

## TOLEDO, THE ANCIENT CAPITAL OF SPAIN.

Sights of a City Which Was Founded Nearly Twenty Centuries Ago.

Special Correspondence.

Toledo, Spain, May 22, 1900.—You might wander for days amid these labyrinthine alleys, shut in by close, high walls, without gaining so good an idea of Toledo as may be obtained in half an hour from the highest point in the city. The ascent to the Zion of this Jerusalem is no more difficult than any other of its steep and stony streets. Passing through "the Gate of the Sun," to an open space immediately above the jutting escarpment, whose inaccessible sides justify the Gothic founders in their selection of a site—you command a view of all within the walls, as well as of the encircling hills, and the wild and melancholy Tagus, winding for miles between jagged cliffs. Sloping down from your feet on every side are forts and castles and towers, all so weird, so uniformly old, and hopelessly decayed that it is difficult to believe they can have anything to do with the nineteenth century. And indeed, many of them have not. For example: those Cyclopean ruins, close at hand, were once King Wamba's palace, built in the year 674, and afterwards occupied by Roderick. From one of its windows he beheld the lovely daughter of Count Julian, who had been entrusted to his care, while she was bathing in the river, and then there became possessed with the fatal passion which led to the invasion of the Moors and the destruction of the Gothic empire. That blackened

### HEAP OF STONES

just beyond the bridge of Alcantara, known as "Galliana's Palace," is an ancient monument of bygone centuries around which cluster traditions which show that human nature has been much the same in all the ages. Princess Galliana was the beautiful daughter of King Golafré, who loved her beyond anything else in the world and built her a palace, compared with which the glories of the Arabian Nights paled in insignificance. Hither endless lovers came avowing and avowed the expense, all the way to Toledo, to see the most beautiful of all the women. The most unbecome of all the enamored ones was Bradamant, a gigantic Moorish chieftain, of hideous visage, but incalculable wealth; who had an underground passage tunneled at great expense, all the way to Toledo, to see the most beautiful of all the women. The most unbecome of all the enamored ones was Bradamant, a gigantic Moorish chieftain, of hideous visage, but incalculable wealth; who had an underground passage tunneled at great expense, all the way to Toledo, to see the most beautiful of all the women. The most unbecome of all the enamored ones was Bradamant, a gigantic Moorish chieftain, of hideous visage, but incalculable wealth; who had an underground passage tunneled at great expense, all the way to Toledo, to see the most beautiful of all the women.

### MOOR WAS SLAIN.

Charlemagne cut off his head and pro-

sented it to the princess, who was so charmed with the gift that she at once accepted the hand of the giver, accompanied him to France and was triumphantly crowned his queen. The Spaniards of today incline to the belief that Galliana was either a myth, or an infidel enchantress, whose wiles neither Christian nor Moslem could resist. After her departure, it is said, the Moorish King Al-Mamun took possession of this palace and retired to it in his intervals of leisure, to study the heavens and prosecute scientific researches in company with the wise men of his court. To later Arabs was known as "The Mansion of the Hours," because of a wonderful clepsydra, or water-clock, constructed in its garden by the astronomer, Az-Zarkal. This consisted of two tanks, placed at right angles to each other, and so contrived by a complicated system of subterranean pipes and cisterns, that they accurately measured time, according to the phases of the moon. After Alfonso VI had appropriated the palace, an inquisitive Jew, wishing to discover the secret of the clepsydra's mechanism, obtained permission to examine its interior arrangement. He took the machinery apart, but was unable to put it together again; and thus in a few hours destroyed one of the greatest curiosities that human ingenuity had ever invented. The Persian wheel that raised the water and was propelled by a sluice, stood between the Tagus and the main entrance to the palace; and less than fifty years ago its original plans were still in use for irrigating purposes.

### FRAGMENTS OF MASONRY

and half-buried walls cropping up in all directions, indicate that Galliana's palace must have been of far greater extent than the portion now standing would lead one to suppose. The gossiping Moorish chroniclers never weary of relating its wonders. They tell us that in King Golafré's day there was a lake in the center of the grounds, and in the middle of the lake an island, and in the heart of the island a summer house, constructed entirely of stained glass, covered with golden and jeweled inscriptions. Fountains were set all around it, so arranged that the water could be turned on at will from inside, when their sprays played over and completely enveloped the house, cutting it off from the outer world until the master chose to press the button which stopped the flow of water. Here, cooled by the artificial cascade, whose drops refracted the rays of the sun and displayed the softened hues of the rainbow through its transparent roof, the monarch took his siesta, reclining upon damask cushions, fanned by female slaves—the very impersonation of sensual luxury. It is said to see that what is left of the "Mansion of the Hours" is now a stable, its elegant Moorish windows walled up, its arched ceiling fallen in—but their moanings yet glow like jewels amid the filth that covers them. Soldiers have occupied it, Dutch, French, Portuguese and English, and for many years its noble reception hall served as a barrack-kitchen. But though soot and grime have marred its graceful arabesques, they have not by any means destroyed their beauty.

## ARVID ANDERSON TAKES UP A MIGHTY BURDEN.



This is a photograph of the Swedish strong man's latest feat—holding up three men with one hand. Having defeated America's star, Rolando, at New York, he is the asserted champion of the world. Anderson is a man of marvelous strength. He is 5 feet, 9 inches in height, weighs 237 pounds and his measurements are as follows: Chest, 49 inches, biceps, 18 inches, calf, 18 inches, thigh, 28 inches. He holds the world's records for barbell above head with two hands, weight 362 pounds; swinging the barbell from ground above head with one hand, weight 184 pounds; one dumbbell in each hand, 280 pounds. This muscular young man was born in Stockholm November 22, 1873.

On the very crown of this height, near the edge of the escarpment, stands the now ruined Alcazar—the Alhambra of Toledo, the "Amalekita Kaasbah"—which, since the days of the Moors, has done double duty as palace and fortress. Enlarged by Charles V (about the year 1540), altered again and again, and yet again by Philip II, Alonso VI, and Alvaro de Luna—to say nothing of innumerable additions and alleged improvements at later dates, it presents an odd conglomeration of architectural styles in which the original design is wholly lost. The once-splendid

of the last century, and again by the French at the beginning of this, it has since been degraded to an almshouse, a barrack and a stable. After the War of Succession, the good Cardinal Lorenzana, who devoted his whole life and income to charitable works, repaired the Alcazar, converted it into a Casa de Caridad, and filled it with paupers whom he employed at silk-weaving. When Soult's army invaded Toledo, they ejected the paupers, confiscated the funds of the institution and stabled their horses in the former house of kings; and when compelled to evacuate the city, they set fire to it as a parting legacy. Then it lay waste for many years; until at length the rubbish was cleared away and at enormous cost the building was converted into a

### "PALACE OF CAESAR"

had had as hard a fate as most of the crowned heads that have occupied it. Burned by the Dutch at the beginning

military academy, designed to stand forever as the West Point of Spain, in which a thousand cadets might be at ways in training to officer the Spanish army. But the gods, or the ghosts of the Moorish builders, seem to have harbored special spite against the old palace and again it was gutted by fire, leaving little but the bare walls and the four corner towers; and now Spain is too poor to rebuild it. In the rooms overlooking the Tagus the notorious widow of Philip IV was imprisoned during the minority of Charles II. As every reader of Spanish history knows, she was first the tool of the low adventurer, Nitard, and afterwards of an equally despicable lover, Valenzuela. Her mode of life has been graphically described by Madame d'Aulay, in a little book which cannot be recommended as family reading.

From the Alcazar you move with slow steps, for the view is too entrancing to be passed in haste. Perhaps you sit upon a stone, fallen from the walls of some medieval home, and feast your eyes upon the prospect. Two thousand feet below, on the banks of the yellow Tagus, stood the

### EARLIEST ROMAN CITY.

Even from this elevation you can plainly trace the outlines of its ancient amphitheater. If the gladiators who fought in it were suddenly resurrected and washed to prepare for combat, they would not have far to go for weapons, for only a few rods away stands the arsenal where the famous Toledo blades are made. Time was when this hill-top was completely covered with palaces and convents, all of which have disappeared, or are fallen in melancholy heaps of debris. As if in mockery of departed greatness, the only building of large proportions that is now fully occupied is a lunatic asylum, whose inmates, screaming from their barred windows, might be infuriated specters of once proud Toledans, bewailing what is gone forever.

Not far from the Alcazar, a little way down the eastern slope of the hill and close to the ramparts, are two curious synagogues, one erected about the year 1030, and the other three centuries later. They belong to the golden days of the Jews in Toledo, and are of the greatest interest as having been built during the domination of the Moors, under whose tolerant rule the Hebrews enjoyed perfect freedom and liberty of conscience. They have, of course, lost their original names, and as rechristened are called respectively El Transito and Santa Maria la Blanca. Both buildings are so much like mosques in appearance that it is presumed they were built by Moorish workmen, who were acquainted with but one style of architecture. Santa Maria Blanca ("White Saint Mary"), stands back in a little court and is a fine specimen of a small cistern, which afforded

### WATER FOR PURIFICATION

before entering the house of God. Its interior is divided into a number of imposing naves by sweeping horse-shoe arches, resembling those of the Mosque of Cordova, but it is a true Jewish sanctuary, being celled with cedars of Lebanon, and the ground on which it stands was covered with the sacred dust of Palestine. El Transito is much more magnificent. It was built and presented to his country by Samuel Levi, the wealthy merchant Jew who became the treasurer of Pedro the Cruel, and after years of faithful service to his royal master, was tortured and put to death, so that the wicked king could enjoy his possessions. The walls of El Transito, covered with appropriate Hebrew inscriptions, quotations from the Scriptures and the Talmud, are decorated with lank patterns, honey comb cornice and engraved niches, like the windows of the Giralda at Seville. The superb ceiling, of Lebanon cedar, carved and painted and curiously inlaid with tortoise-shell, mother-of-pearl and ivory, is supported

by coupled shafts of colored marbles. Beneath the arcade, a broad band surrounded with exquisitely carved foliage contains the arms of Leon and Castile, and is edged with the eighty-fourth Psalm in Hebrew characters. Opposite the holy of holies is the gallery for women, with its elided lattices, behind which they were concealed from the view of male worshippers, according to the universal custom of the East. The two pulpits of the rabbis are mere slits in the walls, twenty feet from the floor and entirely destitute of ornamentation. In 1491 Isabel gave El Transito to the Catholic order of Calatrava; then the holy of holies was converted into an archive and the gallery of the Jewesses became a dwelling for the guardian of the church. The exteriors of both these old synagogues are very dilapidated and have suffered from so many coatings of whitewash that the colors and many of the stucco designs have been quite obliterated. All around are narrow streets, to this day inhabited by none but Israelites. Their houses are so small and so densely populated that they look more like rat holes than human habitations, but are said to be found nowhere else in Spain. If that be true, may heaven save us from sight and smell of the filthiest!

The history of the Jews in Toledo is peculiarly harrowing. After living in prosperity and perfect security under the beneficent rule of the Moors, their tribulations began when the Christians took the city. First they were taxed—thirty pieces of silver per capita, the same being the

### WAGES OF JUDAS ISCARIOT.

the betrayer. In 1357 the Jewish market in Toledo was suppressed. A few years later their synagogues were taken from them. In 1490 the followers of the meek and merciful Jesus, plotting the further oppression and robbery of the Jews, circulated a false story to the effect that the rabbis had stolen and crucified a boy named Juan Pasamonte, in order to preserve his heart in a hostia as a charm against the Inquisition. The absurd tale is commemorated in a fresco near the beautiful cloister gate called "El Nino Perdido," and like the similar story of St. Hugh of Lincoln, is a favorite theme with poets and painters. In 1478 every Jew who had not been baptized was ordered to leave Spain; and when the Inquisition was established in Toledo, 17,000 Jews became good Catholics at a single stroke! In 1492 every unbaptized Jew was compelled by Ferdinand and Isabella to leave Spain, and upwards 170,000 of them were cruelly expelled and their property confiscated. Thus Spain lost her best citizens, because of course it was only honest men who chose banishment and poverty rather than become false to their faith. As they went forth from the gates of the city which they believed had been founded by their ancestors away back in the days of Nebuchadnezzar, they must have felt that their time of captivity had come again, and that once more, as an outcast people, they had to hang their harps upon the willows.

Jewish persecution ended long ago in Spain, and now they may worship when and how they will; but, being descended from those who swore their faith in time of trouble, they are not, as a rule, the most desecrated neighbors. FANNIE B. WARD.

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