

attains eighteen years of age, without payment may possess a farm of like extent, and the family become large landed proprietors.

In spite of the advantages offered by the virgin soil of the prairie in this fertile belt, the country at present is not suitable for the poorer emigrant without means; a moderate capital is essential, combined with a willingness to work with patience and perseverance.

To the poorer emigrant, however, who cannot settle on his land without working for a portion of the year for others, the construction of the Canadian Pacific Line will be a boon. With the construction of the railroad will come the rapid development of the riches underlying the whole country.

The Saskatchewan district possesses one of the

largest coal-fields in the world, and nothing, it is admitted, is of such paramount importance to a country's prosperity.

Notwithstanding, however, all these advantages, we would strongly advise the greatest caution in taking so important and unalterable a step as leaving one's native soil. A new settlement may easily become overcrowded, and once the emigrant has "burnt his boats" it will be too late to return. All these considerations should be carefully weighed before any decision is arrived at; remembering also that many who succeed in the country of their adoption could have accomplished as much or even more in the land of their birth, by a similar exercise of industry, enterprise, and patience.



THE BRIDGE OF SAN MARTIN: A LEGEND OF TOLEDO.



THE good people of Toledo are very proud of the Bridge of San Martin, as well they may be, for it is a noble structure, though it has replaced one that was nobler still. It has, too, a special interest from a legend connected with its erection. It was in the year 1368 that Don Enrique, Count of Trastamara, a brother of King

Pedro the Cruel, raised the standard of rebellion and besieged the city of Toledo. The loyal Toledans made a sturdy and valorous defence for a whole year. Many a time did they make desperate sallies across the old Bridge of San Martin and, throwing themselves upon the camp of Don Enrique, in the Cigarrales, inflict sanguinary havoc on the besieging forces. To prevent a repetition of these sallies, Don Enrique determined to destroy the bridge.

Now this bridge was esteemed by the Toledans as one of the most precious jewels in the girdle of their Imperial City, and was especially dear to them as giving access to those delightful gardens with their pretty houses for recreation, and orchards, and groves of beautiful trees and shrubs. One night all these blooming trees were cut down and thrown in heaps on the Bridge of San Martin, and at dawn of day a vivid blaze of light from the bridge illuminated all

the neighbourhood, lighting up the gardens, the waters of the Tagus, the ruins of the palace of Don Rodrigo, and the "Alcoba," or Los Baños de Florina. The blaze came from the burning trees on the bridge, which soon set fire to the bridge itself. Then came a loud and terrifying explosion of the vast, strong blocks of stone that formed the arches and buttresses of the bridge, wrought with all that surpassing skill of chisel and brain which created the marvels of the Alhambra. That dull heavy roar was as the sorrowing complaint of art crushed by barbarism. The Toledans, roused from sleep by this inauspicious splendour, rushed out half dressed to save their beautiful Bridge of San Martin from the ruin which was impending. But they rushed in vain, for a terrific crackling noise, that was reverberated through the valleys and windings of the Tagus, told them too surely that their beloved bridge existed no more. And such indeed was the case, for when the sun had begun to gild the cupolas of the Imperial City, and the maidens of Toledo, as was their habit, went down to the river-side to fill their pitchers with the fresh clear water, they returned quickly with their vessels empty but their hearts filled with indignation and sorrow. And then they told those whom they met, with tears and lamentations, how, when they went down to the water, they saw the rapid current of the river rushing on, turbid and boiling, sweeping along in its furious whirlpools the still smoking ruins of the Bridge of San Martin. Then the indignation of the people knew no bounds; for that bridge, as I have already mentioned, was the only direct way to those hundred paradises the Cigarrales. These gardens they inherited from their Moorish conquerors, and with them they also inherited (for the Toledans intermarried much with the Moors) the passionate love for orchards, and gardens, and flowers of that most poetical people. This outrage had the effect of stimulating the people

to new exertions, and their courage, which had begun to flag, gained new strength to resist and repel the invaders. Accordingly the camp of Trastamara was in turn suddenly assaulted with great fury by the besieged, who utterly routed the besiegers, drenching the grounds of the Cigarrales with torrents of blood. And so ended the siege of Toledo, and perished the old bridge.

Now the good people of Toledo were in a sore plight for want of a bridge to cross over to their beloved gardens. But who would undertake to build a new one? Kings and archbishops had from time to time ardently desired to see the old Bridge of San Martin replaced by another of equal beauty and solidity, and though many able architects, both Christian and Moorish, were anxious to undertake the work, yet when they came to look at the place and consider all the difficulties to be contended with, few of them had the courage to undertake the work. Now and then one was venturesome enough to commence the work, but not one of them all was able to complete it, for the rapid current of the stream swept away the buttresses and centrings before the gigantic arches could be erected. And so years and years passed by, and the anxious wishes of the Toledans were still unsatisfied. At length, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, Cardinal Pedro Tenorio, then Archbishop of Toledo, one of the greatest of her prelates and the most munificent of her patrons, to whom she owed as much as to her kings, was determined that if human skill could prevail—no matter at what cost—his children of Toledo should once more have their bridge and enjoy their rambles in the Cigarrales. Accordingly he caused advertisements to be sent through all the cities and towns of Spain, as well those of the Christians as of the Moors, inviting the most celebrated and competent architects to rebuild the Bridge of San Martin at Toledo. For a time there was no result. As before, men came, looked at the place, shook their heads, and went their way. At last one day a man and a woman, who were quite unknown, arrived at Toledo through the gate of the Cambron. They passed unnoticed and unnoticed, skirting the town till they came to the top of the gorge across which the old Bridge of San Martin had been thrown. Having carefully examined the ruins and surveyed the situation, they went away, and finding an uninhabited house not far distant, they hired it. Then the man returned to the ruins and spent some hours there. After that he made his way to the palace of the Cardinal Archbishop. It happened at the time of his arrival that his Eminence was engaged conversing with several prelates, wise councillors and caballeros, whom he delighted to bring continually about him, attracted by his wisdom and piety. Great was his joy when an attendant announced that an architect who had come from a distance solicited the honour of appearing in his presence.

The archbishop lost no time in giving an audience to the stranger in a private apartment. The man that entered the room was still young, though much thought, and it may be many trials, had made him

look an old man, or not much less. He made his obeisance to the prelate, which the latter returned with kindness, pointing to a chair opposite to where he was sitting.

The man remained standing and said—“Your Eminence, my name is Juan de Arévalo, it must be entirely unknown to you, and I am an architect by profession.”

“Ah!” observed the archbishop, “it is probable, then, that you have heard of the advertisements which I sent everywhere, inviting architects to rebuild our bridge?”

“I have, Eminencia, and it is that which brought me here.”

“Good. Have you seen the ground?”

“Yes, señor; I have been over it.”

“Well, then, I presume you are aware of the difficulties which the rebuilding of the bridge presents?”

“Yes, señor, I am perfectly aware of them.”

“And that many have failed in completing it?” continued the prelate.

“All this I know, Eminencia; but I believe that I am capable of overcoming all these difficulties.”

“Sir, you speak confidently: may I ask where you have studied your profession?”

“In Salamanca, señor.”

“And what works, pray, have you executed to certify to your skill and knowledge?”

“None, señor.”

The archbishop made a gesture of disappointment and distrust. The stranger did not fail to notice it, and hastened to add—

“A soldier in my youth, ill-health obliged me to abandon a life that was unfit for me; and returning to Castile, my native country, I devoted myself with ardour to the study of architecture—first learning it theoretically, and then practically.”

“I am very sorry,” replied the archbishop, “that you are not able to refer to some work which could establish your knowledge of your art.”

“I have erected some works on the Tormes and the Douro, which have brought honour to others when the honour belonged of right to him who now has the privilege to address your Eminence.”

“I do not understand you,” said the prelate.

“I was a poor man, señor, and unknown; I had to choose between gaining my daily bread and honour, and so I had to renounce honour, and content myself with getting bread.”

“Ah! que lastima!—what a pity!” said the good prelate commiseratingly. “I am grieved that you have not the means to assure me that if I trust in you I shall not trust in vain.”

“I have security, señor, that I hope will satisfy you.”

“What security, pray?”

“My life.”

“Your life! I don't understand. Be so good as to explain yourself.”

“When the centrings and timbers that are to support the principal arch of the bridge shall be removed, he who has planned and directed the work shall stand on the keystone of the arch.”

The prelate looked at the stranger for a moment in silence. There was that in his face and manner so candid and honest, so calm and self-reliant, that the good archbishop could not but trust him. Then he said—

“I accept the terms which you propose.”

“And I will comply with them, señor.”

The archbishop took the hand of the architect and pressed it kindly. The latter took his leave and turned his steps towards his house, showing by his manner the joy of his heart. The woman who had come with the architect to Toledo was anxiously watching at the window of the house for his return. She was still young and beautiful, despite the sufferings which had dimmed her beauty. As soon as she saw him, she ran out hastily to meet him.

“Catalina! my own Catalina!” exclaimed the architect, embracing her joyfully. “Amongst the monuments that adorn Toledo, there shall yet be one that will transmit to posterity the name and fame of Juan de Arévalo.”

It was soon noised about the city that an architect had again undertaken to build a new Bridge of San Martin. Ere many days the good people of Toledo saw the stranger preparing for his work. Day by day they anxiously watched its progress, till at last they saw the bridge arise—slowly, indeed, but strongly secured by scaffolding and supported by solid buttresses. Then came the three arches, which were turned on the timber centrings, stones accurately and beautifully wrought, and fitting closely, awaiting the keystones to bind them together. Two of these were already placed in the extreme arches; that in the centre alone remained to be fixed to complete the work.

Meantime the praises of Juan de Arévalo were in every mouth. Who but he had succeeded to the very last point? The archbishop and the people loaded him with gifts, and awaited with irrepressible anxiety, but entire confidence, the last act which was to crown the labours of the dexterous architect whose bold and massive structure had defied the fury of the impetuous stream.

It was the 21st of January, the eve of the feast of San Ildefonso. To-morrow the last keystone was to be fixed, the scaffolding taken down, the centrings removed from the arches, and the architect, to redeem his pledge, should stand triumphant on the keystone of the principal arch. The composure with which Juan de Arévalo on that evening awaited the terrible ordeal which he was pledged to abide, inspired the people with entire confidence in him and his work. And now the joyful ringing of all the bells of Toledo, and the proclamations of the town-criers, announced the solemn benediction and inauguration of the new Bridge of San Martin on the following day. The people, wild with joy and excitement, gazed from the heights that crowned the valley of the Tagus at their beautiful Cigarrales that they should revisit to-morrow, after so many long years of separation—no longer sad and deserted, but restored to their ancient animation and loveliness.

The shades of night were beginning to fall, leaving the city to quietude, when Juan de Arévalo went for the last time to the bridge, to see that everything was in readiness and order for the operation which on the following morning was to prove the work. Singing low and joyously to himself, he went along, examining in detail all the joints and fastenings of the massive stones, till he stood on the central arch. Then all of a sudden the song died on his lips and the gladness vanished from his face, and leaving the bridge he turned his steps slowly and sadly homewards. As he came near the house, Catalina saw him and ran out to receive him, her features beaming with happiness and love. Then a deadly paleness overspread her face as she noticed that of her husband, which was pallid as death.

“Ah me!” she exclaimed; “you are ill, my dear husband.”

“No, Catalina mia,” he replied, endeavouring to dissemble his despair.

“Nay, do not deny it,” she said. “You are ill, surely; your countenance shows me you are.”

“The evening has been very cold, and the work was too much for me.”

“Come in, come in, Juan mio,” said the wife, “and sit near the fire. The warmth and your supper will soon restore your health and spirits.”

“My spirits!” murmured Juan with profound sadness, while his wife was busying herself preparing their supper at the fire, in which some dry sticks of oak-wood were burning. The supper was placed on the table; Juan made a mighty effort to overcome his sadness and want of appetite, but in vain: he could not swallow a morsel or look cheerful.

“Juan, for the first time in your life you are concealing a sorrow from me,” said Catalina, looking at her husband with tender reproach. “How is it that I do not seem to you now to be worthy of that confidence and love which I have always deserved from you?”

“Ah! Catalina, do not grieve me by doubting the love I have for you.”

“There can be no love, Juan, where there is no confidence.”

“For your own sake, wife, and for mine, do not seek to know the secret which I conceal from you.”

“Juan, your secret I see very plainly is some profound sorrow. Your wife seeks to know it that she may try to lighten it.”

“To lighten it! Ah, wife, that is impossible,” sighed Juan.

“To a love such as mine for you, there are no ‘impossibles.’ Tell me all, I beseech you.”

“Well, then, hear. To-morrow I shall lose both life and honour; they shall both perish in the river with that structure that I have raised with so many anxieties and so many hopes.”

“No! no! no!” cried Catalina, clasping her husband in her arms with intense love, and repressing in her heart the grief which his revelation had caused her.

“Alas! yes, dearest, it must be so. At the moment

when confidence in my success and triumph was at the highest, I discovered an error in my calculations. The result will be fatal to-morrow. When I take away the centrings and scaffold, and stand upon the keystone of the arch, and the winter torrent that is now raging comes down against the unprotected bridge, it will fall—fall into the Tagus, bearing with it me, my life, my honour, all that I have planned and directed and reared in vain!" and he buried his head in his hands, and bowed himself down on the table in an agony of despair.

come by weariness and grief, had at length fallen into a broken slumber; but his sleep was troubled and restless, like that of one under the influence of nightmare. While he was in this state, Catalina, who had been watching him, rose stealthily, taking care to make no noise, and scarcely breathing aloud. She then went into the kitchen, the window of which looked upon the Tagus. Catalina opened it gently and gazed without. The night was very dark, and flashes of lightning now and then lit up the darkness. She looked towards the valley of the Tagus and



"YOU ARE ILL, MY DEAR HUSBAND" (p. 339).

The woman rose to her feet with a gesture of brave devotion that made her almost sublime.

"The bridge may fall into the waters, but you shall not. Oh, my love! I will go down on my knees to the noble cardinal, and supplicate him that he shall not require you to comply with your horrible promise."

"My Catalina, you will entreat him in vain. Assuredly he will not yield to your request. And besides, I do not wish for life without honour."

"You shall have life and honour too," said Catalina, with resolution. "Heaven will not suffer your life to be so sacrificed. Come, put your trust in God. Take some refreshment and then retire to rest."

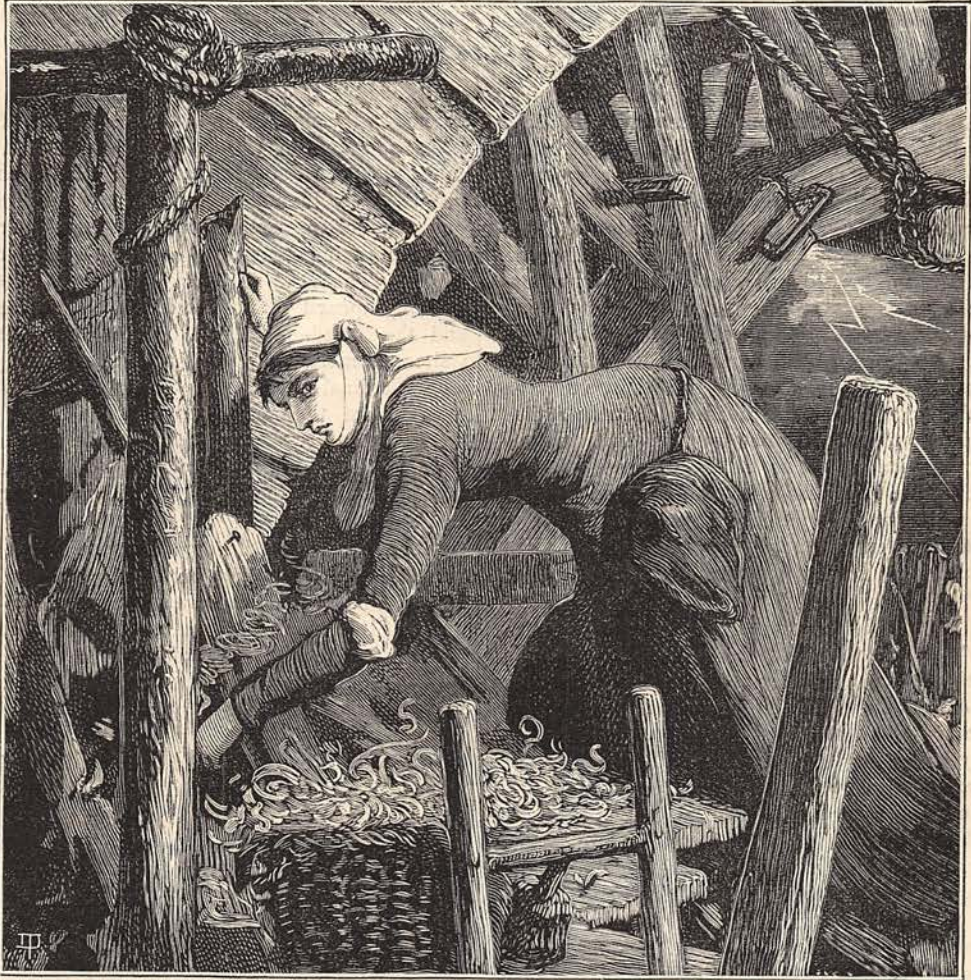
The wintry morning had not yet broken, and the city of Toledo was not yet astir. Catalina lay beside her husband, feigning to be asleep; and Juan, over-

listened intently for the sound of human voices in that direction, but none such met her ear. The only sounds she heard were that of the river rushing wildly, and of the wind which whistled and howled through the scaffolding of the new Bridge of San Martin. Catalina drew in her head and shut the window, taking care not to make any noise. The cold night air had evidently chilled her, for she trembled and looked pale as death as she approached the hearth and raked up the smouldering pieces of oak-wood, and stretched out her thin cold hands over them. After a little time she flung a cloak about her, and opening the street-door, went out into the darkness.

Where could she be going at such an hour, and in such a wild night, and on what errand? Ah! who knows? Let us follow her as she cautiously made her way through the dense darkness all around,

now tumbling over some rugged spot, now wellnigh falling over some of those precipitous rocks that lay by the side of the perilous path she was treading. On still she held, regardless of all dangers, with a courage and perseverance incredible in one of her slight frame and delicate constitution. After many risks and much toil she reached the Bridge of San Martin. Then she paused to take breath, and

stooped down as if to examine it. Just at that moment a flash of vivid lightning showed her the fearful chasm beneath her, and a loud peal of thunder rolled close over her head, reverberating through the ravine and up the hills. Flash after flash followed, so close to her that she felt almost blinded. Terrified, but not deterred from her intent, whatever that might be, she held her ground. What



"SHE LOOKED ANXIOUSLY AROUND ON EVERY SIDE."

looked anxiously around on every side. It would seem that no other human being was abroad on that terrific night.

The wind was howling through the arches, shaking the timberings, trying as it were to pull them down. And the river ran roaring against the buttresses, as if enraged that it could not sweep before it those obstacles in its course from which the Count de Trastamara had freed it nearly two centuries before, and from which it had freed itself so many times afterwards.

Catalina crept cautiously to the scaffolding, and

was she doing there? We know not. Was she trying to discover if her husband's fears were well founded, and to satisfy herself by an inspection of the work? It may be so. Who can tell? At all events, after a little time she seemed to have accomplished her object, for with a sigh as if relieved of some weight that had oppressed her, and looking up to heaven, her lips moved in prayer. Then she began to retrace her way homewards, guided by the still frequent flashes of lightning. When she reached her house she entered it unperceived, taking care to make no noise either in opening or shutting the door. Her husband was still sleeping

when she went into their chamber, and Catalina undressed in the dark and lay down beside him without his perceiving it. There she lay, sleepless.

At last the cocks began to crow, and the grey cold morning broke on San Ilfonso's Day. Then a great glare of red light illuminated the whole horizon, and a murmuring of voices, rising to a long and deafening outcry, arose through the city. Then a hundred bells rang out the alarm, and a thousand voices uttered the mournful cry of "Fuego!" "Incendio!" and then followed a tremendous explosion as of bursting stones.

The people, half dressed and affrighted, rushed through the streets, guided by the lurid light of the flames, and the noise of crackling timber and exploding stones, to the river. There they beheld a sight that drew from them a cry of grief such as was not heard since the old Bridge of San Martín perished beneath the fires kindled by Don Enríques el Bastardo.

The resinous pine-wood of the scaffolding had caught fire, and burned with rapidity and fury, fanned by the wind of that wintry morning; and then the huge stones of the arches, round which the flames played with intense heat, burst asunder with an explosion like the firing of cannons, and fell into the river.

All this noise and uproar awakened Juan de Arévalo from his sleep, and he sprang up in terror, leaving his wife beside him apparently asleep. Dressing himself hurriedly, the architect was about to go into the street, when looking out he saw that the Bridge of San Martín had disappeared, and the flame and smoke from the timbers told the cause of its destruction.

But how did the timbers of the bridge take fire? That was the question that each citizen asked his neighbour; and the usual answer was given which a Spaniard is sure to give when he cannot give any reason—"Quien sabe?—Who knows?" But as nobody knew, people were nothing the wiser. The good archbishop was decidedly of opinion that the lightning, which was so frequent and intense during the night, had struck the bridge and set fire to the resinous timber. The people of Toledo were divided in opinion, some agreeing with the archbishop, and some thinking it was the result of accident. But whether the cause was from heaven or from earth, all felt the greatest sorrow for the poor architect, who must of course be plunged in affliction and despair at the loss of that noble and perfect structure which was to resist the assaults of flood and time, and crown him with undying honour. As for Don Juan, he felt that, whatever caused the destruction of the bridge, the event saved both his life and his honour. Like a wise man he held his tongue, and kept his mind to himself. Nay, the magnanimity and resignation with which he bore this seeming weighty calamity made the people respect and admire him all the more. At the same

time, he was a good Christian, and devoutly believed that all good Christians were under the special protection of God; and so he did not hesitate to believe that the bridge had been destroyed by fire from heaven.

And Catalina, what did she say? Why, like a good wife, she said, when asked, that she always agreed with her husband.

But whether the destruction of the bridge came from heaven or earth, the citizens were all of one mind on one point, that the bridge should be rebuilt. And so, aided by their noble archbishop, they went to work again under the direction of Juan de Arévalo.

In one year, even upon the next feast of San Ildefonso, the new bridge was completed. The supports and centrings were all removed, and in the midst of a crowd of spectators, and the plaudits of the people, Don Juan de Arévalo stood triumphantly on the top of the central arch, while the river rushed beneath in impotent rage, dashing against the buttresses. Then the new Bridge of San Martín was formally opened with great ceremony for the public, and the Toledans crossed over it in multitudes to visit once more their loved and beautiful Cigarrales. The Cardinal Archbishop gave a grand banquet to celebrate the auspicious event, and to honour the happy and successful architect, who was seated in state on his right hand. Turning to Catalina, who sat on his other side, the good prelate said to her, with a smile—

"Ah, señora, you have great cause to be proud; for your worthy husband, our beloved friend, Juan de Arévalo, may be said to have two triumphs to-day, for on San Ildefonso's Day he has twice succeeded in building a perfect Bridge of San Martín. Let us thank God that the hand that destroyed the first has spared the second."

"If I conjecture rightly," said I to a Spanish friend, who told me this story while taking our coffee in those gardens of Toledo, "the cardinal's remark was more true than he knew of. I have a strong suspicion that I could name the hand that burned the bridge."

"Ah, quien sabe?" said my friend. "There certainly is a tradition that a piece of half-burned oak-firewood was found at the foot of the bridge, after the conflagration, but no human being was seen near it on that night. If, in her sublime devotion and love, Catalina had set fire to the bridge to save her husband's honour and life at the risk of her own, let us hope that, like another erring and much-loving woman, she was forgiven. At all events, what brought her out that night, and what she did, is a secret known but to two—herself and her God—and with them it will remain till the day when all secrets shall be revealed."