

IN A VOLUME OF ALDRICH'S POEMS.

WITH evening-star's blue tender radiance, caught
Through northern twilight in the winter-time,
These luminous cameos of beryl wrought
A master-workman in the gems of rhyme.

W. Bliss Carmen.

CASTELAR, THE ORATOR.

THE recent death of the King of Spain has drawn public attention once more to that country of volcanic politics, whose periodical eruptions are liable to settle at any moment into a new form of the administration of the Spanish state. Amid the strife of parties contending for supremacy following the death of the King, the figure of one Spaniard will be apt to rise to the vision of the outside world preëminent above all his fellows, the figure of Don Emilio Castelar. Throughout Christendom ten years ago the name of Castelar was a magic word. It was not that he had achieved the highest fame as an orator, but that as a democrat of the latest nineteenth-century type he had risen to the head of a republic in the most reactionary nation in Europe. Indeed, the fame of Castelar in 1873-4 was a star shining against the black night of Spanish political traditions. When the republic which was his creation fell almost with the suddenness of a star, the light of the man was too great to disappear. In the little more than a decade which has followed, Spain has repeated nearly all the vicissitudes of her fickle politics and parties. Castelar, self-pledged to accept office under nothing less than an absolutely popular government, has been content to remain in comparative political obscurity. But a genius like his is not dependent upon politics for its activity, and again and again, in literary addresses before the Academy of Madrid and in orations on themes of general polity, his eloquence has gone abroad.

In the nineteenth century no country but Spain could have produced Castelar. He is a product of her history, as he is a legitimate son of that fervent clime which has changed its children like its mountains to bronze. "Spain, it is that part of Africa commencing with the Pyrenees," said the wits of Paris a century ago. "It is that country sleeping on, untroubled, unheeding, impassive, receiving no impressions from the rest of the world, and making none upon it—a huge, torpid mass, the sole representative now remaining of the feelings and knowledge of the Middle Ages," wrote Buckle, in the present generation.

Such was or seemed Spain only a few years since, ruled over by a woman still living, Isabella II., who came to the Spanish throne three years earlier than Victoria to that of England. Under her reign one could succeed neither in dying nor in getting born in Spain unless he were a Catholic or had a special indulgence from the Pope,—the adherents of other faiths being refused both baptism and burial. Isabella's motto for ruling Spain was the simple traditional one of the Bourbons—"Pet the priests, rob the revenues, suppress the people." Her reign was a seething vat of anarchy till at last Isabella's government had grown well-nigh intolerable. With the ferment of French revolutions and Italian pronunciamientos for liberty in her blood, and prodded by this sore misrule, Spain was slowly heaving out of the lethargy of centuries, but knew not yet what she wanted. There were Royalists and Republicans, Carlists and Progressists, Primists and Esparteroists, Montpensierists and Isabellists,—thirty-four factions in all, with their infinite subdivisions.

Castelar's boyish entrance on this scene of the turbulent drama of Spanish politics thirty years since has been graphically described by a contemporary. It was literally a *coup de théâtre*. It was a September night in 1854, and ripe revolt was in the streets of the cities. A tempestuous electoral meeting was being held in the Teatro de Oriente in Madrid. Many orators had spoken, it was already late, and the audience was tired. An unknown youth, scarcely more than a boy of twenty, mounted the stage to address it. The assembly, annoyed at the appearance of a new speaker, began to disperse. But the young orator had not spoken many words before a few began to hesitate and call, "Hush!"

Then slowly, as there rang from the speaker's lips an accent and utterance such as never before had been heard in that ancient peninsula, the mass grew agitated to enthusiasm—till at last it burst into thunderous bravos of applause. In an hour the youth, who with his pale face and dark Andalusian eyes had entered as by accident into that assembly,

had become a celebrity. It was the boy Emilio Castelar, who, from his lodgings near the Normal School of Madrid, had wandered toward the theater, attracted thither by the sorrows of his agitated country.

In the morning hundreds of thousands of copies of his speech were winging over the provinces of southern Spain, and falling like autumn leaves in the streets of Madrid. And while the young radical was poring over his books in the Normal School, the journals were seeking his address, and inquiries were flying fast through the city as to his history and personality.

The details of his brief life when collected were soon told. Six years before the birth of his great Gallic compeer, Gambetta, Castelar had been ushered into life in southern Spain, at Cadiz, in the month of September, 1832. Like Gambetta, he was born of a family of trade, and had taken his first lessons at the knee of a mother of extraordinary capacity and courage. His father, Don Manuel Castelar, was an agent of exchange in the town of Alicante, in one of the most romantic of the Spanish south-eastern provinces facing the Mediterranean—Valencia. Being also a man of affairs, he had served at the time of his son's birth as commandant of the national militia, and afterwards as secretary to the revolutionary junta of Cadiz, at the period of the entrance of the Duke of Angoulême.

The families of both parents were passionately devoted to the liberal cause,—Castelar's mother having descended from ancestors traditionally hostile to the Bourbons. Don Manuel, dying in broken fortune, had left to his son, at the age of seven, only the heritage of a magnificent library, and to his noble and devoted wife the care of the son's training for a career of letters.

Placed in the schools of Alicante, young Castelar in his leisure hours at home turned himself loose in the paternal library, whose opulent accumulations of history, travels, science, and political economy he had conquered before the age of sixteen. In Alicante he had become already a prodigy of knowledge. Continuing four years longer in the local academy under the guidance of his mother and a brilliant and beautiful aunt, her sister, Francisca, he had been sent at the age of twenty to complete his education at Madrid.

From that inspired hour of the September night, in the theater of the Orient, Castelar was no longer a school-boy. His name was on hundreds of thousands of lips; the journals vied with each other for the service of his pen in their columns. The storm of the revolt of 1854

blew over, but this ardent boy of Valencia continued to make impassioned speeches at occasional assemblies, poured out eloquent radicalism in the newspapers, and completed, two years later, his literary novitiate. The University of Madrid hastened to secure the renown of his learning to adorn its chair of critical and philosophical history. "At the age of twenty-four he turned the chair of philosophical history of the University of Madrid forthwith into a public tribune from which to disseminate throughout Spain the most advanced sentiments with respect to every question of modern economy. Transforming history into a living philosophy of example, he advocated the emancipation of slaves in Cuba, the abolition of the tie between church and state, universal suffrage, and free education."*

No university, indeed, could have restrained within the limits of methodic routine a genius at once so ardent and so balanced as Castelar's. A little later he added to his professorial functions the editorship of a Madrid journal, as he had already been the contributor to a score of newspapers and reviews, and from that moment assailed the existing Government of Spain with the double might of the literary head of her foremost university and of the most brilliant journalist of the peninsula. Through that obscure providence by which history matches genius with occasion, the rule of Isabella was the foil of Castelar's talent as the reign of Napoleon became that of Gambetta. At the age of thirty he had become in Spain a dreaded force against the stability of the Bourbon throne.

An article in his journal denouncing the advisers of the Queen for claiming the crown lands of the state cost him at last, in 1864, his professorship in the university. In the month of June, 1866, there occurred a bloody and desperate rising of the artillery of Madrid. Castelar was implicated, with hundreds of others. He was arrested by the Government, imprisoned and sentenced by a royal council to death. Escaping from his prison by the aid of friends, he fled from Spain, traveling in France, Italy, and England, supporting himself by his pen, and pouring out on the world in books and essays those superb utterances in whose glow his name first rose over the verge of Christendom.

Two years more, and the Spanish Bourbon had reached her last crisis. Another day, another insurrection; a battle beyond the walls of Madrid in which the generals of the Government were overthrown,—the plethoric Queen looking on, out of breath, from distant

* See article on "Spain of To-day," by the present writer, in September number of the *International Review*, 1881.

San Sebastian — not daring to reënter the gates of her capital, not even for her hand-boxes and her poodle dogs. Then Isabella took her ungainly flight over the frontier.

The Spanish Revolution was complete. At its first sound Castelar hastened from exile, like Victor Hugo after Sedan. He had gone out from Spain a convict — he came back in almost Roman triumph. From Barcelona to the gates of the capital, his way through the cities of Spain was an ovation. Twelve thousand republicans assembled in the grand plaza to receive him and hear him speak. He had been martyred into the darling of the democracy. That first hour of Spain's redemption had touched her skies to double brightness. All things seemed possible to Liberty. Madrid, that splendid web of cities, Cordova, Saragossa, Seville, Cadiz, with a host of other towns, vied with one another to secure the services of Castelar as their representative in the Constituent Cortes. He chose for Saragossa, the heroic. The partisans of democracy believed that under his leading they could at once found the Republic. It was not so determined. The Cortes of '69, which Castelar entered as the most powerful and brilliant member, decreed as the first article of the new Constitution that Spain should continue as a monarchy. Then came an extraordinary spectacle. The crown which had pressed the brows of Ferdinand and Isabella the Great went begging for a head to wear it! After being thrown successively at the feet of seven royal dynasties of Europe and successively spurned, it was offered to a scion of German royalty whose name, it was said, no Spaniard could either pronounce or spell,—the very sound of whose title ignited the fiercest conflagration of modern Europe,—the Teutonic Herr, Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen!

At last the much-rejected regal bauble was shuffled on the fatuous brow of Amadeo, the second son of Victor Emanuel of Italy. Amadeo was unfortunate from the first. He was designated by the Spanish nobles as the intruder King. The irreverent populace dubbed him Macaroni I. The republicans assailed him in the Cortes. Castelar, addressing the monarchists, said: "It is a duty I owe my country and my conscience to say that on your work, in spite of its having come from far lands, over so many miles of sea and railway transit, all the world can read these words, 'Glass with care—Glass with care—Glass with care.'" The boys in the streets cried, "Italians to the train!"

Amadeo grew sick of his Spanish estates, and at the end of two years decided to accept

the advice of the street gamins. One February morning in 1873 he accordingly took the train for his Italian possessions in the valley of Aosta. Then came at last the awaited hour of the Republic. Castelar held in his brain a ready-made scheme of government—that of the United States. He drew a Constitution in twenty-four hours. In his ardor he believed that it would be a panacea for all the ills of his country; that he could "suddenly engraft on the ancient trunk of Spanish nationality, gnarled and deadened by centuries of superstition and tyranny, the quick buds of liberty."*

He would have builded his republic like that ideal one of Plato, to the sound of music. He rose to its presidency and was to make his trial. The experiment, like the monarchy of Amadeo, was a failure. Jealousies among his own party, the Republicans themselves, crises in the ministry, the priests, and the reactionary factions all conspired against him. The difficulties were overwhelming. "The new government, while offering to Spain for the first time in history the opportunity for freedom, liberated by its very novelty all the lawless elements of the nation. The Spanish people themselves were as yet ludicrously unschooled in the methods of popular government. The Republic and universal suffrage were accepted, in some parts of the country, to mean decorations to be distributed by the Government and worn on Sunday at the bull-fights."*

No human genius could have saved that Republic. But Castelar's figure and bearing through it all, as its animating soul, were magnificent. Disaster was but the setting of his resplendent courage. Against gloom itself his greatness cast a shadow, and before the end the sympathy and admiration of the world were his. Doomed beyond hope to failure, he still upheld for a time by the sheer force of his eloquence the hopes of his Republican countrymen for this ideal shape of human freedom. But there came speedily one of those days familiar to modern Europe—a day of *coup d'état*. On the second of January, 1874, General Pavia, Captain-General of Madrid, invading the Cortes, Cromwell-like, dispersed the assembly at the musket's mouth, and the days of the Republic were over. But its ferment endured in her blood. Castelar's reign had been as the khalifate of Abou Hassan—the reign of a day. The provisional government which ensued offered him a portfolio of office. He refused as haughtily as Cato. "My conscience," he said, "will not allow me to associate with demagogues, and my conscience and my honor keep me aloof from a state of things created by bayonets."

* "Spain of To-day," *International Review*, Sept., 1881.

And then, seeing no further service which in that crisis he could render Spain, he strode with dignity out of it on a second tour through Europe.

Such, until ten years since, when the Spanish Democracy fell, was the career of this great Latin Republican. But Castelar has been something more than the inspired citizen of a political epoch. He is a permanent part of the pride and greatness of his native land. Henceforward the historian must write: "Spain in the sixteenth century produced a cavalier novelist, Cervantes, who, turning his lance into a pen, pierced the bubble of her mediæval society; in the nineteenth century she gave birth to an orator, who, converting eloquence into a sword, hewed down the despotism of her state—Castelar." But the varied talents of this gifted Spaniard have a significance even beyond the bounds of his country: they are cosmopolitan.

Nature would seem to have withheld from him all those defects and rained upon him the excellences with which she has endowed the sons of eloquence since Demosthenes. He is the beau ideal of orators. Bossuet added the force of impassioned utterance to the religious fervors of an epoch. Danton, Mirabeau, and Camille Desmoulins were the mouthpieces of revolutionary tempest. Chatham was the orator of political vehemence and the budget. Webster, the majestic "expounder," was the orator of lawyers. Gladstone, that Saxon Nestor whose winged words are wont to bleach the sordid politics of England in a night, is the most facile of parliamentary polemics. Free from the limitations of these, Castelar adds to their various gifts a cosmic range of conception, a brilliance of expression wholly his own. He is the orator of the universal. Edmund Burke, the Bacon of political generalizers, talked to sleeping senators and empty benches. Castelar, with a passion for general truth more varied, because it is the passion of the poet, holds his audiences bound as with a spell.

The resources of learning which feed the flame of his tongue appear inexhaustible. The data of science and history are at his instant command, employed not as by other orators for rhetorical adornment, but woven in the woof of his thought. So prolonged, so accurate, so minute has been his examination of the past that every age appears to have exhaled to him its secret. As one hears him speak, the winds of the centuries seem blowing across his fervid spirit as over an æolian harp, issuing in solemn music from his lips.

Describing his own consciousness in the presence of the Parliament, he has said: "I no longer see the walls of the chamber; I be-

hold only distant peoples and ages which I have never seen." From Rome, Egypt, Assyria, Palmyra, or Carthage he plucks his arguments and symbols, as if antique empires were but things of yesterday. His prodigious learning is no less at home with the present. The politics and policies, the histories and secret diplomacies, the arts, the literatures, the systems of economy of the European states,—his familiar studies of the closet,—fused in the glowing alembic of his brain, are poured out at will in the amazing flights of his oratory.

Many of the occasions of Castelar's eloquence have been as scenic as the effects of his oratory itself. It was on his visit to Italy in 1875, after having left Spain for the second time in the previous year, that he stood in a magnificent banqueting-hall in Rome. Italy had only recently achieved that scheme of unity and independence born in the dreams of her mediæval poets. An entombed nationality risen from the dust, a specter ripe-veined with life, aglow with color as the dawn over the Apennines, she stood erect, a miracle confronting history. In that Roman banqueting-hall the great chiefs of her resurrection and independence, headed by Mancini, Depretis, and Crispi, had assembled to do honor to the Spaniard. Over them swung the kissing banners of the Italian states mingled with the colors of Spain. To the enthusiastic address of welcome from the lips of the Roman chiefs, Castelar began his memorable response: "Gentlemen, the dream of fifteen centuries is realized. You have done what the Roman Cæsars could not do, nor the Ostrogoths nor the Lombard kings. What Frederic of Suabia and his illustrious descendants could not effect by their death-struggle with the Guelphs and the Angevins,—that which neither Dante nor Petrarch saw in spite of invoking the Emperor of Germany to make the sword of the Holy Empire the axis round which Italy revolved,—that which Julius II. could not effect with his cannon, nor Leo X. with his arts,—that which Savonarola could not make a reality by giving himself to God, nor Macchiavelli by giving himself to the Devil, has been done by you. You have made Italy one; you have made Italy free; you have made Italy independent."

On a field night in the Cortes, in the discussion of a proposed constitutional clause establishing universal religious toleration, Castelar was charged by the clerical faction with atheism. The orator sprang to his feet, and advancing to the very front of the chamber startled the deputies by holding in his uplifted hand the fragment of a human skull gathered from the moldering heaps of dust of those victims who had been burned on the grand

plaza of Toledo by the order of the Inquisition in the reign of Philip II., while he invoked the spirits of the countless martyrs to religious intolerance, and with volcanic flashes of eloquence drew the picture of Spain desolated under her centuries of superstition. The occasion was dramatic almost beyond oratorical precedent, and the effect indescribable. The session of the Cortes was abruptly suspended.

Castelar's greatest triumphs in eloquence have been mainly achieved like this one before the Spanish parliamentary assembly. He has long been the acknowledged first orator of that presence. Every deputy readily makes way for him. "Place to Castelar!" is a motto of the assembly. His eloquence was a familiar to Spain now for twenty years, but it is still considered an event in Madrid to hear him speak. His friend, the Italian Edmondo de Amicis, in his "Spain and the Spaniards," has thus graphically described him as he appears before the Cortes: "On the day he is to speak . . . the President arranges matters so that his turn comes when the tribunes are crowded and all the deputies are in their places; his newspapers announce his speech the evening before, so that the ladies may procure tickets. . . . Before speaking he is restless and cannot keep quiet one instant. He enters the chamber, leaves it, reënters, goes out again, wanders through the corridors, goes into the library and turns over the leaves of a book; rushes into the café to take a glass of water; seems to be seized with a fever; fancies he will not know how to put the words together, that he will be laughed at or hissed; not a single lucid idea of his speech remains in his head—he has confused and forgotten everything. 'How is your pulse?' his friends ask smilingly. When the solemn moment arrives, he takes his place with bowed head, trembling and pallid as a man condemned to death, who is resigned to losing in a single day the glory acquired with so many years of fatigue. He gives a glance around him and says, 'Señores.' He is saved! His courage returns. His mind grows clear and his speech comes back to him like a forgotten air. The President, the Cortes, the tribunes disappear. He sees nothing but his gestures, hears nothing but his own voice, and feels naught but the irresistible flame which burns within him, and the mysterious force which sustains and upholds him." His eloquence is music; he has harmony in his mind, and follows it. One must hear him in order to credit the fact that human speech without poetical measure can so closely approach to the harmony of song. His heart is that of an artist as well as his intellect. "He speaks by the hour, and not a single deputy leaves the room; not a person

moves in the tribunes, not a voice interrupts him; not even when he breaks the regulations has the President sufficient courage to interrupt him. He displays at his ease the picture of his republic clothed in white and crowned with roses, and the monarchists do not dare protest, because, so clothed, they too find it beautiful. Castelar is master of the assembly; he thunders, lightens, sings, rages, and gleams like fireworks, makes his auditors smile, calls forth shouts of enthusiasm, and goes away with his head in a whirl."

Like Cavour, Castelar has drawn his inspirations of liberty from the English Constitution. Solitary among continental statesmen, he understands the genius of the United States—that absolute spirit of liberty which is not Celtic but Saxon, which does not persecute and is without fear. Of this spirit he became, in the epoch after the flight of Isabella, the illumined expositor and apostle, filling Spain with the light of its teaching.

Such is Castelar's place in the history of his country. And not in Spain alone, but in all Europe he has implanted conceptions of democracy which will not die. To him the Continent has been at school. Castelar's dream is the Federal Republic of Europe.

In Spain they never tire of repeating passages from the splendid outbursts of his eloquence during that formative epoch succeeding the Revolution.

"I would wish," he said, "for my country the art of Italy, the thought and science of Germany, the genius and universal spirit of France, the liberty and labor of England, the democracy and the Republic of the United States."

It is against the Spanish priests, and the mighty influence of Rome in his native land, in their hostility to progress and free government, that Castelar has waged his most tremendous warfare. In framing measures of reform he has a hundred times beaten them back, terrifying them into silence in the Parliament, with scorching rebuke. Closing his address in the debate already alluded to, on religious toleration, he gave utterance to one of his most soaring periods: "God is great in Sinai. The thunders precede him, the lightnings attend him, the earth trembles, the mountains fall in fragments. But there is a greater God than this. On Calvary, nailed to a cross, wounded, thirsting, dying, he prays, 'Father, forgive my executioners, pardon my persecutors, for they know not what they do!' Great is the religion of power, but greater is the religion of love. Great is the religion of implacable justice, but greater is the religion of pardoning mercy. And I, in the name of that religion,—I, in the name of the Gospel,

appeal to you, legislators of Spain, to place in the front of your fundamental constitution liberty, equality, fraternity with all mankind!" Then, facing the clerical deputies, he exclaimed: "Gentlemen, you are at war with the Head of your church! Were I a priest, I would pray, 'God bless these legislators, who are enacting on earth thy justice and thy grace!'"

The utterances of Castelar, as strong and rhetorically surpassing as they must be acknowledged to be in any tongue, lose something of their proper cadence and effect in translation. His diction, converted into English, has frequently the appearance of redundancy, and even of hyperbole. He should be heard and read in Spanish. No language but the sonorous and poetic speech of Castile, majestic as Homer, musical as the plashings of the Mediterranean on the shores of his native land, could fitly voice his eloquence.*

In the temperature of his opinions Castelar belongs both to the older and newer time. As a mere artist of expression he bears traces of kinship to three literary men of modern Europe besides Victor Hugo. These are Lamartine, Henri Taine, and John Ruskin. His diction more than theirs, however, is instinctively that of the forum. But his utterances, like theirs and unlike the froth of reputed eloquence, will go into the history of literature.

Compared with Gambetta, his only contemporaneous rival as an orator, it may be

said that Castelar's genius is far less purely administrative and political than was Gambetta's.

If the effects aimed at by the oratory of Gambetta were more immediate, those produced by Castelar are farther reaching. If there was more terror in the Gaul, there is more grandeur in the Goth. Gambetta spoke always to France; Castelar to the world. The Frenchman was the embodied genius of political force achieving instant ends by the weight of a mighty and aggressive personality; the Spaniard is a scholar, a poet, a philosopher who entrances his fellows with the spell of ideas.

As a statesman Castelar is marked not only by the catholicity but by the sanity of his intellect. With an imagination as radiating as light, a tolerance liberal as air, and a spirit of deathless insurgence against every form of unrighteous authority, he has not been led to the Utopias. He has said, "I have never believed that to dethrone the kings of the earth it was necessary to destroy the idea of God in the conscience nor the hope of immortality in the soul."

Defending his favorite idea of government — the government that shall "accord liberty to every manifestation of the human spirit" — he exclaims: "We must have an end of all persecution of ideas. I condemn the governments of France and Prussia when they oppress the Jesuits; I condemn the government of Russia when it oppresses the Jews; I af-

* The following description of Castelar's personal appearance is given by Colonel John Hay, in his "Castilian Days": "On the extreme left of the chamber is a young face that bears an unmistakable seal of distinction. It reminds you instantly of Chantrey's bust of the greatest of the sons of men. The same pure oval outline, the arched eyebrows, the piled-up dome of forehead stretching outward from the eyes until the glossy black hair, seeing the hopelessness of disputing the field, has retired discouraged to the back of the head. This is Emilio Castelar, the inspired tribune of Spain. This people is so given to exaggerated phases of compliment, that the highest-colored adjectives have lost their power. They have exhausted their lexicons in speaking of Castelar, but in this instance I would be inclined to say that exaggeration was well-nigh impossible. It is true that his speech does not move with the powerful, convincing momentum of the greatest English and American orators. It is possible that its very brilliancy detracts somewhat from its effect upon a legislative body. When you see a Toledo blade all damasked with frondage and flowers and stories of the gods, you are apt to think it less deadly than one glittering in naked blueness from hilt to point. Yet the splendid sword is apt to be of the finest temper. Whatever may be said of his enduring influence upon legislation, it seems to me there can be no difference of opinion in regard to his transcendent oratorical gifts. There is something almost superhuman in the delivery. He is the only man I have ever seen who produces, in very truth, those astounding effects which I have always thought the inventions of poets and the exaggerations of biography. Robertson, speaking of Pitt's oratory, said, 'It was not the tor-

rent of Demosthenes, nor the splendid conflagration of Tully.' This ceases to be an unmeaning metaphor when you have heard Castelar. His speech is like a torrent in its inconceivable fluency, like a raging fire in its brilliancy of color and terrible energy of passion. Never for an instant is the wonderful current of declamation checked by the pauses, the hesitations, the deliberations that mark all Anglo-Saxon debate. An entire oration will be delivered with precisely the fluent energy which a veteran actor exhibits in his most passionate scenes; and when you consider that this is not conned beforehand, but is struck off instantly in the very heat and spasm of utterance, it seems little short of inspiration. The most elaborate filing of a fastidious rhetorician could not produce phrases of more exquisite harmony, antitheses more sharp and shining, metaphors more neatly fitting, all uttered with a distinct rapidity that makes the despair of stenographers. His memory is prodigious and under proper discipline. He has the world's history at his tongue's end. No fact is too insignificant to be retained nor too stale to do service.

"His action is also most energetic and impassioned. It would be considered redundant in a Teutonic country. If you do not understand Spanish, there is something almost insane in his gesticulation. I remember a French diplomat who came to see him in one of his happiest days, and who, after looking intently at the orator for a half hour, trying to see what he was saying, said at last in an injured tone, 'Mais! c'est un polichinelle, celui-là.' It had not occurred to me that he had made a gesture. The whole man was talking from his head to his feet."

firm that to persecute ideas is like persecuting light, air, electricity, or the magnetic fluid,—because ideas escape all persecution; when repressed they explode like powder.” But he has ever repelled that delirium of liberty which is the dream of the communist, the socialist, and the intransigent.

Nothing has more marked the public career of Castelar than his friendship for America. He neglects no opportunity to express with glowing words his admiration of the institutions of the United States. There are single sentences in which he has analyzed to the core the history and character of our Anglo-Saxon democracy, and which contain the most masterful descriptions ever drawn of our national life.*

In addition to the numerous volumes of his speeches, the literary works of Señor Castelar, consisting of novels, dramas, reviews, and essays on government, composed in the hours seized from public duties, constitute a small library in the Spanish language. Those of his writings accessible in English are his essays contributed to English and American magazines, his papers on Byron and Dumas, and a portion of his notable *Recuerdos de Italia*, translated some years since by Mrs. Arthur Arnold, under the title of “Old Rome and New Italy.”

In these latter years the utterances of

* In a recent letter to an American residing in Madrid (as correspondent of the *New York Herald*), answering his request for Señor Castelar's views on the proposed commercial treaty with the United States, he says:

“It pleases me as regards the United States, the nation of my predilection being, as I am, republican, for its stipulations tend toward fuller politico-economic relations, thus inaugurating a new and progressive mercantile policy with the nation which discovered the New World, and which, by reason of that discovery, should justly exert great influence therein. . . .

Castelar are listened to by his partisans in Spain with almost that worshipful enthusiasm accorded to those of Victor Hugo in France. It is conceived of him by his countrymen what Cicero said of Ennius, “that with him will die an art of word-painting which no coming man can restore!” The more memorable of Castelar's recent public appearances are the occasions on which from time to time he has delivered addresses before the Royal Academy of Madrid, and those of his speeches on his tours through the provinces.

Like Cavour and Gambetta, whom in so many respects of person and career he resembles, Castelar is a bachelor. In a quiet street of Madrid he keeps his modest home, supporting himself, at the age of fifty-three as at thirty, with tireless literary labors. The service of his country has left him rich only in honor. Every worthy book issued from either the English or American press, as from that of the Continent, he acquires for his ample library.

Nine years ago, moved with a consciousness that he might again be of service to his countrymen, Castelar returned to Spain from a two years' absence on his second wanderings over Europe, and took his seat in the Cortes, deputy elect from the republican city of Barcelona. Making a vow to accept himself no office under any form of government save that

I believe that the United States will esteem Spain the more as their relations with us, here or in the New World, increase. . . . These are my hopes and my desires; for, as when slavery was abolished in Porto Rico during my administration and preparations made for doing away with slavery in Cuba which could not be realized for want of time, and as when initiating and concluding the negotiations in the celebrated *Virginus* case, it has ever been my purpose as a liberal, as a republican, as a democrat, to strengthen more and more the constant historical friendship between our people and the American people.”

* * *

Los Estados

Unidos, pueblo de mi pro-

duccion, como republicano

que soy,

* * *

Emilio Castelar.

of a republic, with the keen sagacity of a practical statesman he allied himself with Sagasta, chief of the dynastic Liberals, to regain such liberties for his country as were possible under the monarchy of the restored Bourbon. Once more the thunders of his eloquence, rising above the walls of the chamber of the Cortes, rang over Spain in appeal for the lost rights of the Revolution. By that

spiral law of history which he confidently invoked, the appeal has been measurably answered. Led by the Latin Gladstone, Sagasta, and cheered on by the Republican chiefs, the forces of Liberty in Spain have made undoubted progress,—though again and again this progress has been doomed to undergo temporary eclipses under such reactionary administrations as those of Cánovas.

William Jackson Armstrong.

REMINISCENCES OF CASTELAR.

MUCH as an enthusiastic collector of art-treasures possesses some inestimable gem, to be carefully guarded from profane touch and exhibited on occasions for the applause and, it may be, the envy of less fortunate collectors, Spain has its Castelar. Next to Cervantes, his name has become known abroad better than that of any other Spaniard. To the people of the United States, especially, it has become endeared; for Castelar is in our eyes the embodiment of the republican idea, in a land where traditional religious faith and ingrained obedience to the extremest tenets of absolutism offered an unpromising soil for the development of democracy. In this stony ground Castelar has long been a tireless worker, but the sowing of the seed has been done by other hands. Orense, Figueras, Pí y Margall were the creators, the prime movers of modern Castilian republicanism; but to the marvelous eloquence of Castelar is due most of the fructifying growth that culminated in the Republic of 1873, and, unfortunately, in the communistic excesses that undermined it to its fall.

Spaniards call him "the glory of the Castilian rostrum." In a land where fluency is a national trait, where the cafés with their nightly crowds are nurseries of debate, where the political clubs are the scene of maturer flight, and where the populace judge of the merits of candidates for municipal and national representation almost wholly by their merits as public speakers, it is no slight triumph to tower above all, and stand alone and unapproachable, as the one great orator. Athens, say the Spaniards, had its Demosthenes, Rome its Cicero, and we have our Castelar. As one of this godlike trinity, the world at large is invited to admire him. No stranger has seen Spain who has not seen Castelar.

Quien no ha visto Sevilla
No ha visto maravilla.

It was my good fortune to meet Castelar in the autumn of 1869, when he was flushed with the triumph of "the greatest effort of his life," his fervid speech on the Spanish Constitution. The first impression one has on seeing him is that nature has exhausted herself in building a perfect machine for human vocal utterance. Slightly above the middle height, and stoutly built without positive corpulence, his notably erect carriage gives to his splendidly rounded chest seemingly titanic proportions. The effect is enhanced, perhaps, by his habit of wearing a low-cut waistcoat and a slender necktie, leaving a snowy expanse of linen, on which a rare ink-spot at times attests the absorbing character of his studious pursuits. A low collar shows the prominent sinews of a neck of almost taurine contour. Square, powerful jaws enframe a large, straight-cut mouth. The lips, slightly sensuous in their fullness, are half-hidden by a heavy moustache of wiry, dark-brown hair, curved enough to relieve it from the suspicion of bristliness. He is always clean-shaven as to cheek and chin, which makes the clearness of his slightly florid complexion more noticeable, and brings into relief a rounded button of a mole just below the left corner of his mouth. I saw no trace of stubble on his face, even in the saddest days of the Republic, when he, the responsible head of its power, saw the inevitable end approaching, and, like poor Lincoln after Fredericksburg, might have said, "If there is a soul out of hell that suffers more than I, God pity him!" His head, thrown well back, tip-tilts his nose more than nature intended. It might be a better nose, but he seems to be satisfied with it. The eyes are limpid, neither strikingly large nor dark, but they have a way of looking one frankly through and through, as with self-consciousness of integrity of convictions. Well-rounded brows slope upwards into a somewhat receding forehead,