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,

made more conspicuous by baldness. One looks, and sighs for the superhuman frontal bulk of Webster. Castelar's chin, too, is inadequate. It is delicately rounded, but there ought to be more of it. If he had possessed Serrano's forehead and chin, the Spanish Republic might have been a living thing to-day.

But his voice! Like Salvini's, once heard it is never to be forgotten. Whether in the softly modulated tones of conversation, when the peculiar Andalusian accentuation is now and then characteristic, or rising to the sober force of demonstrative declamation, or trembling with feeling, or sweeping all before it in a wild Niagara of invective, it is always resonant. His slightest whisper pierces to the farthest corner of the Hall of Deputies, his fiercest Boanerges-blast is never harsh. This orator found his chiefest implement ready fashioned to his use. *He* never had to fill his mouth with sea-shore pebbles.

I saw him make his famous speech on the bill for Cuban emancipation. Madrid was agog for weeks beforehand. It was announced that Castelar was to make the grandest effort of his life. Tickets for the galleries were eagerly sought. Every deputy was in his seat, every nook was filled. The initial proceedings interested no one. A Spaniard said to me, "All Madrid has come to a Castelar matinée."

His gestures, like those of most Castilian speakers, were ceaseless and somewhat exaggerated. Some seemed to be peculiar to himself. I remember one in particular, when, with fingers loosely interlaced and palms upturned, he seemed to winnow a double handful of nothing for a minute or two. It accompanied a passage of marvelous pathos, descriptive of the sad condition of the slave. Another, which is, I think, a national gesture, consists in taking an idea, as it were, between the forefinger and thumb of the right hand, holding it up, turning it around, showing it on this side and that, above and below, as if it were a gem with many facets, and at the last releasing it, high in air, like some living thing, to speed through space. This generally accompanies some didactic demonstration. At times the redundancy of gesture is almost pantomimic. One would, perhaps, then recall Salvini's description of his escape in "La Morte Civile." The grandest part of that emancipation speech was the apostrophe to Lincoln. Step by step he drew the picture of the great emancipator's life and life-work, "until, at the last, that nothing might be wanting to his glory, not even martyrdom, like Socrates, like Christ, like all redeemers, he fell at the foot of his finished work, *his* work, upon which humanity will forever shower its tears and God his benedictions!" And the prolonged thunders of applause that followed did an American heart good.

The speech accomplished little. It passed as a splendid pageant. Castelar advocated immediate emancipation in Cuba and Puerto Rico; the measure for gradual enfranchisement prevailed. Oratory like Castelar's is mostly on the side of the minority, and not, as a rule, to be measured by results. Its faculty seems to be critical and subversive, rather than creative and conservative. If Castelar were not in opposition, he would not be Castelar.

Perhaps the most vivid association I have of Castelar belongs to the memorable night after King Amadeo's abdication, when the Spanish Republic was formed. The Senate and House met in the Hall of Deputies and coalesced, with doubtful constitutionality, to form a Constituent Assembly. The result was known to be a foregone conclusion, and as the hours wore on in routine and in needless debate, the impatience of the Assembly and auditors increased. Castelar spoke but little. As reporter of an appointed committee, he presented a finely turned address to Amadeo, accepting the renunciation of the crown. Later he spoke, urging moderation and the adoption of federal organization. It was late at night when the vote was reached, to choose between the Republic and the monarchy. It was overwhelmingly for the Republic, 259 yeas, 32 nays. Estanislao Figueras, the grand, consistent Federalist, to whom more than any man Spain owes what it has of true democratic teaching, was elected President of the Executive Power of the Spanish Republic. The cabinet was chosen too, Castelar being Minister of State. One by one, as their names were announced, they left their seats in the Assembly to range themselves on the Blue Bench where royal ministers had sat. There was silence in the auditory, save a brief applause as each name was called, but it was a silence of emotion, and strong men hugged each other and wept because the Republic had come at last. And the main figure in my recollection is that of Castelar, more erect than ever, his eyes brimming, his hands tightly closed, moving down the central passageway from the seat he modestly occupied on the left at the rear, and entering the Blue Bench next after Figueras. His dream had come true!

A few days later General Sickles was formally received by Figueras as envoy of the United States. The President was surrounded by his cabinet, after the traditional Spanish fashion, Castelar on his right. The speeches made and hands shaken, Castelar violated all

rules of ministerial decorum by hugging me, in the odd Castilian way, patting my back with one hand, and crying, "We have lived to see this day at last!"

We lived to see other and darker days for the Republic. Administration succeeded administration with the shifting indistinctness of a nightmare. The phantasm of Carlism loomed ominously on the northern horizon. The work of framing a Constitution aroused hopeless dissensions in the party. Castelar's idea was a true federation, each of the old kingdoms of Spain to be a sovereign state, and all banded in a common pact. Of the ultra states-rights doctrine was born the hydra of communistic secession. It was Castelar's fate to be chosen President in season to confront the Commune of Murcia. His rule was undeniably weak. Contrary to all the teachings of his life, he found himself reduced to the obnoxious resort of a centralized military autocracy, and compelled to lean for aid on generals of royalist proclivities. To add to his perplexity came the disastrous incident of the *Virginius*. He did his best to avert a rupture with the United States, but at the cost of prestige at home and in the Antilles. At length, outvoted in the Assembly, he retired to private life with unfeigned relief, and with him the Republic fell. It would have been better for him had he never felt the burden of responsible power.

Since then Castelar's position in the political world of Spain has been anomalous. Opposed by his own party in Barcelona, he has been returned to the Chamber through the toleration of the monarchy. Abstaining from all revolutionary plottings, he has proclaimed himself a "Possibilist," unprepared to actively combat any government which may bring constitutional peace to Spain. Formerly a bitter opponent of army power, and enthusiastic in his admiration of the absence of a great standing army in the United States, he came to advocate a military government like that of Germany as the highest human achievement, and contrasted the compulsory service of the Landwehr and Landsturm with that of England and the United States, whose soldiers he said were "mercenaries and hirelings." Once steadfastly opposed to the death penalty in the army, he later urged it because, he said, "the soldier would not face death unless certain death were behind him if he recoiled."

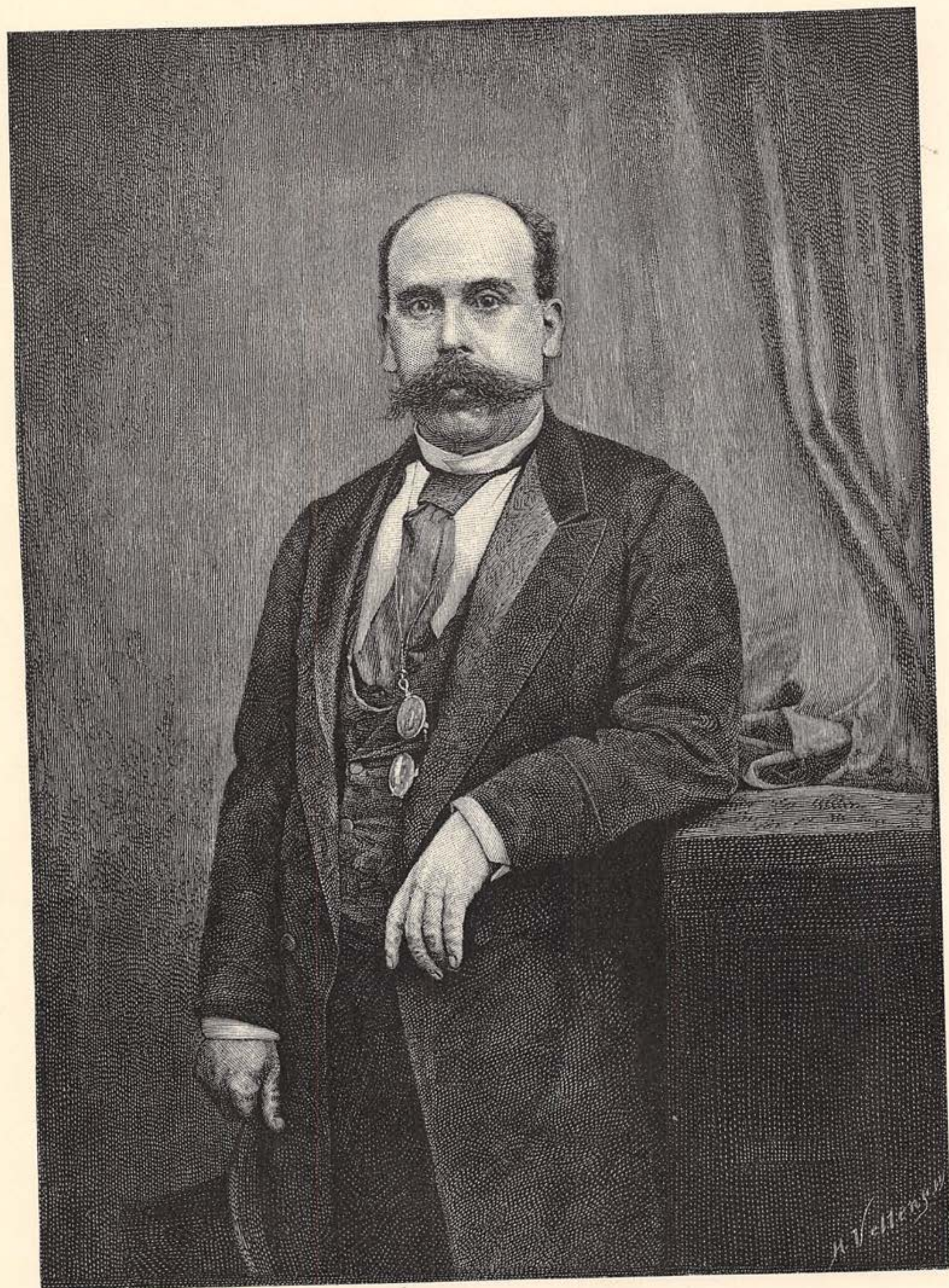
Castelar does not appear to have been regarded by the royalist governments of later Spain as a dangerous opponent. On the contrary, there has been something akin to and perhaps overpassing toleration, in his conservation of a place in the passive minority. He speaks as of old, but rarely, and is ever "the glory of the Spanish rostrum."

Of the character of his oratory it is not easy to speak. His discourses do not bear close analysis. Cánovas, Alonso Martinez, Sagasta, Mártos, and many others are his masters in debate. In fact, Castelar is not a good debater. Set speeches are his peculiar province. I have heard it said that they are written and committed to memory. Taken unawares by a shrewd logician, whom florid generalities will not silence, he does not show to advantage.

His style is, to our more sober Saxon thinking, redundant, and laden with tropes and metaphors. His reasoning is essentially poetical; imagination outweighs logic, and similes and illustrations take the place of argument. His rhetorical manner may be evidenced by a sentence I find in an album,— and, by the way, I know of no man more ready than Castelar to give his autograph, with a sentiment attached:

"Faith," he writes, "may change its aim, but ever remains in the depths of human nature as the supremest virtue, impelling to supreme acts. Life is, and will ever be, a stormy ocean. To cross this ocean, in Faith, and in Faith alone, must we embark. In this bark the prophet Columbus set sail, and, at his journey's end, found a New World. If that World had not existed, God would have created it in the solitude of the waves, if only to reward the faith and constancy of that man. We shall yet behold throughout the world that liberty and equality whose dawnings already shine upon the pure brow of America the virgin, because we are resolute in our search thereof and possess assured faith that we shall find it."

*Alvey A. Adee.*



Emilio Castelar