia, and many others, until at last only Seville remained loyal, while the Christian armies, ever bolder and more formidable, harassed them more

and more. Finally a rival family rose to power, driving out the Almoravides and establishing a new supremacy. These were the Almohades, and their leader was a prince named Abd-el-Moumen.

When Alfonso VII., of Leon, died, he left Castile to his elder son, Sancho, and to Ferdinand, his younger, Leon. After reigning a few months, Sancho died, and the crown passed to his son Alfonso, eighth of that name, and married to an English princess, Eleanor, daughter of our Henry II. Alfonso was an excellent sovereign, gentle, upright, and devout, and much beloved, as was his English queen, by his subjects. In the year 1195 he was severely defeated by the Moors at the great battle of Alarcon, but in 1212 he nobly atoned for this disaster by the splendid victory of Las Navas de Tolosa. This desperate conflict took place upon a level plain among the lofty ridges of the Sierra Morena. The Spanish forces, thirty thousand strong, were commanded by the kings of Castile, Aragon, and Navarre. At a

moment when the kings were perplexed by the mountainous nature of the country, and wondering how they should penetrate the narrow and tortuous passes that led to the enemy's camp, a young shepherd presented himself and offered to show them the way. He did so, leading them through a valley, now called 'the Royal Gate,' into the broad plains beyond. Here the Moors were encamped, their Emir's tent in the middle, and about him his mighty army of Almohades and Africans. At one point was a strong palisade, lashed with heavy iron chains, to serve as a defence. The Spaniards were headed by their three kings, Alfonso of Castile commanding the van and centre.

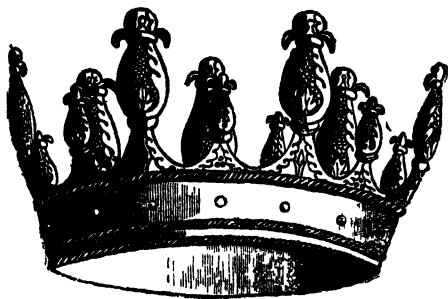
The Spaniards charged and were repulsed, charged again, and again fell back. A third charge, stoutly borne and turned by the massy front of the Moslems, threw them into disorder. Alfonso, closely followed by the fighting Archbishop of Toledo, Rodrigo Jimenez, and by the Archbishop's cross-bearer, dashed into the thick of the enemy. 'Prelate,' he

shouted, fighting desperately, 'here we must die.' 'No, Sire,' rejoined the Archbishop, who was of a calmer mettle than his king, 'here we must conquer !' And conquer they did. While Alfonso and his vanguard were hewing down the Moslem hosts, Sancho the Strong of Navarre cut his way up to the very body-guard of the Emir. Then it was that the Moors recognised the full extent of their disaster, and turned their backs and fled.

Solemn was the service held that night upon the battlefield to render thanks to God for the great victory. It is said that from one to two hundred thousand of the Moors were slain ; of the Christians a few hundreds only. As for the young shepherd who had faithfully led the Spaniards to the fighting ground, he was seen no more, but it is believed to this day that he was San Isidro in disguise, the patron-saint of Madrid.

Thus was fought and finished the ever-memorable combat of Las Navas de Tolosa. Centuries of obstinate crusades and doubtful

victories had come and gone. Now one combatant had held the upper hand, now the other; now both were exhausted and waiting for new strength to recommence the struggle. Lands and cities had been lost, regained, and lost once more. But the Christian armies at Las Navas had dealt a blow from which was no recovery, and the back of Moslem rule in Spain was broken at last.





CHAPTER VI

FROM LAS NAVAS DE TOLOSA TO THE DEATHS OF
ALFONSO THE LEARNED AND JAYME THE CON-
QUEROR (1212-1284)



It is impossible to over-estimate the effects of the battle of Las Navas. Until then the Moors had frequently carried the war into Spanish territory, capturing and recovering lands and cities from the Christians. After Las Navas they were forced to limit themselves to defending—and that with difficulty—such possessions as they had won in happier times, and bit by bit, dating from this fateful day, their broad dominion slipped away from them.

Alfonso VIII. died in 1214, and was succeeded by his son Enrique I., who had only reigned three years when he was struck on the head by a falling tile, and killed. Thereupon his sister Berengaria, a talented and unselfish woman, relinquished her own superior rights to the throne, and in 1217 crowned, instead of herself, her son Ferdinand III.—‘Saint Ferdinand.’ Together with him rises into prominence another great sovereign, Jayme the Conqueror, and we shall trace their histories together.

Thirteen years after Ferdinand’s coronation, Alfonso IX. of Leon died, and Ferdinand inherited that kingdom also, by right of his father. Remember, then, that in 1230 Castile and Leon became one sovereignty, never again to be divided.

The power of the Moors had been so shattered at Las Navas that they no longer dared to leave their own dominions. Ferdinand, therefore, who was every inch a fighter, was enabled to wage a vigorous war upon them in their own country, with-

out fear of his own realm being invaded. He mustered a large army, crossed the Andalusian frontier, and besieged and took the cities of Baeza and Ubeda. In 1235, and in a fresh campaign, Cordova fell. Henceforth we find him constantly in Andalusia. In 1245 he stormed Jaen, and in 1247 prepared to advance upon Seville. This was the boldest enterprise of all, for Seville, the capital of Andalusia, was not only beautiful, but stoutly defended as well. Even the approach was difficult, for the Guadalquivir was flooded, and the Christians, in order to ford it without slipping and being carried away down stream, had to pave the river-bed with the trunks of trees. But Ferdinand was careful and persevering. One by one he stormed and took the fortresses adjacent to the city, the last to surrender being Alcalá, and finally Seville, with her beautiful palaces and strong walls, stood glittering before him.

In the meantime a skilful sailor, a native of Burgos, named Ramon Bonifaz had been

commanded to get together a fleet of ships, and, sailing up the river, assist the king in his attack upon the city. It is curious that the title 'almirante'—'admiral'—is applied (to Bonifaz) for the first time in Spanish history. The zealous admiral, then, faithfully performed his task. He built a squadron of thirteen vessels upon the shores of Biscay, and had guided them round the coast to the mouth of the Guadalquivir, when he casually encountered a fleet of thirty sail, sent by the Moors of Ceuta and Tangier to the relief of their beleaguered brethren in Seville. These vessels Bonifaz engaged, and beat them handsomely, taking one, burning three, and putting the rest to flight. This done, he sailed up the river and cast anchor a few cables' lengths from the city wall. This was the twentieth day of August, 1247.

'Then' began the usual hard pounding of those stirring times, and many pleasant and invigorating sorties and incursions were ex-

* 'Andalusian Essays.'

changed, in which the Master of Santiago and several eminent *adalides*¹ performed marvels of valour. Neither, as was also customary in those ages, were the holy men of the realm reticent to take the field, the Archbishop of Santiago being conspicuous among them. The Moors, for their part, were no less active. They threw a boom across the river, and set upon it ponderous cauldrons filled with resin and other inflammable stuffs; then, shifting the boom down stream towards the Spanish navy, and at the same moment hurling innumerable firebrands, they tried to spread the flames aboard. But the wind must have blown adversely, and the machinations of the Faithful have been upset by the ill-will of Providence, for no injury to the Christian ships is recorded. And not long afterwards the admiral (whose genius, like the poet's of the proverb, must have been inborn, seeing that his native town, Burgos, has not the water to float an oyster-shell), was

¹ Officers captains.

in his turn given an occasion, for the second time, to manifest his fighting qualities. As the siege proceeded, it had become more and more obvious that as long as the bridge of boats should join the suburb of Triana with the city proper, and provisions should continue to come and go, in and out, backwards and forwards, Seville could not be taken, and that useful lives and money would be squandered in a desperate and idle enterprise. The bridge itself, though floating, as the winter floods demanded in those days, was no collapsible makeshift, for chains as thick as a man's arm were said to bind the boats inseparably together. The problem was daily growing more intense and critical, the King and his advisers more and more at their wits' end for a solution, when one gusty morning the dauntless Bonifaz warped the two solidest of his marine into mid-river, then, cramming on every stitch of sail, and giving the word himself from the deck of the larger vessel, took a run, as the phrase goes, and pounded

swiftly at the bridge to try and break it through.'

'The smaller craft struck first, as was intended. The barrier cracked and strained, although the chains appeared to hold ; yet something may have given, for when the admiral's ranged along her fellow, impinging on the bruised and ringing timber, there came a mighty crash, and Triana bridge, the terror of the Christians, was no more. This, says the Chronicle, was on the *Cruz de Mayo*, 1248, and the ever-pious King, attentive to the holiness of the occasion, ordered the standard of the Cross to be flown from the peak of the victorious vessel, and a "beautiful image of Maria Santisima to be set at the foot of the mainmast."

'The following morning Triana was attacked by land and water, but its defenders were gathered in strength, and aimed such clouds of feathered darts, and slung such volleys of stones, that a retreat had to be called ; and when the Infante Don Alfonso, together with his brothers Don Fadrique

and Don Enrique and several knights, sought to undermine the ground which lay between their forces and the citadel, lo ! this they found already mined by the enemy, and were compelled to abandon also.'

'But the siege had now lasted fifteen months, and both sides, the Moors in particular, had had enough. Accordingly, with the usual caution of their race, the latter opened negotiations, not by bald surrender, but by an offer of partition. Let the King, they argued, occupy the city and the *Alcázar*, themselves retain each man his own, house included ; and the revenue their Emir, Ascataf, and the Christian King might equally divide. Atop of this, since Ferdinand scorned to answer—as they doubtless expected from the first—they sent a second proposition. Two-thirds of the city should belong to Ferdinand while the Moslems, at their own cost, would build a wall between the separate populations. "In absolute," retorted the King, "are ye to deliver the city into my hands," which last—with the

bare proviso that the vanquished should go unharmed, with a safe conduct to Barbary for such as wished—was finally and sadly done.'

'Yet they tried to save, or rather to demolish, one other feature of their home. "Let us only," they pleaded, "destroy our Mosque, or at the least its tower, and we will build a place of worship for yourselves, no less magnificent and costly." The King referred them for an answer to his son Alfonso. "If," replied the prince, "a single gutter of the Mosque be touched, not a Moor in Seville but shall have his head struck cleanly from his shoulders, and for a tile of the tower displaced, not a soul shall survive, male or female, man, woman, or child," and so, thanks to the young Infante, the exquisite Giralda is standing to this day.'

'On the 23rd of November the capitulation was signed, but Ferdinand generously gave a month to the inhabitants to get their goods together, and to Ascataf he offered shelter and a decent revenue; but the poor old

Emir, like a conscientious Mussulman, would hear of nothing other than to turn his weary steps to Africa, from the very moment of resigning his beloved city into the hands of the unbeliever.'

'This last humiliation took place on the 22nd of December, and as the King entered by one gate, three hundred thousand Moors were leaving by another. A triumphal car came first in the Christian procession, bearing an image of the Virgin, by the side of which walked Ferdinand with bared sword, his Queen, Doña Juana, and the young Infantes, succeeded by the whole of the victorious army, archbishop, bishops, clergy, nobles, knights, soldiers, and all.'

'The Mosque was purified by the Archbishop, Don Gutierre, who also celebrated Mass on the triumphal car ; and as the King passed into the Alcázar, his palace that was to be, the conquering standard of the Cross swung proudly forth from the Giralda.'

'Such was the taking of Seville. But Ferdinand was not long spared to enjoy

his hard-won prize. He fell sick of a fever, which gained upon him rapidly and defied all remedies. When the good King felt his end approaching, he was no more the corporal warrior, the earthly victor, the potent subjugator, but the devout worshipper, the pious monarch, the Christian hero. As the Bishop of Segovia approached the royal bed, bearing the Host, the King, despite his sufferings, reverently rose, and prostrating himself before that essence of the Divine Majesty, "took with his trembling hand the sign of our redemption, and made a fervent protest of the Faith." The Sacrament administered, he commanded to be removed from his person and sight all emblems of his regal power, saying, "Naked came I from my mother's womb; naked into the womb of earth must I return." His five sons and noble-hearted wife were gathered, weeping, round his couch. These he dismissed with many a loving word and blessing, and when he found himself alone with the prelate and his chaplain, bade them

chant a *Te Deum* as for one about to enjoy the greatest of all triumphs ; then holding a taper, and to the joyful singing of the priests, he rendered his spirit into the hands of its Maker.'

'This is indeed to die. Nor are these pious acts attributable to a late or feverish repentance, since Ferdinand from early youth devoted every conquest to that Higher Prince than he, and for all who justly mark and estimate his reign, both on his temporal shape and lasting memory the name of king is written.'

During the years that Ferdinand was thus triumphing over the Moors in the south of the Peninsula, Jayme the Conqueror, the other of the two great kings to whom I alluded, was busily combating the infidel in regions further to the north. Indeed, Jayme was well fitted for a warrior, being seven feet in height, and broad and burly in proportion. He had blue eyes, a cheerful smile, and flaxen hair. His huge stirrups, saddle, and helmet are still preserved.

No sooner had Jayme ascended his throne than he set his heart on the recovery of Valencia from the Moors. Prior to this, however, he sent an expedition to the Balearic Islands, and captured Majorca. Valencia was at that time very strongly fortified, and had to be surrounded gradually—an operation which took some years. At length the Moors, hemmed in on all sides, and with starvation staring them in the face, were compelled to surrender (1239). After capturing Valencia, King Jayme marched into Murcia, where he lent assistance to Alfonso X. of Castile—married to Jayme's daughter, Violante. Alfonso subsequently retained Murcia as a part of his kingdom.

This Alfonso X. of Castile was the son of Saint Ferdinand, and had inherited the Castilian crown in 1252, upon his father's death at Seville. He was by no means distinguished as a warrior. He was, however, the finest scholar of his day, an accomplished poet, astronomer, and jurist. He composed the famous code of laws known

as the 'Siete Partidas' (the seven divisions or tables), a wonderful work, traces of which are still discoverable in Spanish law. So far as the actual and practical government of his kingdom was concerned, Alfonso was unfortunate, for, though learned, he was a dreamer, and those stirring times required men of energy rather than dreamers. As the result of this, Alfonso was in perpetual trouble. He had little or no influence over the nobles. Members of his own family, aided by the Moorish King of Granada, conspired against him, and in 1284 he perished of a broken heart.

As for Jayme of Aragon, he was smitten with repentance for the sins he had committed during his reign, and died in 1276, while making preparations for a crusade to the Holy Land.



CHAPTER VII

ARAGON, FROM THE DEATH OF JAYME THE CONQUEROR
TO THE UNION WITH CASTILE (1276-1479)



IN 1276 Jayme the Conqueror died, and was succeeded on the throne of Aragon by Pedro III., his son. Pedro married Costanza, daughter of Manfred, King of Sicily.

Now as Costanza was Manfred's only child, she would, of course, inherit Sicily upon her father's death, and this explains how from this time onward Sicily figures largely in relation to Spain in general, and Aragon in particular.

In 1266 Sicily was occupied by the French,

but in 1282 the Sicilians, who had groaned under the cruelties and oppression of their conquerors, rose against them, perpetrating the fearful massacre known as 'the Sicilian Vespers.' Having thus rid themselves of their tyrants, the Sicilians offered their crown to Pedro III. of Aragon, as husband of their own Princess Costanza, and he accepted it. Though welcomed with joy by the Sicilians, he had to fight the French, over whom he was victorious. He died in 1285, after repulsing a French attack upon his principality of Cataluña.

A notable figure of Pedro's reign is Roger de Lauria, the great admiral of the Aragonese navies. Lauria was an Italian by birth, though brought to Spain when very young. His victories over the French were innumerable. In 1285 he fought the French admiral, Corner, off the coast of Malta. The fight had raged for many hours, when the Frenchman, seeing his ships give way, boarded Lauria's vessel, and, cutting his way to where the admiral stood, engaged

him hand to hand. In the middle of the fray a dart from one of the French vessels pinned Lauria to the deck by his foot, at the same instant that a stone dashed Corner's battle-axe from his hand. Whereupon Lauria, plucking out the dart that nailed his foot to the deck, transfixed his adversary with it, and Corner fell dead before him.

The story of Lauria's life¹ affords us curious glimpses of 'his wrathful and impatient temper.' He approaches more nearly to a fiend than any other warrior in Spain's history. He was ferocious, vindictive, and inhumanly cruel. His first thought after every victory was to avenge himself upon his wretched captives, by tearing out their eyes or otherwise mistreating them. But his bravery knew no bounds, and his speech, to all alike, to friend or foe, to king or citizen, was high and fearless.

It is related² how on one occasion the

¹ Quintana, 'Vidas de los Españoles Celebres.'

² Quintana.

French succeeded in invading Sicily, in whose service Roger de Lauria then was, although his duties had called him away, for the moment, to Cataluña. ' His absence had greatly retarded the naval preparations of the island, but when he returned and heard of the capture of Agosta, he hastened to repair the mischief and make ready a fleet. The Sicilians, who saw the enemy within their gates for a second time, and themselves threatened by the formidable armament which was fitting out at Brindisi, began to blame the admiral, their envy seconding the charge, until they ventured to breathe their calumnies before the King, alleging that Lauria had neglected his duties in order to go pirating in Provence.'

' When tidings of their accusation reached Lauria, he was in the arsenal, busied with the preparation of the fleet ; but even as he was, covered with dust, in sordid clothes, and with a towel bound about his head, he went straight to the palace and stood before the King and his base-minded

courtiers. "Which of you," he exclaimed, "is ignorant of my exploits hitherto performed, and professes himself ill-satisfied with them? Here am I; let him speak and I will answer him. If you despise my deeds and labours, to which you owe your lives and wealth, show me what *you* have done and whether it is *your* victories which have preserved to you your hearths and homes and the luxuries which you enjoy. You entertained yourselves while I was toiling under arms; you had no cares to vex you while I was planning my campaigns; you were at leisure while I defied both death and deadly labours. I was exposed to the stormy perils of the deep, while you were safely sheltering in your homes. The oar-bench of a galley was my couch, and my victuals would have turned your delicate stomachs, used to finer fare. In short, hunger and toil were my only business, while you, wallowing in delights, derived your very safety from my labours. Consider my deeds, what they have been, reflect,

should the war continue, who must be the one to visit and chastise your enemies ; since, rather than ashamed at the calumnies with which you outrage me, I am sorry to think upon the peril you will run by ceasing to employ my services.” ’

‘ Thereupon he turned to those who had accompanied him. “ Go,” he said, “ bring me at once those witnesses of my worth, the tokens of my victories and fame ; the banner of the Prince of Salerno, and the spoils of Nicotera, Castrovechio, and Taranto ; as also those of Calabria, when I drove King Charles from Reggio ; bring me the chains I riveted on my captives, and the trophies of San Felice and Rosas, and the riches I gathered in Aguas and Provence—bring them all here, and since the war lasts still, and will continue to last, if there be a man among these folks more valorous than I, let him command the navy and the arms of Sicily, and defend the State against her enemies.” ’

‘ The spirit and dignity of Lauria’s words

silenced the whole court. Not a soul dared gainsay him ; while, scorning the base intrigues and envy of which he was the object, he hastened to resume his task of fitting out the fleet.'

He died at Valencia in 1305, and his tomb at the Monastery of the Holy Crosses, in Cataluña, bears, in the Catalan dialect, the following modest inscription :—

' Here lies the noble Roger de Lauria, admiral, in the King's service, of Aragon and Sicily.'

The reign of Alfonso III., Pedro's son and successor, was completely uneventful. Alfonso, who died in 1291, had inherited Aragon only, Sicily passing to his younger brother, Jayme II., and at his death Jayme inherited both kingdoms. Jayme, however, gave up Sicily to the French Charles of Anjou, receiving in exchange the hand of Charles's daughter. This arrangement was far from agreeable to the Sicilians, who hated the French, and repudiated Charles

in favour of Jayme's brother, Fadrique. Thereupon Jayme collected an army, and passed into Italy, where the two brothers waged a disgraceful and ungenerous war upon each other, till Jayme grew tired of the strife. Finally he secured the islands of Corsica and Sardinia as compensation for having given up Sicily.

His son, Alfonso IV. (1327-1336), made war upon the republic of Genoa, which was at this time at the height of its importance. The combats were generally naval—since Genoa as well as Aragon possessed a powerful fleet,—and of an indecisive character.

The reigns of Pedro IV., Juan I.—who was killed by a fall from his horse—and Martin, Juan's brother, were comparatively uneventful, but Martin's death was followed by a violent civil war, which began in 1410, and raged for two years. The throne was claimed both by the Count of Urgel, a descendant of Alfonso IV. of Aragon, and by the Infante Ferdinand of Castile, whose mother had been an Aragonese princess. At

length a pitched battle was fought between the claimants, Ferdinand being victorious. Shortly afterwards the States of Aragon, Valencia, and Catalonia met in council, and formally elected him King of Aragon by six votes to three.

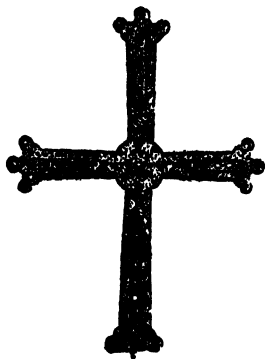
In 1416 Ferdinand I. of Aragon was succeeded by Alfonso V., an able prince, who greatly increased the strength and influence of his country. He declared war upon France and Genoa, landed in Sicily with a powerful expedition, and two years later claimed the throne of Naples,—the French, Genoese, Venetians, Milanese, and Florentines opposing him. In a naval engagement off the Neapolitan coast, Alfonso was taken prisoner, together with his brothers, Juan and Enrique. However, he was almost immediately released, without a ransom, by his captor, the chivalrous Duke of Milan, and at once reverted to his ambitious schemes of conquest. In 1438 we find him once more attacking Naples, and on this occasion fortune was kinder to him

since he defeated the French and Genoese, and made himself master of the city.

Alfonso died in 1458, leaving Aragon, Catalonia, and Valencia to his brother Juan, King of Navarre, and Naples to his son Ferdinand. Accordingly, in 1458, Juan II. ascended the Aragonese throne. He was a prince of limited ability, and his reign reveals a wretched spectacle of civil strife and discord, but he is famous in history as the father of Ferdinand II., *the Catholic*, husband of Isabella of Castile, and of whom we shall hear more very shortly.

From Jayme the Conqueror to Ferdinand II. embraces a total of twelve kings of Aragon. Of these no less than four—Jayme I., Pedro III., Alfonso V., and Ferdinand II.—were men of remarkable talent, contributing to raise their possessions to a high rank among the States of Europe. Jayme, indeed, limited himself to warring in Spain, but Pedro III., as we have seen, made his marriage with the daughter of the King of Sicily an excuse for meddling in the

affairs of that kingdom, and since his meddling proved remunerative, his example was constantly followed by his successors. Their armies and fleets were well equipped and skilfully commanded, and it is the Aragonese who of all Spain first dared to extend their ambition beyond the borders of the Peninsula, and busy themselves with the difficulties and dangers of extra-territorial conquest.





CHAPTER VIII

CASTILE, FROM THE DEATH OF ALFONSO THE LEARNED
TO THE UNION WITH ARAGON (1284-1474)



HE unhappy and learned Alfonso X. of Castile was succeeded by his eldest son, Sancho IV. Sancho was a wise and vigorous ruler. Imitating the example of his illustrious grandfather, Saint Ferdinand, he carried his wars with the Moors into their own territory, and captured Tarifa, the southernmost point of Spain. He placed the town in charge of a cavalier named Alonso de Guzman. One day it

was besieged by the Moors, aided by Prince Juan, the King's younger brother, who had rebelled against him. Now it happened that Prince Juan had in his service, as a page, the young son of Alonso de Guzman, a lad nine years of age. When, therefore, the Prince and his Moorish allies discovered that they could not effect the capture of the town by fair means, they resolved to attempt it by foul. So they led the boy forward, and cried to his father, who was watching from the wall, that if he refused to surrender they would cut his son's throat. Alonso's reply was to draw his dagger and throw it down to them. 'If Don Juan,' he exclaimed, 'slays my son, his act will bring me glory, to my boy that life beyond the grave which is the best of all, and to Don Juan undying infamy and everlasting punishment. Here is my dagger; in order to convince you how far am I from thoughts of treachery or surrender, take it, in case you should lack a weapon wherewith to execute your crime.' Whereupon

the brutal Prince Juan stabbed the lad in the throat. But Alonso de Guzman earned, as he had predicted, undying fame for his patriotism. 'For the services you have rendered me,' wrote the King, 'you deserve to be called *the good*. So do I call you now, and so shall you be called from this day henceforward.'

Sancho died after a reign of eleven years, and was succeeded by his younger son, Ferdinand IV., of whom there is little to be said beyond that he was embroiled in a good deal of civil tumult. The legend goes that he condemned two gentlemen to death for murder, without affording them a trial. The gentlemen, protesting their innocence, called upon the King to appear before God within thirty days. On the thirtieth day Ferdinand was found dead upon his couch ; for which reason he is called 'el emplazado,' or 'the summoned.'

Ferdinand's son, Alfonso XI., was quite a baby at the time of his father's death. At length, after a stormy minority, he took the

reins of government into his own hands, and the commotion ceased as if by magic. Alfonso was one of the most vigorous and able kings that ever sat upon the throne of Castile. In the course of numerous campaigns against the Moors, he besieged the formidable rock of Gibraltar, the 'key to the Mediterranean.' In this attempt he was unsuccessful, but the two great exploits of his reign are the battle of the Rio Salado (salt river) and the siege of Algeciras. The Salado is a rivulet that waters a small valley near Tarifa. Here, on October 28, 1340, Alfonso, accompanied by the King of Portugal as his ally, met the Moorish forces, and routed them with terrible loss. Alfonso himself dashed foremost into the Moorish centre, shouting, to the powerful strokes of his sword, 'Smite them, smite them ! I am the King of Castile and of Leon ; this day shall I know my vassals, and they shall know me.' Whereupon, Don Gil de Albornoz, the fighting Archbishop of Toledo, fearful at the King's exposing his person in

so reckless a manner, contrived to pull him out of the thick of the fray, before the battle was wholly won. The Moorish losses are said to have amounted to two hundred thousand. Of the Christians, an absurdly small number are stated to have fallen.

A couple of years later began the siege of Algeciras, where 'on the 3rd of August, 1342, the same heroic Don Alfonso, eleventh of the name, with two thousand five hundred horse and five hundred foot, sat down before the walls, and with a fleet of hired ships blockaded them by sea. There opposed him a garrison of no less than twelve thousand archers and eight hundred horse.'

'Here was an instance where the besiegers, though victorious in the end, suffered more, from various causes, than their beaten adversaries. The first taste of adversity was when the autumn rains and mountain torrents flooded the camp, carrying every movable away. The King was afoot for many nights, for the water rose above the level of his bed, and as his hut is specially mentioned by the

chronicler as being roofed—apparently a royal distinction—we may imagine the open quarters of the soldiery. Provisions failing, hunger was added to discomfort ; but these old kings were not of a mettle to be dejected by wet or famine,' and Alfonso worked shoulder to shoulder with his men at a breach they tried to open in the walls, 'exposing his person to continual danger.' No sooner, again, had reinforcements arrived in February of the ensuing year, than a fire in the camp burned down the stores of bread, while money ran short to pay the wages of the troops, many of whom, being the retainers of foreign nobles, were quite as selfish, exigent, and troublesome as mercenaries. Indeed, it is a wonder how Don Alfonso tolerated these exasperating and expensive guests ; yet not even they, it seems, could ruffle his kingly temper, for 'he received them all with smiles and hearty welcome, and since they were strangers and unused to infidel warfare, he instructed and watched over them and gave them con-

venient help lest they should suffer by their inexperience.' Nevertheless, the crown and crown jewels were pledged in Seville, and Albornoz, who figures as everything save what he was—a priest—negotiated 'a loan of fifty thousand florins with the King of France.'

'By and by the fleet was swelled by the arrival of ten galleys from the King of Navarre, under Mateo Macero, his vice-admiral; and now, when matters should have improved, came fresh disaster. The strait was swept by gale after gale, which admitted reinforcements to the Moors of forty thousand foot and twelve thousand horse, while their fleet of a hundred and fifty sail rode unmolested in the Bay of Gibraltar. The King of Navarre died at Jerez; another ally, the Count de Foix—no great loss he—at Seville, and the Master of Alcántara, together with many knights, was drowned while attempting to ford the Guadarranque. And still "the King's courage rose in proportion as the difficulties of the siege grew,

and he would fight all day like the meanest of his soldiers, and scan the coast all night, sitting in a little boat, to guard against the introduction of provisions from Gibraltar.'

'But by the winter of 1343 the Moors themselves were wearying of battery and cannonade, and made a last and desperate sortie, engaging the king's forces between the rivers Guadarranque and Palmones. Here the Christian wiped off old-standing scores upon the infidels' brown shoulders, and drove them, some up to the very gates of Algeciras, others through the forest to Almoraima, others over the crags and glens of Castellar. As the result of this victory a truce was struck in March, honourable conditions of surrender were fixed, and Don Alfonso, at the head of his much-enduring army, made triumphal entry on Palm Sunday, when Algeciras Mosque was purified and named after "our Lady of Palms."

'Hereafter the city enjoyed a rest till 1369, when Mohammed V. retook it and

destroyed everything, so that it became the home of a few starveling fishermen, and not a wall or tower remained intact.’¹

In 1350 Alfonso XI. died of the plague, near Gibraltar, while renewing the siege of that fortress. ‘He was a great king,’ said the Moors, his enemies, for they admired and respected him.

We now reach the reign of Pedro I., ‘the Cruel,’ the unworthy son of the great and good Alfonso. Pedro was but sixteen years of age when he ascended the throne, and he seems to have devoted his whole life to the perpetration of treacherous and murderous acts. He ill-treated his mother. He slew, by poison or the knife, various members of his family. His good and beautiful young wife, Blanche de Bourbon, he imprisoned in fortress after fortress. The people, shocked at her sufferings, would have rescued her, but her monster of a husband, by means of lies and broken promises, avoided liberating her, until, in 1359,

¹ Andalusian Essays.

she died—poisoned, it is said—in the castle of Medina Sidonia.

Pedro fell in love with an Andalusian lady named Maria de Padilla, and called her his queen. Her disposition was sweet and affable, and Pedro's affection for her is the one redeeming point in his atrocious character.

Pedro's half-brothers, Enrique and Fadrique, were continually conspiring against him, for both were powerful lords, especially Fadrique, as Master of the Order of Santiago.¹ At length Fadrique repented of his plots against the King, and came to Seville to make peace with Pedro, who had promised to pardon him.

The murder of Don Fadrique by his false-hearted brother is one of the most terrible episodes in Spanish history. I have described it thus² :—

¹ The three great 'Military Orders' of Calatrava, Santiago, and Alcántara, were founded in the twelfth century, with the common object of fighting the Moors.

² Andalusian Essays.

‘The brothers have met, here, in this same room, the “*Sala de la media naranja*”¹—the penitent prince Fadrique and the king, Pedro. The kind embrace and royal reconciliation are over, and Fadrique, the brother’s and forgiver’s breath yet warm upon his cheek, moves to the adjoining room to pay his courtesies to the Queen. Pedro sits down again to his backgammon, chuckles at his good luck, and shifts three places with his dagger-point. His adversary and the other nobles of his suite join boisterously in their master’s merriment, but their laugh is gasping and uneasy, and they peer sidelong at the naked steel and jewelled hilt of Pedro’s dagger. He sees them, oh, be sure he sees them—but these may wait, *for the present*. Their time will come, whenever it suits the royal purpose. It is his turn to throw again. His eye is riveted on the dice-box.’

‘And what, next door, is Don Fadrique

¹ ‘The chamber of the half-orange,’ in the Alcázar of Seville.

doing, whose pardoned heart was rejoicing as he went, and for whom the fatted calf is to be killed, according to the royal promise? The Queen is with her ladies—all with their broiderwork before them—and her little daughters are about her knee. Her head is bent; her tiny Andalusian hand has fallen from the thread, before the prince salutes her with a kindly and respectful greeting. And she, Maria de Padilla, the good, the lovely, the merciful of heart, she only lifts her face by way of desperate answer. It is as white as death, all drawn and paralysed with fear. Her eyes must speak the warning she cannot discipline her icy lips to breathe. Outside the birds are singing, the garden is alive with jubilant noise, and the leap of a fountain flashes above the sill. But there is murder in this spring-time air, *and the Queen knows it*. She looks at Don Fadrique with piteous yet misunderstood intention.'

'And *he*, the idol of this gentle creature, *King Pedro of Castile, the Christian monarch,*

the forgiving brother? He has moved away the backgammon board, and risen to his feet with a stealthy, sinuous twist of his lithe body. Two swift strides a-tiptoe bring him to the curtain, half-nervously, half-gleefully, like an overgrown schoolboy playing some ugly and forbidden joke. The large, prominent eyes light and sparkle. He puts his finger on his lip, and turns to his gentlemen. They understand his will; it is no novelty—yet one or two are sick and shivering. But Heaven help the man who thwarts Don Pedro now, and their daggers,—as the king's,—at last are naked and in hand.'

'Picture, again, the Queen's face at this moment. The King's voice, thin, nervous, with a slight lisp, pipes out, "Don Fadrique, hermano nuestro,"¹ or some such innocent summons, and then, to the officer of his guard, when Fadrique parts the curtain and smilingly appears, "Seize the Master of Santiago."'

'Fadrique starts, and tries to draw his

¹ 'Don Fadrique, my brother.'

sword, but it jams in the scabbard. Then, with a curse, he turns and flies downstairs. He tugs at the gates of the courtyard, but they are locked and bolted every one, and the men-at-arms are after him, so he runs from corner to corner, and side to side, feverishly dodging pursuit. At length a blow from a mace falls crash upon his skull, and down he drops upon the pavement.'

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'In the King's apartment one of the nobles reels, and slips, and stumbles headlong, rising with a terrible oath. This breaks the silence, rousing the King from his reflections, the others from their stupor. Don Pedro passes on, and, wiping his fingers in the crimson curtain of the entrance, and drawing it full-breadth behind him, puts on an anxious face and presses, all concern, the forehead of the Queen, who has fallen senseless from her chair.'

'In the adjoining room the *persianas*¹ are

¹ Blinds.

fast closed. The backgammon pieces lie about the floor, and the game is played, and won, and over for the day.'

But Pedro's other half-brother, Enrique, was more cautious and more active than the unhappy Master of Santiago. In 1366, after carefully awaiting his opportunity, he proclaimed himself King, and drove Pedro before him to Bordeaux, in France. Here Pedro managed to form an alliance with Edward of England, 'the Black Prince,'¹ and their united forces, crossing the frontier, defeated Enrique at Najera, and drove him into France. After which Pedro behaved with his usual perfidy, and so disgusted the Black Prince that he withdrew his men and returned to Bordeaux, where, shortly afterwards, he died of a fever.

Enrique had no intention of abandoning the struggle with his brother, and once more crossed the Spanish frontier, supported by a powerful band of Frenchmen under their famous captain, Bertrand du Guesclin, who

¹ So called from the colour of his armour.

drove Pedro from city to city, and finally pent him up in the castle of Montiel. Here Pedro was foolish enough to attempt to bribe du Guesclin to aid him to escape ; whereupon du Guesclin sent word to Pedro that he might secretly visit him in his tent that night, when they would talk the matter over. He accompanied the message by a promise that the king's person, safety, and confidence should be scrupulously respected—a treacherous assurance, as it proved, worthy of Pedro himself.

At the hour agreed upon, Pedro, under cover of the darkness, and accompanied by two knights, issued from his castle and noiselessly made his way to du Guesclin's tent, where he found that warrior, together with some of his gentlemen. A moment later, to Pedro's consternation, Enrique entered, in full armour. The brothers and bitterest of foes recognised each other, closed, and after grappling desperately for a while, fell over a couch, Pedro uppermost, but a Frenchman, seizing

Pedro's leg, turned him over, so that Enrique was able to rise and stab him through and through with his dagger. So perished the cruellest king in Spanish history. Even his death was vile—in fitting punishment of his evil reign—for he who had slain so many of his kinsmen was himself slain by the hand of his near relative, and his mutilated body was left for three days without burial, exposed to the scorn and ridicule of his enemies.

Enrique II., who thus usurped the throne, was not by any means an admirable character, but he made an infinitely better king than Pedro. His reign was troubled by a series of half-hearted preparations for an English invasion under John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, who laid claim to the Castilian crown by virtue of his marriage with Costanza, one of the daughters of Pedro the Cruel. Enrique died in 1379, and was succeeded by his son, Juan I.

The question of the Duke of Lancaster's claim to the succession again cropped up,

and England, in order to enforce it, entered into an alliance with Portugal—a feeble pact, which came to nothing. An attempt made by King Juan to seize the crown of Portugal led to the battle of Aljubarrota, August 14, 1385, in which the Portuguese inflicted a terrible defeat upon the Castilians and their allies the French, and established the independence of their kingdom. In 1386 the indefatigable John of Gaunt landed in Spain, at the head of fifteen hundred men, proclaiming himself King of Castile and Leon, and forming an alliance with the King of Portugal. The Portuguese and English had pushed their way some distance into Castile when a pestilence destroyed the greater part of their army, and Lancaster, thinking better of his ambitious proposals, made peace with Juan and married his daughter, Catherine, to the King's son, the Infante Enrique, heir to the throne. John of Gaunt had already married his eldest daughter, Philippa, to the King of Portugal.

Enrique III. succeeded his father in 1390,

and proved a capable and careful sovereign. He died in 1407, only twenty-eight years of age, and was succeeded by his son, Juan II.

Juan II. reigned for forty-seven years. He was a mild-tempered monarch, a scholar, poet, and musician, but he lacked the shrewdness or strength of will to direct the affairs of his kingdom, and the real power was exercised by his favourite, Don Alvaro de Luna, a statesman of distinguished gifts and qualities, both personal and mental. Under Don Alvaro's, rather than King Juan's, beneficent rule, Castile enjoyed thirty years of peace and prosperity. But Juan, by reason of the very weakness of his nature, was incapable of appreciating the true merits of his favourite. As time progressed he appears to have become jealous of his popularity and talents. However that may be, he listened to the accusations of a faction which had always envied and detested the great minister. In 1453 he had Don Alvaro executed.

Juan II. died in 1454, leaving three

children—Enrique by a first wife, and Alfonso and Isabella by a second. The crown, therefore, passed to Enrique IV., whose reign was one incessant round of turbulence, misrule, and civil war. Enrique's was a weak and worthless nature. He was big of stature and a braggart in his speech, but at heart the veriest coward, so that his subjects grew to hate him. A number of his nobles formed a conspiracy to dethrone him, and crown instead his half-brother, Alfonso. Accordingly, in 1465, they held a ceremony at which they deposed Enrique, in effigy, an image clothed in black representing the King. They then proclaimed Alfonso king, and swore allegiance to him ; so that, since the sympathies of the nation were pretty evenly divided, it may be said that two kings were now reigning in Castile at one and the same time.

This curious state of things was altered by the death of Alfonso, at the early age of fifteen. Thereupon his adherents offered the crown to his sister Isabella, afterwards

the great queen known as Isabella the Catholic. But Isabella refused it, preferring to come to an amicable arrangement with her deposed half-brother, Enrique. It was finally settled that Isabella should be recognised by Enrique as heiress to the kingdoms of Castile and Leon, and that she might marry whom she pleased, subject to Enrique's consent. As time went on, Isabella, finding that her matrimonial projects might not altogether please Enrique, thought herself justified in breaking this latter clause of the agreement—the more so as she was supported by a powerful following—and in 1469 she married—without previously informing her brother—Ferdinand, Prince of Aragon, and heir to that crown. In 1474 Enrique IV. died, and thus began, under Ferdinand and Isabella, the grandest and most glorious reign in Spanish history.



CHAPTER IX

A RETROSPECT OF THE SPANISH KINGDOMS, DOWN
TO THE ACCESSION OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA



WE will now briefly retrace the growth of the various Spanish states and examine such Spanish institutions of consequence as obtained before the accession of Ferdinand and Isabella to the united crowns of Aragon and Castile.

I have before me a map of Spain between the years 711 and 756, during, that is to say, the early years of the Moorish invasion. The whole country forms the Moorish Emirate of Cordova, with the exception of two small pieces of territory. One of these

pieces is a narrow strip of land running along the extreme northern coast, between the mountains and the sea. It comprises the Asturias and the little kingdom of Pelayo, where, as you will remember, that brave king lay concealed until his following grew in numbers and daring, and he could boldly venture forth and begin to recover the country from the Moors. The other piece is in the south-east of the Peninsula. It is called the kingdom of Theodomir, and is represented in these days by Murcia and the country round about the city of Carthagená. Theodomir¹ survived the battle of Guadalete, and, escaping like Pelayo, made his way to this spot, where, after a time, he obtained permission from the Moors to settle and call it his dominion. So that between 711 and 756 but two small specks of territory in the whole land belonged to the Christians.

I have before me another map of the Peninsula, between the years 866 and 967.

¹ See page 16.

The country of Theodomir has disappeared, being swallowed up by the great Moorish Caliphate of Cordova. But in the north I find several changes in favour of the Christians. The tiny kingdom of Pelayo has proudly overstepped the mountains, and forms the kingdom of Leon, a dominion of quite respectable size, reaching as far southward into Moorish Spain as the river Douro, and having Oviedo, Santiago, and Leon for its capital cities ; and to the east of this new kingdom of Leon, and also spreading towards the centre of the country, I find the Countship of Castile. Eastwards again of this, and right under the Pyrenees mountains, are the little states of Navarre and Aragon, so that, putting all this Christian territory together, you have a fair slice, representing, say, one quarter of the whole Peninsula. If you follow the river Douro from mouth to source, and draw a line from its source to what is now Bagnères-de-Luchon, just at the foot of the Pyrenees, you will gain a very tolerable idea of what was Spanish and

what was Mahommedan. The Countship of Barcelona, a small, squarish-shaped patch, lay to the extreme north-east. It was governed in those days by its count-kings, who were of French descent, and came originally from over the Pyrenean border.

I have before me another map of the Peninsula, between the years 1072 and 1157. All the Christian states, with the exception of Navarre, have gained amazingly in size. In the west the Countship of Portugal has sprung into existence—a sign that the Moors are being driven back in that direction. In the north and centre, Castile and Leon, sometimes united by conquest or marriage, sometimes separate, are eating into Moorish territory; Alfonso VI. has captured Toledo (1085), and brought his dominions down to the very foot of the Sierra Morena.

For a long time the Aragonese were hopelessly hemmed in to the south by the Moors and to the north by the Pyrenees. But by and by we come to kings of Aragon, such as Alfonso I., ‘the Fighter,’ and Jayme I., ‘the

Conqueror,' who hit out sturdily and spread their tiny territory into Moslem Spain, crossing the Ebro and successfully laying siege to such formidable Moorish strongholds as Tudela, Saragossa, and Valencia. So in this map I find that after the death of Alfonso I., in 1134, Aragon embraces both Saragossa and the region to the south of it, while in the year 1137 the Countship of Barcelona merged in Aragon.

By the year 1230 the map is again greatly altered. The *Countship* of Portugal has become the *Kingdom* of Portugal. Leon and Castile, working side by side, have eaten up the whole of central Spain, and Castile's southern frontier, thanks to Saint Ferdinand, touches Andalusia. Navarre is as tiny as ever, but Aragon, the adventurous, has crossed the Pyrenees and mastered the French districts of Gascony, Languedoc, Provence, and Rosellon.

The last map I examine is dated 1479, the year when the great Spanish states of Aragon and Castile were finally and for ever united

under Ferdinand and Isabella. Aragon embraces the whole of the eastern flank of the Peninsula. Draw a straight line through Jaca, near the Pyrenees, to Tarazona (not Tarragona), and from Tarazona to Carthage, and you have its boundary. Castile consists of the entire heart of the Peninsula ; Portugal, of the western slice from south to north, as far as the river Minho. All that is left to the Moors is their little kingdom of Granada, in Andalusia, and by January 2, 1492, as we shall presently see, even this fragment is surrendered, and the Christian reconquest is complete.

You will remember from the foregoing chapters, who began, pursued, and ended this great work of the reconquest, how Toledo was recaptured by Alfonso VI., Cordova and Seville by Saint Ferdinand, Saragossa by Alfonso of Aragon, Valencia by Jayme the Conqueror, and how Alfonso VIII., aided by his neighbour sovereigns, won the ever-glorious victory of Las Navas de Tolosa, so that the whole fabric was

gradually made ready for the final master-touch of Ferdinand and Isabella.

Hitherto I have purposely avoided dwelling on the forms of government in use among the Spaniards, for it would have confused you to consider them while we were following wars, and sieges, and conquests, and defeats. Indeed, we had almost forgotten that a nation has to struggle, not only with its enemies, but with itself, that it has both to live and be governed as well. Now, however, that eight hundred years of fighting and crusade are over, the time has come when, forsaking the sword for the pen, we must realise more exactly what manner of men these Spaniards were, what laws and customs controlled them, and how they directed and maintained themselves so as to be able to recover their lost dominion.

First and foremost of the old Spanish institutions is the Cortes, corresponding to our Parliament of to-day. It is hard to say when the Cortes rose into existence, but it

is undoubtedly of ancient origin, and we have reliable evidence to show that it met at Oviedo in 862, at Burgos in 904, and at Jaca, in Aragon, in 1071. Perhaps it sprang from the *national councils* of the Goths, at which the clergy and nobles attended, debating in the presence of a 'silent multitude.' However this may be, the Castilian Cortes was an ancient and extremely powerful body, composed of the high church dignitaries, some or all of the great nobles, and a number of representatives returned by the principal cities of the realm. It, and it alone, possessed the right of making grants of money to the King, and of creating, altering, or cancelling laws.

Now it is clear that in the olden time the Spanish kings had more reason to be afraid of the nobles than of the people, for a noble in those days was usually the leader of a large and well-armed body of men, and could, if he chose, give a great deal of trouble to his sovereign. In fact, down to the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, the

power of the Spanish nobles increased alarmingly, and it required not only strength, but infinite tact and skill, to reduce their influence and render them less dangerous to the Crown.

The people, on the other hand, were, in Castile at least, patient and comparatively easy-going, and completely lacked the fiery ambition of the nobles. It mattered little to them whether king or nobles got the upper hand, although their vote and influence carried infinite weight by reason of their very number. The earlier Castilian kings, therefore, endeavoured to secure the goodwill of the people, excluding the clergy and nobles from the Cortes, and only retaining the popular representatives. It is probable that the first meetings of the Cortes were composed entirely of the clergy and nobility, but at the Cortes of 1295, held at Valladolid, not a single nobleman was summoned to attend, and, four years later, not a single priest. At Burgos, in 1315, 192 deputies of the people were present, representing over 200 cities.

There was a period when the will of the Cortes was held in great esteem by its sovereigns. Its principal function, as I have indicated, was to grant money to the King. This it did in a very careful, not to say stingy fashion, allowing only what would suffice for the purpose indicated, and demanding a precise account of all expenditures. In 1328 we find Alfonso XI. solemnly promising to impose no tax on his people without the consent of the Cortes. On several occasions it flatly refused to grant a loan, and in 1258 it complained to Alfonso X. that he and his wife ate too extravagantly, and must restrain their appetite.

Shortly before and during the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, the power of the Cortes began to decline, although these monarchs were most careful to respect its privileges. In 1480 only seventeen cities returned deputies, and during the succeeding reigns of Charles I. and the Philips, it appears to have fallen almost completely under the dominion of the sovereign.

Castile, therefore, was what is called a limited monarchy, where the King may not act just as he pleases, but must first secure the consent of an assembly representing the will of the people.

The government of Aragon was widely different from that of Castile. The Castilians, in general, were patient and unassuming, but the Aragonese were great sticklers for liberty, and bold and violent in claiming it. The Aragonese nobility, though influential, were few in number, and in all the old documents and charters relating to Aragon we notice that it is the lower and middle classes who are best provided for. The Aragonese Cortes was composed of four 'estates,' namely, the prelates and clergy, the *ricos hombres*,¹ or nobles, the knights, or *infanzones*, and the deputies of the towns. The *ricos hombres* seem to have numbered only some twelve or fourteen. When no Cortes was sitting, the affairs of the kingdom were controlled by a permanent council under the eye of the

¹ Literally, rich men.

sovereign. A similar arrangement obtained in Castile, where the sovereign was bound to attend the council at least three times a week.

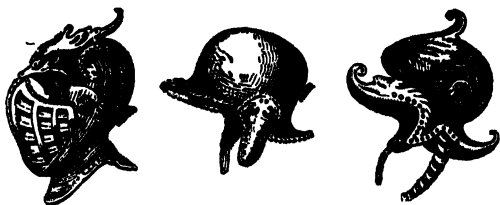
The *Hermanidad* and the *Comunidad* were a curious feature. The *Hermanidad*, or *Brotherhood*, was a combination of cities which swore to protect and defend one another in times of national peril, deliberating in common assembly, adopting such measures as they deemed requisite, and executing them, if necessary, by force. These *Brotherhoods* became both numerous and powerful, and a frequent menace to the throne.

The *Comunidad*—*Community*—was somewhat similar in its scope and powers. It consisted of a district on the border of Moorish territory, peopled by Spaniards who, in return for holding and defending it against the Moors, were privileged to elect their own officers and administer their own affairs. As time went on and Spain was freed from the Moor these '*Communities*,'

like the *Brotherhoods*, grew notably in wealth and influence.

In the older Spanish kingdoms justice, both civil and criminal, was, until the thirteenth century, administered by the *alcaldes*, or magistrates of towns, who were elected by the people. Sometimes, by special permission of the King, the wealthier nobles were allowed to act as judges also, but this was far from usual. The sovereigns gradually schemed to get judicial matters more and more into their own hands, and took to appointing, on their own initiative, *corregidores*, or 'royal judges,' forming a council which exists to this day.

Such is a very brief sketch of the leading features of later mediæval Spanish government.



CHAPTER X

FERDINAND AND ISABELLA (1469-1492)



Now come to the most glorious reign in Spanish history, when the Crown of Aragon and the Crown of Castile and Leon were united under a great king and queen, and the Moor was finally driven from possession of the country.

Ferdinand of Aragon, who was a year younger than Isabella, was born in 1452. At the time that their marriage articles were signed, in 1469, he was therefore seventeen, and Isabella eighteen years of age. The

personal appearance of these princes has been thus described¹ :—

‘Ferdinand was of the middle stature, well proportioned, and hardy and active from athletic exercise. His carriage was free, erect, and majestic. He had a clear, serene forehead, which appeared more lofty from his head being partly bald. His eyebrows were large and parted, and, like his hair, of a bright chestnut ; his eyes were clear and animated, his complexion was somewhat ruddy, and scorched by the toils of war ; his mouth moderate, well formed, and gracious in its expression ; his teeth white, though small and irregular ; his voice sharp ; his speech quick and fluent. His genius was clear and comprehensive ; his judgment grave and certain. He was simple in dress and diet, equable in his temper, devout in his religion, and so indefatigable in business that it was said he seemed to repose himself by working.’

Of Isabella it is said : ‘She is one of the

¹ Washington Irving, ‘Life of Columbus.’

purest and most beautiful characters in the pages of history. She was well formed, of the middle size, with great dignity and gracefulness of deportment, and a mingled gravity and sweetness of demeanour. Her complexion ^C was fair ; her hair auburn, inclining to red ; her eyes were of a clear blue, with a benign expression, and there was a singular modesty in her countenance, gracing, as it did, a wonderful firmness of purpose and earnestness of spirit. Though strongly attached to her husband, and studious of his fame, yet she always maintained her distinct rights as an allied prince. She exceeded him in beauty, in personal dignity, in acuteness of genius, and in grandeur of soul. Combining the active and resolute qualities of man with the softer charities of women, she mingled in the warlike councils of her husband, engaged personally in his enterprises, and, in some instances, surpassed him in the firmness and intrepidity of her measures ; while, being inspired with a truer idea of glory, she infused a more lofty and

generous temper into his subtle and calculating policy.'

The marriage of the sovereigns was celebrated in 1469, and in 1474, her brother Enrique IV. dying, Isabella was proclaimed Queen. Although the kingdoms of Castile and Aragon were thus united by the marriage, neither of the sovereigns ever attempted to unduly interfere with the business of the other. For all practical purposes, however, they ruled together, the arms of both kingdoms were united in the royal seal, and the / heads of both sovereigns figured side by side / upon the coinage. Both were quick-witted, hard-working, and talented, but for wisdom and devotion to kingly duties, coupled with sweetness of manner and a generous and gentle heart, it may be said that Isabella surpassed her husband.

On Ferdinand's father dying in 1479, the crown of Aragon, together with its dependent states, passed to him, and both monarchs were thus rendered absolute in the possession of their realms.

The sovereigns lost no time after their accession in purifying and reforming the affairs of the kingdom. In previous reigns the power of the nobles had grown to be so great as to endanger the safety of the Crown. Ferdinand and Isabella curtailed it, yet so judiciously and carefully as to avert open dissatisfaction. The administration of justice had become lamentably defective. Isabella took the matter into her own hands, caused the existing laws to be remodelled, and herself superintended the work of the judges in order to assure herself that their sentences were just and impartial. The *Hermandad*¹ was entirely reconstructed, being made into a system of police which served to keep the country in order and terrify evildoers. The sovereigns revived the ancient custom of personally dispensing justice to such as claimed it of them. Every Friday they held a court, to which all alike, rich and poor, down to the very humblest peasant in the land, were freely admitted, with power to

¹ See page 129.

pour their grievances and wrongs into the royal ear. State salaries and expenditures were narrowly inquired into, and economies and retrenchments introduced, which increased from ten to twelvefold the revenues of the kingdom. Having thus purified the state from its many weaknesses, Ferdinand and Isabella turned their attention to the reconquest of the Moorish kingdom of Granada, an enterprise which began in 1481 and took eleven years to accomplish.

It is a glorious episode, the reconquest of Granada. For eight hundred years Christianity and Mahommedanism, the true religion and the false, had struggled desperately one with the other, and now, at last, the time had come when a gifted king and queen, supported by valiant troops and such a brilliant array of knights and nobles as the world has seldom witnessed, were to complete the great and holy work, and drive the Moor for ever from Christian territory.

The Moorish kingdom of Granada comprised only a very small part of beautiful Andalusia, but it abounded in steep and rugged mountains guarded by a number of fortresses strongly planted on the heights, while almost every city within its limits was fortified and able to withstand an obstinate siege. The capital itself, the loveliest city in the world, lay within this jealously defended land. Its population was numerous and valiant, and we read that its fortress was capable of sheltering forty thousand men.

In 1481 the then King of Granada, Abul Hacen, was foolish enough to begin an unprovoked conflict with the Christians. He captured the fortress of Zahara and put its Christian garrison pitilessly to the sword. The Christians were not slow in replying to the challenge. Hearing of what had happened at Zahara, Rodrigo Ponce de Leon, Marquis of Cadiz — one of the grandest figures of the war — led a body of men against the Moorish fortress of Alhama, surprised, and captured it. Henceforth the

fight and sieges came thick and fast. Abul Hacen's son Boabdil, rebelling against his father, deposed him, and succeeded to the throne of Granada. No sooner was Boabdil in possession than he led a force in hot pursuit of the Christians, who were over the border and doing infinite mischief. He found them and gave battle, but the Christian leader, the Count of Cabra, was more than a match for him, defeated his expedition with great loss, and took the Moorish monarch prisoner. While Boabdil lay miserably pining in a dungeon, his deposed father, Abul Hacen, saw his opportunity, returned to Granada, and once more got possession of the throne.

By this time the war between Moors and Christians may be said to have been fairly set on foot, and little else was talked of but preparation to combat the infidel :—

‘ This day the summer breeze afar
Shall blow the battle din
From mountain heights to Malaga,
From Ronda to Moclin.

This day shall spread the battle roar,
This day shall thrill the fight
From Estepona of the shore
To steep Alhamas height.

Your barbs shall sniff the charge this day,
This day your souls shall hear
The ring of lance and targe's play,
Of sword and cimeter.

This day our bands shall muster where
Twin standards reel and toss
Upon an angered atmosphere,
The Crescent and the Cross.

Go, saddle each his trusty steed,
Go, buckle each his sword,
And lace his corselet with all speed—
Each soldier of the Lord.

Look well each brand be keen and bright,
Look to your horses' gear,
And trim your arrows for the fight,
And sharpen each his spear.

Each gird him on his whetted brand,
And trust himself this day
To God's and to his own right hand
To guard the Faith away.

Thou, Lord of Ages, shield our host
And unto us draw near,
So greater might than Moor may boast
Shall grace each good arm here.

So every stroke shall whistle sure
To lay a heathen low,
To cleave the carcase of a Moor
From helm to saddle-bow.

As soon a mountain torrent's course
For sandy grain shall stay,
So up and arm—to horse ! to horse !
And smite the Moor this day.

Or if ye fall, a warrior's death—
What more do ye desire—
In glory, fighting for the Faith,
What nobler end—what higher ?

By angel voices ye shall hear
Your praises clearly given,
And win your knighthood of the Lord,
Your golden spurs in Heaven ! ' 1

Such was the spirit in which these warlike preparations were made.

Ferdinand prosecuted the reduction of Granada with infinite cleverness and caution, attacking the outlying Moorish cities and strongholds one by one, and gradually advancing towards the capital. In 1486 the way was considered to be sufficiently pre-

1 ' Ballads and Songs of Spain.'

pared for an attempt upon a larger scale, and orders were issued to equip an army at Cordova.

This expedition, headed by Ferdinand in person, was sixty thousand strong. It was accompanied by every requisite necessary to a long and arduous campaign, and by a host of servants and baggage animals. The troops were hardy, loyal, and well-trained. Their officers comprised the most renowned and brilliant cavaliers of the time, among them the Marquis of Cadiz, the Counts of Cabra, Ureña, Cifuentes, and Tendilla, Don Gonsalvo de Cordova, and his brother, Don Alonso de Aguilar.

In order to prepare for these military events, the sovereigns had lost no opportunity of developing and perfecting the Spanish army. The Cortes of 1390 had limited the numbers of the army of Castile to no more than one thousand crossbowmen, fifteen hundred horse, and four thousand infantry armed with lances. In 1483—less than a hundred years later—the army of

Ferdinand and Isabella was so vast as to be accompanied by thirty thousand engineers—road-makers and suchlike—two thousand bridge-makers, and eighty thousand beasts of burden ; while the expedition of 1485 consisted of eighty thousand foot and fifteen thousand horse, ‘an army,’ we read, ‘so perfectly disciplined that punishment was hardly ever requisite.’ Since 1475, too, artillery had formed a regular section of Spanish warfare, and cannon—*lombards* as they were called—were largely used in sieges.

The Moorish towns of Loxa, Illora, and Moclin were attacked and soon fell. Siege was next laid to Malaga, a beautiful city strongly defended by its *alcázar*, or fortress, planted on a steep and lofty hill. The bravery of both Moors and Christians was unprecedented. Now and again the Moorish cavalry would issue from the gates, sharply attack some exposed quarter of the Christian camp, and after a bout of desperate fighting swiftly retire into the city. But the patient

approach of the Christians was destined to triumph over the hastier valour of the infidels. By slow degrees the city was reduced to famine, and although a number of desperadoes, headed by a leader named Hamet el Zegri, were in favour of continuing the resistance till death from sheer starvation should overtake them, the opinion of the quieter classes prevailed, and Malaga capitulated.

The conditions dictated by Ferdinand to the vanquished were stern, and even cruel. The ransom by which the inhabitants of Malaga were to secure their liberty was fixed, besides the loss of all such valuables as they possessed, at thirty gold pieces per head, and as a great many were unable to pay so heavy a sum, they were sold as slaves. It is said that fifteen thousand were disposed of in this manner.

The loss of Malaga was indeed a sad blow to Mahommedanism, and we may well imagine the lament made by the Moors for

the loss of their beautiful and beloved city :—

' Malaga ! Malaga ! how art thou fallen—
queen of the southern cities,
Thy pomegranate trees blossom not,
neither do they bring forth their fruit ;
Thy citron-groves and myrtles—are they not
barren and desolate indeed !
For thee the oranges shall bloom not,
neither again the flowers of the field.
Desert are all thy ways, the fountains
in thy paved courts are dumb.'

The war proceeded vigorously. Boabdil, after undergoing a series of alarming changes of fortune, into which we need not enter here, once more possessed himself of the throne of Granada, and in April of 1491 the sovereigns proceeded to attack this lovely capital of the Moorish kingdom. The Christian army was fifty thousand strong. Its camp was pitched about five miles from the city, upon the level *vega*, or plain. The same valiant fighting took place as at Malaga. Attacks were gallantly made and gallantly repulsed, while many

deeds of individual daring are recorded. A Moorish noble cut his way through the Spanish forces and pierced the King's tent with a lance, bearing on its head a written message. On the other hand, a Spanish cavalier stole into Granada and affixed to the door of the principal mosque a paper bearing the sacred words, 'Ave Maria.'¹

In all these campaigns and sieges Ferdinand was accompanied by his noble wife, who aimed at being as much her people's friend and mother as their queen. Isabella seems to have shed a portion of her gracious influence over all with whom she came in contact. Surrounded, even on the field of war, by the most devout and learned prelates and ministers of religion in her kingdom, the word and work of God were ever her prime ideal, and she must have done much towards purifying the camp of hardness and brutality. With almost a mother's care, too, she watched over the welfare and comfort of her troops, and established hospitals

¹ 'Hail, Mary.'

for the sick and wounded soldiery. Nor was her bravery less remarkable than her devout spirit and kindly disposition, for in the exercise of her duty she never shrank from exposing her person to risk of capture by the enemy, and the rich suit of armour she wore while on the battlefield is still preserved and to be seen in the Royal Armoury at Madrid.

The siege of Granada dragged on month after month. A fire broke out in the Christian camp and wholly destroyed it, but the patience of the sovereigns was equal to the occasion, and within a few weeks a new camp, in the form of a cross, and constructed, not of flimsy canvas, but of durable wood and stone, appeared on the site of the old. This new camp, as though it were a city, was named 'Santa Fe' ('the Holy Faith'), and in the choice of the name we recognise the pious influence of Isabella.

The same unconquerable patience that had won Malaga, subdued Granada also.

The rapid building of the camp of Santa Fe filled the Moors with consternation, for the persistence of the Christians seemed unending. At length famine made its dreaded appearance, and on January 2, 1492, the city capitulated.

The terms of surrender were less hard than in the case of Malaga. The conquered Moors were to become subjects of the Spanish Crown, and pay tribute after the expiration of three years. They were allowed to continue in the exercise of their religion, and under the rule of their own governors. A free passage was to be provided to Africa, for such as wished.

The ceremony of delivering up the keys of Granada to the sovereigns must form an ever memorable incident in Spanish history. Boabdil, deeply dejected, issued forth from the city, and meeting Ferdinand and Isabella, surrounded by their brilliant retinue, at a spot which had been previously decided, placed the keys in their hands. He sorrowfully entreated that the gate by which he

had left Granada for the last time, might be walled up, so that none should ever again pass through it. His prayer was granted, and the archway of the gate closed, and so it remains to this day.

In the meanwhile, the Christians were joyfully entering the city they had fought so long and stoutly to subdue. From one of its highest towers they flew the banners of Castile and Aragon, and raised a great golden cross upon the mosque in token that henceforward it was to be a Christian cathedral.

When Boabdil had performed the office of delivering up the keys of his beloved Granada, he sadly turned his horse's head, and accompanied by his mother and a few faithful attendants made ready to depart for ever from his lost kingdom. A little while after setting out, he reached a hill from which the city is clearly visible. This spot is still called 'The last sigh of the Moor.' Here Boabdil paused, his eyes filled with tears, and casting a last glance towards

Granada, he expressed his thoughts in this or similar language :—

‘Allah is great ! Loved city, we must go
From these dear precincts other worlds unto.
Allah is great ! We bend our footsteps—where ?
To bliss or grief ? I know not, neither care.
Allah is great ! Farewell, O myriad loves
Of thee and thine—ambrosial orange groves
By fretted dome, and snowy minaret,
And shadowy court, and murmurous fountain set.
O song of bird, O glad, unclouded skies,
Our joys ye were—that are lost ecstasies.

Peerless and purest—stronghold of the Faith,
Live thou to brighter moments—we, to Death ;
Only, to comfort us on Life’s drear strand,
Let Memory come and take us by the hand,
Let Memory whisper—what shall never die—
Thy thoughts and praises, oft and tenderly ;
So blunt thy loss, though swept from us for ever
On the swift tide of Fate’s unpitying river.

I have no strength to bid my soul advance
Over Life’s desert—on thy countenance
My stricken eyes would still their vigil keep,
Fain would I mourn, yet have no heart to weep.

One look ! the last ! I go from Heaven to Hell—
Earth is before me—Paradise, farewell !’ *



CHAPTER XI

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS (1435-1506)



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, the son of poor parents, was born at Genoa, in Italy, in the year 1435. He was the eldest of four children. Of his only sister we know nothing. His two brothers, who were destined in later years to play an important part in developing his own illustrious career, were named Diego and Bartholomew.

In common with many boys of many lands, Columbus, when quite a lad, was seized with a passion for a seafaring life.

This we can the more easily understand, since his native city was at that time one of the principal ports of Europe, a market of the Mediterranean where the produce of all known quarters of the world, including ivory and slaves from Africa, and spices, silk, and jewels from the East, was brought and bargained for. We may imagine, therefore, our young hero pacing the busy wharves and quays of Genoa, wistfully watching the tall ships as they landed their cargoes of merchandise or plied in or out of harbour, and wondering when the time would come when he might spring on board and become himself a mariner.

The time soon came, if we can trust our somewhat scanty information. At the age of fourteen Christopher made a voyage up the Mediterranean, and from then until six or seven years later he was constantly upon the sea. We are told that he took part in a naval expedition against Naples, thus instructing himself, not only in seamanship, but in the art of war as well,

and in 1470 he left his native land for good, and sailed for Portugal.

Here Columbus found a congenial home, for Portugal was then the first of nations in maritime discovery. This she owed in great measure to her prince, Henry, son of John I. and the English princess, Philippa of Lancaster. Prince Henry was the most learned geographer of his day. He founded a naval college, encouraged the sailing of expeditions, and did much to improve map-drawing and geographical knowledge generally. He died in 1473. In 1481 his grandnephew, John II., ascended the Portuguese throne. John was quite a young man, and inherited much of Prince Henry's adventurous and ambitious spirit. Like him, also, he was anxious that his countrymen should be the cleverest navigators in the world, and that Portugal should explore unknown seas and lands, and thus extend her limited dominions.

In the meanwhile Columbus had married a Portuguese lady, and was busily prosecuting

his studies and forming his plans for an astonishing voyage of discovery. He believed that by sailing westward and westward from the shores of Portugal he must in course of time arrive at India and the China Seas, of which he had read largely in ancient works of travel. Money of course he must beg or borrow to fit out his expedition, for Columbus was not a rich man. At length, after some difficulty, he obtained an interview with King John, who listened to him kindly and attentively, but instead of offering to help him, merely laid the proposal before a council, which rejected it, and there, so far as Portugal was concerned, the matter ended.

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The fact is, King John was not in sympathy with the exact scheme of Columbus. It was Columbus's proposal to sail west. But King John, in common with his ancestor, Prince Henry, believed that it was possible to sail right round Africa ; and the direction of this latter voyage would be not west but south. It so happened that both Columbus

and King John were right in their opinions. Columbus was destined to sail west, and discover, not indeed India, China, or any part of the mainland of Asia, but the West Indies and the American continent; while Vasco da Gama, the Portuguese, was to double the Cape of Good Hope and circumnavigate Africa. But at the moment of the interview it was clear that Columbus and King John had each a different project in his head, so nothing came of their deliberation.

Columbus, however, was one of those men whom nothing discourages. He left Portugal, and for seven long years we find him wandering over Spain. Here, after vainly appealing to several wealthy people to aid him in fitting out his expedition, he managed to secure a letter of introduction to Ferdinand and Isabella. Just then, as we have seen in our last chapter, the Catholic sovereigns were busily at war with the Moors, and had little time or money to spend upon such projects as a distant voyage in search of unknown regions.

But Columbus was not to be daunted. He patiently followed the Court about from city to city, often to find that the King and Queen had just departed with their army to lay siege to some obstinate fortress or other, and ever failing to obtain the longed-for interview, while the years dragged wearily on and left him sick at heart and disappointed. At last, after the fall of Granada in 1492, an influential courtier whom Columbus had inspired with a friendly interest, urged his suit before Queen Isabella, who summoned Columbus to her presence. Once she had seen and listened to him, this generous-hearted and high-minded woman could not fail to be moved by the simple enthusiasm and sound reasoning of the indomitable Genoese. With the eloquence of sincerity Columbus pointed out to her that his expedition would cost but little to fit out, and that even its failure would reflect no disgrace upon the Castilian Crown, while if successful it must enrich and widen the Spanish

Empire, and redound for ever to the glory of its sovereigns.

This sensible argument was not lost upon the sagacious queen. Isabella answered Columbus with gracious and encouraging words, and ended by promising to help him with ships and money. Accordingly a document was prepared which secured to Columbus and his heirs the title of admiral in such new lands as he might discover, together with certain other rights and privileges, in return for which Columbus was to annex all new discoveries to the Spanish Crown, and himself defray an eighth part of the cost of the expedition.

The expedition was accordingly got ready, and on Friday, August 3, 1492, set sail shortly after daybreak from the bar of Saltes, near Huelva, in the south of Spain. It consisted of three vessels so tiny that they would look like the merest cockle-shells if placed beside our ponderous ocean steamers of to-day. They were called caravels, and would surprise you if you

saw them now, being of a strange and awkward shape, open amidships like our modern rowboats, but with decked sterns rising very high above the water. They were, indeed, not only small and weakly built, but clumsy and troublesome to handle, and the slightest swell must have caused them to roll terribly.

The names of these frail craft, so bravely manned by Columbus and his comrades, were the *Santa Maria*, commanded by the admiral—for so Columbus always loved to call himself, and so, you will remember, he was named in the official documents; the *Pinta*, commanded by Martin Alonzo Pinzon, an experienced seaman and pilot, who was accompanied by his brother, Francisco Martin Pinzon; and the *Niña*, commanded by a third brother of the same family, Vicente Yañez Pinzon. In all one hundred and twenty persons, including the crews, composed the strength of the expedition.

You may well imagine how solemn a

moment it was when the word was given for all to go on board. But, sad though it be, an end must come to every parting, so, amid the weeping of wives and friends and children, the last farewells and blessings were uttered, the boats pulled off to the ships, anchors were weighed and sails spread to catch the early off-shore breeze, and just as the morning mists were falling from the brilliant Andalusian scenery, the tiny squadron, headed by the admiral's caravel, slipped slowly from its moorings and stood toward the open sea.

Columbus steered direct for the Canary Islands. The breeze freshened, and good progress was being made, when the *Pinta* broke her rudder, so that, when they reached the Canaries, they spent a month in alterations and repairs. In fact, September had begun before the three little vessels bade farewell to the island of Grand Canary, where they had lain at anchor, and struck boldly out into the vast and unknown ocean.

An anxious time followed, for in those

days it was a strange and dreadful experience to continue longer than a few hours without sighting land or sail, and we read that these poor mariners shed tears to think of the dear ones they had left at home, and whom they never expected to see again, as they sped farther and farther into the boundless sea, and gazed sadly upon its terrible wilderness of waters.

So week after week dragged by, with nothing to relieve the monotony, save when at rare intervals a scrap of wreckage floated by, or a flying fish, strayed from its fellows, leaped on board.

Columbus had kept the stoutest heart of all, but now his trials began in good earnest. The crew were murmuring at the length of the voyage. Some abused him for a madman and a dreamer. Many were for putting back to Spain. The water-casks were running low, and provisions were none too plentiful.

But it is on such occasions that the true

greatness of a great man manifests itself. To all complaints Columbus replied with gentle and encouraging words, sustaining as well as he could the faltering spirits of his men, and resolutely held his vessels to their course. For he was by this time (the beginning of October) convinced that land could not be very far distant. His practised eye was quick at noting various signs which strengthened this belief. A number of birds flew over the vessels or settled in the rigging. At length, on October 11th, 'to the great joy of all,' some fresh grass floated by, together with a branch of thorn with berries clinging to it, and a stick roughly carved by hand. So Columbus was assured that land must be quite near.

So it proved. Two hours after midnight, the cry '*Tierra à la vista*'¹ was given by a sailor named Rodrigo de Triana, and when day had dawned and Columbus, assembling his men, had devoutly given thanks to God, he lowered the boats and prepared to take

¹ 'Land in sight.'

possession of the newly discovered territory. The ceremony is thus described by a Spanish historian¹ :—

‘ The boats drew near to the beach, which was already thronged by natives astonished at so novel a spectacle, and Columbus landed, together with his officers and an armed following. The admiral held the royal standard ; his attendants the private banner of the expedition, on which was depicted a green cross and the initials of Ferdinand and Isabella, surmounted by their crowns—these emblems to show the creed and title of the Catholic monarchs on whose account the voyage was made. Upon landing all kissed the soil, shedding tears of joy, then knelt and rendered thanks to the Most High. This done, Columbus rose, and naming the island San Salvador, dedicated the first-fruits of his discovery to our Lord Jesus Christ, and took possession of the territory on behalf of the Castilian Crown ; whereupon the Spaniards, with every sign of

¹ Muñoz, ‘ Historia del Nuevo Mundo.’

pleasure and goodwill, acknowledged him as their admiral and viceroy, and many implored his forgiveness for the trouble their fears or fickleness had caused him. In the meantime the islanders stood near, wonder-stricken at the strange appearance of the ships and Spaniards, the complexion of the latter, their dress, their arms, and the acts they performed. The aspect of these islanders was various, though their stature, shape, and features were somewhat similar. Their foreheads were broad to the point of ugliness, their complexion olive-coloured, as of the Canary islanders or country people who have become greatly sunburned. Their hair was coarse, black, and straight, and cut, as a general rule, above their ears, though some wore it long upon their shoulders and bound and dressed it with a fillet. They were entirely naked, painted, or rather smeared, to a greater or less extent, with black, white, or vermillion. They appeared to be a simple and peace-loving folk, and so ignorant that they com-

pletely failed to understand the scene they were beholding. At first, believing themselves to be witnessing something supernatural, they fled in terror and confusion ; but afterwards, seeing that no one pursued or molested them, they gradually returned and reassured themselves. They drew near to the Spaniards with every sign of reverence and humility ; some prostrated themselves on the ground, while others raised their eyes and hands, giving their visitors to understand by their attitudes and gestures that they worshipped them as beings descended from heaven. Among several of them Columbus distributed strings of beads, caps, small bells, pins, and other trinkets, which they prized more highly than gold and precious stones. Those who had received no present made eager efforts to obtain some trifle, offering to barter all they had, so that when the voyagers returned on shipboard, a number of the islanders followed them, some swimming, some in skiffs ; and if they contrived to procure a few scraps of glass, or a

broken bottle, bowl, or jar, returned well-pleased and gratified to shore.'

Such is the story of the occupation of the New World by Europeans.

The island thus named San Salvador by the Spaniards is now supposed to have been the Watling Island of the Bahamas group. Leaving it after a stay of a few days, during which his followers rested from their weary voyage or trafficked with the natives, Columbus sailed southwards, hoping, in accordance with his belief, which I have already explained to you, to discover the mainland of Asia.

On October 28th he reached Cuba, coasting along its shores for a considerable distance, and believing it to be a part of the mainland—a belief in which he continued until the day of his death. He named the island Juana, in honour of Prince Juan, son of Ferdinand and Isabella. Then, continuing his voyage, he took possession of various of the smaller islands that lie among those seas, and at the end of the year landed

at Hayti, to which he gave the name of Hispaniola.

This island was for many years the chief seat of residence of the Spaniards in the New World. They built a fortress there at a spot called La Navidad, but in nearly every case they found the natives gentle and docile to deal with. These looked upon the white men as wonderful beings come from heaven, and the firing of a gun terrified them exceedingly. This, however, rather applies to such of the savages as dwelt upon the coast. Those who peopled the interior were a fierce and warlike tribe, ruled by powerful chiefs, and formidable and valiant in battle.

At the beginning of the new year, Columbus resolved to return to Spain and lay a report of his discoveries before the sovereigns. Accordingly he left at the fortress a garrison of thirty-nine men, and supplying them with provisions and ammunition sufficient to last till his return, set sail from Hispaniola. After a stormy voyage

he sighted the Azores islands on February 15th, and dropped anchor at the port of Palos in Andalusia on the 15th of March.

The Court was then at Barcelona, and Columbus was instructed to lose no time in proceeding thither. A brilliant reception awaited him. After he had narrated his experiences and shown the Indians and the specimens of gold, and other merchandise he had brought with him, the sovereigns loaded him with congratulations and honours, while the housetops and balconies were thronged to see him pass, and wherever he went he was followed by crowds who never wearied of admiring and applauding the great navigator.

On his second expedition, which sailed from Cadiz at the end of September, Columbus took with him a fleet of seventeen vessels, and twelve hundred people, for now that the existence of the New World was proved to be a fact, all Spain was eager to share in the profits of the discovery, and the

number of those who sailed had even to be limited by law.

As on the first voyage, pleasant weather was enjoyed. The first land sighted was an island to which Columbus gave the name of Dominica. Then, coasting along the West Indies, he discovered Guadeloupe, and, a few days later, a large and beautiful island called by the natives Boriquen. Columbus named it San Juan Bautista, and to-day it is known to us as Porto Rico.

As Porto Rico is only a short distance from Hispaniola, on November 27th the admiral reached the little settlement of La Navidad, where, as you will remember, he had left thirty-nine of his men to await his return. What was his horror to find the fortress in ruins and the place deserted. Not a soul advanced to greet him, while a few skeletons, with shreds of European clothing still clinging to the bleaching bones, showed him only too plainly that the garrison had perished.

From information the admiral subse-

quently gathered, it appeared that these foolish men, instead of remaining peaceably and contentedly within the walls of their fortress, had dispersed by twos and threes among the Indian population, committing all kinds of excesses, and angering the natives by their cruel and selfish behaviour. There is little doubt, therefore, that the Indians, roused to desperation by this treatment, rose against their oppressors and destroyed them.

After this disaster, the dreary site of La Navidad had no longer any attraction for the Spaniards, so, proceeding some leagues along the coast, they founded the city of Isabella, laying it out with broad walks and buildings of stone, and surrounding it with a wall to guard against attack from the natives. Expeditions, too, were sent into the interior, where gold was said to exist in vast quantities, particularly in the realms of a savage chief named Caonabo, 'the lord of the golden house,' while Columbus busied himself with preparations for another voyage of discovery.

On April 4th he sailed from Isabella, and once more steered for the island of Cuba, coasting along its shores for a considerable distance, and landing at various points, meeting in every instance with gentle and hospitable treatment from the natives. Then, proceeding further southwards, he discovered the island of Jamaica, being much delighted with its lofty mountains, verdant groves, and spacious harbours.

Towards the middle of May he returned to Cuba, and continued to bear along its shores. The story of this part of his voyage is very interesting, and I hope you will some day read it for yourself in the 'Life of Columbus' by the great American writer, Washington Irving, or in the works of the old Spanish historians.

At one point of the admiral's voyage the sea was studded with so countless a multitude of islets that it was almost impossible to steer the ships between them. At another, the water was as white as milk, a circumstance which so impressed Colum-

bus that he filled a bottle with the water to take home to the sovereigns. The Spaniards saw many other curious sights, wonderful lightning storms, Indians fishing from canoes, and birds of beautiful and brilliant plumage. And at all times and on all occasions the natives rejoiced to entertain the voyagers, welcoming them with feasts and dancing, and worshipping them as beings come from a better world.

At length, after pursuing his exploration for many days without arriving at the western end of Cuba, Columbus reluctantly decided to return to Isabella, for provisions were running short and his ships were leaking. Accordingly, he turned back, and stood eastward for Hispaniola. Owing, however, to the wind being contrary for that island, the admiral was induced to revisit Jamaica, so that it was not until September that his little squadron once more cast anchor in the harbour of Isabella.

Meanwhile trouble had fallen upon the colony, and henceforward its misfortunes

steadily increased. The climate was moist and unhealthy. Many of the Spaniards fell sick. Others were worthless men who on leaving Spain had expected to find a land so plentiful in treasure and produce that work and industry would be superfluous. Finding themselves disappointed, they gave way to indolence and riotous living. Several of the more prominent colonists were jealous of Columbus, hated him for being a foreigner and having such power over them, and conspired to effect his downfall. Among these latter were a priest named Boyle, and a turbulent cavalier, Pedro Margarite. These two men, after making what mischief they could at Isabella, seized some ships without the admiral's knowledge or permission, and suddenly returned to Spain, where from that time forward they lost no opportunity of saying what spiteful things they could of Columbus.

How the affairs of the Spaniards in the New World went from bad to worse, is a longer story than I have space to tell. Don

Diego Columbus was already at Isabella, taking charge of the settlement during his brother's absence, and doing what he could to soothe the discontented colonists. On returning to Isabella, the admiral was overjoyed to find his other brother, Don Bartholomew, who had arrived from Spain. Bartholomew was a vigorous soldier and able administrator, seconding the efforts of his brother with great ability, but he was a stern and somewhat high-handed man, and so made many enemies among the proud and jealous Spaniards.

In company with Don Bartholomew, Columbus now began the military subjection of the island, for, as I said before, the interior was peopled with a numerous and warlike race, one of whose chiefs was Caonabo, 'lord of the golden house,' so named from the quantities of gold said to exist in his dominions. Caonabo had mustered against the colonists an army of ten thousand warriors armed, after their savage fashion, with bows and arrows. At

length, however, he was taken prisoner by a Castilian cavalier named Alonso de Ojeda, and the subjugation of the island proceeded more rapidly.

In their excursions through the island the Spaniards took with them a few horses and twenty large dogs. The Indians regarded these animals with intense fear, for the horses trampled them under foot while the dogs sprang upon them and tore them in pieces. In fact, a whole army of the islanders was no match for the Spaniards, who fought with swords, lances, and even firearms, clothed themselves in steel armour which turned aside the arrows of their enemies, and whose skilled attack the poor savages were quite incapable of resisting.

Province by province, therefore, the island was conquered. Columbus imposed upon the vanquished natives a tribute of so much gold or cotton per head, and directed that a number of the prisoners should be shipped to Spain in order to be sold as slaves—a cruel and unworthy proceeding, and the

one great blot upon the admiral's glorious career.

In the meantime there was evidence that Columbus was becoming less popular with the sovereigns. No doubt the mischievous reports of Boyle and Margarite had much to do with this. In 1495 Ferdinand and Isabella appointed an officer named Juan Aguado to sail to Hispaniola and examine into the colony's affairs, or take over its entire management, should the admiral be absent on one of his voyages among the islands. Aguado was both vain and ignorant. On arriving at Isabella he treated Columbus with arrogance and disrespect, and lent a ready ear to the idle and ungrateful gossip of the disaffected colonists. After thus collecting what he believed to be evidence against the admiral, he prepared to return to Spain and report his investigation to the sovereigns.

Columbus bore patiently with this unjust usage, but inwardly resolved to return to Spain also, and if possible mend his failing

fortunes. On March 10th both he and Aguado embarked for the Peninsula, and after a long and tiring voyage of three months their caravels cast anchor in the Bay of Cadiz.

Repairing to Burgos, where the Court then was, Columbus was flatteringly received by the sovereigns, who, though they might have given ear to the uncharitable tales against him, were careful not to express it in their private conversation with the admiral. But when, encouraged by his reception, he ventured to ask for a fleet of eight vessels to prosecute his third voyage, he was met with a host of difficulties and objections. Above all, the country was at war and the treasury exhausted, while Ferdinand was at all times inclined to be grudging and mean in money matters. At last, however, Columbus managed to collect six vessels, wherewith he sailed from Spain in May of 1498.

Keeping further to the south than on his previous voyages, he had reached about the

middle of the Atlantic when he fell into a sultry calm, which greatly terrified his sailors. The refreshing breezes which further northward blow constantly, had completely died away, the vessels made no progress, and the sails flapped idly against the masts. A hot mist covered the horizon, while the heat was so intense that no one could descend into the hold, and the water-casks cracked and burst. Emerging from this calm after several days of suffering and anxiety, the fleet made better progress and on the last day of July came in sight of an island which the admiral named Trinidad — a name it still bears. Columbus then coasted along that part of the mainland of America which was afterwards known as Terra Firma. He believed it to be an island, though he found himself at a loss to explain how the water in that part of the ocean is fresh—a peculiarity which is actually caused by the outpouring current of the great rivers of the mainland. At last, when August was well advanced, he sailed for Hispaniola,

and reached the colony at the end of the month.

During his absence, his brother, Don Bartholomew, had built a new city and fortress, which he named San Domingo and San Cristobal respectively. He had also led several expeditions into the interior. The colonists, however, were still dissatisfied. Sickness had increased. The natives, though they could not hope to vanquish the white men, contrived to cut off their supplies, and kept them in a perpetual state of alarm, while the enemies of the admiral continued troublesome and unruly. One of them, Francisco Roldan by name, rose in open revolt, and retired with his lawless companions to a remote province of the island, committing every kind of havoc, and attacking from time to time such of the forts as remained loyal to Columbus and his brother.

Immediately on arriving at the colony the admiral learned of Roldan's rebellion, and despatched a careful account of it to

the sovereigns, asking their assistance and advice. At the same time he deemed it wiser for the moment to conciliate Roldan, and after considerable negotiation on both sides, a peace was struck between them. A few months later Columbus received, from a high court official, a reply to his letter. It promised that the matter should be looked into, but its tone was cold and discouraging, and showed more clearly than ever that the admiral's influence was rapidly on the wane.

Eventually the sovereigns sent out to investigate the causes of Roldan's rebellion a cavalier named Don Francisco de Bobadilla, with power to arrest such persons as he adjudged to be guilty and send them home to Spain for trial. It is presumable that this power was to be applied to Roldan and his associates alone.

Arriving at the colony in the early autumn of 1500, Bobadilla gave rapid evidence of being as vain, unjust, and ignorant a man as Juan Aguado. The first day after his arrival he attended Mass at the church, and when

service was ended read aloud the powers which had been granted him by the sovereigns. He then took over the entire management of affairs and seized the house and belongings of Columbus.

The admiral was absent from the capital. On hearing that a commissioner appointed by the Crown had arrived, he hastened to meet him, hoping that his difficulties would be thoroughly and fairly inquired into and his wrongs redressed. Instead of this, Bobadilla received him with the utmost insolence, seized and confined him as a prisoner, and had him put in irons, which, it is shocking to learn, were riveted on his limbs by one of his own servants.

There is no blacker stain on the memory of Ferdinand and Isabella than this disgraceful treatment of their faithful servant, the great and good admiral. Some writers have tried to excuse it by pleading that it was the act, not of the sovereigns, but of Bobadilla. True, we reply, but Bobadilla was chosen by the sovereigns, and it was

clearly their duty, before they sent him out, to satisfy themselves that he was capable of honourably fulfilling the important task assigned to him.

Bobadilla also imprisoned Don Diego and Don Bartholomew, and placed them, together with the admiral, on board the caravels to send them home to Spain. The rebel Roldan and his turbulent associates were left entirely at liberty.

On the arrival of the fleet at Cadiz, the sovereigns soon heard of Bobadilla's disgraceful behaviour towards the admiral and his brothers. The feeling of the country ran so high in favour of Columbus that they were compelled to feign, even if they did not feel, regret at his treatment. They therefore ordered that the prisoners should be immediately released, and a sum of two thousand ducats advanced to the admiral wherewith to defray his expenses.

Ferdinand and Isabella, however, refrained from making Columbus the restitution he desired and deserved. They refused to re-

instate him as Governor of Hispaniola, consoling him with the assurance that he should resume control of the island when a couple of years had elapsed and the colony should again be pacified and tranquil. At the same time they sent out a new governor, Don Nicolas de Ovando, to take over the command from Bobadilla.

Whether Columbus placed much faith in this assurance of the princes it is hard to say, but nothing daunted by his tribulations, he prepared for his fourth—and last—voyage of discovery, and sailed in May of 1502, with four caravels. The sovereigns had forbidden him to touch at Hispaniola, fearful lest his arrival should renew the dissensions in that island, but after coasting along some of the Caribbee islands, Dominica, and Porto Rico, he found that one of his vessels was leaking badly, and that he must call at San Domingo for repairs. Upon his dropping anchor near the harbour, Ovando, the new governor, sent him a curt message, refusing him permission to mend his ship, or even to set foot on shore.

At that moment Bobadilla was preparing to return to Spain. On board of his own vessel was Roldan, the rebel. Within two days of their leaving harbour a terrible storm overtook the fleet, and Bobadilla's ship was sunk, he and Roldan and all on board perishing, while Columbus's frail and weatherworn vessels, aided by his inimitable seamanship, hugged the shore, and so escaped unharmed.

Since Ovando's behaviour made it useless for the admiral to continue at Hispaniola, he left the island, and after sailing once again along the south of Cuba, followed the shores of Terra Firma, Honduras, and what is now known as the Mosquito Coast, encountering frequent storms and obstinate hostilities from the Indians who dwell about those parts. After discovering the rich district of Veragua, he sailed for Hispaniola in April of 1503, but the strong head-winds induced him to change his purpose, and he finally put about and steered for Jamaica, which he reached in safety.

His vessels were by this time shattered beyond all hope of repair, so he accepted the offer of a brave sailor named Mendez to attempt to cross from Jamaica to Hispaniola in a canoe manned only by Mendez himself, one other Spaniard, and six Indians. Once arrived at Hispaniola, Mendez was to beg or purchase a couple of ships from Ovando, and return with them to Jamaica to assist the admiral. The first venture thus made was unsuccessful. Before they had proceeded far, Mendez and his comrades were taken prisoners by the Indians, but the bold seaman managed to escape, and returning along the coast, reached Columbus alone. Forthwith he launched a second canoe, larger than the first, and took more men with him, while Don Bartholomew, with an armed force, and keeping pace with Mendez along the coast in order to guard him from attack by hostile Indians, accompanied him to the end of the island, whence, after watching the frail bark disappear on the horizon, he returned to join the admiral.

Eight weary months dragged by—during which time a couple of brothers, Francisco and Diego de Porras, audaciously mutinied against the admiral—before a caravel arrived bearing a letter from Ovando, together with a side of bacon and a cask of wine as a gift from him to Columbus. Ovando said in his letter that he much regretted he had no vessels available at that moment, but that he would procure and send them at the earliest opportunity. 1503 was far advanced before the promised couple of caravels anchored off Jamaica. One of them had been purchased and fitted out by the faithful Mendez, the other was sent by Ovando, whom decency compelled to at least pretend that he claimed a share in the admiral's rescue.

On reaching Hispaniola, Columbus was courteously received by the governor, who seems, upon the whole, to have been a better and a juster man than Bobadilla. Nevertheless under his rule the settlement had failed to improve. The colony swarmed

with worthless and dissatisfied characters, and the poor natives were barbarously mis-handled.

In September Columbus sailed for Spain. The voyage was tempestuous. One of his two vessels was wrecked, and it was not until the 7th of November that the damaged and weather-beaten survivor cast anchor in the little port of San Lucar de Barrameda.

We may compare Columbus with this shattered vessel. The prosperous part of his existence was over. He, too, had once sailed on the smooth sea of prosperity, but the times were changed, and now, in his old age, full of trouble and infirmities, his best and only hope was to see himself justified from the cruel charges which had been brought against him, and then die tranquilly in the land of his adoption.

But from this time forward till his death his story is a pitiful one. For his proud spirit recognised that he had been unjustly and ignobly treated, and he was eager to be restored to favour by the sovereigns, con-

scious that he had done them no wrong. He made his home at Seville, and lost no time in appealing to the throne to return to him at least a portion of his lost dignities. But the death of Isabella deprived him of his warmest benefactor. Ferdinand, at all times a somewhat selfish character, received him almost with contempt. Columbus was old and fit for nothing, and the Crown no longer needed his services, since the way to the Indies was by now familiar to all. Seeing himself forsaken, even by the monarch to whom he had given the active labours of a dozen years, Columbus gradually sank in health. On May 20, 1506, he breathed his last at Seville. His last words were, 'Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit.'

So died this gallant sailor and great-hearted gentleman. I am glad to have laid the outline of his life before you in order to show you what difficulties famous and good men are called upon to struggle against and conquer. Cruel deeds were done to Columbus, unjust and envious accusations

were brought against him ; ungrateful and untruthful tongues misrepresented him ; but the idea of revenge never seems to have suggested itself to his magnanimous nature. He only sought to prove his innocence. Evil days had fallen upon him. Queen Isabella, his protectress, had died. He was sick and lonely and neglected, but his faith in God remained unshaken to the last. And time has brought his memory its due reward. To-day the name of Christopher Columbus is even more famous than when he made his voyages four hundred years ago. To-day a hundred stately cities have erected costly monuments to him. In some of his statues, as at Barcelona, he is represented as pointing triumphantly westwards to the mighty continent his perseverance and skill discovered. He is indeed one of those of whom it has been truly said that they belong to no one land or birthplace, but are the pride and glory of the whole wide world.

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CHAPTER XII

FERDINAND AND ISABELLA (*continued*) (1492-1516)



IN March of the same year as the fall of Granada, the sovereigns attached their signature to the cruellest and most unnecessary measure of their reign — the expulsion of the Jews. These harmless people formed a large proportion of the entire population of the country. They were a peace-loving, thrifty folk, conspicuously loyal and patriotic, and should, since they helped to develop the national industries and wealth, have met with every favour and encouragement. But the sove-

reigns were induced to persecute them by the ravings of a half-mad Dominican friar named Torquemada, notorious as the savagest of the Grand Inquisitors of Spain. The impudent and blasphemous threats of this miscreant, masked under the semblance of pious exhortation, overawed the gentle Isabella, and in the end her consort and herself proclaimed this barbarous edict, which forms, together with their protection of the sale of slaves, of the Inquisition,¹ and of their treatment of Columbus towards the close of his life, an ugly stain upon the otherwise glorious memory of the sovereigns.

Hundreds of thousands of the poor Jews were forthwith driven from the country. Their expulsion was accompanied with every kind of outrage. Their goods were confiscated, their persons seized and searched

¹ The terrible Court known as the Inquisition, or the Holy Office, was established in 1235 by Pope Gregory IX. for the punishment of heretics. Nowhere was its influence more unbounded than in Spain.

for gold and treasure. Some embarked for Africa, where they were plundered by the Moors, others took ship to Naples, where a pestilence swept them off by thousands, others fled to Portugal.

The Moslems were by no means wholly quieted by the surrender of Granada. The harsh treatment they encountered at the hands of the prelate Ximenes de Cisneros, Archbishop of Toledo, exasperated them beyond measure. In course of time they flew once more to arms, planting their strongholds in the rocky passes of the Alpujarras and other mountains. A large number gathered together under a fierce chieftain named El Feri of Ben Estepar, and stationed themselves in the Serrania de Ronda, a lofty range not far from Gibraltar. Here their depredations became so troublesome that Ferdinand resolved to send an expedition against them, placing it under the command of Alonso de Aguilar,¹ 'of the House of the Eagle,'

¹ Aguila = eagle, in Spanish.

and of the Counts of Cifuentes and Ureña. The expedition set out in high spirits from Cordova, but it was destined to a melancholy end, which I have thus described :—

‘ Lo ! they have lost the city’s view
With sturdy step, and ta’en
The way that lies the Vega through
By many a smiling plain,

While peasant schooled to war’s alarms
From many a cottage door
Prays Heaven’s blessing on their arms
Against the thieving Moor.

So twice a moonlit night they spent
And twice a dusty day
In weary march, ere eyes were bent
Upon the foe’s array :

Till where a mountain stream rolls loud
Their eager outlook fell
At last on Arab charger proud,
And turbaned infidel.

Then, as with sudden drops of rain
That tell of tempests near,
That stream was flecked with gradual stain
Upon its bosom clear ;

Till Christians, foot and horse, o'erleapt
The channel of the rill,
And burst upon the Moor and swept
His squadrons up the hill,

And drove the unbeliever's host
Up many a mountain side,
While pennons tossed and lives were lost
Upon the battle's tide.

For seven long hours those warring powers
To spear and sword-stroke swung,
While cloudy arrows hummed in showers,
From whizzing crossbow sprung.

Where never coloured thing did float
Upon the breath of Spring,
Save fallen hair of mountain goat,
Or plume from eagle's wing ;

Now thrice a hundred pennons, red,
And blue, and amber, toss,
With one white standard e'er upspread—
The Banner of the Cross.

But, for the battle veered apacc,
A lonely mountain height
And broad they gained, a level space,
As fell the shades of night ;

There with the crimson rays of sun
That marked the dying day,
Full many an one whose strength was done
Poured Life's bright hues away ;

There, with the dark, both Christian true
And foeman of the Faith
The same sad uniform o'er drew—
The sable garb of Death.

But they whose sword was for the Lord
Were but as one to ten,
Though striving yet, in blood and sweat,
In peril and in pain,

Till, when the sudden moon her rays
Upon their carnage shed,
They wavered for a fatal space—
And turned, and broke, and fled.

The shadow of a flight—they turned,
They turned to flee, but then
Their leader's voice their hearts discerned
And rallied them again.

“For God and Santiago's sake
That stand our arms anear
Now turn to me—new courage take
And bide the issue here !”

And none that heard his voice but shamed
Unto his call replied,
And with a battle-cry acclaimed,
And rallied at his side.

So weak, and spent, and faint, and rent
With wounds, though strong in Faith,
All undismayed these heroes stayed
To face the sight of Death.

So stood they, fighting to the last
In harness hacked and riven,
Nor wavered as each proud soul passed
Upon its path to Heaven.

And Aguilar—men say that he,
The bravest knight of all
That sold their lives so preciouslly,
The latest was to fall

With feet that slipped in heathen blood,
Swinging a blood-red sword,
All grand and resolute he stood—
That servant of the Lord,

While, surely as a careful clock
Doth passing seconds tell,
He with each wide, unwearying stroke
Drove some new soul to Hell.

So may ye see a reaper mow
With scythe or sickle keen,
And tramp the stubble, where but now
Hath waved the living grain.

To right, to left, the good blade cleft—
Two blows—two heathen slain—
Two bloody trunks of breath bereft
Upon the slippery plain.

With whistle clear that good blade sheer
Through flesh and steel made way,
As though to bid his master cheer
For such festivity :

Till one, a stalwart infidel,
His prowess spied afar,
And on him fell with savage yell
And sweeping scimitar ;

And others stood expectant by
To mark those champions twain—
The lustiest chief of Barbary,
The bravest knight of Spain.

But he whom celebrates this song
Was yielding tardily
To stress of wounds and battle long,
And dropped upon one knee ;

Yet even thence he thrust so sure,
And with so fierce a will,
It seemed as if the strength of four
Lay in that stout arm still ;

But lo ! his brand he casteth by
And riseth for a space,
And flings him on his enemy
In desperate embrace.

“ Now yield,” the conquering Moslem cries,
“ To him of Estepar.”
“ Yield thou to me,” his foe replies—
“ The Knight of Aguilar.”

And uttering such menace he
Uttered his latest breath
And perished, with his enemy
Fast interlocked in death.

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When setting suns industrious stand
Those peaks with fire to fill,
The spirit of that blood-red brand
Shines in those mountains still.

There breathe his requiem afar
Grey clouds and silver rain,
To rest the soul of Aguilar,
The stoutest heart in Spain.

There still the wet mists weeping drift,
There still the sad winds moan ;
But the spirit of the Eagle swift
To Paradise hath flown.'

The Granada campaign ended, Ferdinand began to busy himself with the Italian wars, which are largely concerned with Charles VIII. of France, and with his successor, Louis XII. Charles claimed the crown of Naples (which had been in possession of Aragon since early in the century), through a bequest made him by the Count of Provence. The claim was frivolous and worthless, but Charles was determined to enforce it, and after concluding, in 1493, the treaty of Barcelona with Ferdinand—the terms of which were recklessly broken

by both contracting parties—prepared to invade Italy and occupy the Neapolitan throne.

But Ferdinand of Aragon had also his eye upon that kingdom, and although Charles, misinterpreting or defying the Treaty of Barcelona, seems to have imagined that the Spanish sovereign would make no attempt to oppose his designs in Italy, but acquiesce and even aid him in his expeditions, he was rapidly undeceived.

In 1495 Charles made his public entry into Naples, boastfully calling himself the King of Jerusalem and Sicily. A little later in the same year Spain, Austria, Venice, Rome, and Milan combined against him in the league known as the League of Venice, and within a few months Charles, who had offended everybody by his arrogant behaviour and made himself universally unpopular at Naples, took fright and returned to France, leaving behind him as viceroy the Duke of Montpensier. Henceforward there was nothing but war in Italy.

The Spanish army in those parts was commanded by Gonsalvo de Cordova, then about forty years of age, and one of Spain's most gallant leaders. His familiar title in Spanish history is 'el gran capitan.'¹ Marching upon the viceroy of Naples, Gonsalvo defeated his forces in battle after battle, outwitted and outgeneralled him at all points, and drove the French from Ostia, restoring the original line of Neapolitan kings. His brilliant conduct of the campaign terrified Charles, who sued for peace, and signed, in 1498, the treaty of Marcoussis, by which the prevailing difficulties were arranged for the moment.

Charles died and was succeeded by Louis XII. In 1500 Naples was equally divided between France and Spain, and French troops once more entered Italy. The presence of their army, however, was not conducive to peace. The pact was discovered to be impossible, fresh differences broke out, war was declared, and the

¹ The great captain.

services of 'the great captain' were once again called into requisition. Marching and manœuvring with extraordinary swiftness, Gonsalvo routed the French forces under d'Aubigny, marched upon Naples, and in May, 1503, entered the city as its conqueror. His speedy triumph completely broke the power of the French in Italy.

In 1504 died, as we have seen in our chapter on Columbus, Isabella of Castile, the great and good queen. She had borne her husband five children. The eldest, Isabella, married as her first husband Alfonso, Prince of Portugal, and upon his death Emanuel, King of the same country. Her only child, Miguel, died in infancy, and she herself in 1498. The second child and only son of the Catholic sovereigns was Prince Juan, who married Margaret, daughter of the Emperor Maximilian, and died at the untimely age of nineteen years, leaving no heir. The third of Ferdinand and Isabella's children, Juana, married Philip the Handsome, son of the Emperor of Germany,

Maximilian. Philip was King of the Netherlands. From this marriage was born Charles, afterwards the first of Spain and the fifth of Germany. His mother was always of weak intellect, and after the birth of her second son, Ferdinand, lost her reason almost completely.

The two remaining daughters of the sovereigns were the princesses Maria and Catherine—the Catherine of Aragon familiar to history as the ill-used wife of Henry VIII. of England.

By her will, dated October 12, 1504, Isabella of Castile left her crown to her daughter and son-in-law, Juana and Philip, in trust for their son Charles. Ferdinand, should Juana be unfit to rule, was to act as regent. This arrangement was highly unsatisfactory, and led to acrimonious disputes between Ferdinand and Philip. In order to strengthen his position Ferdinand married again. His bride was Germaine, niece of Louis of France, with whom Ferdinand concluded a treaty.

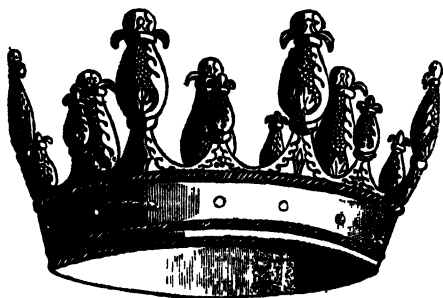
At length, in 1505, it was agreed that Castile should be conjointly governed by Philip, Ferdinand, and Juana. In the following year Philip and Juana arrived in Spain from the Netherlands. Philip at once proceeded to take the administration of Castile entirely into his own hands, and Ferdinand, finding himself the more unpopular of the two, prudently abandoned his pretensions and embarked for Naples. He was on his way to that possession when word was brought him of the sudden death of Philip. Returning to Spain he at once assumed the administration of Castile, since Juana, by reason of her malady, was quite unfit to govern.

In 1507 the great Cardinal Ximenes de Cisneros fitted out, at his own expense, an expedition against the pirates of Oran, and leading the enterprise in person, stormed and captured the city. In 1509 Spain formed a league with Venice, and, aided by that state, again drove the French out of Italy. In 1512 the little province of Navarre, which

had offended Ferdinand in a matter of minor importance, was attacked, reduced, and permanently incorporated with Castile.

In 1516 Ferdinand died of heart disease, aged sixty-four years.

He left the kingdoms of Aragon and Naples to his widowed daughter, Juana, and her heirs. Until Charles should arrive from the Netherlands, the Cardinal Ximenes de Cisneros was to act as regent of Castile, and the Archbishop of Saragossa as that of Aragon.





CHAPTER XIII

CHARLES I. (1516-1558)



CHARLES, son of the mad Juana, daughter of the Catholic sovereigns,—and of Philip the Handsome, King of the Netherlands, who was son of the Emperor Maximilian of Germany,—was in the Low Countries when word reached him of Ferdinand's death. He was at that time seventeen years of age. Landing in the Asturias in September, 1517, he curtly wrote to inform the gifted and loyal Ximenes that he might retire to his diocese—an ungrateful message, which broke the prelate's

heart—and at once proceeded to take the government into his own hands. In the following year he was proclaimed king by the Cortes.

The French king was Francis I., brilliant, versatile, and destined to become a formidable rival of Charles. There was, indeed, much in common between the two sovereigns. Both were ambitious, brave, and powerful. Their armies were among the best in Europe, their retinues and mode of living the most luxurious and splendid of their time. Both excelled in manly accomplishments, such as tourneying, the chase, or the art of warfare, and both were young and of attractive presence. On ordinary occasions an infinite envy and mistrust seems to have subsisted between them, though there were moments when they laid aside this harsher conduct, and welcomed and belauded one another with an effusion that was quite romantic.

Early in 1519 died Charles's grandfather, the Emperor of Germany, Maximilian, and

in October of the following year our youthful monarch, already Lord of Spain, of the Netherlands, and of the Italian dominions which had been acquired during or before the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, was invested with this other empire also.

Thus was Spain dragged into a dangerous career of European conquest, it may truthfully be said, against her will. For the Spaniards, though they appreciated and admired Charles's personal qualities, by no means rejoiced to see him called upon to govern the greater part of Europe. They feared that the task would prove both difficult and dangerous, and they knew that it was costly from the frequent and heavy demands the King made upon the Cortes for a loan of money. Indeed, it passed into a common saying that Charles only visited Spain when he wanted money.

This state of things helped to bring on a deplorable civil war in Valencia and other regions, followed by a rising of the *Comunidades* (you will remember what I told you

about the *Communitics*). The rising was quelled at the battle of Villalar, April, 1522

In the meantime there was beginning in Germany that remarkable revulsion of doctrine known as the growth of the Protestant religion. Its preacher, its inventor, we may call him, was Martin Luther, a poor peasant of the town of Eisleben, but a keen-tongued and clear-headed reformer, and a vigorous and valiant champion of his beloved creed. It was a custom of these times for the Roman Catholic Church, from pope to priest, to grant, or rather sell, *indulgences*—that is to say, written pardons for faults and sins committed by private individuals, who thus bought absolution. The aim of this corrupt practice was purely financial. It was a convenient mode of replenishing the coffers of the Church, and multiplied a thousandfold the incomes of the pope and clergy. But it moved the indignation of Luther, who published ninety-five theses, or arguments, against it, and set himself the herculean task

of reforming, not only this detail, but the entire system of the Roman Catholic Church.

Charles, being a Catholic, determined to treat Luther with signal severity, and, in March, 1521, summoned him to appear before a council called the Diet of Worms. Luther presented himself and maintained his doctrine with vigour, tact, and skill, but his hearers were prejudiced against him, and the bold reformer was deprived of his rights as a citizen and forced in order to save his life, to escape and lie in hiding for some months.

But the doctrines of such courageous men as Luther are not destroyed in a day or paralysed by the harsh sentence of an unjust council, and the opinions Luther so stoutly defended were destined, in due course of time, to be shared by a vast proportion of the civilised world.

Soon after these occurrences we find Francis and Charles briskly warring with one another. In 1524 Charles invaded Provence, but was repulsed with heavy

losses, and in the same year Francis crossed the Alps with a large army and entered Italy.

Here took place the battle and siege of Pavia, which forms one of Spain's most boasted triumphs in her military annals. The city was already strongly garrisoned by the forces of the Spanish commandant, Leyva, when Francis, heading his troops in person, turned aside to attack it. While the city was holding out another force of Spaniards came upon the French rear, compelling it to give battle, and in the desperate affray which ensued Francis's army was overwhelmingly defeated, himself being made prisoner. 'Madam,' he sadly wrote to his mother, 'all is lost—except our honour!'

Francis was brought to Madrid, where he was closely imprisoned, first in a curious old tower called the *torre de los Lujanes*, which still stands, and then in the *alcázar*, or royal palace. He had remained in captivity for rather over a year, when he was released by the terms of the treaty of Madrid,

January, 1526, and hastened joyfully back to France.

In the same year Charles married Isabella of Portugal, an amiable and charming princess. Their nuptials were celebrated at Seville, whose brilliant sunshine and sparkling atmosphere is admirably fitted for such festive ceremonies.

The Lutheran doctrine continued to develop and gain ground in Germany. A number of princes and gentlemen of position and influence took the part of the great reformer, protesting against the harsh treatment to which his views were subjected, and from this circumstance is said to spring our modern 'Protestant.'

In 1530 a Diet or council of the German Empire was held at Augsburg. Here the rapidly developing Protestant party read a clear and noble statement of their belief. It is called 'The Augsburg Confession of Faith,' and a little while later such of the German states as were in favour of Lutheranism banded together to defend themselves

against the vengeance and oppression of the Catholics.

The next ten or eleven years of Charles's reign are comparatively uneventful. He led an expedition against the pirates of Barbary, who had made themselves a nuisance to civilised Europe, inflicted a crushing defeat upon their fierce chieftain, Barbarossa, and captured their city of Tunis. He also concluded a ten years' truce with his old rival Francis. In 1540 the Order of Jesuits was founded by a remarkably gifted Spaniard named Ignacio Loyola, who was first a soldier, and then a priest. The Jesuits are the most learned of all religious sects. Their creed is complex and not easy to define, but it may be generally said that their object is to advance their Order by worldly rather than by spiritual means ; not by preaching and religious influence so much as by a practical, judicious, and profitable mingling in mundane affairs.

The Lutheran, or, as we should now call it, the Protestant doctrine, still continued to

gain ground in Germany. In 1541 there succeeded to the minor throne of Saxony, Maurice, who was, as his father had become before him, a staunch Protestant. Prince Maurice, from the moment of his accession, plays a commanding part in the history of Protestantism. He was bold, ambitious, indefatigably active, and as crafty as a politician as he was brave and skilful as a soldier.

The year 1541 witnessed the death of Luther. But the great work was already done, and Protestantism was at last in a position to cope with the Roman Catholic Church. The Protestants assembled an army of seventy thousand foot and fifteen thousand horse. Charles defeated them at the battle of Mühlberg (1547), but four years later Prince Maurice, who had hitherto been hoodwinking Charles and keeping quiet from motives of prudence, issued a startling manifesto, in which he proclaimed himself the enemy of the Emperor and the champion of the Protestant religion. Swooping down

upon Charles's forces at Innsbruck, he so harried and perplexed the Emperor that he was able, in 1552, to conclude a peace upon advantageous terms. It is called the 'Peace of Religion,' and established for ever the rights and liberties of the Protestant creed in Germany.

In the very year in which he achieved this triumph of the Protestant cause, Prince Maurice fell in battle with a rival German prince, at the early age of thirty-two.

Charles was rapidly tiring of the cares of sovereignty. His possessions were so extensive and so widely separated that he was obliged, in order to direct his affairs, to be for ever travelling. He was racked by the gout, which had afflicted him from a comparatively early age and gave him excruciating pain, and at length, in 1555, the weary monarch resolved to abdicate in favour of his son Philip, and pass the remainder of his days in restfulness and seclusion.

On October 5th, at Brussels, he invested Philip with the sovereignty of the Nether-

lands, as he did three months later with that of Spain and Spain's dependencies. 'Fear God,' were his words to his son ; 'live justly ; respect the laws ; above all, cherish the interests of religion ; and may the Almighty bless you with a son, to whom, when old and stricken with disease, you may be able to resign your kingdom with the same goodwill with which I now resign mine to you.'

In his graphic account of this solemn ceremony, performed in Brussels Castle, the historian Prescott gives an interesting glimpse of the personal appearance of the two kings, father and son :—

'Charles was, at this time, in the fifty-sixth year of his age. His form was slightly bent, but it was by disease more than by time, and on his countenance might be traced the marks of anxiety and rough exposure. Yet it still wore that majesty of expression so conspicuous in his portraits by the inimitable pencil of Titian. His hair, once of a light colour, approaching to yellow, had begun to turn before he was forty, and,

as well as his beard, was now gray. His forehead was broad and expansive ; his nose aquiline. His blue eyes and fair complexion intimated his Teutonic descent. The only feature in his countenance decidedly bad was his lower jaw, protruding with its thick, heavy lip, so characteristic of the physiognomies of the Austrian dynasty.

‘In stature he was about the middle height. His limbs were strongly knit, and once well formed, though now the extremities were sadly distorted by disease. The Emperor leaned for support on a staff with one hand, while with the other he rested on the arm of William of Orange, who, then young, was destined at a later day to become the most formidable enemy of his house. The grave demeanour of Charles was rendered still more impressive by his dress, for he was in mourning for his mother ; and the sable hue of his attire was relieved only by a single ornament, the superb collar of the Golden Fleece, which hung from his neck,

‘Behind the Emperor came Philip, the heir of his vast dominions. He was of a middle height, of much the same proportions as his father, whom he resembled also in his lineaments—except that those of the son wore a more sombre, and perhaps a sinister expression ; while there was a reserve in his manner, in spite of his efforts to the contrary, as if he would shroud his thoughts from observation. The magnificence of his dress corresponded with his royal station, and formed a contrast to that of his father, who was quitting the pomp and grandeur of the world, on which the son was about to enter.’

Shortly after his abdication Charles retired to the monastery of Yuste, near Plasencia, in the region of Estremadura. Here, according to the quaint and detailed accounts which have reached us, he occupied himself in various ways, by elaborate debates on scientific questions, by clock-making (he was so ingenious a mechanician that the poor monks were afraid of him, thinking

he must be in league with the devil !), and by carving wood—his favourite pursuit. For the rest, he attended Mass, prayed a good deal, ate heartily, and lived well.

In this retirement he died on September 21, 1558, aged fifty-nine.

He was bold, ambitious, of great personal courage, fluent in speech, and possessed a musical and well-modulated voice. His manners were frank and agreeable, and though his hand was heavy on such as offended him, he could occasionally be generous and forgiving. His activity was astonishing. According to his own statement — made at his abdication — he had conducted forty expeditions, in Germany, France, Flanders, Italy, and other countries, crossing the Mediterranean eight times and the Spanish seas four.

Taking him all in all he deserves to be called a great king, for though his errors and defects were many, his task was a supremely difficult one, and few sovereigns could have performed it better.



CHAPTER XIV

PHILIP II. (1555-1598)



IS peculiar habits and disposition, the vast power he exercised, and the immense dominions over which he ruled, combine to render Philip II. one of the most interesting of Spanish kings. Although he was quite young when he received the kingdom at his father's hands he never seems to have revealed the buoyancy and lightheartedness which are common to youth. His countenance was always grave, his costume always simple and severe, and he took a curious pleasure in rendering his life as

mysterious as possible, driving abroad at night only, and in closed carriages, and living and toiling in a state of perpetual seclusion.

He was a fervent Catholic. It may be said without exaggeration that religion became a disease with him, shutting out from his intelligence every other concern of life. The wars in which he engaged were for the most part unnecessary, costly, and ruinous to Spain. But Philip regarded them as holy and imperative enterprises, undertaken in the just cause of winning all Europe to the Catholic Faith, and though his was at bottom an eminently shrewd and calculating character, this religious monomania, as we must call it, aided by his seclusive habits and the slight degree of converse he held with the more practical outside world, aggravated his errors and blinded him to the folly of his own delusions.

In 1554 Philip had married Mary, Queen of England, a union which was to prove unhappy and unsatisfactory to both parties.

In the year following this marriage, the ceremony of his father's abdication requiring his presence at Brussels, he left his Queen and England, never again to visit them.

The campaigns in Italy between Spain and France continued briskly until the great victory of San Quentin (1557) gained by the Spaniards over the French general, Gaspard de Coligny, caused the vanquished to sue for terms. The result was the treaty of Cateau Cambrésis, 1559, concluded between England, Spain, and France ; and for some time there was peace between these countries.

The remainder of Philip's lengthy and eventful reign was principally concerned with the kingdom of the Netherlands.

The Netherlands, which comprised seventeen states, corresponding in size to our counties or the modern Spanish provinces, was a most flourishing country, with handsome cities and well-cultivated soil. It traded with all quarters of the world. Its people were simple, practical, sincere, industrious, and devout.

The Netherlanders, from their constant commercial intercourse with Germany, had learned of the new doctrine of Protestantism, or the Reformation, so bravely advocated by Martin Luther, and gradually the new creed began to take root among them, partly because its noble simplicity appealed to their natural character, and partly because their liberty-loving temperament revolted at the religious intolerance of many of the Spaniards who were sent to govern them, and, above all, at the horrors of the Inquisition.

They had always loathed the proceedings of that abominable tribunal, although under Charles it had been comparatively quiescent, for Charles in religious matters was liberal-minded, in addition to which he appreciated and esteemed his subjects of the Netherlands, and was, in return, beloved by them.

Philip, on the other hand, they disliked. Charles had been their own countryman. His son was every inch a Spaniard.

Philip's frigid manner chilled and frightened them, and they very soon convinced themselves that he would be unsparing towards such as differed from him on religious questions.

He, for his part, was quick to perceive their leaning towards Protestantism, and took immediate and severe measures to stamp it out. By his orders the terrible work of the Inquisition—condemning, torturing, and burning—went on as grimly in the Netherlands as in Spain. But the effect in the two countries was quite dissimilar. In Spain, an eminently Catholic country, the doctrine of Luther had taken no appreciable hold : its only effect had been to secure a stray convert here and there, although, mainly for political reasons, the victims of the Inquisition were numerous.

The Low Countries, stung by this outrage on their liberties, prepared to embrace the new creed with ardour and devotion. State after state became Protestant, from its ruler to its humblest citizen, and Philip, the proud,

the merciless, and the intolerant, was doomed to learn by years of bitter and costly struggle that the will and inclination of a whole people cannot be suppressed, not even by the bloodiest and most complete of massacres.

He had returned to Spain in 1559, and never again set foot in his Flemish kingdom. There remained behind him as Regent of the Netherlands, Margaret of Parma, a natural daughter of Charles I. Margaret was a strong-willed woman, of masculine appearance and training, but she was no match for the Flemish, and a world of difficulties lay before her. Under her, as governors of the country, were Egmont and William, Prince of Orange. Both of these distinguished men were natives of the Low Countries.

Protestantism continued to make headway, and Margaret, in spite of her decisive temperament, was puzzled how to act. Her Prime Minister, Granville, became dangerously unpopular, and had to be dismissed.

At length in 1565, a number of young Flemish cavaliers met together and drew up the famous document known as 'the Compromise.'

The Compromise was directed against the Inquisition, pledging its signatories to resist that evil institution to the utmost. Copies of the document circulated rapidly through the country. The effect was instantaneous. Nearly all the great nobles took part in the agitation and resolved, if necessary, to sacrifice their lives for their beloved country. William of Orange—'William the Silent,' as, from his cautious and deliberate disposition, he is commonly called—was among the last to join them. In creed he was a Catholic, but he was also a generous-hearted prince, and the staunchest of patriots. He felt for his suffering countrymen, deplored, as they, intolerance in all religious matters, and execrated, no less warmly than themselves, the procedure of the savage Inquisition.

In 1566 two hundred Protestants presented a petition to Margaret, praying her to abolish

the hated institution. Margaret was alarmed at the noise they made outside her palace windows. 'Fear not, madam,' said one of her ministers, 'they are only beggars.' After this remark the Protestants took as the emblem of their party a beggar's wallet and wooden bowl.

Matters went from bad to worse, and the whole country was up in arms. In 1567 Philip sent Ferdinand Alvarez de Toledo, Duke of Alva, to quell the rising. A force of ten thousand picked men accompanied him.

The Duke of Alva is one of the sternest characters in history. His portrait by Titian hangs in the Royal Picture Gallery at Madrid. It represents a tall, lean man in complete armour. The forehead is high and wrinkled, the nose large and prominent, the eyes small, deeply sunken, and cruel. His right hand is laid upon his plumed helmet. His left hand rests beside the pommel of his sword.

Alva's first act on reaching the Low Countries was to arrest Egmont and another

Flemish nobleman, Count Hoorne, both of whom were shortly afterwards executed. He then established the 'Council of Blood'—a body of twelve magistrates—which proceeded to judge, or, rather, to condemn, the rebels with merciless and indiscriminate rigour.

Alva's administration lasted for six years (1567-1573), during which he butchered eighteen thousand people. Yet even his ferocity was incapable of triumphing over the obstinate Netherlanders, and under their valiant leaders, William the Silent and Louis of Nassau, they continued to defend themselves.

In November, 1576, the 'Pacification of Ghent' bound together the Protestant and Catholic states in common league. In 1579 the Union of Utrecht ratified the 'Pacification,' in 1581 the independence of the Netherlands was solemnly proclaimed, and a year later William of Orange became the ruler of United Flanders. Such was the development of this gallant little kingdom.

Three years afterwards William the Silent

was brutally assassinated by a Frenchman named Balthazar Gerard. 'O my God,' were the great patriot's last words as he fell mortally wounded, 'have mercy on my poor people !'

As we had left Spain in order to follow the fortunes of the Netherlands, we must now retrace our steps and see what had occurred in the Peninsula.

In 1563 Philip began (it took thirty years to complete) the construction of the vast edifice known as the Escorial, founded in commemoration of the victory of San Quentin, gained in the Italian campaign of 1557. The Escorial stands on a slope under a spur of the Guadarrama mountains, some twenty miles from Madrid, and facing the capital, which in clear weather is visible from its upper windows. It is a monastery, palace, and sepulchre all in one, and is built throughout of massive stone. It measures three-fifths of a mile in circumference. The dome of the monastery church is three hundred and fifteen feet

high. The building has (or had) twelve thousand doors and windows. The keys of the doors, when gathered in a heap, weighed twelve hundred and fifty pounds, and sixty-eight fountains played in its halls and grounds. The cost of the entire edifice amounted to nearly six millions of ducats.

And yet, in spite of all this lavish expenditure, it is, and always must have been, a cold and cheerless fabric. It overlooks a desert. The wind which blows from the Guadarrama freezes in winter and scorches in summer, while the neighbourhood is so subdued in colour and bare of vegetation that it seems as though no human power could lend to the gigantic structure an air of comfort, luxury, or animation.

However, it pleased the melancholy Philip, and a spot is still pointed out on the adjacent hills where he would sit and eagerly watch the growth of the monastery, scanning, spy-glass in hand, the masons at their work. Philip's own chamber is still shown, in much the same condition as when he died. It is

the plainest of apartments, a bare floor, a bare wall, and strong but simple doors and windows. Here he received the ambassadors of the foreign powers. 'From here,' say the Spaniards proudly, 'he governed the world !' His favourite chair is carefully preserved, together with a small, narrow stool on which he rested his gouty leg—for he also, like his father, suffered from this malady.

For a long time past the Turks had steadily grown in power. Like all Mahommedans, they were bold and formidable fighters, and their navy was considerable. At length their aggressions became so frequent and so serious, that the Pope, Spain, and Venice formed, in 1571, the Holy League, to oppose them. An expedition was made ready, consisting of fifty thousand foot-soldiers and four thousand five hundred horse, together with two hundred ships of war and the necessary provisions, ammunition, artillery, and so forth.

The command of this important armament was bestowed upon Don Juan de Austria, a

natural son of Charles I. This general was only twenty-four years of age, of a martial aspect and distinguished bearing, generous, active, handsome, and in all respects a perfect and accomplished cavalier.

On a Sunday morning in 1571 the Turkish and Christian fleets met in the Gulf of Lepanto. Desperately 'the noise of battle rolled,' but four hours' fighting saw the Turks annihilated. Of their total fleet of two hundred and fifty sail, only forty escaped. One hundred and thirty were captured. The rest were sunk. Five-and-twenty thousand Turks were killed, five thousand taken prisoners. Among the wounded on the Spanish side was Cervantes, the illustrious author of 'Don Quixote,' fighting as a common soldier.

The effect of this famous victory was to rescue Christendom for ever from the infidels.

Philip looked at everything through the eyes of religion. Thus the internal affairs of the kingdom went to rack and ruin,

while convents were building by tens of thousands and greedy monks devoured the revenue. There was nobody to till the land. A quarter of the whole adult population were monks, priests, or clerics of some sort. The bulk of the remainder were disbanded soldiers, returned from Flanders. These took to highway robbery for a living, and murdered and plundered with impunity, while the very streets of the capital swarmed with cut-throats and desperadoes. The Moriscoes—the name given to such of the Moors as had remained in the Peninsula after their final subjugation by Ferdinand and Isabella—rose in rebellion against the rigours and indignities to which the King subjected them. Step by step the country sank into the mire and all was turbulence and maladministration.

Nor was Philip's domestic life more fortunate. His unhappy experiences with his son Charles, Prince of the Asturias, form a sad and mysterious episode of his reign. Whether Charles, a sickly youth of

twenty-three, was mad or only vicious will never be determined. He certainly behaved as though he were not responsible for his actions, insulting defenceless people, and even drawing his sword upon his tutor. According to some accounts, his extravagances went even further, and he conspired against his father, or became a heretic. However that may be, Philip, early in 1568, had him arrested and kept in close confinement in the *alcázar* of Madrid. Here Charles behaved more extravagantly than ever. Agonised at his imprisonment, or smarting under other grievances, he set to work to destroy himself. He would remain for days and days without tasting food, and then gorge himself to excess, swallowing monstrous draughts of water, or deluging his bed and cell. Few constitutions, least of all that of the feeble Charles, could long withstand such usage. He sank by degrees, and in the following year breathed his last.

In 1588 Philip suffered the destruction

of his 'Invincible Armada.' Years before, on the death of his wife Mary, he had proposed for the hand of her sister, our Virgin Queen, the great Elizabeth, but was rejected. His jealous nature never forgot the slight; an alliance formed in 1585 between Great Britain and the Netherlands aggravated his resentment, and three years later he resolved to invade England and make himself master of that country. The fleet he prepared for this purpose consisted of 140 ships, manned by thirty thousand men. It was commanded by the Duke of Medina Sidonia. No sooner did it arrive in British waters than a violent tempest threw it into confusion, while our great mariners — Frobisher, Hawkins, Howard, and Drake—hung with their lighter and more manageable vessels upon the Spanish rear and distressed it sorely. Finally the Armada fled round the British coasts, buffeted by storm after storm, and not a third of it returned to Spain. A similar expedition despatched to British shores

in 1596 met with the same fate as its predecessor.

In September, 1598, Philip died in his palace of the Escorial, after exhorting Philip III., his son by his fourth wife, Ann of Austria, to strenuously uphold the Catholic faith.

Philip II.'s is at best a disagreeable character. He had no friends and took no one into his confidence, for he suspected all men—and woe to those who tried to play him false. 'His dagger,' says an historian who knew him well, 'followed close upon his smile.' He was crafty, vigilant, and active, a slightly built figure always dressed in black, sometimes with the glittering jewel of the Golden Fleece about his neck. His nature seemed infected by the wintry air of the Escorial. His very calmness of manner had something terrifying in it. Few men, we are told, could face him without trembling. 'Calm yourselves,' he would sometimes say, in a freezing voice, either in earnest

or as a grim jest, for he never laughed. Needless to add, this adjuration, so unsympathetic in its tone, had a deplorable effect upon its hearers, and made them twice as awestruck as before. Company or cheerfulness repelled him. He ruled men, but he disliked to see or speak with them, so he spent his life alone—praying, plotting, and writing despatches.

His merits and virtues were not many. His piety, though austere and uncharitable, was undoubtedly genuine. He lived temperately and frugally. Towards his servants and subordinates he was courteous and forbearing. It is said that on one occasion he wrote a letter and told his secretary to dry the ink, sprinkling powder over it as was then^{*} the custom. The secretary, who was dozing, absently took an inkpot and emptied it over the missive. 'It would have been better,' said Philip calmly, 'to use the powder'; and sitting down again, without a trace of irritation, he patiently rewrote the letter.

^{*} And still is—in Spain.



CHAPTER XV

THE SUCCESSORS OF PHILIP II.—PHILIP III., PHILIP IV.,
AND CHARLES II. (1598-1700)



PHILIP II.'s immediate successors proved widely different from their diligent and melancholy ancestor, the builder of the grim Escorial. Philip III., his son, was a good-natured creature, but wholly unfitted to control and keep together a mighty empire. He chose a favourite, the Duke of Lerma, who could rule him, but nobody else, and in 1610 he perpetrated the only act of any consequence that is recorded of him. The act was cruel and unnecessary,

and from a monarch of Philip's gentle character we should hardly have expected it. There were settled in Spain, particularly in Valencia, 600,000 of the Moriscoes, who had been baptized into the Christian faith, though their loyalty was more than doubtful. They were, however, a hard-working and inoffensive people. Philip, on the advice of the clergy, published an edict banishing them to Africa—and to Africa they were accordingly expelled. Their property was ruthlessly seized, and thousands upon thousands of the poor wretches, without money, without food, robbed of their earnings, and driven from their homes, perished in the utmost misery.

Meanwhile the Spanish Empire was rapidly going to pieces. Philip knew it, and knew that he was powerless to mend matters. Saddened and oppressed by the consciousness of his own defects and incapacity, he died in 1621, after an uneventful yet unhappy reign of twenty-three years.

His son, Philip IV., was simply a voluptuary

—a man who is content to be amused and do no work whatever. He left the whole conduct of the state to his favourite, the Duke of Olivares, and as Olivares was almost as idle, careless, and light-headed as he, you may imagine that Spain was in a bad plight indeed.

The common people were intensely poor, intensely ignorant, and intensely superstitious. The army was unpaid, discontented, and no longer efficient, so that the regiments which in the time of Philip II. had been the pride of the nation, and borne an enviable name for heroism in the Netherlands, were now reduced to a fraction of their former strength, and commanded, no longer by distinguished veterans, but by unprincipled, unskilled, and cowardly striplings.

So long, however, as the brilliant and luxurious shows and entertainments of the Court wagged gaily on, Philip and Olivares did not care. Life in the capital was a round of mad, intoxicating gaiety. The gold brought home from the Indies in the treasure

ships was spent, not upon the necessities of the nation, but upon dances and masquerades and receptions, christenings and wedding-feasts, theatrical entertainments, tournaments, and processions. The King himself possessed some skill in making verses and writing comedies. He was, besides, a keen sportsman and a good rider. On more than one occasion he broke a lance with the most formidable of his courtiers, and emerged victorious. In short, there were few branches of the art of self-amusement in which this pleasure-loving sovereign did not excel.

But all these accomplishments were powerless to help the afflicted nation, and the impoverishment of Spain, the dismemberment of her empire, and the lessening of her dignity and influence proceeded without check.

Early in Philip's reign, Charles Stuart, Prince of Wales, afterwards our Charles I. of England, paid a long visit to the Court of Spain, accompanied by the Duke of

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Buckingham, his favourite and comrade. It had been intended that Charles should marry the Infanta Maria, Philip's sister. The heir to the English throne was flatteringly received, and a series of costly entertainments were prepared in his honour. Detailed accounts have reached us of the dances that were given, the masquerades, and the bull-fights in the Plaza Mayor¹ of Madrid. These latter spectacles, so dear to Spanish hearts, must have been brilliant in the extreme. There was seating room for over twenty thousand people, and the balconies—painted black and gold—of the plaza were sumptuously decked and hung for the occasion. The King, together with his retinue, occupied the first floor balcony of a great building known as the 'Panaderia' ('the Bakery'). The remaining balconies of this building were kept empty, as the King's presence and Court etiquette demanded, but the balconies of the houses on either hand of the 'Panaderia' were allotted to the various

¹ The principal square of the city.

councils and corporations of the kingdom. The bulls, more swift and savage than we ever see in England, were fought by gentlemen on horseback, armed only with lances. Several noblemen of the time were famous for their valour and dexterity at the sport. The open space in the middle of the square, where the struggle took place, was surrounded by halberdiers, and by the 'Yellow Guard,' in their scarlet and yellow uniforms. Such was the demand for places that a seat to view the fight cost as much as five and six pounds sterling of our English money, but the Court grandees and high officials were admitted free, and special balconies were set apart for them.

The projected marriage between Charles and the Infanta never came about. The affair is wrapped in mystery, but it is to be supposed that Charles offended the princess or her guardians in some way or other, and we know for certain that Buckingham behaved with insolence and foolishness, and quarrelled with the Spanish noblemen. So

prince and peer returned to England, and the betrothal was at an end.

Philip's Court was a mixture of the mean with the magnificent, the grand with the undignified and little. It was the resort of eminent poets, dramatists, and prose writers—of Lope de Vega, Quevedo, and Calderon de la Barca—illustrious and justly venerated names in Spanish literature—and yet, at the same time, it was thronged by a host of selfish and unprincipled adventurers. Philip himself was ceremonious, as a rule, in his behaviour, but his courtiers had little or no respect for him, and would go so far as to insult and buffet one another and even draw their swords in the presence of the King. Duelling was scandalously frequent, though a number of laws were framed to put it down. A hasty word, an imagined slight, an accidental push would cost a man a duel, and his life, until it seemed as if the indispensable requisite of a Spanish gentleman were to pick absurd quarrels with his neighbours, and either kill as many

of them as he could, or else be killed himself.

As we have seen, the royal favourite, the Duke of Olivares, had little inclination for anything but extravagant amusements ; but when it became unavoidable for him to attend to the national affairs he mismanaged them. He meddled uselessly in several wars, while the fleet of the Netherlands sailed up and down the shores of South America, and in and out among the West Indian islands, plundering and capturing Spain's belongings with impunity.

In 1640 Cataluña rose in a rebellion which it took twelve years to subdue. Would it have taken as long in the days of the iron-handed Duke of Alva ? Between 1640 and 1664 Portugal was plotting to secure her independence. Philip and Olivares made no effort to prevent her, so that in 1664 the Portuguese proclaimed the Duke of Braganza as their king, a sweeping act of treason complacently consented to by Philip and his equally tame-spirited adviser.

At last Olivares fell into disgrace and was exiled. But the kingdom fared no better without him. In 1648 a peace was made with the Netherlands, by which that kingdom secured its absolute freedom from the Spanish yoke. England attacked and took the island of Jamaica. Everything that was Spanish suffered loss or diminution everywhere. The remainder of the reign presents the same interminable story of disaster.

Philip IV. of Spain—"the Great," as he was most misguidedly named—died in 1665, leaving to succeed him a three-year-old infant, Charles II. The widowed queen, Mariana of Austria, acted as regent for her son. She was a foolish, unintelligent, and priest-ridden woman, completely under the thumb of the Jesuits. She chose a couple of worthless favourites, who plunged the nation deeper and deeper into distress. At length, in 1675, Charles, now fourteen, came of age according to the Spanish Constitution, and began to govern for himself, as weakly as his father and grandfather had done before him.

He had little education, no natural ability, and no strength of character, and under him the decay of the empire went on as heretofore.

Not only were the Spanish colonies menaced, but Spain herself was attacked. The French invaded Cataluña, laid siege to Barcelona, and captured the city. Finally, by the terms of the Peace of Ryswick, Louis XIV., knowing Charles to be at death's door, and expecting to succeed to the Spanish throne by virtue of his marriage with Maria Teresa, sister of the actual King of Spain, and daughter of the last, gave back to Spain all that he had won from her.

In 1700, at the early age of thirty-nine, Charles died, after signing a will in which he left the kingdom to Philip, Duke of Anjou. Childless, and infirm alike in mind and body, he had proved a curse to his nation. Nor was the mischief he caused confined to his life-time only, for on his death-bed he bequeathed to his country the terrible legacy of the long and cruel struggle known as the War of the Spanish Succession.



CHAPTER XVI

THE WAR OF THE SPANISH SUCCESSION AND PHILIP V
(1700-1746)



THE causes of the War of the Spanish Succession are clearly and briefly stated by Lord Macaulay ¹ :—

‘ Several princes laid claim to the succession.

The King’s ² eldest sister had married Louis XIV. The Dauphin would, therefore, in the common course of inheritance, have succeeded to the crown. But the Infanta had, at the time of her

¹ Essay on the War of the Spanish Succession.

² Charles II. of Spain.

espousals, solemnly renounced, in her own name and in that of her posterity, all claim to the succession. This renunciation had been confirmed in due form by the Cortes. A younger sister of the King had been the first wife of Leopold, Emperor of Germany. She, too, had at her marriage renounced her claims to the Spanish crown, but the Cortes had not sanctioned the renunciation, and it was therefore considered as invalid by the Spanish jurists. The fruit of this marriage was a daughter who had espoused the Elector of Bavaria. The Electoral Prince of Bavaria inherited her claim to the throne of Spain. The Emperor Leopold was son of a daughter of Philip III., and was therefore first cousin to Charles. No renunciation whatever had been exacted from his mother at the time of her marriage.'

The Emperor Leopold and the Dauphin of France agreed to allow their claims to pass to their second sons, the Archduke Charles, and Philip, Duke of Anjou respectively. Charles, influenced by the repre-

sentations of d'Harcourt, the French ambassador at Madrid, had already declared Philip to be his heir.

The King of England at that time was William III. of Orange ; the King of France was Louis XIV. Throughout their lives these princes were rivals and bitter enemies. They were both exceedingly able men. Louis excelled as a statesman rather than as a soldier, William as a soldier rather than as a statesman.

The succession of Philip of Anjou to the Spanish throne added a new grievance to the already discordant relations of Louis and William. Louis prepared to defend his grandson Philip. William searched for a convenient pretext for declaring war.

The pretext was not long delayed. Our exiled sovereign, James II., died in France, and Louis, during a visit he paid him on his death-bed, and induced by motives of interest or compassion, promised to recognise his son as King of England.

This impudent act evoked a storm of in-

dignation in our country. It was now possible for William, with his people at his back, to declare war upon his neighbour. Accordingly, though his principal object was simply to destroy in any form the power of the French line of the Bourbons, he cleverly utilised the Spanish Succession question in order to secure the alliance of the Emperor Leopold, whose son had hitherto been the unsuccessful claimant of the throne of the Peninsula. Holland was William's own country, and would therefore aid him as a matter of course.

Accordingly, on May 15, 1702, England, Holland, and Germany declared war upon Spain, France, and Bavaria.

The ensuing struggle lasted for eleven years, and was prosecuted in various parts of Europe. We will only concern ourselves with the campaigns in Spain.

In August of the same year as the declaration of war, a combined English and Dutch fleet attacked Cadiz, but the Spaniards made a stubborn resistance and the attack failed.

As time went on the Portuguese joined the cause of the Archduke Charles, and Louis sent an army, 12,000 strong, to assist his nephew. It was commanded by the Duke of Berwick, a natural son of James II. of England.

The only Spanish regions which favoured the Archduke in preference to Philip, were Valencia, Cataluña, and Aragon. For this reason the Allies¹ made this neighbourhood their headquarters. The rest of the country defended Philip with admirable loyalty. Macaulay illustrates their devotion by the following anecdote :—

‘The priest of a village which contains only a hundred and twenty houses brought a hundred and twenty pistoles to the Queen. “My flock,” said he, “are ashamed to send you so little ; but they beg you to believe that in this purse there are a hundred and twenty hearts faithful even to the death.”’

In 1704 Gibraltar was taken by the British

¹ By the Allies are understood the Germans, Dutch, and English.

admiral, Sir George Rooke, and has ever since remained in our possession, despite innumerable sieges. In 1705 the Earl of Peterborough, who had been appointed to command the British and German troops, took Barcelona, storming the fortress of Monjuich and turning the guns on the city. Valencia was occupied by the Allies. A British army, under Lord Galway, marched upon and entered Madrid. Philip fled to Burgos. But the temper of the Spanish people is peculiar. They may be repulsed, but they cannot be subjugated. Charles made his public entry into the capital ; but the Spaniards would have nothing to say to him, and his partisans gradually learned the lesson that were their victories ten times as numerous and ten times as decisive, they could not establish the Archduke on the throne of Spain.

The war dragged on year by year. In Germany and the Netherlands our great general the Duke of Marlborough, won the battles of Blenheim, 1704, and Ramillies,

1706. In Spain the Dukes of Berwick and Vendôme worsted the Allies. Berwick relieved Madrid. In 1707 Galway was disgracefully beaten at Almanza by the French. In 1710 the Allies again contrived to enter the capital, and Philip fled—for the second time—to Valladolid. But Charles was so detested by the Spaniards that his life was threatened, and he had to be sent away to Cataluña, while the rest of the Allies retired to Aragon. Shortly afterwards the British were beaten afresh at Brihuega, and the Duke of Vendôme drove the allied forces from province to province, until he finally penned them up—a ragged remnant of a great army—in Barcelona.

At this juncture, when matters were looking very black indeed for Charles, his brother the Emperor Joseph died, leaving him his throne, and the question was peacefully solved, since Charles had no wish to rule both Germany and Spain, nor would his allies have suffered him to do so. The peace of Utrecht (1713) confirmed Philip as

King of Spain and her American colonies ; the Netherlands, Milan, Naples, and Sardinia were awarded to the Archduke (now the Emperor) Charles. England retained Gibraltar.

The rest of Philip's reign was uneventful. He was weak in character, and completely under the influence of his wives, Maria Louisa and Isabella Farnese, and of Maria Louisa's first Lady of the Bedchamber, the Princess Orsini. He appears, however, to have desired to rule well.

The chief effect of his reign was to introduce into Spain French customs, architecture, and culture generally—a feature we observe in the Spanish authors, painters, and public buildings of that period.

The effect was a healthy one, for Spain had been prostrated by the ruinous incapacity of Philip III., Philip IV., and Charles II., and the introduction of French habits and ideals sent a thrill of new life through the exhausted nation.



CHAPTER XVII

FERDINAND VI. AND CHARLES III. (1746-1788)



FERDINAND VI., who thus succeeded to the throne in 1746, was weak and insignificant in appearance, but he was an excellent and conscientious king, animated by the best desires for the welfare and improvement of his country. Two years after his accession, Spain joined in signing the Treaty of Aix la Chapelle, by which, among other articles, all differences then existing between Spain and England were amicably adjusted.

During the eleven years of Ferdinand's

reign the Peninsula enjoyed uninterrupted peace, while the King, aided by his able minister, Zenon Somodevilla, Marquis de la Ensenada, did all in his power to foster commerce and agriculture, and increase the prosperity of the kingdom, a task in which he was notably successful.

Ferdinand's death in 1757 was due to his grief at the loss of his Queen, Maria Barbara of Portugal. As he left no heir, the crown passed to his brother, Charles III., who was already King of Sicily and Naples.

On ascending the Spanish throne Charles III. formally renounced the crown of Sicily and Naples in favour of his third son, Ferdinand, since his eldest son Philip was imbecile and unfit to govern. Prior to his departure for Spain Charles placed his sword in Ferdinand's hands and said to him, 'Louis XIV., King of France, gave this sword to my father and your grandfather, Philip V., who gave it to me. So do I give it to you, in order that you may use it in defence of our religion and your subjects.'

After uttering these solemn words Charles embarked from Naples and made his entry into Madrid on the 9th of December. He was encouragingly received, for he had already acquired fame as a just and prudent ruler, and hopes were entertained that he would prove the same in the Peninsula—‘hopes,’ says a Spanish writer, ‘in which, to tell truth, we were not disappointed.’

The first act of the new King was to purge the government of all incapable and corrupt officials. He then proceeded to effect economies in the exchequer, and aided the labouring classes, causing wheat to be imported for them from abroad, while he gave them land to cultivate, and thus developed greatly the amazing resources of the bountiful Spanish soil.

While Charles was thus restoring the decayed fortunes of Spain, England and France, those ancient foes, were hard at war, France having lost Canada, Cape Breton, and other American possessions. It was unfortunate for Charles that, like

his kinsmen the French, he was a violent hater of the English. In 1761 he was misguided enough, under the silly pretext that the English were in the habit of laying hands on Spanish vessels and searching them, to sign the 'Family Pact,' as it was called,—an engagement between France, Spain, Naples, and Turin, by the terms of which the House of Bourbon was to unite for its defence against all enemies—by which you must understand against Great Britain in particular.

Anxious lest the English should obtain a footing in Portugal, Charles invited the Portuguese King to join the alliance, and on his refusal invaded Portugal, where an English army had landed. Some desultory fighting followed. In the meantime the British attacked Havana, the capital of Cuba, and took the Morro Castle, which guards the entrance to the harbour. The Spanish Governor, Don Luis Velasco, died covered with wounds, fighting bravely. We had also succeeded in capturing Manila, in

the Philippine Islands, when the King of France tired of war and proposed peace to England, who accepted the offer, and on February 10, 1763, signed a treaty by which all differences were adjusted. In return for certain concessions on the part of Spain we restored to her Manila and Havana.

Although Spain had been thus involved in war, Charles had not omitted to act upon the good example set him by his brother and predecessor, Ferdinand, and continued to protect and develop the national resources. He established in nearly every province of the kingdom societies called 'Friends of the Country,' which were destined to encourage agriculture, founded military academies, and a college of artillery at Segovia, and constructed a number of beautiful and spacious public buildings within the capital.

About this time he raised to the post of prime minister an Italian named the Marquis of Squilache. Squilache appears to have been a well-intentioned man, but the Spaniards

did not like him. 'Foreigners,' says a Spanish author, 'who have been raised to high posts in Spain, have always been unfavourably and contemptuously regarded by the Spanish people, which ever preferred its own countrymen, even though their merits should be less.' Squilache hastened his downfall by a ridiculous prohibition against the use of broad-brimmed hats — called *chambergos*, and then largely in fashion — and long cloaks, since he believed that these articles of apparel aided the disguise and concealment of evildoers. On March 26, 1766, a noisy mob made its way to the palace and clamoured for the dismissal of Squilache, compelling Charles to adopt the somewhat undignified proceeding of stepping on to the balcony and assuring them that their desire should be complied with. He was, however, desirous of protecting his minister, and took him to Aranjuez, near Madrid ; but fresh disturbance followed, and in the end Squilache was dismissed from his position. After a little while he was suc-

ceeded as prime minister by the Count of Aranda.

On February 17, 1767, the King issued a decree expelling the Jesuits from Spain—a severe measure, the exact causes of which have never been thoroughly ascertained.

A few years later there rose into prominence as Minister of State, Don Jose Moñino, Count of Floridablanca, a remarkable man, who had risen from the humblest position to the highest dignities a state can bestow upon its most deserving sons. He was active and diligent, cautious and clear-headed, and a devoted servant of his King and country. Spain owes much to him.

France and England were again at war, and Louis XVI. persuaded Spain to join with him and become his ally. A combined French and Spanish fleet of fifty-two sail of the line, and a large number of frigates, blockaded Plymouth, but our defences were in excellent order, and the enemy were forced to retire, having done us no damage beyond the capture of one of our vessels, the

Ardent, of sixty-four guns. In America we suffered some small reverses at the hands of Spain.

But in the instances where we have been at war with Spain during modern times, the chief bone of contention has always been the possession of Gibraltar, and it was principally in the hope of recovering Gibraltar that in the present case Charles joined in declaring war against Great Britain.

Gibraltar was fairly well garrisoned and supplied with artillery, when there appeared upon the level plain about San Roque, which confronts the famous fortress, a besieging army of French and Spanish forces. At the same time that Gibraltar was defending itself, our valiant admiral, Rodney, cruised up and down the Strait of Gibraltar, capturing various of the enemy's ships, and defeating a strong Spanish squadron. He ultimately relieved the fortress, introducing into the bay a hundred and eight transports laden with provisions and ammunition. Upon this the allies raised the siege,

But if they were foiled in their attempts upon Gibraltar they met with better success in an expedition sent against Mahon, in the Balearic Islands, capturing the fort of San Felipe and making prisoners of the British Governor, Lord Murray, and his garrison.

The recovery of Mahon induced Charles to renew his designs against Gibraltar, and after greatly strengthening the besieging forces he reattacked it. The siege was laid with all possible care, strong outworks being constructed, and formidable batteries planted at the most convenient and commanding spots.

‘At that time the Governor of Gibraltar was General Sir George Augustus Eliott, a soldier of distinguished talents, of astonishing activity, calm in moments of peril, and resolute under adversity, of gentle disposition, though stern when sternness was required, and so humane that he won even greater glory by his benevolence of heart than by his merits as a warrior.’ I am able to quote the above words from a Spanish

work,^{*} in order to avoid suspicion of partiality towards our illustrious general, and because the Spanish character, brave and generous in itself, is ever ready to acknowledge valour in an enemy.

At the opening of the siege the Spanish and French forces numbered 13,740 men, the Gibraltar garrison 5,380. The allied army was subsequently raised to 20,000 by the arrival of reinforcements. On the 12th of September, 1779, the first shots were fired from the batteries of the fortress, doing heavy damage in the Spanish and French lines, and from that date onwards the siege lasted month after month.

In the following year—1780—the Spanish and English Governments tried to arrange a truce, but the negotiations were unsuccessful, and hostilities continued as before.

Another year elapsed. In June of 1782 the Duke of Crillon, who had captured Menorca, appeared to take command of the allied troops, whose numbers were raised to three-and-thirty thousand men.

^{*} Montero, *Historia de Gibraltar y de su campo*.

At length the French and Spanish commanders planned a great attack on the fortress. On the morning of September 13th there appeared off the British ramparts ten enormous floating batteries, strongly constructed, mounting 138 guns, and manned by over 5,000 men. On they came to within nine hundred yards of the fortress. Then the British batteries opened a terrific fire. Hour after hour both sides kept pounding away, until it occurred to the garrison to use red-hot shot, with the object of setting the floating batteries on fire. The effect was both immediate and deadly. One by one the ponderous structures broke into flames, while the poor gunners, in order to escape an awful death, threw themselves into the water, where many perished. Three of the batteries blew up ; others were set on fire by their officers and abandoned. The last that remained of them was 'seven great bonfires shooting up out of the water, and lighting up the very summits of the neighbouring hills !' The scene was so horrible that even the

defenders of the fortress were moved to pity, and a brave brigadier, named Curtis, putting to sea with a few small boats, succeeded, at grave risk to his own life, in rescuing no less than 12 officers and 345 soldiers of the defeated Spaniards and French.

Shortly afterwards the English admiral, Lord Howe, relieved Gibraltar, entering the bay with a squadron of 34 sail, and since the allies were by this time convinced that the capture of the fortress was impossible, and that it was useless to waste more men and money on the enterprise, which had cost Spain alone twelve millions of dollars, a peace was concerted between England, Spain, and France, England remaining in possession of Gibraltar.

One day after the truce was declared the Duke of Crillon paid a visit to General Eliott, who showed him the defences of Gibraltar. 'These works,' said Crillon, pointing admiringly to the batteries cut out of the massive rock, 'are worthy of the Romans.' As for the intrepid Eliott,

he was rewarded for his gallant defence with the Order of the Bath and a Peerage, being created Baron Heathfield of Gibraltar.

Charles devoted the rest of his reign to improving the condition of his kingdom, constructing canals and roads, encouraging trade and agriculture, and strengthening the army and the navy, so that at his death he left a fleet of seventy-six ships of the line, fifty-one frigates, and a large number of smaller craft.

His life, in spite of one or two disastrous errors, such as his wars with England, was nevertheless crowned by many excellent and admirable works. He died in 1788, much lamented by his people. 'Happy is the king,' observes a Spanish historian, 'who deserves that his subjects shall shed tears for his loss. Such was Charles III., the honour and glory of Spain and of the illustrious House of the Bourbons.'



CHAPTER XVIII

CHARLES IV. (1788-1808)



CHARLES IV. of Spain was a weak, affable monarch, of limited talents and education, and entirely unfit to rule a kingdom with firmness or discretion. He married Maria Luisa, daughter of Philip, Duke of Parma.

Shortly after Charles's accession occurred in France the terrible upheaval known as the French Revolution, which began in 1789, and was destined to furnish the history of France with so many of its darkest and saddest pages. The French King, Louis XVI., recognising his peril, attempted to

fly from Paris, but was discovered, brought back, and sentenced to death—a sentence which was cruelly executed on January 21, 1793.

There now appears upon the scene of Spain's affairs Don Manuel Godoy, famous to Spanish history as 'the Prince of the Peace,' a title whose origin you shall shortly learn. At the outset of his startling career Manuel Godoy was a humble trooper of the royal bodyguard. Chancing, however, to attract the favourable notice of the King and Queen, he was promoted to the highest posts and honours, and speedily rose to be Duke of Alcudia, Captain-General of the Spanish forces, and, in 1793, Minister of State.

At the moment when Godoy was promoted to this latter and all-important post, the relations between Spain and France were exceedingly delicate, and a single act of ministerial indiscretion might bring on a war. It was madness, therefore, to entrust a series of most difficult negotiations to a

raw and inexperienced young man, even were he as talented and brilliant as Godoy was represented to be.

Godoy, without troubling himself about the consequences, lost no time in persuading the weak King to declare war with France. Spain was badly beaten. Her armies, indeed, crossed the French frontier, but were driven back with heavy loss. In 1795 the French forces seized a portion of the Basque provinces and invaded Cataluña, capturing the fortified town of Figueras, which they held for a year. After three years of costly strife, a peace was concluded on terms humiliating to Spain. The latter was to give up her share of the West Indian island of Santo Domingo. She was also to pay an indemnity of twenty-eight million dollars, and hold, in readiness to lend to France—should France at any time require them against her neighbours—16,000 infantry and 6,000 cavalry, together with 15 battle-ships and their crews. It was after this peace, which was made at the time to

appear less disgraceful and degrading than it actually was, that the title 'Prince of the Peace' was bestowed upon Godoy. It was bestowed upon him as an honourable appellation. History has converted it into an insulting nickname.

Godoy did not for long attempt to justify his peaceful appellation. By his advice war was soon after declared with England. It resulted as disastrously for the Peninsula as the campaign against the French. Off Cape St. Vincent the British admiral, Jervis, inflicted a rousing defeat on the Spanish squadron, composed of twenty-seven sail of the line, four frigates, and a cutter.

In October of 1801 peace was made between France and the remaining Powers. A couple of years later Napoleon Buonaparte, who, from a lieutenant of the army, had, by his military gifts, marvellous energy, and stern, indomitable will, risen to be the Emperor and supreme head of France, haughtily rejected the terms of the treaty

and prepared to make himself master, not only of France, but of all Europe. Having thus opened hostilities against the Powers, he called upon Spain to fulfil her obligations contracted by the previous treaty, and provide him with the 16,000 infantry and 6,000 cavalry then stipulated. From this ignoble obligation Spain redeemed herself by promising to pay to France the yearly sum of twenty-four millions of reals,¹ but, before this arrangement became effective, war broke out between France and Spain combined against Great Britain.

The result was again disastrous for Spain. At the Battle of Trafalgar, October 21, 1805, the French and Spanish fleets were annihilated, though the Spaniards fought heroically. Their captains, Gravina, Churruca, and Alcalá Galiano were killed fighting valiantly to the last. And I need not remind you that in this ever-memorable combat our immortal Nelson met his death,

¹ A real=one-fourth of a peseta, or from three-halfpence to twopence.

struck by a rifle-ball aimed from the rigging of the French three-decker, the *Redoutable*. It was a sad scene when our fleet put into Gibraltar, victorious, but with the dead body of our great admiral lying on board his flagship.

While Spain's fortunes were thus sinking lower and lower, the star of the favourite Godoy was still in the ascendant. He was general of all Spain's armies, admiral of her marine, and now, to cap his previous honours, he married a princess of the blood royal, daughter of the Infante Don Luis.

Spain's losses and humiliations continued. A secret treaty transferred to France the Spanish colony of Louisiana in North America, together with twenty-four million reals and six sail of the line. In return for this Napoleon was to crown, as King of Tuscany, Luis, heir to the Duchy of Parma, and son-in-law of Charles IV. Napoleon, however, broke his word, sold Louisiana to the United States for four hundred and four millions of reals, and

on the King of Tuscany dying, united that realm with Naples.

Napoleon, who was almost as great a political schemer as he was a general, now began to cast an ambitious eye upon Spain and Portugal. Entering into negotiations with Charles IV., he consented that Portugal should be divided into three principalities, the first of which was to be allotted to the Prince of Brazil, the second to the widowed Queen of Tuscany, and the third to Don Manuel Godoy. Under this arrangement Napoleon ingeniously introduced into Spain, apparently in the friendliest manner, a French army 36,000 strong, alleging that it was there merely to bring pressure to bear on Portugal, should such pressure become necessary.

The French army, therefore, under General Junot, passed through Castile, and upon being joined by a Spanish army of 20,000 men, marched upon Portugal. As usual, the Spaniards were outwitted by Napoleon. The princes of

Portugal fled to America, abandoning their kingdom to the utterest confusion. Under a pretext that the country must, owing to its distracted state, be placed under a single ruler, Junot promptly proclaimed Napoleon King of Portugal. Shortly afterwards the French Emperor sent another formidable army into the Peninsula.

Crossing the Spanish frontiers to the north and north-east, his troops occupied San Sebastian, Pamplona, Barcelona, and Figueras. The ridiculous pretence was still kept up that France and Spain were the very best of friends, and that Napoleon's measures were entirely peaceful. And all the while the French forces, under the able command of Prince Murat, Napoleon's brother-in-law, kept working nearer and nearer to the Spanish capital.

Now the Spanish people, who are not stupid or slow-witted, saw very clearly what were the designs of Napoleon, and called upon their King to explain the presence within their land of a French army. Just then

it was rumoured that the heir to the throne, Prince Ferdinand, was about to marry a relative of Napoleon. Charles's explanation that the relations between France and Spain were entirely friendly could not have been lamer or more distant from the truth, but it appeared to be borne out by the report of the prince's marriage, and for the moment satisfied the nation.

Not for long, however. The cowardly and traitorous designs of Godoy had arrived at such a pitch that he projected that the King and Queen should fly from the Peninsula, embarking for America, and abandoning their kingdom to the French. Madrid heard of the plot and resolved to prevent its execution and sternly punish Godoy. Godoy's favourite residence was at Aranjuez, a pleasant little town some twenty miles from the capital. On the night of March 18, 1808, the enraged populace attacked the favourite's Aranjuez palace (Godoy was there at the time), broke in the doors, and hunted everywhere for the wretched minion. It

was not until ten in the morning of the following day that they discovered him, crouching in an attic, among a pile of carpets and broken furniture. Dragging him forth, they would have torn him to pieces, had not Prince Ferdinand interceded to protect him from their fury, promising to have him punished.

The King was by this time so intensely unpopular, that on the 19th of March he abdicated in favour of his son Ferdinand. Five days later the new King made his public entry into Madrid. His reception was brilliant and encouraging in the extreme. Report had spoken well of his mental qualities and good intentions, and his suffering country confidently looked to him for help in the numerous troubles which had befallen her. Never did a nation welcome its ruler with greater joy and hopefulness. Never were a nation's hopes more cruelly disappointed.



CHAPTER XIX

FERDINAND VII., ISABELLA II., AND AMADEO OF
SAVOY (1808-1871)



FERDINAND VII. ascended the Spanish throne at a juncture when Napoleon Buonaparte was scheming to secure it for his brother Joseph, King of Naples.

A series of negotiations followed, in which the Spanish royal family played a most ignoble part. Napoleon enticed them to Bayonne, and there concluded a pact with Ferdinand by virtue of which that prince renounced the crown of Spain in favour of Joseph Buonaparte. Accordingly, while Napoleon conducted Ferdinand to the

castle of Valençay, where he detained him, half as a prisoner, half as a guest, the French army, under Murat, entered Madrid.

But the Spanish people, ever brave and independent, were far from acquiescing in the attitude of their craven-hearted prince. On the 2nd of May, 1808—a date for ever memorable in the annals of the country—they rose against their oppressors, fighting desperately in the streets and squares of the city; and only succumbed to the French troops after performing prodigies of heroism. From that moment may be said to date the sanguinary “War of Spanish Independence,” which was to last six years and cost Napoleon the lives of three hundred thousand of his soldiers.

In July a French army 17,000 strong, under Dupont and Bedel, was defeated at Bailen, and capitulated to the Spanish general, Castaños. An alliance to resist Napoleon was formed between Spain and England, and in the same month as the

battle of Bailen, the Duke of Wellington—at that time Sir Arthur Wellesley—landed in Portugal with 10,000 troops, which were subsequently trebled. Defeating the French at Vimeiro, three weeks later, Wellington compelled General Junot to evacuate Portugal. This reverse induced Napoleon to visit Spain in person. He marched upon Madrid, captured it after a three days' siege, and was beginning to revise the Constitution according to his liking, when the critical condition of his cause elsewhere obliged him to leave the country, King Joseph, whose character was feeble and pacific, remaining in precarious occupation of Madrid.

By this time the war was well aflame in all parts of the Peninsula. In 1809 the British general, Sir John Moore, was defeated and killed by the forces of Marshal Soult at Coruña. In the same year the cities of Gerona and Saragossa were defended by the Spaniards with unparalleled heroism. The French troops, trained, and many of them veteran soldiers, had to fight

their way from house to house and inch by inch. The streets were piled breast-high with the bodies of the slain. Even the women fought, and at Saragossa a young girl of two-and-twenty serving one of the cannon during the siege has earned undying fame as 'The Maid of Saragossa.'

But in spite of this obstinate resistance the French gained ground, driving before them the 'Junta Central,' or National Council of Government. On the occupation of Madrid by Napoleon, the Junta had fled to Seville. Now it was obliged to quit Seville and take refuge in Cadiz, whence the French, masters of the rest of Andalusia, were unable to dislodge it.

While these events were proceeding in the extreme south, Wellington inflicted a severe defeat on the French at Talavera, July 27, 28, and 29, 1809. The Duke del Parque defeated them again at Tamames, and Castaños and Beresford at Albuera. The invaders, in their turn, won the engagements of Ocaña and Almonacid—and

thus the fortunes of the combatants kept alternating.

In 1812 the Council of Government, which, in spite of its persecution by the French, had never ceased to exercise its functions with admirable serenity, drew up at Cadiz the new Constitution, known as the 'Constitution of Cadiz,' or 'of 1812.'

In that year Wellington defeated the French at Salamanca, and, in 1813, at Vitoria. These victories destroyed the French cause in the Peninsula, the more especially as Napoleon, in order to attend to his campaign in Russia, had withdrawn a number of his troops, and a few weeks later the enemy *en masse* retreated through the Pyrenees. In December, 1813, Napoleon signed a treaty re-establishing Ferdinand on the throne of Spain.

Ferdinand was a despot. His first act was to trample on the Constitution which had been drawn up by the Junta Central at Cadiz. The people endured the tyranny for some years, but in 1820 an insurrection broke out at Cabezas de San Juan, in Andalusia. It

was headed by Riego, a brave patriot, and was so successful that in March it compelled the King to sign a decree restoring the Cadiz Constitution. In 1822 a civil war broke out. A French army, led by the Duke of Angoulême, entered the Peninsula, tampering with the national affairs as in the days of Charles IV. Ferdinand, who had exasperated his subjects by his faithlessness and cruelty, had been imprisoned by them. The French released him, and Ferdinand's conduct became more cruel and despotic than ever.

In 1829 he married the last of his four wives, Maria Cristina of Naples. Having no male heir, he was anxious that at his death the crown should pass to the elder of his two daughters, Isabella, rather than to his brother, Don Carlos. Accordingly, he persuaded the Cortes to renew its decisions of 1789 and 1812, which had abolished the Salic Law,¹ and rendered it lawful and in

¹ This ancient law, dating from the fifth century, excluded females from inheriting property, or a throne.

accordance with the letter and spirit of the Constitution, for a female to succeed to the throne. In favour of Don Carlos it may be said that he was born before the meeting of the Cortes of 1789, and that an older decree dates from the time of Philip V. to the effect that 'women could succeed only in default of male heirs, not only in the direct, but in the collateral branches'—in which case Don Carlos's claim as brother of the King, would be indisputable.

Whether, in leaving the crown to his daughter, Ferdinand was or was not infringing the Constitution, is a question we are not at liberty to examine here. In 1833 he died. Maria Cristina continued to act as Regent, until her daughter Isabella should come of age, and Don Carlos took up arms to claim the Crown. Thus originated a war which raged for seven years, between the 'Carlists' and 'Cristinos.' Madrid and the southern provinces were for the Queen. Don Carlos's cause was strongest in the north,

especially in the Basque provinces, where the Carlists, under the able leadership of Tomás Zumalacárregui, more than held their own.

The history of those times is painful, as showing how a once great nation may be reduced by bad government and other simple causes. Maria Cristina made a weak and timid regent. The country, year by year, was wasted by the Carlist war. Other risings occurred in various provinces, and the Court was beset by a horde of greedy and unscrupulous politicians, anxious to fill their own pockets and pursue their own ambitious schemes, rather than to alleviate the sufferings and poverty of the nation.

At length, in 1840, General Espartero, who had triumphed over the Carlists and ended the war, formed a powerful party in opposition to Maria Cristina, drove her from the country, and proclaimed himself the regent of the young Queen Isabella. In 1842, when his dictatorial measures had rendered him unpopular, he fell from power, and was succeeded by Narvaez, also a

general in the army, and a man of strong character and praiseworthy ideals. But military dictatorships and regencies are seldom stable or tranquil, and the affairs of the kingdom were in a constant state of confusion. Queen Isabella was proclaimed of age in 1843. Three years later she married her cousin, Francis of Bourbon. She disgusted the nation by her frivolous life, and her reign was one perpetual round of discontent in the provinces and of sterile party warfare in Madrid. At length, in 1868, the *Pronunciamiento*—a document in which the national wrongs and evils were sternly detailed—induced Isabella to abdicate. Anarchy ensued. In course of time a new Constitution was prepared on a strictly monarchical basis, and it was decided to elect a King from among a number of foreign princes. As a result of the voting, the crown was offered to the brother of the King of Italy, Amadeo of Savoy, who accepted it. In January, 1871, he made his public entry into Madrid and took the oath of sovereignty.



CHAPTER XX

CONTEMPORARY SPAIN. THE WAR WITH THE UNITED STATES. CONCLUSION (1871-1899)



TWO years after his accession Amadeo found his situation intolerable owing to the machinations of the anti-monarchical party, and quietly abdicated. He was succeeded by the Republic of 1873. This also lasted but a couple of years. Pi y Margall, Salmeron, and Castelar, all three able men, rapidly followed one another as presidents, but little or nothing was done to regulate the prevailing confusion, and matters only went from bad to worse.

In 1875 Alfonso, son of the exiled Isabella II., was brought to Spain and crowned as

Alfonso XII. He was a well-educated young prince, of agreeable manners, and highly popular among his subjects. His first wife, Maria de las Mercedes, a Spanish princess, died within a year of their marriage. He then married Maria Christina, Archduchess of Austria. In 1885 he died at the early age of twenty-eight years. His only son, Alfonso XIII., is the present boy-king. His mother acts as regent until he shall attain his majority.

The political parties in contemporary Spain are the Liberals and the Conservatives, the Republicans and the Carlists. The Liberals and Conservatives are both in favour of the monarchy. The Liberal leader is Señor Sagasta, a veteran statesman of great experience and astuteness. The Conservatives, since their distinguished chief, Señor Canovas del Castillo, was assassinated in August, 1897, have subdivided into several groups, of the most prominent of which Señor Silvela is leader. The Republicans are captained by Señores Salmeron and Labra, since Señor

Castelar has practically retired from active politics. The Carlists are represented in the Cortes, and from time to time predict the speedy advent to the throne of Don Carlos de Bourbon, grandson of the brother of Ferdinand VII., the Don Carlos who originated the first Carlist war.

For a great many years Spain has been troubled by her colonies, in South America, the West Indies, and elsewhere. The daring voyages of Christopher Columbus were speedily followed by a number of similar enterprises, and within a century of the discovery of the New World the whole of South and Central America was Spanish territory. In 1506 Vicente Pinzon discovered the La Plata river. A few years later Vasco Nuñez de Balboa crossed the Isthmus of Panama, and Ponce de Leon discovered Florida. In 1521 Magellan, sailing under the Spanish flag, doubled Cape Horn, and, beating up the Pacific, discovered the Philippine Archipelago. The mighty work of discovery, annexation, and civilisation

busily continued under such men as Mendoza, Orellana, Hernan Cortés, and Pizarro, all of whom were Spaniards or working in the interests of the Spanish Crown.

But the Spanish character is better fitted for discovering colonies than for controlling them ; and it cannot be said that Spain's colonial rule has been at any period wise or beneficial. One after another her colonies struggled to break away from her — La Plata in 1811, Venezuela in 1823, Mexico in 1829, Peru in 1826 ; and finally freed themselves from Spanish sovereignty, so that at last there only remained to the mother country, besides a few minor towns and islands in Morocco and elsewhere, her West Indian possessions of Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines. Now she has lost these also.

In 1868 an obstinate rebellion broke out in Cuba and lasted for ten years. It was arrested by an insecure peace, which was destroyed in 1894 by a fresh rebellion, more obstinate and widespread than the former,

In her attempts to quell this latter rebellion Spain has transported two hundred and fifty thousand soldiers from the Peninsula to Cuba and lost from fifty to one hundred thousand of them. All this sacrifice of men and money has been made in vain. Cuba is no longer Spanish.

The United States of America had viewed the continual turmoil in Cuba with ever-increasing discontent. On the plea that the proximity of the Spanish island to their own shores constituted a menace to their citizens and commerce, they handed to the Spanish Government a series of notes demanding compensation for the loss of American life or the destruction of American property in Cuba.

Thanks to the heavy shipments of arms and ammunition surreptitiously introduced from the United States, the Cuban rebellion continued to hold its own. The Philippines revolted also, causing fresh trouble and expense to the mother country, who found it more than difficult to cope successfully with

two rebellions at a time. The United States grew more and more impatient at the length of the insurrection in Cuba, and the stern measures employed by the governor of the island, General Weyler, to stamp it out. The diplomatic notes handed by the American to the Spanish Ministry took a sharper and sharper tone, until they amounted to a demand for Spanish recognition of Cuban independence. Without in any way discussing the merits of the case, it may be said that the brusque wording of the American diplomatic correspondence was little calculated to conciliate the haughty and high-spirited character of the Spaniards. To aggravate the tension, the *Maine*, an American warship, blew up, with terrible loss of life, while on a reputedly friendly visit to Havana, and the United States promptly insinuated (and subsequently repeated as the verdict of an American committee of investigation), that the disaster had been caused by the explosion of a Spanish torpedo in Havana harbour.

By April, 1898, war between the United States and Spain had become inevitable. Towards the end of the month the American and Spanish ministers left Madrid and Washington respectively, and hostilities were opened. An American squadron under Commodore Dewey arrived at the Philippines, and on May 1st, in Cavite Bay, near Manila, defeated an inferior Spanish squadron under Admiral Montojo, completely destroying it. The coasts of Cuba were blockaded by the American fleets, and on the 12th of May one of their squadrons, under Admiral Sampson, unsuccessfully bombarded San Juan, the capital of Porto Rico.

In course of time it became evident that the capture of Havana would prove a long and tedious, if not impossible undertaking; so the American commanders shifted the scene of operations to Santiago—at the eastern end of the island, and within whose land-locked harbour four Spanish battle-ships, after carefully picking their way from Martinique, had anchored on May 19th.

The bulk, therefore, of the American navy repaired to Santiago, and closely blockaded that city, while a numerous military expedition arrived and invested it by land. For some weeks there was heavy fighting. The Spanish battleships which were locked within the harbour made an attempt to escape in broad daylight, but were shot to pieces and sunk, their admiral, Don Pascual Cervera, and crews being taken prisoners. On land the Spaniards held their own, fighting with their usual courage ; but their provisions ran short, and in the end the Spanish Government instructed their commanding officer, General Toral, to capitulate upon honourable terms.

It was clear by this time that the victory was bound to rest in the long run with the stronger and richer power, namely, the United States. Recognising, therefore, that nothing was to be gained by continuing so wanton a sacrifice of men and means, the Spanish ministry made overtures for peace, and on August 11th agreed to sign a pro-

tocol, a document which was to pave the way to a formal treaty of peace. The protocol stipulated :—

1. That Cuba should be independent.
2. That Spain should cede Porto Rico to the United States.
3. That the United States should occupy the city and bay of Manila, pending the conclusion of the peace treaty proper.

Immediately upon the signing of these conditions, hostilities ceased on both sides.

In the autumn a joint Commission of Spanish and American representatives met at Paris to settle the final terms of the peace treaty. By December 8th, the terms were concluded. They provided that Cuba should be independent of Spanish sovereignty, that Porto Rico and the whole of the Philippine Archipelago should be ceded to the United States, and that the latter should pay to Spain a sum of twenty millions of dollars as compensation for certain expenses contracted by Spain during her sovereignty in

the Philippines. The treaty was signed on December 10th.

The loss of her colonies is doubtless a severe blow to the pride of the Spanish nation. But it is quite possible that Spain, if she will be wise enough to foster and develop her vast internal resources, may find herself more prosperous without those colonies. They had long ceased to be a source of profit. Their maintenance was a heavy tax upon the revenues of the mother country. Their population was dissatisfied with Spanish rule, and perpetually scheming to be free. Macaulay says, with obvious truth, 'The reluctant obedience of distant provinces generally costs more than it is worth.' Such was the case with Cuba and the Philippines.

Bad government has been and is at the root of Spain's misfortunes. Taxes are high ; bread is dear ; one-third of her population can neither read nor write. But under a suitable administration she is quite capable of becoming once again a great and flourish-

ing power. She is frequently called a declining or decaying nation ; it is more exact to consider her as a nation prostrated by continual misgovernment. When her government ceases to be evil she will rise from her prostration. For the elements of wealth and prosperity are strong within her. The Spanish soil is exceedingly fertile, abounding in every kind of mineral, and grain, and marketable produce ; and the majority of the Spanish people are manly, generous, and brave, and not lounging idlers as is sometimes said of them, but sober, independent, and hardworking, especially the agricultural population and the lower middle classes.

I hope, therefore, that you will look upon Spain with reverence and admiration for her noble past, with regret for her present afflictions, and with hope and confidence for her future.

And some day, perhaps, when you pass through Castile, 'the land of Castles,' and the wild deserts of La Mancha, where Don

Quixote and his fat squire, Sancho Panza, met with such amusing adventures, or when you visit Granada with its marvellous court-yards and cool fountains, or Gothic Toledo, or sunny Valencia, the 'city of the Cid,' or Seville, or Cordova, or Madrid, or Salamanca—with their many, many reminiscences of bygone times—some day, when you leave your own country and observe all this for yourself, I hope you will recall the glimpse of Spanish history we have pursued together, and give a grateful memory and pleasant thought to what I have told you in these pages.



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