ANDORRA

THE HIDDEN REPUBLIC

ITS ORIGIN AND INSTITUTIONS, AND
THE RECORD OF A JOURNEY THITHER

BY

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"THE REAL PALESTINE OF TO-DAY," ETC.

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THE VALLEY OF ANDORRA

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TO MY FIRST AND BEST
TRAVELING COMPANION
MY FATHER

"Separated from the rest of the world by impenetrable rocks; a stranger to science, art, commerce and industry; viewing no spectacle but Nature, knowing no lord and master but God."

VICTORIN VIDAL

PREFACE

Andorra is surrounded by some of the most magnificent mountain scenery in all Europe, yet the strange little valley is almost unvisited; and although the ancient republic possesses a unique historic and political interest, hardly any reliable information concerning this last lonely survival of mediæval days has hitherto been accessible to the English reader.

What little has been written about Andorra in English is, almost without exception, superficial and inaccurate. This might be excusable in a brief chapter of some light description of summer travel in the Pyrenees; but most of the larger encyclopædias, to which the general reader naturally first turns for information about this out-of-the-way corner of Europe, are also confused and self-contradictory. For instance, one well-known work, under the three captions *Charlemagne, Catalonia* and *Spain,* actually gives no fewer than three different dates for the same event in the early history of the Republic.

I have been able to find only two English works bearing the marks of conscientious scholarship: *The Valley of Andorra,* a brief monograph of sixty-six small pages, careful and exact and intentionally devoid of literary qualities, which was privately printed in 1882 by the late W. A. Tucker; and *Through the High Pyrenees,* by Harold Spender and H. Llewellyn Smith (London, 1898). The latter very readable book contains three chapters on Andorra, besides a bibliography which is especially valuable for its references to articles in French periodicals.

For those who read French, there is considerable material on the subject scattered through the files of the *Revue des Pyrénées,* the Annual of the French Alpine Club, and the Bulletins of the *Société Archéologique du Midi de la France,* and the *Société de Géographie de Toulouse,* besides such specific works on Andorra as those by Bladé, Vilar and Vidal, and Ch. Baudon de Mony's *Relations Politiques des Comtes de Foix avec la Catalogne,* in whose second volume of *Pièces Justicatives* are collected the ancient documents which form the basis for any first-hand investigation of early Andorran history.

On the border between France and Spain, where within the area of an American county are spoken French, Spanish and half a dozen dialects of Provençal and Catalan, and where a large proportion of the mountaineers are illiterate, it is not surprising that there is no unanimity of opinion regarding the pronunciation of geographical names. As for their spelling, hardly any two authorities agree. I have found the name of the capital, "Andorra the Old," written with and without the article, and with the adjective spelled *Vella, Viella, Vieilla, Vielle, Vieja* and *Viega.* For the sake of attaining some degree of uniformity, I have, as a rule, followed the spelling of the French government map, though even this carefully prepared publication has not escaped the criticism of local authorities. In the case of proper names other than those of places, I have preferred the Catalan, rather than the French form.

The translation of the difficult mediæval Latin of the Concordat of 1278 has been made by my brother, Russel W. Leary, M.A., LL.B. I believe that this is the first publication in English of the oldest international agreement whose provisions are still in force.

The only other translation which I have seen is in a French doctorate thesis by André Vilar, and this is hardly more than a free paraphrase, which glosses over many of the obscure terms of feudal law.

With few exceptions, the accompanying illustrations are from photographs taken last summer by my traveling companion, Rev. Benjamin T. Marshall, and myself.

In the rapid discussion of conflicting feudal claims concerning which the most learned modern French scholars differ, and which in centuries gone by were not settled without strife and bloodshed, I have not attempted to qualify statements and amplify arguments so as entirely to forestall possible criticism. I hold no brief for either side in the thousand-year-long debate between Church and State. My one hope is that this story of the little Republic of the Pyrenees may not be without interest to the readers who dwell in the great, new Republic of the western world, and may perhaps inspire in them something of the same respect and affection which I myself feel toward the sturdy citizens of Andorra.

LEWIS GASTON LEARY.

PELHAM MANOR, N. Y.,
March 4, 1912.

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THE HIDDEN REPUBLIC

I

THE VALE OF ENDOR

JUST as we reached the summit of the pass, the intense summer heat was tempered by a cool, damp breeze which blew down from the snow-drifts on the Peak of the Black Fountain, and a soft, mistlike rain fell, while we bared our heads, the better to feel the grateful drops. But soon black, angry clouds settled down over all the mountains around us, and low but incessant thunder growled back and forth between the precipices.

Then, suddenly the storm burst upon us. This was no gentle dripping of pleasant coolness, but beating, roaring, heart-chilling sheets of almost solid water. In a moment we were drenched to the skin. In five minutes the bridle-path was a veritable torrent, and we had to dismount, and lead our horses down the

pass. Mountain-bred as they were, they stumbled dangerously over the slippery stones and still more treacherous grass. We too slipped and stumbled, ankle-deep in ice-water and greasy mud. Our teeth chattered, and the cold penetrated to our very bones.

That hour of the Pyrenean tempest: shall I ever forget it? So wet and weary and freezing cold it was, and yet so happy; for all the while, deep down thousands of feet below us, I could see the bright, warm sunlight shining into one of the most beautiful valleys in the world. After years of planning and disappointment, the moment to which I had so long looked forward had at last arrived. Yonder, in the golden glory that broke between the black storm-clouds which shrouded her mountain ramparts, lay sheltered the strangest, least-known country in Europe—the hidden Republic of Andorra!

The story of the Pyrenean valley begins just twelve hundred years ago, in the early days of that fearful eighth century, when the dread crescent of Moslem conquest touched Persia on the east and swung its western tip far across the fair land of Spain.

The Visigoths had ruled Iberia for nearly three hundred years; and their rude, hard barbarism, before which the outposts of a decadent empire had once gone down like breastworks of straw, was now, in its turn, corrupted and enervated by luxury, until the Gothic barons were as weak as had been the Roman nobles whom they supplanted. Then it was that their own governor of Ceuta, Count Julian, moved it is said by the memory of a cruel wrong done to his family, turned traitor to the Christian cause and, with craftily woven tales of the wealth and unpreparedness of the provinces of Spain, tempted the Moorish leaders who were already waiting so eagerly on the African shores just across the strait.

It was a recent convert to Mohammedanism, the Berber chief Ibn Ziad Tarik, who led the main invading force. On the fateful thirtieth day of April, in the year 711, he crossed from Morocco to Spain and landed at the strongest natural fortress in the world, which has ever since been called after him, "the Mountain of Tarik"—*Jebel Tarik* or, as we pronounce it, "Gibraltar."

Three months later, Visigoths and Moors met in decisive battle at Jerez de la Frontera,

by the river Guadalete, fourteen miles northeast of Cadiz. The army of King Roderic is said to have outnumbered that of Tarik four to one; but the Spanish soldiers were ill-treated, half-hearted serfs, commanded by officers the best of whom were dissolute and the worst, treacherous; while their adversaries were seasoned warriors, inspirited by a long succession of easy victories, and led by a general of rare ability and heroic character. There could be only one outcome. Yet the battle waged fiercely during seven long days; for the Goths performed many deeds of valor, and Roderic, with all his faults, proved a wise and courageous commander. Then shameful desertions drained the strength of the Christian army, and at last the broken-hearted king

"—looked for the brave captains that led the hosts of Spain,
But all were fled except the dead, and who could count the slain?" [1]

What became of Roderic himself has ever since remained a fascinating mystery to the credulous Spanish peasantry. He was prob-

[1] Lockhart, *Spanish Ballads,* "The Lamentation of Don Roderic."

ably drowned in the Guadalete; for, after the battle, his horse and sandals were found on the edge of the river; but pious and loyal tradition refused to end thus ignominiously the career of the last Visigothic king. During the Middle Ages, he was popularly supposed to have spent long years in solemn penance for his sins—which, in truth, were many—and then to have been transported to a mysterious isle in the Atlantic, from which he would some day return, purified and invincible, once more to lead his people against their Moslem foes.

But Christian Spain waited long years for her deliverance. During nearly eight centuries, the richest provinces in the peninsula were held by the Moors.

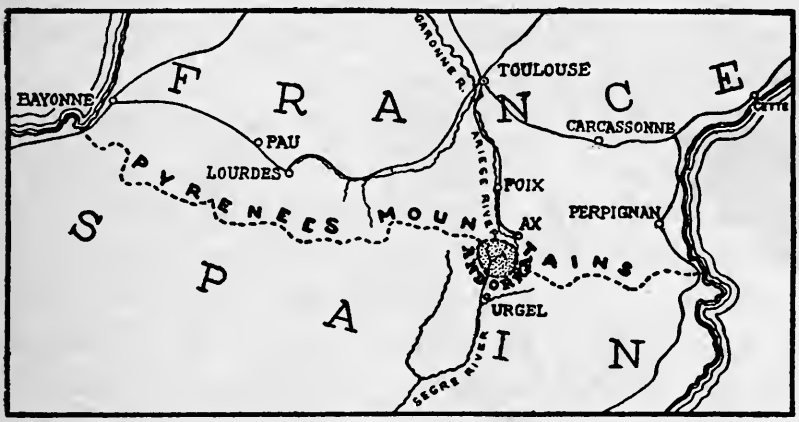
After the Battle of Jerez, the victors swept northward with the quick devastation of a forest fire. The rest of Spain was theirs, almost for the asking. Cadiz, Cordova, Toledo, Seville, capitulated in rapid succession. A horde of serfs turned wearily to the service of new masters. Spain became as thoroughly a Moslem empire as Egypt or Morocco. Then, turning past the low eastern slope of the Pyrenees, the conquerors advanced into south-

ern France. As early as 719, Narbonne and Carcassonne were occupied by Moslem garrisons. In twenty years from the day that Tarik landed on Spanish soil, the sway of Islam reached from Gibraltar to Bordeaux, and Abd-er-Rahman dreamed of the speedy conquest of all France.

In 732, Charles Martel finally checked the invasion at the memorable Battle of Tours, and western Europe was saved; but not even his valiant Franks dared follow the defeated Moors southward into the mountains. For nearly two generations longer, the Moslems ruled the Pyrenees, and as far beyond them as the city of Narbonne.

It was during these troublous years when the Christian civilization of southwestern Europe seemed doomed to speedy annihilation at the hands of the unconquerable Moslem armies, that some terror-stricken Catalan peasants left their fertile fields among the foothills of the County of Urgel, and fled up the Segre River and its tributary, the Valira, into the most remote and inaccessible valleys of the Pyrenees. Here, by the highest sources of their mountain torrent, the refugees settled in

barren niches of the great rock wall which guards the northern border of Spain, and hoped that the very poverty of their new home would insure them against further molestation.



But beyond the Pyrenees lay France and a continent of "Infidels" which seemed ripe for conquest; so, hardly had the exiled Catalans had time to clear their little homesteads by the Valira River, before the Moslem raiders were again upon them. In desperation, the hard-pressed colonists appealed for help to the invincible Charlemagne, who gladly came to their assistance, and drove the Moors, not only from the Pyrenees, but from the adjacent parts of Spain.

The relief, however, proved to be only tem-

porary. On the withdrawal of the Christian army, the tide of Moslem invasion again swept up the mountains, and again the frightened peasants besought aid from the mighty kingdom to the north. This time it was Charlemagne's son, Louis *le Débonnaire*—or, as the Andorrans prefer to call him, "Louis the Pious"—who invaded Catalonia with such good success that now it was the Moors who were forced to flee for refuge to the high valleys of the Pyrenees. There, in the little plain by the fork of the Valira, where to-day stands the tiny capital, Andorra la Vella, Louis inflicted upon the Moslems such a crushing defeat that henceforth the Pyrenees were free from them forever.

The debonair prince knew his Bible; and when he looked upon the scene of the victory —the valley and the hamlet lying at the foot of the mountain—he was reminded of Endor and Mount Tabor,[1] and the Scriptural battlefield where also the army of true religion fought against the forces of heathendom. So

[1] Louis was a little confused in his Scriptural geography; for Endor really lies at the foot of the hill Moreh (Little Hermon). Mount Tabor is close by, however; and the Plain of Esdraelon, which he had in mind, is the greatest battlefield in all the Holy Land.

ONE OF THE BROADER PORTIONS OF THE VALLEY OF ANDORRA. IN THE CENTER, THE VILLAGE OF ENCAMP

he called the place "Endor," or, as it is now pronounced, "Andorra." [1]

Louis did more for Andorra than merely drive out its enemies. It was he, it is said, who first formally recognized the locality as a self-governing political unit, and fixed upon the natural barriers of gorge and river and mountain which, to this day, form the boundaries of the country. In the ruined and half-depopulated villages he settled a number of his own soldiers; and, in order to reconcile them to living in this out-of-the-way and unfertile region, he made its inhabitants free from every kind of tax or impost. Best of all, from the viewpoint of the continued existence and integrity of the new state, he placed it under the protection of one of his most valiant knights, whom he created Count of Urgel, the district from which the Andorrans had originally emigrated. As a token of his own ultimate sovereignty, Louis demanded only an annual tribute of a couple of the trout for which the Valira has always been famous.

Such is the tradition, held proudly and stubbornly by every patriotic Andorran, con-

[1] Another and more probable etymology derives "Andorra" from the Moorish *Al-darra*, "The thickly wooded place."

cerning the origin of the oldest, highest, poorest and, in population, smallest republic in the world.

II

COUNTS AND BISHOPS

STORIES about Charlemagne and Louis naturally abound in the "Valley," [1] as Andorra is popularly called. Travelers are shown the houses where the conquerors lodged, the exact localities of the famous victories, the footprint of Charlemagne in the rock, a large stone which he cleft with his sword, so that the hollow in it might serve as a manger for his steed, and the marks on the mountainside where Louis fixed a great iron ring in commemoration of his campaign against the Moors.

[1] The plural form of the word seems to be more commonly met with in Andorra itself, and to have the sanction of modern official usage; but there is apparently no fixed rule in the matter and, both in French and Spanish writings, the singular is freely used in the interests of variety and euphony. In the (Latin) Concordat of 1278, the invariable designation is "the Valley or Valleys of Andorra." The singular, "Valley," is not only a somewhat more convenient form for English writing, but it also gives a better idea of the littleness and essential geographical unity of the country, and, therefore, will be uniformly employed in this book.

When we come to examine more closely into the alleged Carlovingian origin of the Andorran state, however, we find it difficult to substantiate the local traditions; and, indeed, these traditions themselves offer a number of confusing and irreconcilable variations.

For instance, there seems to be a considerable doubt as to whether it was Louis or his father who granted the first franchise to the inhabitants of the Valley; and if the latter, there is another and more plausible explanation than that already given, to the effect that Charlemagne did not come to the Pyrenees for the express purpose of succoring the Andorrans, but merely passed over the mountains on his way to war against the Moors of Catalonia, and granted the freedom of the Valley as a reward for the aid its residents gave in guiding his army across the difficult pass from France into Spain.[1]

From other and reliable sources, we know that Charlemagne did actually cross the Pyrenees and invade northern Spain in the year 777; but it seems that this was done at the suggestion of some discontented Moslem emirs,

[1] This version of the tradition is given, without question as to its correctness, in the *Grand Dictionnaire Universel*

who had offered to transfer their allegiance from Cordova to the Frankish monarchy. The Moorish rebels, however, soon began to quarrel among themselves, and Charlemagne, after an ineffectual attempt to capture the city of Saragossa, returned to France by way of the Pass of Roncesvalles, where his army was overtaken with the disaster made memorable through the Song of Roland.

A few years later, Louis was sent by his father into Catalonia, where his arms were so successful that northeastern Spain was reconquered from the Moors as far as the Ebro River, and the scattered states along the border were thereupon organized by Charlemagne as the Spanish March, which was ruled by Frankish counts who rendered allegiance to the Holy Roman Empire.

There is no documentary evidence, however, that either Charlemagne or Louis granted charter rights to Andorra,[1] and, while it is dif-

[1] There is, indeed, among the archives of the Cathedral of Urgel a charter which claims to have been given by Louis to Andorra in the year 805; but this is now generally conceded to be a forgery of two or three hundred years later, which was presumably fabricated as evidence in the controversy between the bishops and counts concerning their respective rights in the Valley.

ficult to prove a universal negative, it is at least very unlikely that either of them ever passed through the Valley.

But this does not mean that there is no basis of fact underlying the popular beliefs concerning the origin of the nation. On the contrary, all that we know of the contemporary history of neighboring localities points to the essential truth of the Andorran tradition, though here, as always, tradition expresses truth in its own peculiarly vivid and personified manner.

After the Moors had been driven from the Pyrenees at the beginning of the ninth century, there was a drift northward of the Christian population of Spain. Some were returning to the devastated homes from which they had fled at the approach of the African invaders, and many others left richer farm-lands in the war-scourged plains for less fertile and hitherto unsettled mountain valleys, where at least they could dwell secure from Moslem oppression. Charlemagne encouraged these mountain pioneers, actuated apparently by three motives: a kindly desire to help his suffering co-religionists, a natural willingness to increase the value of his possessions through settlement and cultivation, and, in particular, a

shrewd appreciation of the opportunity which was thus offered for organizing along the northern border of Spain a line of local militia which could meet the first shock of any new Moslem advance.

So these little colonies among the mountains of the Spanish March were granted an unusually generous form of land tenure known as *jus aprisionis,* which we may roughly translate, "squatters' rights." They were, of course, required to render the customary feudal military service in case of need; but they were freed from the payment of a quitrent to the seigneur, and sometimes were released even from the ecclesiastical tithe. They were also given an exceptional degree of freedom in their local government, and were allowed to dispense justice according to their own peculiar customs, except in the case of the most serious crimes, such as murder, arson and rape, the punishment for which was reserved to the count.

Now, in view of the unquestioned fact that this form of tenure under the *jus aprisionis* was quite common in the Pyrenees, and is known to have applied to several other districts within the bounds of the Seigneury of

Urgel, the mere absence of documentary evidence in the case of Andorra is of little weight, as against the ancient tradition that the special privileges which the district still enjoys had their origin in *aprisionis* rights which were granted by the early Frankish kings. It thus seems more than probable that Charlemagne and Louis, through their campaigns against the Moors of Catalonia and their subsequent reorganization of privileged border states, did really have a large part, though possibly an indirect one, in providing for the safety and autonomy of Andorra.

The imperial franchises of the other Pyrenean settlements were little by little encroached upon by the powerful feudal lords. Soon the *jures aprisionis* were denied, and the once free mountain districts became ordinary fiefs of the counts. Andorra alone retained its measure of independence, apparently because its very poverty made it hardly worth the while to oppress, and also because it lay on the extreme northern border of the County of Urgel, whose seigneurs were engaged in almost continuous warfare with the Moorish enemies along their southern frontier.

These early lords of Urgel seem to have

been valiant fellows. It should be remembered that they were not Spanish but Frankish nobles. Later on, upon the rise of the Kingdom of Aragon, Urgel, like the rest of Catalonia, allied itself with the southern power with which it was in closer geographical union. But when the seigneury was established by Louis, the natural rulers of the land were exiled or disinherited, powerful Moorish states lay just to the south of them, and the new counts were separated from the forces of Frankish Christian civilization by the almost impassible Pyrenees. Like the other lords of the Spanish March, the seigneurs of Urgel lived, as it were, on a little cape, with the cliffs at their backs, and the great sea of Moslem enmity dashing its storm waves into their very faces.

So they were not long-lived, these Counts of Urgel; but we do not read that any of them died of *ennui*. Their biographies nearly all end with the same brave epitaph—Died fighting the Moslems. Count Ermengol I. fell in battle with the Moors, in 1010. His son, Ermengol II., died thirty years later in the Holy Land. Ermengol III. was killed by the Moors at Barbastro, in 1065. Ermengol V.

fought the Moors all his life, and perished in an attempt to retake from them the Balearic Islands. Ermengol VII. died in 1183, fighting the Moors in Valencia. So the rulers of the little Christian seigneury, crowded up in northeastern Spain between the mountains and the Moors, stubbornly held their own, in face of the continued assaults of Islam. Theirs was a rude, hard type of Christianity, usually too busy fighting the enemies of the Faith to leave much time for growth in personal righteousness; but no invading army ever passed by them into France, and through all the centuries of bitter conflict between Spaniard and Moor, the Valley of Andorra never again knew the horror of Moslem occupation.

It is only five years after the death of Charlemagne that the story of Andorra passes from the dimness of tradition into the light of authentic history. The Cathedral of Urgel had been destroyed at the time of the Moorish invasion of Catalonia; but after the victorious campaign of Louis the Pious, it was rebuilt by Bishop Posidinius. On November 1, 819,[1] the

[1] The genuineness of the Act of Consecration is unquestioned; but there is some doubt as to its date, which a few

new edifice was dedicated with impressive ceremonies, and was endowed with lands given in the name of the emperor and of his vassal, Sunifred of Urgel. Among the parishes which are enumerated in the Act of Consecration as belonging to the diocese, are six lying "in the Valley of Andorra, in the land of Urgel." [1]

The Bishops of Urgel were no upstart priests of a petty diocese. The see is said to have been established in the early days when Spain was a province of the Roman Empire; and we know the names of its prelates as far back as the beginning of the sixth century. Toward the end of the eighth century, Catalonia had been overrun by the Moors; but even then, when Urgel was sacked and the church destroyed, it is not certain that there was any break in the line of bishops. When Catalonia again came under Christian rule, Charlemagne enlarged the See of Urgel, so that it became

authorities would fix as 839, instead of 819. Even this later year would, of course, fall within the reign of Louis.

[1] Namely Lauretia (now San Julia de Loria), Andorra (i.e., Andorra la Vella), Santa Colomba (now replaced by Canillo), La Massana, Ordino and Encamp. It will thus be seen that there has been little change in the internal administration of Andorra during the last eleven centuries.

one of the most extensive and powerful dioceses in Spain; and it was he also—so it is said—who first gave to it the right of tithing the Valley of Andorra.

Now in those old days when the princes of the Church also enjoyed many of the prerogatives of feudal lords, it can be imagined that misunderstandings might easily arise as to the exercise of suzerain rights over this valley which lay at once within the Diocese and the Seigneury of Urgel. Indeed, at the present time, French scholars who have made a special study of the early history of the Pyrenees are sometimes amusingly acrimonious in their discussion of the extent to which the Church exercised secular rule over Andorra. Some say that it was originally a diocesan possession, pure and simple, within whose bounds the bishops later granted the counts certain rights, in return for the protection which their arms could give. Others claim that the original proprietorship was vested in the counts, who granted to the Church only the customary ecclesiastical jurisdiction, reserving to themselves all other seigneurial rights. And there are various possible modifications of each of

these two hypotheses, involving grants and regrants and exceptions and reservations, with all the numerous and bewildering variations known to feudal law.

The latter of the above theories seems on its face the more probable, though it must be qualified by the fact that the Counts of Urgel were too busy fighting the Moors to bother much about little Andorra, and, as a matter of practice, were apparently quite willing to let the Church exercise for them at second hand their seigneurial authority over this inaccessible and unprofitable portion of their estates. From the tenth to the twelfth centuries the lords of Urgel made various grants to the Church which, according to one's original hypothesis, will be interpreted as mere confirmations of ancient and inalienable diocesan rights, or as the entire transference of a feudal possession, or as grants of spiritual jurisdiction with the customary ecclesiastical tithes, which were not intended to affect in any way the existing or future exercise of the secular rule on the part of the counts or their vassal lords. But, whatever the strict theory of the case may have been, there is little doubt that, as a matter

of fact, the Bishops of Urgel, by the beginning of the twelfth century, did actually exercise secular jurisdiction over Andorra.

We are not so much interested, however, in the abstract rights of this ancient contention as we are in its effects upon the future of Andorra. If the matter seems confused now, it was doubly so during the Middle Ages, when the question was argued, not with mere wordy debate, but with fire and sword. But before the final struggle came between the counts and bishops, the secular lordship over the Valley had passed north of the Pyrenees into France.

In the twelfth century, through various grants from the bishops or the counts, or possibly from both, Andorra became included within the domains of the Viscount of Castellbo, a vassal of the Count of Urgel; and in 1202 Ermesinde, the heiress of Castellbo, married Roger Bernard II. of Foix, who therefore, upon the death of his father-in-law, became possessed of the debated seigneurial rights in Andorra. Meanwhile the original Seigneury of Urgel, through the marriage of its heiress with a member of the royal family, had passed into the direct possession of the Kings of Aragon, by whom it was

finally annexed to the estates of the Viscounts of Cabrera.

According to the Bishops of Urgel, any inherited authority of the Counts of Foix over Andorra was merely held in fief from the Church, as had been the original concessions. According to the counts, their alliance with Castellbo had invested them with the secular rule over the Valley, which had never been transferred to the bishops by the Seigneury of Urgel.

The rivalry between the two claimants became doubly bitter during the Albigensian Wars, when the Counts of Foix identified themselves with the cause of the schismatics. In 1236, Bishop Ponce de Vilamur was forbidden by Roger Bernard II. to search out heretics in the estates of Castellbo, and the count was thereupon promptly excommunicated. It was under his grandson, Roger Bernard III., however, that the conflict reached its climax. This Count of Foix was not a man to sit down quietly and settle differences of opinion by calm discussion. With equal zest he defied the pope and made war against the kings of France and Aragon. Finally his quarrel with Bishop Pedro of

Urgel (which involved other possessions in Castellbo besides Andorra) brought him into Catalonia with an invading army. Pedro III. of Aragon was far away in the south of his domains fighting the Moors; and Roger Bernard's path through the episcopal estates was marked by what the final treaty of peace describes as "the slaughter of men, both soldiers, ecclesiastics and villeins, and the destruction of castles and houses . . . the mutilation of men's bodies, and many other atrocities and almost unspeakable evils." Arriving at Seo de Urgel, he hanged his prisoners of war within sight of the city walls, and promised a like fate to all its inhabitants, unless the place at once offered an unconditional surrender.

Four years later, in 1277, as the terms of the surrender had not been fulfilled to his satisfaction, Roger Bernard again prepared to ravage the estates of Urgel. This time, however, Bishop Jathbert of Valencia, filled with sorrow at the useless shedding of blood in the neighboring diocese, used his influence with the contending parties to such good purpose that they were persuaded to declare an armistice, and submit their differences to arbitration.

Six "friendly intermediaries" offered their assistance in arranging a satisfactory settlement of the conflicting claims. These were Bishop Jathbert himself; Raymond de Besaln, archdeacon of Tarragona; Bonat de Lavayna, canon of Narbonne and papal tithe-collector for the Kingdom of Aragon; and three nobles, Raymond d'Urg, Isarn de Fajaus, and William Raymond de Josa. Their conciliatory efforts met with such good success that the contending parties agreed upon a concordat usually known as the *Acte de Paréage,*[1] or simply the *Paréages,* which was signed on September 7, 1278 by the count, the bishop, and King Pedro of Aragon, and was witnessed by forty-six others, archdeacons, priors, abbots, canons, precentors, clerks, knights and lawyers.[2] On October 7, 1282, the concordat was formally approved by Pope Martin IV.; and, as Roger Bernard nevertheless did not cease his intrigues in Andorra, was supplemented by a second treaty which, through the influence of two of the former arbiters, was signed Decem-

[1] *Paréage* (Latin *pariagium,* Catalan *pariatge*) was a term of continental feudal law which denoted the sharing of the jurisdiction over a certain fief between two seigneurs, such as was not uncommon during the Middle Ages.

[2] See Appendix II.

ber 6, 1288. The *Acte de Paréage* was destined to settle permanently the political status of the Valley, and is rightly viewed as the Magna Charta of Andorra.

Stripped of the repetitious legal phraseology of the Middle Ages, its provisions are as follows:

The count and the bishop were each to be represented in the Valley by a "bayle" [1] (Latin *bajulus*), and these should jointly administer justice. If either were absent, however, the other might serve alone, provided that whenever the absent bayle returned, he should be consulted with regard to the disposition of any unfinished cases.

The count was also, if he desired, to be represented in the Valley by a "viguier," [2] or deputy (*vicarius*). The deputy of the bishop is not mentioned, but was doubtless taken for granted, as the Church had already for some

[1] This is the spelling adopted by the French courts; and I shall use it throughout in preference to the Catalan *batlle*, which the reader might find difficult to pronounce, or the English *bailiff*, which might lead to a confusion with our modern court officer who bears the same title.

[2] Again I shall use the French name, which formerly was applied to the provosts of Languedoc and Provence. The full Catalan title is *veguer de las valls*.

time previous exercised its authority over Andorra through such an officer.

The two suzerains were to levy a "quistia," or tribute, in alternate years. In the bishop's year, the amount which might be collected was limited to 4,000 "Malgorian sous," but the count was to be allowed to take as much as he wished. In the course of time, however, this levy was also made a fixed sum, which before the French Revolution had been set at 1,920 francs. The count was also favored above the bishop in that he was to receive three-fourths of all the fines or other moneys collected by the bayles, but the expenses of administration were to be deducted before this division was made. The distinctively ecclesiastical fines and taxes were to be received by the Church as formerly.

In regard to the theoretical basis of the original controversy, the arbiters approved the bishop's claim to be the rightful suzerain of the Valley; and decided that the count was to hold his share of the divided sovereignty over Andorra as a fief from the bishop, to whom he was to do homage, according to the "Barcelona rite."

Since 1278, the relations of Andorra with

its Spanish suzerain have remained unchanged; but, through various inter-marriages of the counts with other and more powerful families, the Seigneury of Foix became assimilated with Béarn and later with Navarre, and its feudal rights over Andorra eventually rested in Henry of Navarre, who became King of France in 1589.

Thus the authority over the Valley which was given to Roger Bernard III. in 1278, was exercised successively by the Houses of Foix, Brailly, d'Albret and Bourbon, and since the accession of Henry IV., has been vested in the head of the French government, King, First Consul, Emperor or President, as the case might be.

The only break in this relationship came in 1793, when the representatives of the new National Assembly refused to receive the tribute from Andorra, on the ground that its acceptance would savor of a feudalism incompatible with republican institutions. But the Andorrans themselves urged incessantly the resumption of the previous relations with their powerful northern neighbor; and finally, in March, 1806, Napoleon, who was then First Consul, signed a decree "in regard to the peti-

tion of the inhabitants of the Valley of Andorra to be reinstated in their former police and commercial relations with France," which put in force again the ancient protectorate.

It is commendable to all parties concerned that the then Bishop of Urgel unexpectedly and heartily seconded the efforts of the Andorran government to procure the resumption of the joint sovereignty.

We must remember that the various and somewhat complicated readjustments in feudal relationships which have just been described were spread out over a period of more than a thousand years. Also, with hardly an exception, they were quite external to Andorra itself. Even when angry Roger Bernard was bent on chastising the Bishop of Urgel, he avoided passing through the mountain district over which the contention had arisen. Few of the great changes taking place around them were known, and fewer were felt, by the inhabitants of Andorra. During all the troublous centuries when Europe was shaken to its foundations by incessant wars and savage revolutions, that the overthrow of mediæval feudalism might prepare the way for the coming of mod-

ern civilization, the life of the Valley was quite untouched.

The boundaries of the country, its internal divisions, the number of its inhabitants, are all the same now as they were at the dawn of Andorran history. Nearly everything about the Valley is literally "immemorial"—its peculiar exemptions and privileges, its reliance upon foreign powers to protect its borders, its strange immunity from outside interference with its local affairs. The best that we can do is to fix approximately the century when these originated. The same is true of the government of the Republic. Hardly anything is known about its workings before the time of the French Revolution. The General Council is said to have been established through the good offices of Ponce de Vilamur, who was Bishop of Urgel during the early part of the thirteenth century; but this is little more than a blind guess. The country is a protected republic now, and so far as any evidence to the contrary is concerned, its inhabitants have made their own laws ever since they first fled from the Moors to their mountain valley. That is the most that can be said upon the subject.

If the proverb is true, Andorra is the happiest of nations; for a thousand years it has had no history.

Over the entrance to the Capitol at Andorra la Vella is carved the coat-of-arms of the Republic, which perpetuates the memory of the strange dual protectorate, for its quarterings are the miter and crozier of the See of Urgel, the bars of Foix and the cows of Béarn.[1] Above the escutcheon is a Latin quatrain which breathes the imperturbable satisfaction with which the Andorran views his country's history and destiny. We might roughly translate the lines:

"You here behold a Neutral Valley's arms,
Whose quarterings nobler nations have rejoiced to bear.
Each singly has some alien people blessed:
Andorra's Golden Age shall from their union spring."

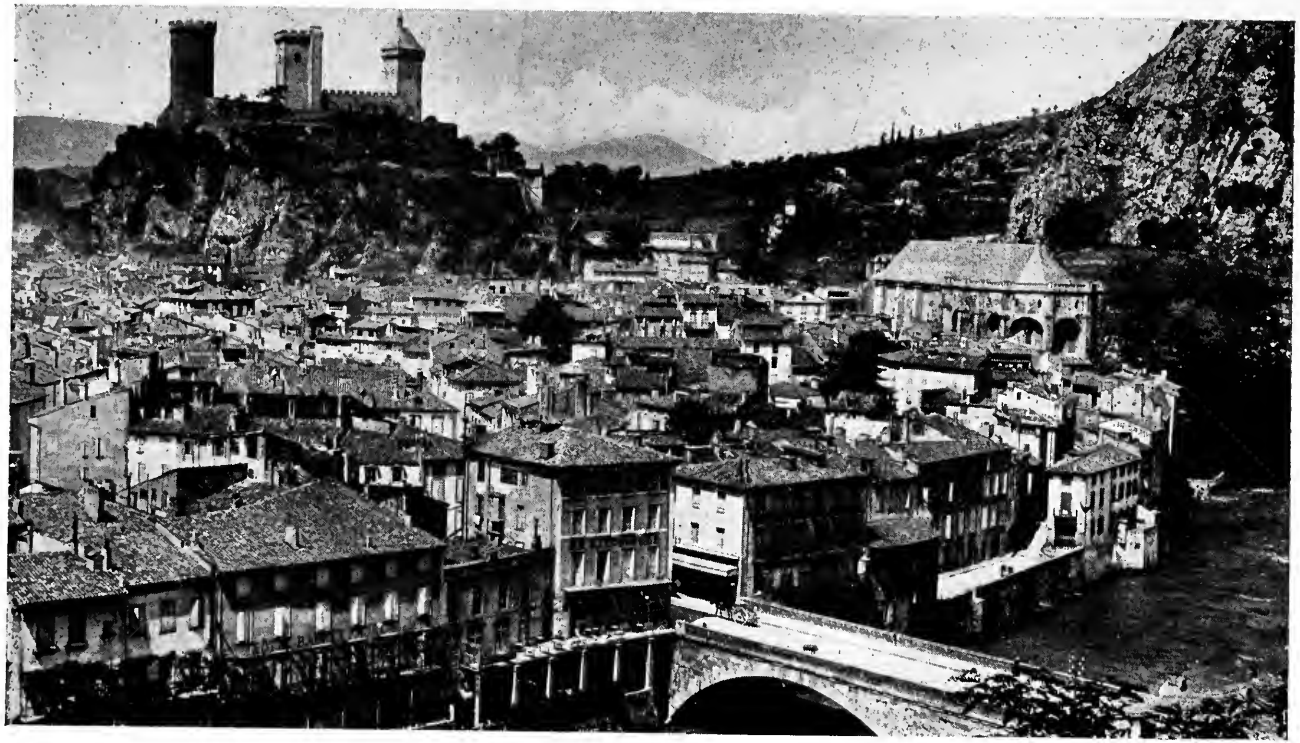
[1] See the cover design, which is based upon Tucker's *The Valley of Andorra* and the *Nouveau Larousse*. I unfortunately neglected to make a drawing of the coat-of-arms, and the photograph which I took was poorly focused. Mr. Spender, following Vilar, who apparently quotes from Vidal, gives a slightly different quartering, according to which the miter and crozier are in the same section of the shield, thus allowing room for the bars of Catalonia in the fourth quarter. It is hard to reconcile such an arrangement, however, with what can be made out on my photograph.

III

THE ROCK OF FOIX

THE natural entrance into Andorra is from the south, the way the first settlers came, following the Segre River through Catalonia to Seo de Urgel, and thence up the valley of the Valira. But the modern traveler will find this route a wearisome one; for there are few stretches of good road, and the Spanish railways run south of the foothills of the Pyrenees, far from even the beginning of the central range. The nearest station to Seo de Urgel and the Valira is Calaf, which is eighty miles away.

The French passes are high, difficult at all seasons, and during half the year are blocked with snow. On the other hand, the railway from the north runs to the very edge of the Pyrenees; and most travelers will consider it worth while to endure the one day's long, exhausting climb over the pass, for the sake of the great saving in time, as well as for the more imposing mountain scenery which this route affords.



THE CITY AND CASTLE OF FOIX

The northern approach to Andorra is also interesting historically; for it takes us through the ancient County of Foix. Fifty-two miles below Toulouse we reach the stronghold of the feudal lords who were the suzerains of the young republic.

The little city of Foix lies along a curve of the Ariège River, and it needs only one glance at the place to understand its strategic importance as an armed gate across the long, narrow valley which pierces far south through the Pyrenees to the very border of Spain. In these piping days of peace, however, Foix has a population of only 7,000, and bears the reputation of being the dullest county-seat in France.

The lower town by the railway lies down in the old river bed, and, owing to the bend of the stream, is enclosed on all sides by close, steep, wooded hills, which frame the sheltered vale with a quaint and restful beauty, but which, on a hot July afternoon, as we soon discovered, shut out every breath of air. The whole place seemed asleep, except for a few indifferent railway officials, and a couple of dapper little lieutenants who had come to the station to meet visiting friends. We decided to our own

satisfaction that the very attractive young woman who had come down in the train with us from Toulouse was the wife of the middle-aged business man who accompanied her, and the sister of the more handsome of the lieutenants; and as we afterwards watched the vivacious group at lunch, the eager enjoyment of the two officers seemed to betray almost pathetically the dead monotony of their every-day life in this hot little garrison town.

When we came out from the darkened station, the whitish dust on the smooth government road beside the Ariège shone so dazzlingly that we had to half-close our eyes to keep out the glare, and the waves of heat shimmered up from the sidewalks as if Foix had been one great, glowing stove. So we sat for a long time on the hotel porch overhanging the river, and chatted with a homesick waiter from Paris, who could see nothing good in southern France except the trout, which he said were so plentiful that people who lived alongside the Ariège often caught a mess of fish by dropping lines out of their kitchen windows.

But with the castle fairly hanging over us, even the sweltering heat of the summer sun

could not excuse us from climbing the steep, cobble-stone streets to the "Rock of Foix." This is a small, blocklike hill which rises abruptly at the back of the town to a height of two hundred feet, and bears on its summit the three conspicuous towers of the feudal fortress.

As we walked through the well-built business district, our noisy footsteps disturbed the quiet of the summer afternoon. Crowds of curious children followed us, and a few shopkeepers wakened from their midday *siesta* at the back of their darkened stores, and stood in the doorways, drowsily rubbing their eyes as they watched the strangely energetic foreigners. Off the main streets, however, the houses were sullenly shuttered against the blazing sun, and it was hard even to find anyone to point out our way. But through almost every narrow alley we could get a glimpse of a tall tower of the fortress; so up and up through the town, and then round and round the castle hill, we toiled along the rough ascent, until we had quite lost our sense of direction; and at last, still a little way below the summit, we came suddenly upon a massive gateway set down into the rock, and before the

gate we found the garrison of the fortress peacefully dozing in the shade of a cherry tree.

He was a thin little old man, very wrinkled and sunburned, and cheerfully garrulous in the presence of evidently rare visitors. In the thick walls of the outer fortification was his combined kitchen, bedroom and living-room; a cozy, smoke-begrimed chamber, with the coat-of-arms of the Counts of Foix carved above the great open fireplace, and the table and chairs and floor cluttered with pots and pans and children's toys. The old man took a great deal of pleasure in explaining to us the mechanism of a cardboard aeroplane, which hung by a string from the ceiling. He told us that his daughter-in-law and little grandchild lived with him. Their bedroom was evidently over the gate, where we saw a narrow window whose clean panes and tidy white curtains showed signs of feminine care.

According to the *concierge,* hardly anybody ever came up to the castle, so he had plenty of time on his hands. Here and there, on narrow ledges of the rocky hill, he had planted vegetables and flowers. Plum and cherry trees and wild strawberry vines were laden

with delicious fruit, ripened to an extraordinary sweetness by the hot southern sun. One fat cow browsed placidly on the grass-grown ramparts; a white goat was very much worried because her kid conversed so long in intelligent *ba-a-a-s* with the strange visitors; a sleeping cat purred noisily on top of the wall; and in a broken corner of the fortifications were cooped a few dozing chickens. When I get a little older, I should like nothing better than to become *concierge* here, and settle down cozily among the trees and flowers and warm quietness of the Rock of Foix, with a real castle all for my own.

The first to bear the title of Count of Foix was Bernard Roger,[1] second son of Roger of Carcassonne, who inherited from his father a large territory in the southwestern part of the family estates. The original House of Foix became extinct in 1391 upon the death of Gaston Phœbus, who had killed his only legitimate son in a fit of jealous rage. The last ruler of the independent County was Gaston

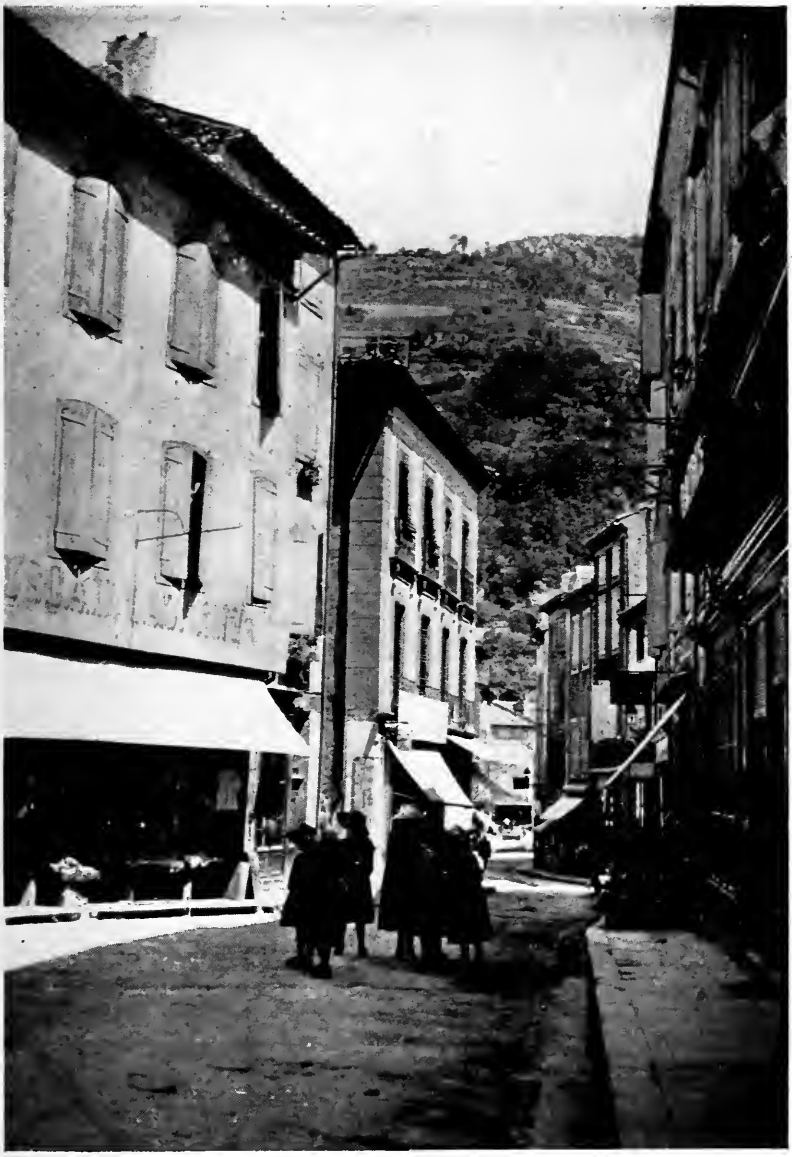
[1] Bernard Roger is by some writers counted as the first Roger Bernard, which of course throws one number forward the designation of each of the three counts who subsequently bore the latter name.

IV., who married Eleanor, the Crown Princess and, later, Queen of Navarre. Upon the death of Gaston, he was succeeded by his grandson, Francis Phœbus, who became King of Navarre in 1479; and thereafter the importance of Foix was overshadowed by that of the larger domains with which it had become united.[1]

They were very tenacious of family names, these proud old counts. Nine of the first ten were called Roger; and then, after Roger Bernard the Great married Marguerite, daughter and heiress of Gaston VII. of Béarn, four of the next eight rulers of Foix bore the Béarnese name of Gaston.

These Rogers and Gastons were bold, arrogant seigneurs who, in their strong castles on the hilltops of southern France, recked naught of any nominal allegiance to either king or pope, and exercised despotic sway over the snug little realm that was theirs. They went on pious crusades to the Holy Land, and were excommunicated for their contumacious support of heretical uprisings in Catholic France. They won fame for the sweet love songs they wrote, and they murdered their own sons.

[1] See Appendix I, The Counts of Foix.



A STREET IN FOIX

They married king's daughters, and made war upon their royal relatives. As if independent sovereigns, they entered into formal treaties with the great nations about them; and from their sturdy loins sprang the rulers of Béarn and Navarre and, at last, of a united and glorious France.[1]

The castle at Foix is identified with the history of the Rogers rather than that of the Gastons, who, with their growth in wealth and power, preferred to hold their court in newer and more luxurious residences, such as those at Mazères, Pau and Orthez. For this was a fort, rather than a château, and was older even than the countship to which it gave its name.

In its present form—and, owing to the configuration of the hill, it can never have been much larger—the castle contains only one or two private chambers, the great *salle d'armes,*

[1] At least one Count of Foix not only made history, but helped write it; for the best contemporary chronicle of the Middle Ages tells us that it was at the court of Gaston Phœbus (then not at Foix, however, but at Orthez in Béarn) that Froissart "learned the greater part of those events which happened in the kingdoms of Castille, Portugal, Navarre, Aragon, and even in England, also in the Bourbonnais, and everything concerning Gascony." "The Count himself," continues Froissart, "was very communicative and readily answered every question put to him."

and, in the towers, guard-rooms for the garrison. The fortress, which is now being admirably restored at the joint expense of the Department and the national government, is a striking example of the Gothic military architecture of the Middle Ages. Of the three yellowish sandstone towers, the two square ones were erected in the eleventh or twelfth centuries, and the round "donjon" is popularly ascribed to the famous Gaston Phœbus, who partly reconstructed the castle in 1362. It seems more probable, however, that, at least in its present form, this imposing tower dates from the middle of the next century. It contains five circular guard-rooms, each with its enormous fireplace, while almost entirely excavated beneath the surface of the hill is a damp, dark prison chamber, lighted only by one tiny slit of a window, set high up in the thick wall. Small as is this castle in comparison with many other feudal strongholds, it gives an unusual impression of proud, hard strength, and seems a fitting memorial of those redoubtable Counts of Foix, who were the valued allies or dreaded rivals of kings, and whose blood at last flowed in the veins of the rulers of France.

Of the many sieges which the castle has undergone, the two most famous occurred during the religious wars of the thirteenth century, when the Counts of Foix, like their suzerains of Toulouse, sided with the Albigenses, and suffered greatly, both in honor and estate, from the failure of the Protestant cause. In 1210, the cruel and fanatical Simon de Montfort, father of that other Simon who became the English Earl of Leicester, ravaged the County of Foix, set fire to the town, and shut up Raymond Roger in his little castle. This, however, was so stubbornly defended that the Count of Montfort was at length obliged to withdraw his forces without having captured the fortress.

In 1272, the last of the Rogers—the same who signed the *Paréages* with Bishop Pedro of Urgel—found himself besieged by the army of France, under command of no less distinguished a person than the king himself. Philip the Hardy found that he could not take the hill by assault, but he undermined the Rock of Foix, and then gave Roger Bernard the choice of surrendering or seeing his fortress tumble about his ears. We cannot but rejoice that a sentimental regard for the home of

his fathers, as well as a cold-blooded analysis of the situation, induced the count to adopt the alternative which left the castle intact.

During the next three centuries, Foix was never long free from religious strife. Catholics and Huguenots held the castle by turns, and fierce battles were fought in the city streets. The sixteenth century, in particular, was a veritable reign of terror for the citizens, who at one time saw the citadel turned into an ecclesiastical prison, behind whose silent walls were enacted the mysterious horrors of the Inquisition.

When the Huguenot Wars were finally ended in 1629 by the Peace of Alais, the victorious Catholics planned to raze all the Protestant strongholds in France; but the Castle of Foix escaped the general destruction, by special orders of Richelieu himself.

After we had climbed up and down the one hundred and forty-seven worn, winding steps which lead to the battlements of the donjon tower, we were glad to throw ourselves flat on the little circle of shaded lawn beside the armory, and take a more leisurely survey of the castle and the valley. In spite of the gray old ramparts, it was a scene of such Sabbath

THE CONCIERGE OF THE CASTLE OF FOIX

quietness and peace that we found it hard to realize the grim history of the ancient capital. The rough stone walls were overgrown here and there with rich, dark ivy. Hollyhocks and lilacs pushed up between the broken flagstones of the court. Now and then a puff of breeze blew from over the hills which hemmed in the crowded, stifling town beneath us. While we lay motionless, little white butterflies fluttered over the grass, pigeons cooed from the turrets, and swallows called to one another as they swept past the battlemented towers. The valley below, along which there marched against the haughty fortress the armies of Simon de Montfort and Philip the Hardy, lay in absolute stillness, except for the muffled puffing of a distant train. Just beneath the castle, the old Church of St. Volusien, about which once raged the fanatical conflicts of bitter religious warfare, raised its towerless nave above the homely roofs of a slumbering town. The surrounding hills were checkered to their very summits with little squares of ripe, yellow grain. The cloudless sky was of the deepest, clearest blue.

Around the whole circle of the horizon there was no break in the picture of bright, warm

contentment, except at the south, where we could see far up the valley of the Ariège to the dark, distant Pyrenees, amid which lay the goal of our journey.

IV

IN THE SHADOW OF THE PYRENEES

FROM the viewpoint of race and language, the Ariège is the last, easternmost valley of the French Pyrenees; for in the Department of the Pyrénées Orientales (ancient Roussillon), which lies between the Ariège and the Mediterranean, there are such easy passes over or around the mountains that the history of this district has been more often linked with Spain than with France. Its inhabitants are of Catalan blood, their costumes show Spanish touches, the capital of the Department, Perpignan, seems almost like a Spanish city, and the language commonly spoken in the Pyrénées Orientales is Provençal, which is not a *patois* of French, but an elder sister of the Catalan. On the railway trains of southeastern France, I find it advisable to begin a conversation by asking, "Does *Monsieur* speak French?" The answer is apt to be *"Très peu"*—very little indeed!—perhaps hardly more than *"oui"* and *"non."* In one crowded compartment, I was actually the only person who could frame a

sentence in intelligible French. And this was *in France,* and on the main line of the railway!

The Ariège country is entirely French-speaking; but as we follow up the river southward, we are, as it were, penetrating into the farthest corner of real France.

Ten miles below Foix we pass Tarascon—not the Tarascon of the redoubtable Tartarin, which lies near Marseilles; but a self-satisfied and unprogressive little manufacturing town, the smoke of whose iron furnaces rises about the crumbling tower on the castle hill. This slumberous city was once, however, counted among the chief fortresses of the County; and in its château was signed the marriage contract between Roger Bernard II. and Ermesinde of Castellbo, upon which were later based the claims of the Counts of Foix over Andorra.

Then comes Ussat-les-Bains, with its lime springs and subterranean lake and prehistoric grotto. Here a large proportion of the passengers leave the train, and make their way to the *Établissement Thermal,* whose long, low, white façade is the most prominent feature of the little town.

From the next station, Les Cabanes, we might follow up the Ashton River, and then jour-

ney straight southward over the Fontargente Pass into Andorra; but though this is the most direct route from France into the mountain republic, it is very difficult and, in bad weather, even dangerous; so we shall continue to follow the Ariège, and enter the country from the northeast.

As the train puffs slowly up the valley, black cave-mouths are seen in the gray cliffs on either side; for these mountains hold innumerable caverns which, during the fierce religious wars which devastated the County of Foix, often served as places of refuge for the defeated and persecuted partisans, Catholic or Huguenot, as the case might be. We see more ruined castles on their tiny hillocks, we stop at more colonnaded sanatoriums where our fellow-passengers will bathe away the summer holidays. Back and forth we cross the noisy, foaming Ariège in the effort to find a foothold for the track on the narrow border between the river and the cliffs, until at last, seventy-seven miles below Toulouse, we descend from the train at the terminal station, Ax-les-Thermes.

Though almost unknown to English-speaking tourists, this northern border of the Pyr-

enees is one of the oldest civilized portions of western Europe. "Ax" is the Provençal *Acqs,* from the Latin *Aquæ;* and Ax-les-Thermes was famous for its medicinal waters before the days of the Roman Empire. In the fifth century, the heathen Visigoths conquered the Christians of Ax and martyred their brave bishop, Udaut, who, when he was commanded to offer homage to the victorious Attila, uttered the splendid words of defiance which are now inscribed over the entrance porch of the little parish church beside the public square:

" 'Dieu seule adoras.'
Je veux vaincre Attila, je ne l'adore pas!"

The *Notice Historique sur la Ville d'Ax,* by a learned local druggist, M. Marcailhou d'Aymeric (pharmacist of the first class, laureate and medallist of sixteen lines of scientific and literary societies) chronicles the subsequent history of the little town under such significant heads as Religious Wars, Plagues, Cholera Epidemics, Conflagrations, Earthquakes and Spanish Invasions. But modern Ax is very dull, even in the summer "season," and is very healthful, in spite of the obtrusive uncleanliness of its poorer quarters.

AX-LES-THERMES—THE CHURCH OF ST. VINCENT AND STATUE OF BISHOP UDAUT

Our hotel was the noisiest in which I have ever lodged. The proprietor was a frail little old lady in a crinkly black silk dress, who sat enthroned on a low chair in the *bureau* between the entrance hall and the dining-room, whence, under ordinary circumstances, she issued her commands by shrill, ear-piercing shouts in an incredibly high falsetto. But the slightest difference of opinion with either servants or guests raised her voice to such an apoplectic and unintelligible shriek that several times I was divided between fear that she might die in a fit, and apprehension lest she should order me to be thrown out of the hotel. Her bark was worse than her bite, however; and these attacks of apparently murderous rage always ended in her offering me a glass of absinthe.

The prime minister of this aged and vociferous autocrat was *"mon neveu Auguste,"* a strapping youth of fifty, who obeyed her as unquestioningly as a little child. When the shrill "Augu-u-uste!" rang through the corridors and echoed through the street outside the hotel, he instantly dropped whatever he might be doing and hurried meekly to the office. But the moment he left the Presence, Auguste became a roaring lion. Unbrushed, uncollared, unbut-

toned, with long frowzy hair flying into his wild eyes, and his feet clad in immense, loose carpet-slippers, this rheumatic giant shuffled and shouted through the hotel all day and—so far as we knew—all night long. At his tempestuous approach, impertinent waiters became tongue-tied, brawny railway porters waxed humble, and chambermaids burst into tears.

His hour of greatest triumph was meal-time, when he stood glaring and scolding by the pantry window, and hurried along the courses of the *table d'hôte* with a dizzying rapidity which would have aroused the envy of the proprietor of a Western fifteen-minutes-for-refreshments railway restaurant. His nervous eyes took in all the great dining-room at once, and if but a spoon or a salt-cellar proved missing at the farthest table, he broke forth into a perfect torrent of rage. We used to watch for the first outburst of tears from the waitresses. It seldom came later than the *entrée,* and sometimes the poor girls sniffled as they brought the soup.

One traveler reports that he took a single look within this mad-house of a hotel, and then ordered his luggage carried across the street.

But he made a mistake. It is perhaps the only place in Europe where an American can always get what he wants when he wants it. Poor Auguste!—for all his scolding, he works harder than anybody else. I never once saw him sit down. The rooms are large and comfortable, the service is excellent, the prices are moderate for a summer resort, and the cooking is beyond criticism. The trout, in particular, are worthy of the praises of Lucullus. If you care to try it, anybody in Ax will tell you the name of the hotel which is kept by the noisy little old lady and her blustering nephew Auguste.

We spent several days at Ax-les-Thermes, and were glad of the opportunity to observe one of the few French summer resorts which have not yet been exploited for American and English visitors. As a matter of fact, we did not hear a word of English spoken in the place, though we found out afterwards that one fellow-countryman, a globe-trotting retired professor of Semitics, was there at the same time that we were.

It was well called *Aquæ;* for there is water everywhere. The whole town is built, so to speak, on the lid of a boiling kettle; a very

worn and leaky lid, through which bubble up more than sixty warm sulphur springs. Above ground, the Ariège is joined here by the Oriège and the Auze,[1] besides two or three smaller brooks. As the entire town of Ax covers an area of only about a sixteenth of a square mile, and these streams are all rapid mountain torrents, it may be imagined that there is everywhere an incessant sound of running water. Perhaps that is why Auguste and his aunt got into the habit of shouting so loud. These rivers are also used as sewer-mains. Notices are posted with the significant order that garbage must not be deposited in the middle of the streets or against the walls of the churches, but must be thrown into the gutters or the brooks. No recklessness of sanitary precautions, however, can seriously contaminate these rapidly flowing streams, and Ax is

[1] It is characteristic of the unsettled state of the language spoken near the border that this river is called both l'Auze and Lauze. Even at Ax itself, there seems to be a difference of opinion as to whether the *l* is the article or a part of the proper name; for the two maps in the authoritative Guide of the local *Syndicat d'Initiative* give different spellings. The same confusion exists with regard to the Arget or Larget at Foix.

AX-LES-THERMES—THE ORIEGE RIVER

justly famous throughout southern France as a health resort.

Its natural surroundings are charming. The town lies on a tongue of fairly level land, which extends only about four hundred yards in either direction. On three sides are the rivers, and on all sides are the mountains, so near that a five-minute walk from our hotel took us high up among the hills.

The heart of the resort is the Place du Breilh, a square fully fifty yards long, without a blade of grass growing in the hard-trodden earth, but nevertheless made very attractive by its many plane trees, whose smooth, branchless trunks rise straight up to a height of twenty or thirty feet, like great grayish pillars, and then spread out with a broad, dense foliage which shades the ground below almost as effectually as an awning. Throughout all the extreme south of France, especially along the public promenades and government roads, are found these beautiful trees, which keep out the sun without interfering with the view; and you can ride beneath their shade practically the entire distance from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic.

It was the height of the season, the hotels of Ax were crowded, and the street life was marked by a spirit of careless gayety. But there was really nothing to do! The wildest dissipations of the summer residents seemed to consist in taking a sulphur bath (called in the local dialect a *bang*), sipping an *apéritif* at one of the open-air cafés by the Place du Breilh, listening to the Casino band, shopping for post-cards, or riding on the ancient merry-go-round, whose brassy orchestrion (with one note missing) played the same short, maddening tune all day and all night.

There are some sounds I shall never forget —the howl of a cyclone, the clatter of an earthquake, the incessant roar of Niagara, the call of the muezzins of Stamboul, the rumble of the water-wheels of the Orontes, the *"Wacht am Rhein"* sung by marching German soldiers. And to my dying day I shall remember the unearthly screeching—especially the one note that was never played—of the merry-go-round of Ax-les-Thermes.

But that does not mean that I did not like the place. I liked it for its very littleness and lack of distracting amusements, its shaded promenades, its luscious trout, its magnificent

AX-LES-THERMES

mountain setting; and I liked its people. In appearance, the townsfolk resemble the Spaniards just across the border. "We Ariègeois," said our chambermaid, "are more than half Spanish." They have the harsh, unlovely pronunciation of the *Midi:* they bang their nasals, and say *Bong Matang* for "Good Morning." Nevertheless they are very loyal citizens of the Republic, and have all the winning courtesy of the provincial French.

Many Americans think that Paris is France, whereas the great capital—at least, that part of it which is seen by the average tourist—is really a kind of perpetual international exposition. The real France lies far away, among the country provinces with their prim little county-seats and quaint farming villages and broad, rolling acres of wheat and vine, where the *curé* is still beloved and the stranger is given a courteous welcome. There the Frenchman is just as light-hearted—he would not be a Frenchman if he were not—but instead of the feverish and sometimes impertinent gayety of the capital, he shows a quiet contentment which comes from a capacity to be amused by the simple pleasures of life, and the memory of that little hoard of francs saved

up against a rainy day, and the unshakable conviction that, as one of them who had lived in four continents expressed it to me, "After all, France is the very finest country in the world." It is such honest country folk as the inhabitants of the Ariège, who make the traveler feel more sure, each time he revisits them, that the French are the most temperate, thrifty, happy and courteous people in the world.

Ax has its ruined fortress on a hilltop, of course. It is known as the *Castel Maü,* or "Castle of the Moors," from the tradition that it was originally erected during the Moslem occupation of the Pyrenees. But it is very badly ruined indeed, and, from what we could hear, was not worth the trouble of visiting. We did, however, climb another of the numerous precipitous hills in the neighborhood, on whose summit stands a tall statue of the Virgin, surrounded by four kneeling angels, and strung with electric wires, so that it can be illuminated on feast-days. In describing what the local Guide calls *"la belle statue,"* I should be inclined to preserve the quotation marks; but the view from the hill is worth the climb, especially as we saw it in the calm twilight of a Sunday evening.

Tiny Ax lay just below us, its compactly built houses swung round with the silver loop of the encircling streams. The hollow where the town rested looked as if it might have been made by some gigantic thumb pressing down into a tumbled heap of green and yellow velvets, so suddenly did the slopes rise about it, and so rich were the colorings. Everything was close and confused within the circle of the mountains, but everything was very soft and mellow. All around the miniature watering-place were steep little hills, and dense little evergreen woods, and little stretches of curving white road, and little fields of grain set thriftily on every fertile shelf of the mountains, though it might be a thousand or more feet above the valley. Nothing that we could see was large, except the rocky summits of the Pyrenees, and even these seemed very warm and friendly in the glow of the setting sun.

V

FOLLOWING THE ARIÈGE

EVERY morning at nine o'clock a big yellow touring-car leaves Ax-les-Thermes and takes its swift, malodorous journey over the Col de Puymorens to Bourg-Madame on the Spanish border. But even this entrance into the Pyrenees seemed too beautiful to be hurried through with screeches and smoke; so we booked our passage on the old-fashioned *courrier,* or post-diligence, although this slower vehicle was advertised to leave at six o'clock, and really did leave at seven, and then took three hours, instead of the automobile's thirty minutes, to cover the ten miles to L'Hospitalet, where we were to take horses for Andorra. It is a stiff up-grade all the way. Ax itself lies 2,300 feet above the sea, and the carriage-road along the Ariège rises steadily at the rate of about 250 feet to the mile. Of course it is a good road—there are no other kinds in France—hard and clean, and guarded on the river side by blocks of native granite.

We first follow a beautiful shaded prome-

SPANISH LABORERS ON THE NEW RAILWAY

nade along the river; and then, hardly out of sound of the town, the road plunges into the mountains, and twists and turns among the wooded slopes. Two or three miles from Ax, the valley suddenly contracts into the Gorge of Merens, a wild and romantic defile, which is chilly from the almost perpetual shadow of the vertical cliffs through which the Ariège has cut its deep, narrow channel. The river-bed is strewn with great blocks of granite which the winter frosts have detached from the mountainside, numberless cascades mingle their music with the deeper roar of the torrent, and the pyramids of earth and crumbled rock at the base of the cañon walls bear short, sturdy pine trees. Except for the white curve of the splendid macadam road, the gorge presents a perfect picture of wild, primeval nature, unspoiled by the hand of man.

As we swung round a sharp turn of the defile, however, we suddenly heard the chip of stone-cutters' chisels, and saw a rough tool-house fastened like a bird-cage beside a black opening high up in the cliff on the other side of the river. The French government is constructing an electric railway which is to follow the Ariège to within two or three miles of its

source, and then cross the watershed by the Col de Puymorens and continue southward until it connects with the Spanish railway from Barcelona. When completed, this will be the first link between the two countries across the eastern portion of the Pyrenees; for the road we are taking, although it starts off as if it were going on right down into the heart of Spain, really turns sharply as soon as it reaches the frontier, and swings back to the northeast into France again.

The track for the new railway could be laid on one side of the embankment of the present carriage-road, and still leave sufficient room to accommodate all the vehicular traffic for years to come. But such slip-shod methods are not popular in France; so an entirely new road-bed is being constructed for the electric line, which in the many cañon-like portions of the valley is to be carried along in galleries blasted out of the solid rock, or through long tunnels which cut under the shoulders of the granite hills. The additional, and as it at first seems, unnecessary expense will mount up into the millions; but the beauty of the valley will be less marred, and the mountain farmers will be able to drive in peace.

OUR DILIGENCE AT MERENS

The heavy work on this new road is all done by Spanish laborers; for the local peasants object to the ardous toil, and also seem to look down on it as something demeaning. Unlike our own Italian and Hungarian day-laborers, however, these foreigners speak the language of the country quite intelligibly. A little company of them, who were spending their lunch hour pitching pennies, made me quite at home among them, and even honored me with a share of their clumsy bantering. Although these Spanish railroad hands looked very wild and lawless, and were continually engaged in the roughest kind of horse-play, they proved really to be a very simple, boyish lot of fellows, and after they had posed proudly before my camera, not one of them suggested that I ought to give them anything for their trouble.

Suddenly the dim defile opens out into a wide, bright valley, with meadows alongside the river, and a long, boulder-strewn slope rising high up to the left, while in the center, between two side-torrents, the town of Merens lies in the hot, dusty sunlight, at the base of a lofty, conical mountain, which apparently blocks our further progress.

Of course, there is a road around the mountain; but when we leave Merens, we have said a final farewell to the pleasant fields of France and the rolling foothills, and are among the towering rock-masses of the Pyrenees. As the diligence slowly ascends the valley, which now contracts again, the meadows along the river's edge grow still more narrow and at last entirely disappear. The little groups of orchard trees give place to open forests of evergreen, which straggle over the less precipitous slopes. The noisy river becomes a mad torrent, which bellies sullenly over hidden boulders, smites furiously at the cliffs which guard its turnings, and dashes itself into far-flying spray as it tumbles over sudden breaks in its rocky bed. From as high up as we can see, slender streams come tumbling over the rocky ridges in long successions of silvery cascades. Some smash into the river with thunderous splashing, and some, which begin a thousand feet above us, scatter into thin mist long before they reach the bottom of the cliff.

Already we feel the spell of the mountains:

"Cascades qui tombez des neiges entraînées,
Sources, gaves, ruisseaux, torrents des Pyrénées;

Monts gelés et fleuris, trônes des deux saisons,
Dont le front est de glace et le pied de gazons!" [1]

At last, about ten miles from Ax, the road rises up the eastern side of the valley in a series of long, graceful loops, and then apparently ends abruptly at the *Ultima Thule* of France, the frontier *commune* of L'Hospitalet.

This farthest Ariège hamlet is one of the smallest and poorest settlements in the whole Republic. A few half-ruined houses; a bare little church; filthy alleys overlaid with whitish dust; broken boards on the bridges; a surrounding circle of naked cliffs which seem to focus all the summer heat upon the bottom of the bowl-like depression, where there is not a single tree to give shelter from the dazzling brightness; the noise of the cataracts drowned now and then by the rattle of the rusty dump-cars of the railway contractors; a fly-specked hotel whose ungracious landlord intimates that you must pay his own prices or starve—such are the attractions of L'Hospitalet.

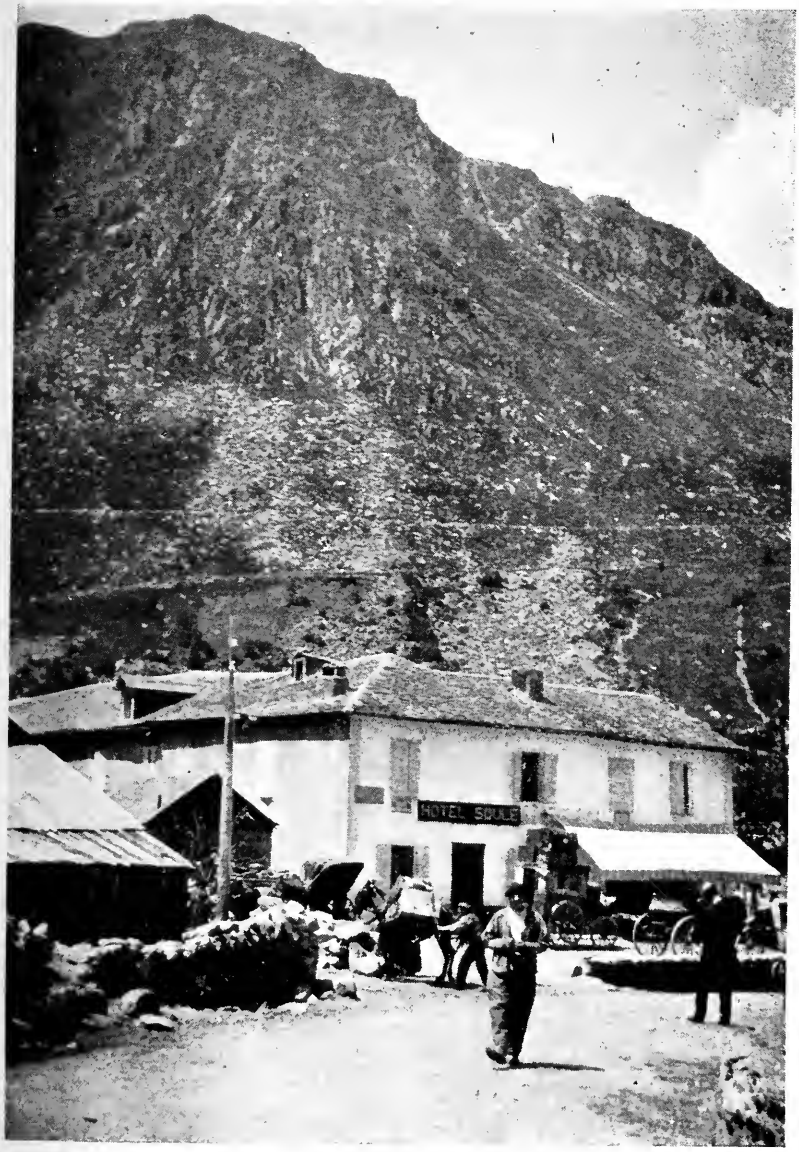
To be just, however, it should be added that the hotel is noted for its excellent cooking. Epicures among the summer colony at Ax-les-

[1] Alfred de Vigny, *Le Cor.*

Thermes often make excursions here for the sake of lunching upon ham, sausage and trout, washed down with a certain heavy wine of local fame. The food really is good; but for myself I prefer to lunch without the accompanying dust, clatter and flies.

The village is nearly 5,000 feet above the sea, and looks as if it had been roughly pushed up into the mountains as far as it would go. Neither the road southward to the Spanish border nor the bridle-path which leads south-west into Andorra is visible from the little inn where the diligence discharges its passengers. Even the river seems to lose itself; and as we ate a hasty lunch while our horses were being saddled, we wondered how we were going to penetrate the apparently unbroken wall of rocks which hemmed us in on all sides.

Driving up the valley, we had taken the choice outside seats on the *banquette,* or *Napoleon,* as it is called in southern France, and we had scraped quite an acquaintance with the driver, who proved to be a person of considerable importance. In fact, he not only owned the diligence, but was the proprietor of a hotel at Ax. When he found that we were going into Andorra, he said that he needed a little va-



L'HOSPITALET

cation and would himself provide the horses and act as our guide—for a consideration, of course. Did he speak the Catalan of the mountains? *Parfaitement!* Not only that, but he knew Andorra like the palm of his hand, and was intimately acquainted with the chief officials of the little republic. All of which we found later to be quite true; so, although he was called Monsieur Not, there was no occasion for us to pun upon the negative qualities suggested by his name. In any case, it would have been hard to explain the point to him, for he knew no English.

We left L'Hospitalet by the narrow, alley-like street back of the hotel and, behold, the Ariège had cut a way for us deep into the rocky heart of the Pyrenees. Straight south the narrow defile led up between the great, grassy shoulder of the Andorran Soulane on our right and the abrupt, rocky slope of Mount Puymorens, which forms the eastern, or French, wall of the valley.

As we turned into the bridle-path beside the stream, I looked dismally at the steep, stone-scattered trail and asked whether the road was like this all the way. *"Mais non, Monsieur!"* Not answered cheerily, "It isn't

often as good as this." And it was not. I have never ridden a worse road than that which we traveled during the nine hours' journey over the pass—locally called the *port* or "gateway"—into the valley of Andorra. The mere steepness and roughness of the trail were not its worst features. It had an annoying habit of narrowing down to a mere line of loose, slippery slate, just as it led through a shallow but swiftly flowing stream which fell over the edge of the path in what, viewed from below, was probably a very high and beautiful waterfall. The first few times we rode along the upper brink of such a cascade, we found it hard to refrain from wondering how much the running water had undermined the stones, and how many hundred feet we would roll down the mountain, if the outer side of the path should break away.

Our horses, however, were the best mountain-climbers I have ever ridden, and I quite forgive Not for charging us fifty per cent. more for them than the usual price. Their knees did not show a single scratch from stumbling, and, after hours of the hardest kind of traveling, they were still so full of spirit that if we dismounted to take photographs and thought-

THE ARIEGE RIVER ABOVE L'HOSPITALET

lessly let go their bridles, they would immediately run away up the shelving slope of the Soulane, where they would fight lustily with each other, or roll merrily upon their backs, to the considerable damage of our luggage.

About a half hour out of L'Hospitalet, where the path crosses a rivulet known as *la Palomère,* a rude heap of stones marks the boundary between France and Andorra. There were so many piles of stones lying around, however, that we did not notice this particular one; and we were quite startled when Monsieur Not suddenly struck a dramatic attitude, with widely outstretched arms, and exclaimed *"L'Andorre!"*

We had, indeed, crossed the frontier; but this was not the real Andorra. It was No Man's Land. Far in front and above us, there rose only the bare outer slopes of the immense natural ramparts of the country. Across the valley, on the eastern side of the Ariège in France, we could see the post-automobile, a tiny, swift-moving speck on the thin, white road; and high up on Mount Puymorens, a thousand feet above the river-bed, were the lonely engine-houses of two iron mines. But on our side of the boundary, in Andorra, there was

not to be seen a single tree or bush or cultivated field, and the only building visible was one rude, empty swine-herd's hut. When we returned a few days later, we passed hundreds of large, shaggy cattle, which were feeding quite unguarded on the high pasture lands; but that first afternoon, there was no living thing in sight, not even a goat browsing on a distant hillside. The panorama which unrolled before us showed nothing but a stony, deserted bridle-path, winding up between the foam-flecked torrent and the indescribably poor, sun-burnt moorlands, above which rose the dark, jagged mountain peaks, lined here and there with dingy snow.

We began to understand how, behind these barren, forbidding bulwarks, it might be possible for a clan of mountaineers to live a thousand years, without being touched by the stirring events which were taking place in the great nations around them.

With all its naked loneliness, the scene was one of rare grandeur. The Pyrenees are not so high as the Alps, and they are considerably farther south; so the snow does not cover them in the summer, but only shows here and there as narrow, vertical streaks. On the other hand,

these peaks appear much more steep and rugged than the mountains of Switzerland. From the south, the Pyrenees rise by a very long, gradual slope, so that it is hardly possible from any point in Spain to see past the foothills to the summits; but on the French side the range breaks down very abruptly. There are more sheer cliffs here than in any other part of Europe, and there are almost no isolated mountains. As you see it from a distance, the typical Pyrenean *massif* resembles a gigantic saw, with a hard, metallic-looking side and sharp, short teeth. The notches between the peaks are comparatively shallow. On the Andorran frontier no part of the watershed falls below 8,000 feet and no summit reaches as high as 10,000 feet. It is this strange evenness of the central ridge which has made the Pyrenees more effective as a national and racial barrier than any other range on the entire continent.

These enormous, irregularly leveled masses of smooth, bare earth and sheer blackish rock, with their sharply serrated edges, appear more primeval and lonely than if they were overlaid with dazzling, distanceless snow-fields and glaciers. The very nomenclature of the local

dialect seems characteristic of the hard, abrupt appearance of the range. The sharp, inaccessible sliver of rock rising above the edge of the saw is a *Puig*. The black little pool lying in the shadow at the foot of the thousand-foot cliff is not called a *lac* but an *étang*, and the final syllable is given the full guttural sound, as in English. There is nothing friendly or mellow about the French side of the Pyrenees. The summits are cold and forbidding; boldly challenging, rather than wooingly mysterious. Yet often, when the sun shines upon them, these same grim, naked peaks give back a play of rich, soft coloring which is never seen except upon the treeless, snowless summits of a southern clime.

Because of the unique configuration of the watershed, the passes over the Pyrenees are different from those of the other European ranges. The typical Alpine pass leads *between* the highest mountains, so that the traveler is overlooked by summits which rise thousands of feet above him. In the Pyrenees, however, the passes must go *over* the mountains; for there are no transverse valleys which cut quite through the range. Without excep-

THE MOUNTAIN BULWARKS OF ANDORRA. LOOKING DOWN THE VALLEY OF THE ARIEGE TOWARD FRANCE

tion, they are high passes. Few are as low as 6,000 feet. One, the Portillon d'Oô, reaches a height of 9,985 feet, which is less than 600 feet below the loftiest peak in the neighborhood, and only 1,200 feet lower than the highest point in the whole range. The consequence is that, while Switzerland is covered with a network of railways, not one line crosses the Pyrenees. To get from France to Spain by rail, you must go around one end of the range, passing through Perpignan by the Mediterranean or Bayonne by the Atlantic. There are, indeed, wagon-roads which cross over the Pyrenees and down to the plains of Spain—exactly *four* of them in all, and the nearest of these is a hundred and eighty miles west of our route into Andorra!

The typical Pyrenean pass first follows some deeply indenting ravine like that of the Ariège, and then crosses over a worn, rounded shoulder of the mountains. It is seldom dangerous climbing; for he who knows the countryside may follow any one of a dozen short-cuts over the broad, grassy summit of the pass. But the stranger who does not know the mountains may lose his way and stumble

over some unforeseen precipice, or die from cold and hunger on the desolate moorland.[1]

He who would understand Andorra must first know these things about the mountains from which she sprang; for the strange little republic is own daughter of the Pyrenees, and in her peculiar natural surroundings is to be found the key to her unique history. Not by force of arms has her dearly prized independence been preserved, but by the bulwarks of God's eternal mountains. Forced up against the roadless ridges which form such an effectual barrier against intercourse with rapidly developing modern civilization, the eyes of Andorra have remained steadfastly fixed upon her own past. With no possible opening for territorial expansion or industrial development, the nation's strength has been used merely to keep a firm, stubborn hold upon the little it already possesses. Hidden among the forests and rock-broken cataracts of the deep Pyrenean valley, Andorra is a veritable Rip Van Winkle land, hardly yet stirring from its thousand years' slumber, and in its dreams it

1 Hilaire Belloc and a friend once nearly perished on the northern border of Andorra, where they were lost in a storm for forty-eight hours. (*The Pyrenees,* p. 149f.)

still hears echoing the march of the valiant paladins of Charlemagne.

Before beginning the final steep ascent, we sat for awhile by a rude wayside cross and took our last look at France. Our path had for some time been gradually rising above the river-bed, and the Ariège was now so far below us that it was hardly more than a shimmering silver thread at the bottom of the gorge. Far below us, also, were the long loops of the carriage-road, which a mile or so back of this point turned away from the river and plunged out of sight among the rocks, for its hard climb to the summit of the Puymorens Pass. Directly opposite us, on the other side of the valley, the dark, concave line of cliffs below the *Pic de la Font Nègre* curved around like the inner side of a tremendous castle wall; and in the deep shadow at their foot, the newborn Ariège, fresh-sprung from the womb of the rocks, rested for a moment in the Pool of the Black Fountain, before beginning its long, swift journey to the Garonne and the Atlantic.

We had come to have a large respect for the indefatigable little stream. I think that you never quite appreciate a river as you travel *down* it. But, toiling wearily upward with

this roaring, foaming torrent which through the ages has been ceaselessly cutting its way from the cold desolation of the Pyrenean summits down to the warm, rich plains of fertile France, we came to feel toward it almost as if it were a living creature, and the mountains seemed more lonely than before, when at last we turned westward across the *col,* and left the head-waters of the Ariège nestling in the still little lake beneath the Peak of the Black Fountain.

THE SOURCE OF THE ARIEGE

VI

THE HIDDEN VALLEY

THE summit of the pass is exactly 8,000 feet above the sea, and as we rode over the treeless *col,* before the storm came up, the view swung around nearly the entire horizon, and gave us an instant understanding of the physical configuration of Andorra.

We were on the very edge of the watershed between the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. As we faced toward the south, the source of the Ariège lay off to our left, hardly a mile away; and directly in front of us another mountain stream sprang from the snow-drifts of the *Pic d'Embalire* and cut a deep valley which ran for its first five miles northwestward, and then, curving sharply, went down toward Spain. Far below us we could see the foaming water rushing between the dark, pine-clad slopes. But we could not follow the bottom of the valley very far; for soon it bent around a spur of the mountains and was lost to view among the wild summits of the Pyrenees.


FRANCE
Ariège River
LUZENAC
AX
MERENS
L'HOSPITALET
ANDORRA
CANILLO
SOLDEU
ORDINO
LA MASSANA
ENCAMP
PORTE
ANDORRA
LAS ESCALDAS
S. JULIA
Gran Valira
SPAIN
Segre River
URGEL

This river, which hurries to the Ebro and the Mediterranean as swiftly as the Ariège rushes northward to the Atlantic, is the Valira, or Embalire, as it is sometimes called; the pass over which we have come is the *Port d'Embalire* or "Valira Gate"; and the valley below us is Andorra.

As you see it on the map, the country measures eighteen miles from north to south, its greatest width is seventeen miles, and its area, one hundred and seventy-five square miles; that is, it is smaller than the city of Chicago, half as large as the city of New York, and only one quarter the size of Greater London.

But such comparisons give an exaggerated idea of the magnitude of Andorra; for the greater part of this area is made up of lofty mountains, which are uncultivable and uninhabited. All the way from the border near L'Hospitalet to the summit of the *Port d'Embalire,* we have not yet seen a single habitation. The real Andorra consists merely of a narrow strip of arable land which follows the bottom of the valley alongside the Valira, and some high pastures on the wind-swept mountain summits. The inhabited portion of the country is in the form of a great *Y,* pressed

down violently into the mountains, but with quite a slant, so that the southern end is two or three thousand feet lower than the extremities of the arms. Down the right-hand, or eastern arm of the *Y* flows the *Valira del Orien;* in the other arm is the *Valira del Nort,* also called the Ordino; below their junction, the main stream is known as the *Gran Valira.* The six parishes of Andorra are arranged in pairs in the three natural divisions of the country: Ordino and La Massana along the western stream; Canillo and Encamp by the eastern; and Andorra la Vella and San Julia in the valley of the *Gran Valira.*

All around this *Y*-shaped depression, the Pyrenees rise from four to six thousand feet above the valley. At the foot of their sharp peaks are rolling pasture-lands, on their lower slopes are sparse evergreen forests, and down beside the river is a strip of fertility varying ordinarily from twenty feet to a quarter of a mile in width. Sometimes, however, there are stretches where the rocky walls of the valley press in so close that there is no arable ground at all, and not even room for the bridle-path, which has to turn away from the river for a while, and cross high over a shoulder of the

THE SUMMIT OF THE EMBALIRE PASS. IN THE BACKGROUND, THE VALLEY OF ANDORRA

mountain. Then again, within a bend of the Valira, will be a comfortable little group of fields and orchards. But I do not think that I saw ten square miles of cultivated land in the entire country.

These woods and high pastures and this thin ribbon of fertility are the real country whose brave official title is *"Les Vallées et Souveraineté d'Andorre."* Here, for eleven centuries, a population of never over 6,000 hardy mountaineers have struggled to wrest a livelihood from the sterile soil, sheltered from the winter storms by the lofty Pyrenees which rise so close above their valley, protected from outside interference by their very poverty, and every day thanking God that they were Andorrans and were free.

The very storm which broke upon us just as we reached the summit of the *Port d'Embalire,* made the valley seem more attractive; for as we plodded wearily downward through the sleet and mud, the sunlight which moved so tantalizingly before us was hardly ever more than half a mile away. Back of us was the bare, deserted moorland, above were the dark mountains and the lowering storm-clouds; but in front was a picture of warm,

cozy content. Down there were bright little fields of yellow grain, and tiny, well-kept orchards and peaceful sheepfolds with fences of interwoven saplings. When at last we saw a group of rude farm buildings on a bit of meadow beside a waterfall, we felt at once very friendly toward our first Andorran homestead. Shortly afterwards there came into view, far off at the bending of the valley, the frontier hamlet. Then, at last, the sun broke through the clouds, and our blood ran warm again as, over a stretch of fairly good road, we cantered into the village of Soldeu.

This was the birthplace of Andorra's one famous warrior, Jean Salvador de Calvo, who in 1641 entered the service of Louis XIV. as an obscure soldier of fortune, and fought his way up to the honored rank of lieutenant-general of France. In spite of the audacious recklessness which caused Louis to call him *"Le brave Calvo,"* the Andorran general passed scathless through fifty years of almost continuous warfare, and at last died a soldier's death at the head of his charging troops. The stubborn tenacity of the Andorran character was well exemplified in a little speech which Calvo made when his command was besieged

AN OLD BRIDGE OVER THE VALIRA. HERE THERE ARE NO FIELDS AT ALL BETWEEN THE RIVER AND THE MOUNTAINS

in the city of Maestricht by the Prince of Orange. "I don't know anything about the defense of fortified towns," he remarked to his assembled officers, "but I can tell you one thing—I don't wish to surrender and I won't surrender!" So of course, he did not; but held on for fifty days, until the arrival of reënforcements under Schomberg forced the Prince of Orange to raise the siege.

But we were more interested in drying our clothes at Soldeu than we were in mediæval history. Visitors to Andorra are strikingly unanimous in reporting that the one inn of this village is a noisy, ill-kempt and dirty place; but no luxurious modern hotel ever looked so attractive to me as did that ill-paved courtyard between the stable and the living-rooms, into which Monsieur Not led our dripping caravan.

The inn-keeper was astounded at our half-drowned appearance. Messieurs had been caught in a storm? Marvelous! Why, there had not been a drop of rain in the valley for over a week! But he was very solicitous for our health, and led us through the dark, cellarlike dining-room to a rickety veranda, where we removed as much as possible of our clothing and

hung it out to dry, while we ourselves luxuriated in the hot, healthful light, and looked far down along the bright little fields between the close mountain walls of the valley.

Narrow as is the strip of arable land, every square foot of it is under cultivation, and it seems to bear fairly abundantly, as well as in considerable variety. As we rode along from Soldeu, we noticed fields planted with potatoes, beets, lettuce, tomatoes, wheat, buckwheat, barley, corn, mint, rye, garlic, onions, and tobacco. Indeed, there is a tobacco factory just outside the capital, and although from my own experiments I should have said that its product is quite unsmokable save by a hardened Andorran, I understand that a considerable amount is exported each year. At the extreme southern end of the valley there are a few vineyards, but the grapes are of such poor quality that they can be used only as raisins.

Along the border of the stream are oaks, larches, willows, and tall cypress trees. We passed orchards of pears, plums, and quinces. Ordino, which we did not visit, is proud of its apples, and San Julia raises chestnuts and walnuts. Our path was often bordered by thick

hedges of box and holly, which were used instead of walls or fences to separate one farm from another; and, although the altitude of the valley ranges from three to six thousand feet, the wild flowers were noticeably large and abundant. While I was focusing my camera for a picture, my companion amused himself by picking a little bouquet of twenty flowers, each of a different kind, including the daisy, wild-rose, everlasting, scarlet mountain carnation, forget-me-not and blue iris. The last grows luxuriantly on the warm, sunny slopes. We saw whole fields which were crowded thick with the gorgeous, high-standing flowers.

The three avowed occupations of the Andorrans are manufacturing, farming and grazing. There is a fourth and very popular avocation, of which I shall speak later. The industries of the country are all, however, undeveloped or languishing. Although the mountains are said to be very rich in minerals, especially iron and argentiferous lead, the scarcity of fuel and the lack of adequate facilities for transportation have prevented the mines from being properly developed. Even the beautiful and distinctive iron-work which formerly ornamented the verandas of Andorra is now be-

ing replaced by the very ordinary factory products of France, which are imported free of duty. The same lack of a protective tariff has made it impossible for the Andorran weavers to compete with the cheap foreign machine-made stuffs. Whether this importation of low-priced goods is beneficial to the country or not, will of course be decided in accordance with one's own economic theories concerning the protection of naturally weak industries.

The principal source of Andorra's wealth is the raising of cattle, sheep and mules. The mules of the valley, especially, are highly valued in the adjacent parts of France and Spain. On the upper slopes of the mountains are vast moor-lands, which are uninhabitable in the winter, but which in summer provide a splendid grazing-land of such large extent that, after all the animals of the Andorrans are allowed sufficient pasturage, there is left a considerable area which is rented to the semi-nomadic shepherds of Catalonia. The chief avenue for the investment of Andorran capital lies in buying thin, half-starved animals from Spain and then, after fattening them for a summer, selling them back again at a handsome profit. More even than the peasants of

A TYPICAL ANDORRAN VILLAGE

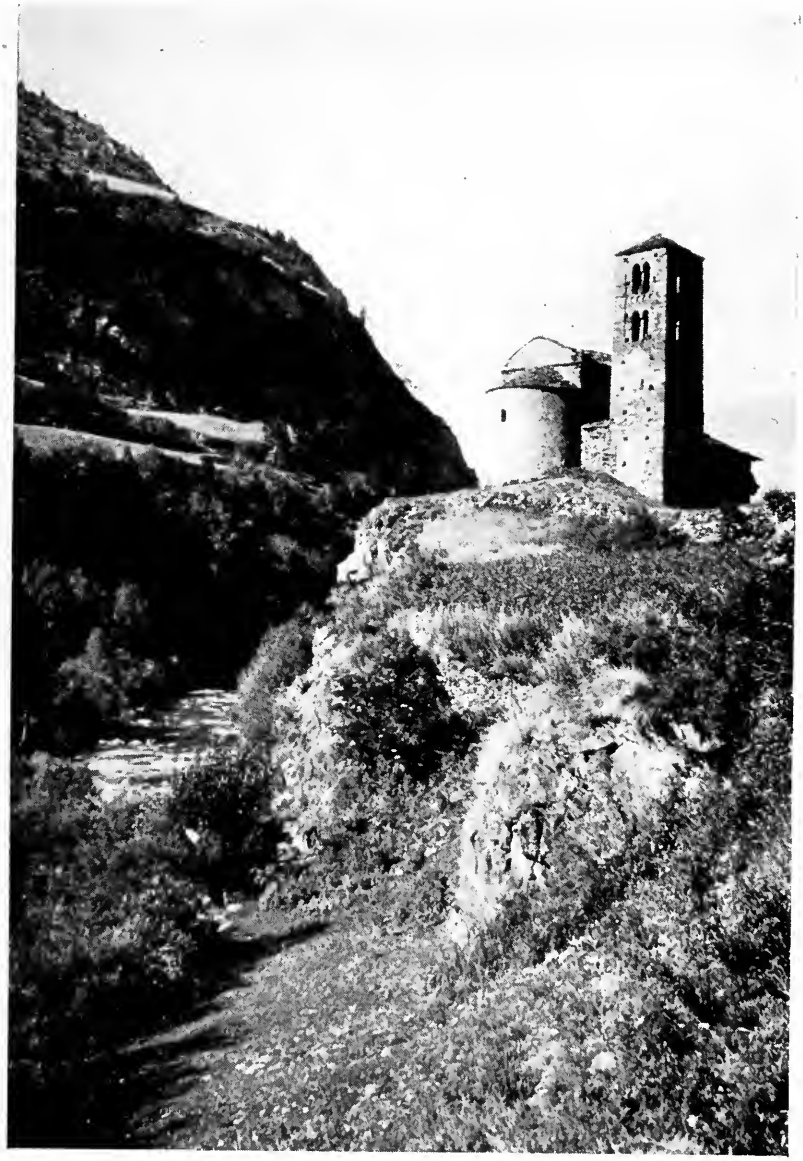
Switzerland, the Andorrans leave their valley homes when the warm weather comes, and from the end of June to St. Michael's Day (Sept. 29) live with their cattle high up on the mountain-tops, where there are built whole villages for the temporary residence of these summer shepherds and herdsmen.

Strung along the valley of the Valira like very dingy pearls on an emerald chain, are the eight or ten villages in which lives nearly the entire population of Andorra. As the total inhabitants number barely 6,000, and a few hundred of these are scattered among a score or so of smaller hamlets, it may be imagined that even the principal towns are not very large. Indeed, the capital itself boasts of hardly 600 residents.

There are some few modern buildings. In fact, each of the larger villages has two or three recently erected houses of stucco or dressed stone, with ornamental iron railings around the balconies. The typical Andorran residences, however, are built of a dark, weathered native limestone, very roughly cut, with roofs of rusty blue slate; and, presumably to avoid encroaching upon the small area of arable land, are usually huddled together on the hillside,

some distance above the river. It is a serious business to transport fragile articles up the steep mountain trails on mule-back; so it is not surprising to find that the poorer dwellings possess neither glass nor window frames, but are provided with heavy, solid shutters, which can be closed in bad weather. In the tobacco season, the railings of the balconies are covered with large bunches of the leaves, which are hung out to be cured in the sun. Houses and stables are as a rule inextricably run together. The churches are such plain, rude structures that at first I mistook them for abandoned ruins. Indeed, as you view any of the smaller Andorran hamlets from a distance, the rough walls and dark, unglazed windows give it the appearance of a deserted village. But in spite of the unpaved, muddy streets, there is a notable lack of the obtrusive uncleanliness of some of the smaller towns of southern France; for the numerous torrents which pour into the Valira provide a splendid natural system of sanitation, while the drinking water is nearly always piped down from some high, pure spring in the rocks above the village.

About four miles down the *Valira del Orien* from Soldeu, we passed Canillo. The village



SAN JUAN DE CANILLO

lies in a rounded hollow some distance up the hillside, but, most picturesquely situated on a narrow little ridge between the bridle-path and the river, is the ancient Church of San Juan, which is said to have been founded during the days of the Roman Empire. The afternoon was growing late and we had yet far to go; so we did not stop to see the church stove, which, I am told, is built into the under portion of the pulpit. Presumably there is at least one priest in Andorra who delivers heated sermons!

A little way below Canillo is the small but renowned pilgrimage chapel of our Lady of Meritxell, who, according to the official declaration of the government of the Republic,[1] "has from time immemorial been considered by the Valley of Andorra as its special patron and protector." To her in time of danger the herdsmen cry—"God and our Lady of Meritxell guard the cattle of Andorra!"

There are many other signs of religious interest along our road: tiny, almost cell-like wayside chapels, roughly shaped wrought-iron crosses set up at prominent points among the rocks, little grilled boxes with brightly dressed

[1] Deliberations of the General Council, Oct. 24, 1875.

saints or relics in them, nailed to wooden posts. These are all crude and poor, and of rough craftsmanship; but then the whole country is poor, and the absence of rich display in connection with the mountain shrines does not indicate any lack of real devotion.

The bridle-path, which all along had seemed as bad as possible, now began to grow worse. At its best, it was only a narrow line of trodden earth between the steep slope down to the river and the retaining wall of the first hillside terrace; and it required very careful maneuvering to pass any animal which might be coming from the other direction. Once we turned a sharp corner and saw approaching us a mule—at least, we supposed that it was a mule—which was almost completely hidden under an enormous bale of hay. I thought that there was room to squeeze past the hay; but my horse disagreed with me. The next moment I was standing in the road and he on top of the terrace, with his hoofs almost on a level with my head. But hardly had the mule passed and I begun to wonder how I should ever get the horse down again without breaking his legs, before he jumped back into the path with the agility of a mountain goat.

When we entered the wild and uninhabited Gorge of Encamp, the trodden earth gave place to a very steep, stone trail, sometimes paved with uneven boulders and sometimes passing over glassy slopes of shelving rock. Traveling up-hill was tiresome; when we went down-hill over these slippery slabs of rock, with thin sheets of water trickling over them, we took our feet out of the stirrups, so as to be ready for a fall, and our more cautious guide dismounted and led his horse. But the grandeur of the gorge more than repaid us for the rough going. We were now high above the Valira. On our side, the ground sloped away so rapidly that we could only see the river now and then, as we looked back up a bend of the gorge. On the other side of the stream there was a precipitous cliff four or five hundred feet high. Where the river was visible, it rushed between its rocky walls like a great mill-race. Sometimes it tumbled over cataracts which, even viewed from so high above, were wonderfully beautiful. What they must appear to one who could climb down the cañon walls and stand by the very edge of the raging torrent, we could only imagine. I have heard of milk-white cataracts; the only one I have ever seen

was here. It was, literally, as white as if it had been pure milk.

Tennyson might almost have had in mind this very valley when, just after his visit to the Pyrenees, he described the Lotus Eaters as dwelling in—

"A land of streams! Some like downward smoke,
Slow dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;
And some thro' wavering lights and shadows broke,
Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.
They saw the gleaming river seaward flow
From the inner land: far off, three mountain-tops,
Three silent sentinels of aged snow
Stood sunset-flushed; and, dew'd with showery drops,
Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse."

The picture is complete, even to the "three mountain-tops," which rise prominently around the source of the Valira!

An Indian would surely name Andorra "The Land of the Big Noise." The roar of the river varies in volume and pitch; but you hardly ever escape from the dull, heavy undertone which vibrates so incessantly beneath the higher splashing of the tributary torrents. Sometimes the noise was so loud that I found it difficult to converse with the rider just in

A CASCADE NEAR SOLDEU

front of me; and only once or twice, when an overhanging shoulder of rock intervened between us and the river, did we notice, almost with a start of surprise, that we had lost the song of the Valira.

The village of Encamp, just below the gorge, not only seems the best-built settlement in the country, but it has the added distinction of lying along the beginning of a real high-road —the only one in the Valley. We had expected to visit the Syndic, or President of Andorra, who resides here; but unfortunately his Excellency was not at home. Undoubtedly he was hard at work getting in his hay, like all the other citizens of the Republic.

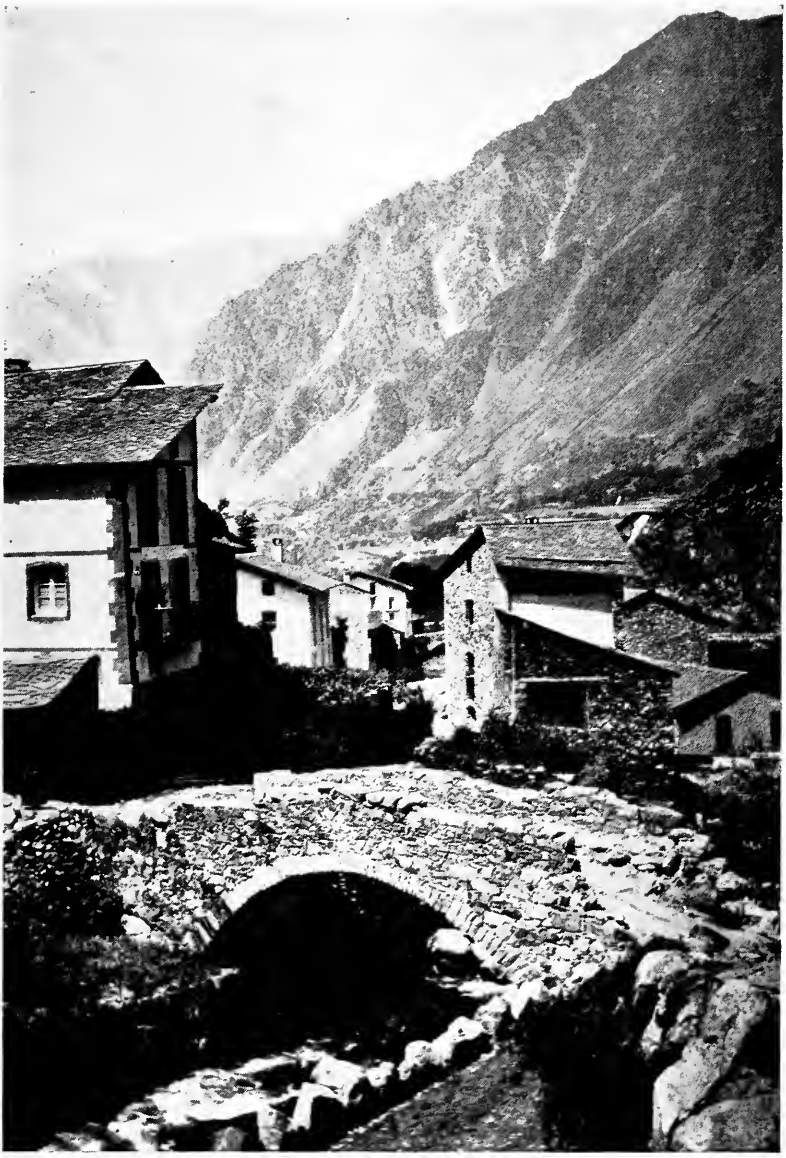
Ten miles south of Soldeu, the *Valira del Orien* and *Valira del Nort* come together in a little basin of land about a square mile in area, which is the largest single piece of fertility in the entire country. At the upper end of this central depression is the town of Las Escaldas, which, as its name implies, possesses a number of "hot springs" of sulphurated water. At the lower end is the capital city, Andorra la Vella. Five miles further down the river is San Julia, the most Spanish in appearance of Andorran communities, and the great shopping town and

historic smuggling center of the Valley. Then comes another very narrow gorge and, probably without noticing it, the traveler rides through a little brook which runs across the road—and, behold, he has passed the border and is in Spain.

It was half-past eight of a very dark night when we reached Las Escaldas. We had been traveling since seven in the morning, and had been in the saddle for nine hours; up and down, we had covered a vertical distance of considerably over 10,000 feet; we had been drenched to the skin, and our clothing was still damp enough to make us shiver when the evening breeze struck us. I have ridden longer at a stretch; but I have never felt more exhausted than when, stiff and saddle-sore and famished, we fairly tumbled off our horses at Las Escaldas, and then looked up disconsolately to see what kind of a hovel was to be our lodging place for the night.

And to our surprise and delight, it was a well-built, modern-looking hotel, in front of which stood a neatly dressed gentleman, who welcomed us in fluent French.[1]

[1] In a book of travel published so recently as 1911, the author begins his chapter on Andorra with the absurd state-



LAS ESCALDAS

I judge that Dr. Francisco Plá is one of the most cultured citizens of the Valley. He is a member of the national parliament, has studied at a French university, has been sent to Paris as a special delegate from Andorra to the protecting Republic, and himself speaks French with a pronunciation which is better than that of many residents of the neighboring Departments of France. For three days this traveled, broadly educated gentleman put himself unreservedly at our service. Whether we wanted hot water, or extra candles, or meals at unusual hours, or information about the industrial and political conditions of Andorra, Dr. Plá never failed us. For all this, he charged us each ninety cents a day; and, as he carefully explained in advance, there were absolutely no tips expected. We did, however, give a few cents for candy to his bright little daughter, Sarah Bernhardt.

ment that there are no inns in the country; after which he glosses over the fact that he stopped at one in the very first village he came to, and tells us that at Las Escaldas he was "entertained at the home of Dr. Plá"—said "home" being a four-story hotel! This is a fair sample of the disingenuous striving after the unusual and dangerous, which unfortunately mars nearly all of the few brief descriptions of the country which are accessible to the English reader.

The hotel was severely plain, even bare, in its furnishings, with no carpets on the floors and no superfluous appointments; but it proved to be immaculately and restfully clean. Late as was the hour of our arrival, there was soon ready for us a supper of delicious trout, fresh from the Valira. Then we retired to our plain, neat rooms, and stretched our weary bodies on soft, double mattresses.

A crucifix hung at the head of the bed, a simple traveler's prayer in Spanish was tacked to the door, the crisp, cool mountain air blew in through the open window, and just outside, the Andorran river rushed past the wall with a deep, steady roar which fairly wrapped itself around us as we drifted down through the eternal anthem of the Valley into a dead, dreamless sleep.

VII

THE SILENT PEOPLE

IN the language of nearby Spanish Catalonia, "Andorran" has two meanings. To speak of land as "Andorran" implies that it is hopelessly sterile; to call a person an "Andorran" signifies that he is silent and secretive. One very popular story, which is related with varying details, tells how a Spanish student, when translating the Vulgate account of how Christ refused to answer the high priest's questions, rendered the text "Jesus held his peace," as "Jesus played the Andorran." According to another version of the anecdote, it was a preacher who remarked, "You see, our Saviour was an Andorran!"

This reputation for taciturnity is well deserved. The Englishman is a hopeless chatterbox alongside of the Andorran. I do not remember that a single native spoke to me before I addressed him, even in passing salutation. If I wished a fellow-traveler Good Day, he would walk on two or three steps past me, and then finally answer with a tardy but polite

"Bon día." When I asked for information, it was promptly and cheerfully given. But the Andorran never began the conversation, and he always stopped talking the minute I did.

Over in southern France every chance acquaintance was bubbling over with curious inquiries as to why we were traveling so far, and how much it cost, and flattering exclamations concerning the fabulous salaries which the people of the United States must earn, that they could afford to spend such large sums on mere pleasure journeys. But, strange as an American must have seemed in this little-traveled country, nobody—not even the shopkeepers or the children—thought of asking where we came from or where we were going, or what we were doing in Andorra. And, so far as we could tell, they did not gossip about us to each other. Perhaps a couple of tourists from the Western Hemisphere did not seem so very important to people whose ancestors were enjoying a republican form of government, in the midst of mountains two miles high, a thousand years before the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

This invincible taciturnity of the Andorrans soon gains your respect. You feel that they

are so undemonstrative, not because they are churlish, but because, for all their poverty and illiteracy, they have the instincts of gentlemen. In their intercourse with occasional strangers, they strike the difficult mean between surly indifference and impertinent inquisitiveness better than any other race among whom I have traveled. They have the dignity and native courtesy of the Arabs, without the Arabic loquaciousness and prying curiosity. I cannot imagine even the most arrogant Anglo-Saxon globe-trotter patronizing the Andorrans.

We saw a good many comely young peasant women, who, in most parts of the world, would have returned our curious glances with a coy, embarrassed smile. Here they met our eyes with a frank, very mildly interested look, and did not smile. In every other country which I have visited, even in Mohammedan lands, the lower classes are passionately fond of having their pictures taken. Here, if I asked two or three people to pose together for a photograph, they would do it in a grave, polite manner, without striking conceited attitudes, and then would go promptly about their business. And there was never a crowd of meddling idlers to

get in the way. Only one person asked me to take her picture—a child of six. Only one refused to pose for me. She was a very attractive girl of eighteen or twenty, who resisted all the pleadings of ourselves and our Andorran friends.

They never even hinted for tips. One hotel-keeper told me in advance not to give any *pourboires,* and another refused the gratuity which was offered him. When I pressed a little tobacco-money on two picturesque old men who had posed before my camera, they finally deigned to accept it, with such a grand air that I felt as if I had been trying to patronize Gladstone and Bismarck. When we gave a group of children five cents with which to buy candy, the boys and girls moved off to the shop in as orderly a manner as if they had been going to church. One little fellow of six or seven did, indeed, ask me for a *sou* as we rode past him. I just laughed; and the other children with him appreciated the joke, and poked such fun at the poor boy that he slunk off in a very shamefaced way.

While the ordinary garments of civilized Europe are now usually worn in Andorra, you still see quite frequently the costume of Cata-

LEFT, DR. PLA HOLDING HIS KEY TO THE IRON CABINET. RIGHT, PATRIARCHS OF THE VALLEY

lonia, with the broad sash, short vest-like jacket, and bright red "liberty cap," whose long, soft tip, falling over one eye, gives the wearer a very nonchalant and independent air. The women favor the shawl or mantilla for a head-dress, but do not arrange it with the coquettish grace of the ladies of Spain. Cloth sandals, with thick soles of hard, woven hemp, are almost universally worn by the peasants, as well as by wise pedestrians; for this is the only foot-gear which gets a satisfactory grip on the smooth rocks or stony paths of the mountains. The best quality can be bought at Andorra la Vella for forty cents a pair, and they do not wear out as quickly as one might expect.

In appearance, the Andorrans resemble their Catalan ancestors. They are a swarthy race, short in stature, especially for mountaineers, and have sloping shoulders and long, muscular arms; but otherwise they are well-formed and graceful, with small hands and feet, and very small heads. The women of middle-age, like farmers' wives everywhere, are apt to be bent and worn with toil; but the very old people, both men and women, are worthy of a Rembrandt's brush. Their calm, deeply lined faces show all the wisdom and kindliness and content

which multitude of years should bring, and yet are as firm and inscrutable as the rocks of the Pyrenees. You do not think of them as old folks who are going to die quite soon. They just have lived for a long, long time, and here they are—like Andorra itself.

We did not notice a single fat person; and it is no wonder that the Andorrans are lean, for they must labor incessantly to scrape a living from their narrow valley. We saw men, and women, too, working in the fields before daybreak; and long after sunset we could make out their bent, toiling forms through the gathering dusk.

Nobody is rich in Andorra, according to the usual standards of wealth. The plutocrat of the Valley is a cattle-owner who is reputed to be worth $20,000. But, on the other hand, nobody is wretchedly poor. The country has no beggars or tramps. Like their fellow-mountaineers of Scotland and Switzerland, these people are said to be very cautious in their spending of money; but if the Andorran turns a penny over a good many times before he parts with it, this is because pennies are very scarce in the Valley and must be made to go as far as possible. While the Andorrans are

CITIZENS OF LAS ESCALDAS. AT THE EXTREME LEFT, OUR FRENCH GUIDE

noted for their frugality, they also bear an enviable reputation for charity and hospitality.

The language of the country is a dialect of Catalan, which is closely related to the Provençal. On account of the commercial intercourse with Seo de Urgel and Barcelona, however, many of the Andorrans understand Spanish; and in every large village there are a few people who speak enough French for the purposes of trade.

As to religion, the Andorrans are all Roman Catholics; and they are very devout. Those with whom I conversed about ecclesiastical matters did not seem even to have heard of the recent anti-Catholic movements in France and Spain. They are temperate in their use of the light French and Catalonian wines, and they are notable for the purity of their homes. Throughout the length of the Valley a drunken man or an unchaste woman is almost unknown. The last fact is doubly creditable, because poverty prevents large numbers of them from ever marrying. In order to preserve the little homesteads intact, the younger sons and daughters observe the patriarchal custom of dwelling indefinitely with the family of the married heir. This is doubt-

less the chief reason why the population of the country has remained practically stationary since the beginning of its history.

My own experience with the Andorrans confirmed what I had heard about their reputation for honesty; for I met with not the slightest attempt at extortion, and when once I accidentally overpaid a shop-keeper, he entered into a long explanation in labored French as to why he must give me back two and a half cents. At another time a man worked half an hour trying to remove some grease-spots from my friend's coat, and then absolutely refused to take any payment for his trouble.

A hundred and fifty years ago, one of their most renowned scholars published a compilation of the traditional maxims which should govern the ideal Andorran life. I believe that there are fifty-five of these rules, though I have not seen them; but it seems as though four would be considered sufficient by the modern inhabitant of the Valley. These four would be: Fear God, Live as closely as possible to Nature, Preserve the neutrality of the Republic, and Keep your own counsel. The most striking characteristic of the Andorrans is their stolid conservatism. They heartily believe that

"whatever is, is right." They are very proud of their country; but evince no special desire to boast about it to others. They just want to be left severely alone.[1]

Lest, however, it should be thought that the Andorrans are incredibly and uninterestingly virtuous, it must be added that they are cunning cattle-dealers, and are past-masters of the gentle art of smuggling. Indeed, with the opportunities which are fairly forced upon them, only a race of angelic beings could withstand the temptation to evade the customs duties between France and Spain.

[1] In my impressions of the Andorran character, I agree substantially with the French writers. In fact, I find passages in my letters which might have been quoted word for word from French books and periodicals, if it were not that I did not read these until after my return from Andorra. But to be quite fair, it should perhaps be added that some American and English observers have formed a less favorable opinion of the people of the Valley. A great deal depends upon the psychology of the traveler. If one starts out with the idea that every person who speaks an unknown tongue is a barbarian and a brigand, then the various incidents of the journey are apt to be unconsciously interpreted so as to fit in with the *a priori* conception. When a man, before entering Andorra, sees to it that his 38-Colt is in working order (I quote), it is no wonder that he perceives villainous-looking cut-throats along the road, beholds a "mob" of curious idlers following him through the streets, and views a local festival as an "orgy"!

From time immemorial the Valley has been relieved from taxation upon certain of its exports to both of the great nations which adjoin it, and these ancient exemptions have at different times been formally confirmed and defined. For instance, shortly after the northern protectorate was resumed under Napoleon, a detailed list was prepared of the various Andorran products which might be introduced into France without paying the usual tariff on foreign importations.

With these special privileges as a basis, Andorra practiced smuggling almost officially, and the contraband trade became one of the most popular and lucrative occupations of the Republic. For, of course, whenever a consignment of goods or cattle chanced to be intercepted by the customs inspectors, these were among the number allowed under the tariff exemptions! Concerning the presumably larger number of exportations which passed over the border unnoticed, the Andorrans wisely said nothing. And as to whether the merchandise came originally from Andorra or from France or Spain, who could say?

Cattle and mules passed north or south through the Valley, according as the prices

ANDORRAN PEASANTS

were higher in one or other of the neighboring countries. Matches, which are a government monopoly in France, were smuggled over from Spain, and were even manufactured in Andorra itself for this illicit export. Spanish cigars flooded the markets of southern France. A distinctively humorous touch was added when the canny Andorrans enriched themselves by importing *French* tobacco into France! This was sold to Andorra, as to any other foreign nation, free of tax; and then was brought back over the border, having paid neither import dues nor internal revenue, and the very farmers who raised the tobacco were undersold.

It may be imagined that such constant evasion of customs duties was not especially popular among the involuntarily law-abiding peasants and manufacturers of France and Spain, who saw prices forced down through this unlawful competition. Indeed, many protests were made by chambers of commerce and agricultural societies against the hardships which were caused, not only by downright smuggling, but by the legal exemptions themselves. "Is Andorra a part of our country or not?" asked the bewildered Spanish farmers

and manufacturers. "If it is not a part of Spain, why should it be freed from the protective tariff which operates against all other foreign countries? If it *is* in Spain, then our government should collect the customs at the *northern* border, between Andorra and France." Equally vehement protests came from the French Departments of the Pyrénées Orientales and Ariège.

So, within recent years, the amount of French tobacco which may be bought by Andorran merchants has been strictly limited to that which can presumably be consumed in the Valley itself; and all importations into France claiming exemption from duty must now be accompanied by "certificates of origin," which guarantee that they are *bona fide* Andorran products. Spain has at different times recalled entirely the immemorial exemptions, granted them again, once more recalled them, allowed them in a more modified and guarded form, and finally abolished them altogether; so that there is no longer the almost unlimited free trade which formerly made possible an open and *quasi*-legal evasion of the tariff.

The business of smuggling is, naturally, one concerning which it is difficult to obtain au-

thoritative statistics; but, judging from the continued protests which still issue from the French Department of the Pyrénées Orientales, the new restrictions have not entirely ended the contraband trade. The required "certificates of origin" are said to be had for the asking; and when all else fails, there still remain the numberless high pathways over the mountains, which the Andorran knows so well that he can find his way in the darkest night. It is true that the border is supposed to be vigilantly patrolled by guards; but their number is insufficient, and friendly mists are frequent. Then, too, Spanish soldiers are not always inalterably opposed to adding an occasional friendly gift to their meager wages. The story may not be true, however, that at one time the residence of the mayor of a Spanish border town was used as a depot for smuggled goods. If worst comes to worst, and the quiet Andorran in the course of his apparently aimless ramble over the mountainous border, meets an inquisitive and incorruptible soldier, then there is nothing for it but to take to his heels and run the chance of a bullet in his back. But, fortunately, these customs guards are sellom good shots.

VIII

THE HOUSE OF THE VALLEY

IN the heart of Andorra, the general north and south trend of the valley is interrupted, and for a little while the river runs almost due west. As a result, you cannot see very far in any direction, and the sheltered vale seems to be entirely shut in by a steep wall of mountains. In contrast with the narrower, less fertile portions of the valley, not to speak of the rough rocks which rise above it, this district appears wonderfully rich and attractive. Even the river here loses for a while something of its torrential character, and ripples softly between the gently rolling meadows. Ripe wheat and tobacco wave in the summer breeze. Between the fields are lines of willows and oaks; and the tall, symmetrical cypresses which rise above the velvety surface of the grain give a well-kept, park-like character to the scene. A circle of carefully built terraces surround the bottom-land, like the seats of an old amphitheater. Above these, the lower slopes of the mountains bear dark

ANDORRA LA VELLA. IN THE CENTER, THE TRIBUNAL

evergreen forests, and even the bare rocks of the summits reflect the sunlight in deep, comfortable colorings. I have seen valleys more majestic than this; but I remember none more beautiful and peaceful. The very wildness of the surrounding mountains gives an added touch of safety and contentment, just as the howling of the winter wind outside adds to the coziness of an open fireplace in the home. The sheltered vale, which appears so unexpectedly among the Pyrenean summits, seems like a veritable Eden lying in the midst of primeval chaos.

If the tradition is true that it was here that Louis *le Débonaire* defeated the Moors, then this is one of the world's great, decisive battlefields. On a hillside, near the center of the valley, there is shown the ruin of a couple of hovels, known as the *Mas del Dumenje;* and it is said that this marks the spot where the victorious Christian army was mustered after the battle.

Las Escaldas lies just at the beginning of this central widening of the valley; near the lower, western end, set up prominently upon a great level ledge of rock at the foot of Mount Anclar, is Andorra la Vella—"Old Andorra."

This smallest of the world's capitals does not belie its name. It *looks* old; as old as if it had been placed here when the mountains were first formed.

At the upper end of the town, which you first enter coming from Las Escaldas, is the public square, with two of the biggest buildings in all Andorra, a gray old church, and a row of great, three-story sky-scrapers, with six or seven shops on their ground floors, and dark-eyed ladies sitting in the shade of the long awnings which hang over the iron railings of the upper balconies. To the church and mountains and pretty girls on the balconies, it is only necessary to add one or two gaily trapped mules and a few Andorran peasants with their rakish red caps, and you have a perfect setting for an opera—and it could almost be used full-size, on some of our larger stages.[1] Everything about the town is so tiny that you wonder afterwards why it did not strike you as more humorous. But somehow, while you are in the Valley, you do not feel like poking fun at this proud little nation.

[1] The scene of at least one comic opera has actually been laid in Andorra. *Le Val d'Andorre,* by F. Halévy (libretto by St. Georges), was presented in 1848 at the Opéra Comique of Paris, where it had a very successful run.

ANDORRA LA VELLA—THE PUBLIC SQUARE

After leaving the business quarter of Andorra la Vella, you see no other modern buildings; although it is a ride of fully two minutes over the winding cobble-stone alleys before, at the other end of the town, you reach the parliament house of the Republic.

The Palace or House of the Valley, or the "Tribunal," as it seems to be more commonly called, is a severely plain, three-story structure, with few windows and a low gable roof. It is surmounted by a small, squat tower, and at one corner is affixed a bartizan turret shaped like a stone beehive. The building might be a warehouse or a barn or a pre-Revolutionary American college dormitory; but no one would ever guess it to be a national Capitol.

In judging the architectural merits of any government building, however, we must take into consideration its surroundings; and, in comparison with neighboring structures, the Tribunal is quite massive and imposing, while its location could not be improved upon. It stands on the farthest edge of the rocky shelf upon which the town is built, with a magnificent outlook down the river, which now resumes again its southward course. On two sides there is an almost precipitous descent to

the floor of the valley. Just back of the building is an enormous boulder which overtops the Palace tower, and then there rise the abrupt rocky slopes of Mount Anclar. Upon second thought, you realize that, after all, this rude, heavy structure, set high above the valley against the rugged cliffs, is a fitting and dignified parliament house for a sturdy race of poor, hard-toiling mountaineers, whose one proud possession is their independence.

After some searching, our guide found the janitor's daughter, who had the warm, soft beauty of the valley itself, but who, alas, was the one person in Andorra who obdurately refused to be photographed. The keys which she carried were formidable implements, the largest being nearly as long as her forearm; and it required considerable effort to spring the bolt of the heavy outer gate of the Palace yard. But, once this was opened, we stood immediately before the main, and so far as we saw, the only entrance to the building. Over the doorway is the inscription, *"Domus Concilii, Sedes Justitiæ,"* together with the national coat-of-arms and the Latin quatrain, to which reference has been already made.[1]

[1] See page 31.

THE HOUSE OF THE VALLEY

The basement of the Palace is used as a stable for the horses and mules of the representatives. From here a dark, narrow stairway leads to the main floor, which is divided into three sections. The first of these is the parochial schoolroom, around whose walls runs an interesting series of frescoes representing scenes from the Crucifixion. The composition of these paintings is excellent, the features are lifelike and individual, and the details of muscle and drapery are indicated with a conscientious minuteness which reminds one of Japanese art or the European religious paintings of the Middle Ages. I unfortunately made no attempt to find out whether these quaint frescoes date from the sixteenth century, when the building was erected. At first thought it seems as though they must be very old; but it may be that in art, as in so many other things, Andorra rests still under the spell of mediæval days; and a comparatively few seasons of winter dampness, not to speak of the naturally destructive tendencies of schoolboys, would easily account for the present dilapidated appearance of the plaster on which the pictures are painted.

The middle section of the main floor con-

tains the dining-room; for this is hotel as well as parliament house, and during sessions of the Council, the legislators lodge in the building, and sleep in the bedrooms on the top floor. The Andorran law-givers are evidently good trenchermen; for the refectory is the largest room in the building, and the kitchen just behind it contains cooking utensils of an astounding bigness. No ordinary range or fireplace is here; but a great, vaulted chimney opens above the very center of the room, and beneath this hang chains and hooks which could—and doubtless often do—carry an entire ox. I understand that, when occasion arises, the honest councilors themselves are not averse to relieving the tedium of routine business by taking turns at the cooking.

In the third division is the council chamber. This is not so large as the dining-room—it is barely twenty feet long—and is furnished with severe simplicity. The ceiling is supported by roughly finished beams. In the thick front wall, one narrow window looks out across the valley to the mountains. In the center of the room is a small, square heating stove, whose tall pipe is slightly out of plumb. On the walls are two or three maps and a number of

The Council Chamber

faded enlargements of photographs of the councilors and viguiers and the Bishop of Urgel. Along two sides of the room are brown muslin curtains, beneath which hang the long black state robes and three-cornered beaver hats which members of the Council wear on formal occasions. A bare pine table, a couple of swinging oil-lamps, and two dozen shaky "kitchen chairs" complete the furnishings of the parliament chamber of the simplest of republics. Twenty dollars would probably cover the cost of everything in the room except the state robes.

Built into one of the side walls of the council chamber is a massive oak cabinet, about five feet high, which is blackened by age and bound heavily with iron, whence presumably comes its popular name—the "Iron Cabinet." [1] Across the top is carved in black letter capitals the legend, ARCHIVAMENTA DE DOCUMENTA DE LAS VALLS DE ANDORRA. Below this, the front of the cabinet is divided into six carved panels, three on either side, and down

[1] It is apparently this popular name which has misled some otherwise keen observers into describing the front of the cabinet as consisting of "a small iron door."

THE ENTRANCE TO THE CAPITOL

the center are six keyholes, bearing the names of the six parishes into which the nation is divided: Canillo, Encamp, Ordino, Massana, Andorra and San Julia. The keys to these six locks are deposited with the senior councilors of the respective parishes; so that the cabinet can be opened only in the presence of representatives of all districts of the Republic. The result has been that even the best-known students of Andorran history have found great difficulty in gaining access to the ancient documents which are preserved here. My friend, Dr. Plá, is one of these honored custodians of the archives; and I succeeded in getting him to pose for his photograph, holding in one hand the precious key—which, by the way, he kept under the marble top of his bureau—and in the other hand a fat Havana cigar, by means of which I had unlocked the good doctor's heart.[1]

At the rear of the council chamber a wide, slightly arched doorway opens to the tiny Palace chapel, which is dedicated to St. Ermengol, who was Bishop of Urgel in the first half of the eleventh century. Except for the dilapidated frescoes in the schoolroom, the chapel is the only part of the building which

[1] See illustration facing page 98.

lays claim to any beauty of furnishings and adornment. It is tastefully, though not expensively, decorated in blue and gold; and several religious paintings hang upon its walls. Simple as are these decorations and commonplace as are the pictures, the contrast between this room and the rest of the building is striking and is surely significant. It seems as if the Republic said, "Though even the chamber where my citizens gather to exercise the highest human power of self-government may be dim and unadorned, yet here, where they kneel to ask the divine blessing on their beloved country, shall there be lavished all the beauty which it is in their poor power to furnish."

ANDORRA LA VELLA FROM THE SOUTH. AT THE EXTREME RIGHT, THE CAPITOL

IX

TWENTIETH CENTURY FEUDALISM

ON the front of the episcopal residence at Seo de Urgel is an inscription which designates the bishop as "Sovereign Prince of the Valley of Andorra."

Above the doorway of the little chapel in the Palace at Andorra la Vella is a painting of the Last Supper, which bears in French the following inscription—

"Presented in the year 1895 by the President of the French Republic, co-prince of Andorra, in testimony of his sentiments of willing protection and friendship toward the population of the Valley. M. Felix Faure, President of the French Republic."

In order to understand correctly the relation between the Valley and these "co-princes," however, we must remember that Andorra, as it has been well put, is a fragment remaining from the wreck of feudalism. A map of mediæval Europe shows a multitude of small independent or semi-independent states, al-

most all of which have since been absorbed by the growth of a few powerful modern nations. Thus Burgundy and Toulouse are now indistinguishably merged in the French Republic; Lombardy and Sicily and Venice are parts of the Kingdom of Italy; and a host of smaller sovereignties are united in the German Empire.

Only four of the ancient little states of Europe have escaped this general process of coalition and absorption. These are the principalities of Monaco and Liechtenstein, and the republics of San Marino and Andorra. Of the four, Andorra is the oldest, the largest in area, the smallest in population, the least easily accessible, and the most out of touch with the modern world.[1]

[1] Monaco has an area of 8½ square miles and a population of 15,000; San Marino, 38 square miles, population 10,000; Liechtenstein, 65 square miles, population 9,500; Andorra, 175 square miles, population about 6,000. The Republic of San Marino is commonly referred to as the oldest state in Europe; but its claim to have had a continuous political existence since its foundation by St. Marinus in the fourth century is hardly to be considered seriously. The independence and republican form of government of San Marino seem to have been only gradually evolved during the Middle Ages, several centuries later than the date of the earliest authentic record of the organization of the Valley of Andorra as a political unit.

Thus Andorra is a lonely survival of mediæval feudalism, a political anachronism which it is impossible to classify exactly under the nomenclature of the twentieth century. It is neither a principality nor a republic, as we ordinarily understand these terms. Strictly speaking it is a seigneury, though the age of seigneuries has long passed.[1] It is a self-governing state, but it is not a sovereign state. It lacks what is known as "external sovereignty," that is, it has no diplomatic relations with other nations. In its internal affairs, also, it has largely relinquished one other sovereign function, the administration of justice.

Yet the President of France and the Bishop of Urgel are not "sovereigns" of Andorra, in any modern sense of the word. They are rather feudal over-lords who, for a nominal return, guarantee the autonomy of a practically independent and self-governing state.

France now receives from Andorra, through the Prefect of the Pyrénées Orientales,[2] a biennial tribute of $394. The Bishop of

[1] In 1892 the French post-office cut the Gordian knot concerning the proper designation of the country by deciding to call it simply *"Les Vallées d'Andorre."*

[2] Before the year 1806, the Prefect of the Ariège.

Urgel, however, receives every second year only $180. But, on the other hand, the bishop is more favored than the president, in that at Christmas time he is given by each of the six parishes two fine hams, two choice cheeses and two fat capons. The various ecclesiastical tithes and taxes which were reserved to the bishop by the Concordat of 1278 have one by one been done away with, and the support of the state church is now a regular item in the Andorran budget.

The direct influence of the joint protectorate is exercised through two deputies known as "viguiers," [1] who jointly preside over the judicial administration and, more generally, act as representatives of the non-resident suzerains. The French viguier is appointed for life. Before 1884, he was required to be a citizen of the Department of the Ariège, but since then he has been chosen from the Pyrénées Orientales. The representative of the bishop is always a native Andorran, and is named for a term of three years. Both of these officers, however, enjoy the esteem of the inhabitants of the Valley for the faithfulness with which they perform their constantly more nominal duties.

[1] See footnote, page 26.

THE BISHOP, VIGUIERS AND COUNCILORS

Since 1884, the powers of the French President over Andorra have been permanently delegated to the Prefect of the Department of the Pyrénées Orientales; and the military governor of Urgel acts as commissioner of the Spanish government in its relations with the mountain republic.

Each viguier appoints a native "bayle," [1] or judge of civil causes, who is chosen from a selected list of nominees, one from each parish, which is presented by the Andorran General Council. The bayles may call upon the citizens for whatever assistance, even to armed force, may be necessary for carrying their decisions into effect. There is also a non-resident judge of appeals, who is appointed alternately by the two suzerains. After reading the necessary papers, which are sent to him by the bayle, this judge must come to Andorra to render his decisions, from which a further ap-

[1] See footnote, page 26. It will be noted that the appointment of the bayles, originally made by the suzerains (see page 26 and Appendix II), is now delegated to their viguiers, who are also charged with the administration of the judicial system, and share with the bayles the actual trial of cases. It is hardly correct, however, to say that the modern "viguier" is the same as the mediæval "bayle." There has been apparently a gradual transference of functions, rather than an exchange of titles.

peal may be taken, at the choice of the appellant,[1] either to the Episcopal Court of Seo de Urgel, or to a special French court for the hearing of Andorran cases, which was established in 1888. This *Tribunal Supérieur d'Andorre* consists of the President of the Civil Tribunal of Perpignan (where the sittings are held), the French viguier, and three other judges;[2] and, as exercising the delegated powers of the President of the French Republic, its judgments are final. Appeals from the decisions of the bayles, however, are so infrequent that during the first seven years after its institution, the court at Perpignan had occasion to meet only twice.

Criminal causes are passed upon by the viguiers. From their decisions there is no appeal; and justice is administered with unusual promptness and equity, because the very

[1] Cases originally tried before the French bayle have frequently been appealed to the episcopal tribunal, and *vice versa.*

[2] The admirable wisdom with which this court has invariably been constituted is shown by its membership in 1904: Mm. Casteil, President of the Civil Tribunal of Perpignan; Charles Romeu of Prades, the French viguier; Grillère, Vice-President of the Council of the Department of the Pyrénées Orientales, Delcros, lawyer and senator; and Brutails, one of the foremost authorities on Andorran history and government.

absence of statute law allows each case to be adjudged strictly upon its own merits. Minor charges are disposed of directly by the resident Andorran viguier. If the seriousness of the offense warrants it, he calls upon the French viguier for advice and, in exceptional cases, a formal court is constituted which is known as the *"Tribunal des Corts."* This consists of the two viguiers, assisted by the judge of appeals, who votes only in case the viguiers disagree as to the verdict, and by two native *rahonadors,* who are appointed by the General Council to see that judgment is rendered in accordance with the traditions and precedents of Andorra. For the viguiers are bound by neither French nor Spanish legal codes, but only by the immemorial usages of the Valley.[1] Cases are prepared for trial by the bayles, who act as prosecuting attorneys.

There is only a very small, insecure and apparently infrequently tenanted prison cell at the capital; for convicted prisoners are sent to France to serve their terms of sentence. Seri-

[1] By direction of the French Government, M. Brutails, keeper of records of the Department of the Gironde, is now engaged upon a codification of the precedents and usages of Andorra.

ous offenses are very rare, however, and it speaks well for the peaceful and law-abiding character of the people, that during the twenty years preceding 1907, there had been but two Andorran convicts in the French penal settlements. In the still more rare event of a sentence of death being pronounced, a Spanish executioner is called to the capital, where he puts the criminal to death by means of a garrote which is kept in the Tribunal.

The two most impressive ceremonies of the Republic are the installation of a newly appointed French viguier and the reception of a new Bishop of Urgel.[1]

The French viguier, as it were, wears a halo; a stranger to the country and coming here only at rare intervals, he enjoys a prestige far beyond that of his Andorran colleague. Does it come to pass that he ceases to exercise his functions, the Republic awaits the nomination of his successor with breathless interest; and the greatest solemnity marks the installation of the new incumbent.

When the recently appointed viguier indicates his desire to be formally installed into

[1] The following description is translated rather freely from Vidal's *L'Andorre.*

office, the General Council gathers in the Palace of the Valley upon the appointed day. On this occasion, the members of the august assembly wear their ceremonial costume—silver-buckled slippers, blue worsted stockings fastened below the knee with red garters, short gray trousers, red sash, long coat of black cloth lined with red and having turned-over cuffs and collar of crimson; also a large black cocked-hat, ornamented with braid.

As soon as it is learned that the viguier has arrived at the capital, the Andorran senate sends two of its members to the house where he is staying. Upon reaching this house, the two deputies, in the name of the Council, kiss the viguiers hands; then, one at his right and the other at his left, they accompany him to the Palace, followed by a procession of his relatives and friends, who have come to witness the installation ceremony.

In the vestibule of the great hall of deliberations, the viguier is received by a second deputation of four councilors, who conduct him to the chapel, where they kneel together for a moment. Then he is led into the council hall, where the place of honor, beside the syndic, is of course reserved for the repre-

sentative of the co-prince. As he enters, all the members of the Council rise and remove their hats, and they remain standing until he has taken his seat.

When everyone is once more seated, the viguier rises again, and presenting his certificate of appointment, asks to be put in actual possession of the office and authority with which the co-prince has invested him. In the name of the Council over which he presides, the syndic answers that he is ready to do this, provided that the viguier will follow the precedent set by his predecessors, and will swear to respect and defend the privileges and customs of the Valley.

The viguier, clothed in a black dress-coat whose standing collar is embroidered with olive branches, his sword by his side, holding in his left hand his black-plumed hat, and with his right hand placed on the Holy Gospels which are opened before him, now swears "to render good and loyal justice, and to respect the privileges of the Republic." The syndic then inducts him into his new office, asking God that he may long exercise its duties for the greatest welfare of the Valley.

After this, the whole company passes into

SAN JULIA DE LORIA

the adjoining room, where there awaits them a veritable holiday banquet.

When the day has come for the reception of a new Bishop of Urgel, the members of the General Council and other distinguished citizens of the Valley hasten to a common rendezvous at Andorra la Vella. To intensify the splendor of the occasion, everyone rides his finest mule, wears his most formal dress, and is followed by two servants, each of whom carries a carbine over his shoulder and a brace of pistols in his belt.

In this formation, the squadron begins its march from the capital; it arrives at San Julia de Loria; it crosses the village without halting, and hastens to the frontier of Spain, where it awaits his Eminence, who shortly afterwards appears on the horizon, surrounded by a brilliant retinue.

It is, indeed, a picturesque scene, when in this narrow, uncultivated gorge between the bare mountains, there meet these two groups of cavaliers in holiday attire. On the one side are the thick-maned, gorgeously caparisoned Andalusian horses; on the other, the mules of Andorra, decked with their beautiful scarlet trappings. In the Andorran cortège, the dark

cloaks and black cocked-hats of the councilors are in striking contrast with the red caps and sashes of the notables of the Valley. In the other group there is a similar contrast between the long cassocks of the cathedral canons, and the elegant uniforms of the Spanish military staff.

When the bishop's horse has reached the very edge of the brook which forms the boundary between the two countries, the companies on both sides of it dismount. The syndic advances to his Eminence, kisses the episcopal ring and, in the name of the entire Valley, bids him welcome. After this the second syndic, the Andorran viguier, the councilors and the notables make in their turn respectful salutations; and, while this first act of homage is being rendered, the bayles order the armed servants to fire three salutes with their carbines and pistols.

Soon everyone mounts his steed again, and they ascend the road up the valley. At San Julia, all the villagers, dressed in their Sunday clothes, are waiting to see his Eminence pass. The procession crosses the public square between a double line of these pious admirers, and thence the journey is continued without

further interruption until the capital comes into view.

At this moment, the bells ring merrily, the *curé* of Andorra la Vella comes forth from his church, surrounded by the other priests of the Valley, who, for this great day, have left their parishes and have come hither clothed in their richest vestments. Behind the clergy follows a long procession of the faithful, who strew the ground with flowers and leafy branches.

When this company meets the approaching cortège at a wayside chapel just outside the city, the bishop takes in his hands a large silver cross, faces toward the devout assembly, and chants with them the *Te Deum*. Then the bells ring out their loudest peals, carbines and pistols are again discharged, and, from the top of a neighboring hill, two cannon add their joyous salvos to the celebration of the first visit of the suzerain; and when at last his Eminence reaches the church door and raises his hand to give the benediction, bells, carbines, pistols, cannon, take up again their clamor more deafeningly than before.

Upon leaving the church, the bishop takes his way to the Palace of the Valley, where there is prepared for him a simple wooden

throne at the back of the council chamber. When everyone has taken his place, a man dressed in a long, trailing robe pushes his way through the crowd to the steps of the throne, where he reads a Latin oration. The learned speaker begins by wishing the bishop welcome; he then gives a short résumé of the history of the Valley, and finally, in the name of the General Council, requests his Eminence to be so good as to confirm the privileges of the Republic, and swear, as did his predecessors, to respect these and, if need be, defend them.

The bishop now rises, takes the usual oath, and new bursts of applause apprise the crowds outside that their precious rights have again received official sanction.

After this, the noble assembly adjourns to the great dining hall, where a bounteous repast is served. At the dessert, the syndic takes from the sideboard an antique coral cup, in which are thirty-five Catalan livres, in pieces of gold, silver and copper. "Monsignor," he says, presenting the cup to the bishop, "the Valley of Andorra offers you this small token of its submission. May your Eminence deign to accept it, not considering the smallness of the amount,

but only the kindly sentiments of those who offer it."

The bishop takes the cup, thanks the syndic, and requests him to distribute the money among the poor of the Valley. Then a last salute announces the end of the feast; and the bishop and the other banqueters follow to their homes the local residents who are to entertain them for the night.

Contrary to what we should have expected, considering the natural racial and commercial affiliations of Andorra, Spain has made little effort to increase her influence in the Valley, and the Bishops of Urgel, doubtless inspired by fear lest their own personal "sovereignty" over Andorra should be endangered, have consistently opposed anything which might prove a closer bond between the Kingdom and the Republic. So, in spite of the honor which the good Catholics of the Valley freely render to the bishops *as bishops,* their influence as suzerains has been steadily on the wane during the last half century.

In 1855 Bishop Caixal y Estrada took it upon himself to pardon a man who had been condemned to death by the *Tribunal des Corts,* and the country was at once thrown into com-

motion by this illegal interference. The bishop's viguier was forced to resign, a special session of the General Council was called, and a protest had been sent to Napoleon III., when the matter was unsatisfactorily settled by the convict dying of wounds received while he was resisting arrest.

Ten years later, the same bishop desired to institute certain needed reforms in the Andorran government; but he issued his proposals in the form of the command of an absolute sovereign, and there followed two years of bitter strife, which the Valley remembers as the "Revolution." The syndic and members of the General Council, who, in any case would have opposed the proposed changes, resigned in a body. A newly elected Council was more favorable to the bishop's plans, but unwisely chose as syndic a man who had been unpleasantly conspicuous through his support of the recent effort of a French syndicate to establish a gambling-house at Las Escaldas. He soon antagonized the majority of the councilors and was deposed. The bishop then appointed as viguier an Andorran who had been a leader in local riots, and threw into prison the delegates who came to protest against his usurpation of

power. Then there were new riots, the bishop's viguier was driven out of the country, and the syndic was banished.

France finally intervened to free the imprisoned delegates and restore order. Whereupon the Andorrans themselves promptly and quietly passed the reform bill which had caused the disturbance! But it was twelve years before the bishop again had a viguier in the Valley. In view of the original northern suzerainty over Andorra, it is interesting to note that, during this critical period, the French viguier was the Viscount of Foix.

By a papal bull of December 25, 1879, the successor of Bishop Caixal was authorized to resume the exercise of his "sovereignty" over Andorra. But now the situation was further complicated by the unwise appointment of a Protestant as French viguier, and also by a new project to exploit Las Escaldas as a combined watering-place and gambling center, under control of a French syndicate, and by an effort on the part of Spain to put down the interminable smuggling across the Andorran frontier. It is not to the credit of the bishop that his influence was conspicuously on the side of the smugglers and gamblers.

So much local opposition was aroused by the plan to force Andorra out of its ancient and cherished seclusion, that the country was brought to the verge of civil war between the conservative and radical parties. This was fortunately averted; however, through the presence of a batallion of French troops, which encamped on the frontier near L'Hospitalet until order was restored.

The very next year, when the French government attempted to establish telegraphic communication with Andorra, the Bishop of Urgel sent fifty men to cut down the telegraph poles, which had been erected without his permission. The consequence was that the Andorrans had to wait ten years longer for their telegraph. In 1892 the General Council convinced the French Government of its interest in the project, by making an appropriation of $3,000, and the line was then completed as far as San Julia de Loria. In 1903, the bishop coöperated with the Andorran government in constructing a continuation of this line as far as the Spanish frontier.

Having once become interested in modern improvements, the bishop suggested to the Andorrans that a telephone system should also

be installed, and put under the control of his parish *curés*. The General Council, however, refused to join him in this scheme.

In 1894, the Andorran and Spanish governments seemed at last upon the point of reaching a satisfactory agreement concerning the debated customs immunities, and a law was drawn up by members of the Spanish Parliament which would have allowed the importation of a limited amount of Andorran products under much the same terms which now govern their entrance into France. The Bishop of Urgel, however, appeared before the joint committee of the Senate and House and spoke against the bill with such effect that Spain withdrew all customs exemptions whatsoever, and the Andorrans found themselves subject to the maximum Spanish tariff against foreign nations. This did not add to his Excellency's popularity in the Valley.

At the same time the bishop issued an edict forbidding Andorra to hold negotiations with any other government, or to enter upon the construction of any public works without his express permission. The General Council thereupon drafted a letter to the pope, and issued a manifest on "the Andorran Question,"

in both of which the "sovereign" claims of the bishop were vigorously combated. "The only cause for these grave disturbances," says the manifest, "lies in the attempt of the last two bishops to impose themselves upon the Valley of Andorra as sovereign princes, basing their claims upon documents nine hundred years old, of incomplete redaction and vague wording. . . . A bishop, in his official capacity as head of the Diocese of Urgel, publicly inspires vexing measures which are destined to reduce to extreme misery the already poverty-stricken families of the Valley. And why? To force a 'Yes' which the lips may utter, but not the heart."

The northern protector of Andorra has shown a very different spirit from that of the recent domineering and intolerant Bishops of Urgel. The French government has invariably pursued a friendly policy toward the people of the Valley, and has made numerous efforts to conserve the resources of the country and improve local conditions. Internal dissensions have been put down in a firm, yet tactful and conciliatory manner; and attempted encroachments, even by French speculators, have been promptly and emphatically

suppressed. The introduction of a telegraph service has been already referred to; the proposed construction of the first Andorran wagon road will be mentioned in a later chapter.

France has also taken an active interest in the educational system of Andorra, where now a large majority of the inhabitants are illiterate. An inspector of education is sent into the Valley every year—he had covered a panel of our bedroom door at Las Escaldas with his annual encomiums of Dr. Plá's hotel—and repeated though not very successful efforts have been made to extend the knowledge of the French language. There are also several scholarships for Andorran students in French universities. It should be added that the only serious studies in Andorran history have been made by French scholars, who sometimes bitterly assail one another's theories concerning the early history of the Republic, but who, as ardent republicans, express an exaggerated admiration for the little country which one of them calls "a veritable paradise of liberty, where there is no army, no taxes, no constraint, and everyone is a king!" Translated into cold English, this does not sound strictly

true; but the underlying sentiment of friendliness is unquestionably sincere, and is characteristic of all French writers on Andorran affairs.

Political differences of opinion within the Valley itself hinge largely upon the question as to whether Urgel or France shall be relied upon as the more trusted adviser and protector. Until comparatively recent years, the Spanish party was in the ascendency; but the reactionary policies of the bishops, as contrasted with the sympathetic and active interest of France, have worked a great change in the attitude of Andorra toward its two suzerains, and since 1877 the French party has been dominant. In recording my own impressions, some allowance must be made for the fact that the natives probably took it for granted that my sympathies were with France, whose language I used exclusively in conversation with them; but, from the inquiries which I was enabled to make, it seemed that these people of southern blood and speech showed a surprising friendliness toward the French Republic.

It can readily be seen that, so far as any advantages are to be gained from the feudal re-

lations with Urgel, and especially with France, Andorra has by far the better of the bargain; [1] and it is no wonder that the Andorrans themselves were so disturbed when the French Revolution threatened to make them permanently independent of the great nation to the north of them.[2]

But, after all, the most important bearing of the divided suzerainty over Andorra has lain in the very jointness of the protectorate. It is, indeed, impossible to serve two masters; and so the Valley has served neither! But it is not impossible to have two defenders. If the Republic had been left quite without relationship to a stronger power, or if that relationship had been with one alone, not even the poverty and inaccessibility of Andorra could have prevented it from sharing the fate of the other petty states of the Pyrenees, and being swallowed up long ago by either France or Spain.

The strange combination of a proud spirit of independence and a naïve mediæval idea

[1] In 1892, it was remarked, on the floor of the French Senate, that, in return for an annual tribute of $192, France contemplated spending $2,200 on the Andorran telegraph line alone.

[2] See page 28.

that, in case of danger, it is only necessary to seek the aid of some feudal protector, is well exemplified by the earnest advice given to the Andorrans a hundred and fifty years ago by one of their most famous statesmen.[1]

"Let us not forget that, the neutrality of the Valley being its chief possession, its inhabitants should, if need arise, defend this with all their power, fearing neither labor nor fatigue. Nor should they weigh the expense; and if its preservation involves a journey to Paris, to Madrid, to Rome, or anywhere else, the only thing to do is to set out at once.

"That is what our Andorran ancestors did in the old days. If the ministers of either France or Spain attempted to give them orders, they

[1] Don Anton Fiter y Rossel was renowned for his learning; and in 1748, when he was Bishop's viguier, he took advantage of his official position to make a thorough study of the precious national archives in the council chamber. The result of his researches was embodied in an exhaustive though confused compendium of the official acts concerning Andorra. The original Catalan manuscript of the *Politar,* as it is called, is now jealously preserved in the Iron Cabinet; but the library of the French Ministry of Justice possesses an authentic copy, which was certified as correct in 1879 by the Syndic of Andorra and the Prefect of the Ariège. My translation is taken from the French of Vidal.

refused to obey. If some governor-general, *intendant* or commissioner menaced their country with any molestation whatsoever, quickly they hurried to the great royal protectors of the Valley, and put in their hands the preservation of its independence. They never suffered their neutrality to be interfered with in the slightest degree, always inspired by the word of the Scripture: *Qui spernit modica, paulatim decidet.*[1] If these good fathers of our republic had made a single exception to this rule, and had obeyed once from a kindly desire to please one of their sovereigns, the next time there would have been danger that they would been have forced to obey against their wills.

"Thus the fathers of the Valley would neither permit nor allow the least act of subjection to anyone whatsoever, except to those ministers [i. e., the viguiers] who administer justice. Following the example of our forefathers, we also must use every means to prevent the slightest encroachment upon our neutrality, realizing that, when such a matter as

[1] "He that condemneth small things shall fall by little and little."—Ecclesiasticus 19: 1.

this is concerned, no detail is so small as to be unimportant."

It would be hard to find a better epitome of the spirit of the Valley.

X

A MINIATURE REPUBLIC

SO far as its internal affairs are concerned, Andorra has been from time immemorial an independent, self-governing state,[1] with all the political machinery of a microscopic republic. The only sovereign right which has been surrendered is the administration of justice, and, in this, the viguiers are bound to render their decisions in harmony with the customs and usages of the Valley. Neither France nor Spain has ever attempted to make laws for Andorra.

There are three grades of governing bodies. The oldest of these are probably the councils of the six parishes, into which Andorra has been divided since at least as early as the year 819. Each of these parochial councils is composed of twelve councilors and two executive officers known as "consuls." The latter are chosen by the council itself for terms of two years, at the expiration of which they continue for two years longer as ordinary mem-

[1] See page 30.

bers. The other councilors are elected by *viva voce* vote of all *caps de casa,* or heads of families over twenty-five years of age; for there is no general manhood suffrage in Andorra, throughout whose internal administration we find many survivals of the patriarchal system, antedating even the feudal forms which control her external relations.

Each parish, except Encamp, is divided into from two to eight "Quarters," which correspond roughly to our townships within a county. The "Council of the Quarter" includes all heads of families, but is nevertheless far from being an unwieldy body, as a simple calculation shows that the average number of families in a Quarter is only about forty.

The duties of these two lower bodies correspond to those of our town or village boards, except that there is not the sharp distinction between legislative, executive and judicial functions, which exists under English and American law. The parish councils, for instance, directly exercise police and judicial powers over minor delinquencies within their jurisdiction.

The General Council, or "Council of the Valley," or "Council of the Twenty-four," is

composed of four representatives from each parish, two of whom are elected each year for a term of two years. Prior to the electoral reforms of 1866, the acting and last-retired consuls of the parochial councils were *ex officio* the members of the General Council; but now the consuls are not even eligible for election to the national body. These twenty-four councilors, who are addressed as "Very Illustrious," are, like the parish officers, chosen by the heads of families. The candidate for councilor must himself be head of a family, thirty years of age, engaged in some remunerative occupation other than domestic service, temperate, and free from any physical infirmity. All of these are most wise qualifications for popular representatives, although it would be hard to find a man in Andorra meeting the first two requirements, who does not also fulfill the last three.

Civic duties are taken seriously in the Valley, and public service is obligatory. No one under the age of sixty is allowed to decline an office to which his fellow-citizens have elected him. Yet all representatives of the people and all appointees of the co-princes serve without remuneration (though their necessary expenses are paid) with the single exception of

the judge of appeals, who, when he is appointed by France, receives a salary of $600 a year. When the judge has been a Spaniard, however, he has heretofore retained a certain percentage of the amount involved in the appeal, as did the French judge until the year 1891.

The Andorran officeholders are almost invariably chosen from among the wealthiest and ablest citizens; for the feudal coupling of land and authority still dominates the political ideals of the Valley. Indeed, as a matter of practice, there are certain families which, generation after generation, provide the lawgivers of the Republic; while at the other extreme are hundreds of landless bachelors who are excluded from the franchise. The country has a government of the people, for the people, but not *by* all the people. Yet if there thus seems to be a kind of Andorran aristocracy, it is, in spite of its incidental landholding, an aristocracy of ability and experience; and the mass of the population, far from being oppressed, are the freest persons in the world, with no burdensome civic duties, with taxes so small as to be almost negligible

even in poor Andorra, with free firewood and free schools and with easy recourse to the General Council and even the co-suzerains, if ever their rights are in any way threatened.

It is said that in ancient days the General Council consisted of all heads of families, and that its meetings were held in a cemetery, where presumably the proximity of the remains of buried patriots induced a sobering sense of civic responsibility on the part of the living legislators. Now, however, they gather in the Palace of the Valley at Easter, Pentecost, St. Andrew's Day, All Saints' Day and Christmas, when they open each session with solemn mass in the little Chapel of St. Ermengol, and close it with a banquet in the refectory, as befits sturdy lawgivers of a good conscience.

While the Council is in session, there flies from a window of the Palace the national flag, with its horizontal stripes of blue, yellow and red, and a coronet in the center. This flag, however, is one of the newest things in Andorra, for it has been in use less than fifty years. It originated after the reforms of 1866, in the desire of the conservative party to

emphasize the autonomy of the Valley, and has not been approved by either of the co-suzerains.

The executive powers of the central government are vested in the president, or *syndic procureur général,* who is elected by the General Council for an indefinite term, and who is assisted by a second, and sometimes by a third syndic. Except when the Council is actually in session, the syndic is practically the government. It is he who enforces the decisions of the Council, issues or visés passports, and grants the "certificates of origin" for Andorran goods which are to be admitted into France free of duty. He also acts as state treasurer and, until recently, was likewise both assessor and tax collector—a combination of offices in which any politician but an honest Andorran would have seen rare opportunities for personal enrichment. The syndic, of course, presides over the deliberations of the General Council, which he can call together in extra session at any time when urgent matters demand its attention. But, for that matter, any single citizen may demand a meeting of the national parliament, provided he is willing to bear the modest expense involved.

The chief duties of the national Council are the general oversight of the system of roads; the preservation of the forests, all of which are communal; the passing of hunting and fishing laws; the sale of wood from state lands, and the renting of public pastures; the inspection of butcher-shops, bakeries, inns, cloth mills, and iron mines; the review of the deliberations of the parish councils; the appointment of all national officers except those named by the viguiers; the auditing of the accounts of financial officers; and, in extremely serious cases, the assistance of the viguiers in the conduct of criminal trials. In practice, many of the administrative details are, of course, left to the lower councils.

It will be noted that, in the wise exercise of some of these forms of practical governmental activity, Andorra is generations in advance of many larger and wealthier nations.

Certain acts of the General Council are subject to veto by the co-suzerains; but, as a matter of fact, this veto power is hardly ever exercised.

The revenues are chiefly derived from the sale of wood from the public forests, the summer rental of the high pastures to shepherds

from Catalonia, a tax on inns and slaughter-houses, and a poll-tax, which at present amounts to the not very burdensome assessment of five cents a year. The tribute to France and the bishop is raised by means of an income tax. Although the total revenues are hardly $6,000 a year, there is no public debt, and I understand that the Andorran government always has a balance in the treasury.

The national expenditures include the small tribute paid to the two suzerains, the partial support of the state church, which also receives aid from the episcopal treasury of Urgel, the expenses of the General Council and the courts, and of the reception to the French viguier, repairs to public buildings, and the salary of the Palace janitor.

The maintenance of the public roads does not ordinarily constitute an item in the national budget; for every man in the country, save only the syndic, is expected to do his share of work on them—and stone is to be had everywhere for the picking up! It may be remarked again, however, that there are really no roads at all, but only roughly kept mule-

tracks.[1] I did not see a single carriage in Andorra. Dr. Plá boasts that his hotel is recommended by the French Cyclists' Touring Club; but the only way a bicycle could reach Las Escaldas would be on mule-back.

The General Council also gives small money grants to doctors and pharmacists, provided they will settle in an approved locality, and charge only a fixed sum for their services. I imagine, however, that the Andorrans seldom call in a physician. There are only three of them in the country; and Dr. Plá, who has had to take up hotel keeping in order to support his family, tells me that his medical services are limited to the occasional prescription of some very simple remedy. The number of lawyers in this modern Utopia is also limited to three, and even these have little to do.

The method of policing the Valley is pleasantly indicated in a fragment of a conversation which Mr. Spender had with an aged ex-syndic.[2]

[1] The one exception to this statement will be mentioned in Chapter XII.

[2] *Through the High Pyrenees*, p. 57.

"And your police?" we asked—"What of them?"

"We have no police," said Duran laconically.

"Then who looks after your criminals?" we asked, with impressions of London streets still in our minds.

"Oh!" he answered, with a shrug of his shoulders and a wave of his hand, "the peasants do that—the peasants."

"But where is your prison?" we asked.

"Over there," he said, pointing out of the window across the square to a small, dirty building of decayed appearance, resembling a large poultry-house, its door blocked with stones, and its windows broken and cobwebbed.

"Is there anyone there?" we asked.

"No one," he replied.

The viguiers are nominally "joint commanders-in-chief of the Andorran army"; but there is not any army to command. All able-bodied men, however, are supposed to belong to the national militia; each parish chooses a captain and two lieutenants; and heads of families are charged with the duty of keeping rifles and ammunition.

In each parish is a boys' primary school, which is taught by the vicar. The girls are cared for by Teaching Sisters, who are sent by the Bishop of Urgel, and have schools in most of the larger villages. Education is free, but not compulsory, and the school term is short, as during the long summer even the small children are kept busy helping to care for the cattle on the high pastures. For higher education, a small though constantly increasing number of sons of wealthy cattle owners are sent to the French *lycées* and the secondary schools of Spain; and a very few favored ones take advantage of the free scholarships at the French universities. On the whole, however, the educational standards of the country are low, and illiteracy is very common.

The Andorran postal service consists of one *facteur* who makes a round-trip daily between Soldeu and French Porté, and another who carries the mail between Andorra la Vella and the Spanish frontier. French stamps are used on letters going north, and Spanish on those sent by the southern route. One French writer quaintly remarks that local mail is delivered "with great nonchalance," and if you

send your letters into Andorra by way of Spain, they are likely never to arrive at all.

As for money, both French and Spanish coins are in circulation, but the latter are much more common. This is evidently due to the easier commercial relations with Spain, as well as to the depreciated value of the currency of that country.

The trifling duties of an unpaid parliament which have been described above seem like household cares or the work of some village board, rather than the government of a proud and independent people. Yet, with all the littleness and informality, there goes a mutual confidence and respect, an honor for public office, and a pride in the honest performance of civic duties, which larger republics might well envy.

XI

FEASTING AND GLADNESS

IT was nearly two o'clock when we ended our visit to the Tribunal, and we began to feel some of the vast hunger which assails the honest Andorran councilors; so we repaired to the inn of a certain Juan Arajol for lunch. At first glance the place did not seem very inviting; for the front door led into a dark, smoky, half-underground chamber which was kitchen, nursery, sewing-room, repair-shop and general lounge for the whole Arajol family and its numerous friends.

The head of the house might have stepped right out of the score of "Carmen." Lean and lithe, black of hair and swarthy of complexion, with a broad sash around his waist and the tip of his scarlet cap hanging over one beetling eyebrow, Juan looked as if he would make nothing of robbing a hapless guest at midnight, and dropping the corpse into the cold depths of the river. But he turned out to be a most respectable citizen, an inn-keeper of rare honesty, and the proud father of two very

pretty daughters. Leonora is just arriving at the bashful age, but little Lula clambered all over us and carried on a most interesting conversation in broken Catalan, assisted by perfectly intelligible childish gesticulations.

We felt quite as much at home here as if we had been in an American country village. Outside the narrow doorway, the summer sun shone dazzlingly upon the stony alleys of the smallest, strangest of capitals. So far as we knew, our French guide was the only person in town to whom we could make ourselves clearly understood. Bent old women bustled about the great iron caldron, which showed indistinctly in the gloom of the farthest corner of the room. The dark, inscrutable landlord sat smoking a short black pipe, which threatened to set on fire the tip of his rakish red cap. But the scowling grimness of Juan's countenance lightened when he looked at his children, and the prattle of irrepressible little Lula helped us to understand that, after all, in spite of superficial differences in language and dress, these were exactly the same kind of people that we were.

But the dinner—we had not by any means forgotten it! It was not served in the great,

dark basement, as we had anticipated, but in a bright little dining-room on the floor above. There, with my traveling companion and our guide and mine host and a half-dozen Spanish muleteers, I sat down to a dinner—well, I will be cautious in statement, for indeed we were ravenously hungry—I sat down to a dinner which *tasted* better than any other I had ever eaten.

Before leaving home, I had read gruesome accounts of how the peasants of the Pyrenees love to flavor their dishes with garlic and cook their food in rancid olive oil. Since I have returned, the one question which my friends never fail to ask is, "Could you get anything fit to eat in that forsaken country?" This was the menu at Andorra la Vella:

Head-cheese Tomatoes Onions Garlic
Purée of chicken and egg
Stew of potatoes, peas and cabbage
Corned beef and sausages
Fricassee of chicken, sausage dressing
Soft boiled eggs
Roast chicken
Egg custard Stewed apricots
Shelled nuts Assorted cakes
Claret Champagne

Everything was deliciously cooked and of a bewildering abundance, and the plates were changed for each course. Corned beef boiled with sausages is a tasty combination which I recommend to American housewives. The eggs, which were almost raw, we ate in Catalan fashion, chopping off one end of the shell, flavoring thickly with salt and pepper, and then swallowing at one gulp. As you lift it to your mouth, the egg turns over in its shell, so that the salted end goes down last, ginner, who cannot help wondering what would and leaves a pleasant taste in the mouth. But this is a somewhat ticklish feat for the behappen if he did not succeed in downing the whole egg at the first attempt.

Time fails me, however, to do justice to the details of the banquet. The chickens were fat little fellows, hardly larger than "broilers"; but there were six or eight of them, so that each one of us could choose his favorite tit-bit. I am not a judge of champagne; but our guide, who is himself a hotel-keeper, said that it was excellent, and there were eight quart bottles on the table.

The price of this modest luncheon was forty cents! It would have amounted to less if we

ANDORRAN WOMEN

had paid for it in depreciated Spanish currency. It should be said, however, that this was a feast-day, and it certainly seems as though the champagne must have been an extra; but when I asked Monsieur Not who had paid for it, he said that *he* didn't know anything about it, and continued lustily drinking, asking no questions for conscience' sake. The charge for the wine certainly did not appear in the bill. I wish that Senor Arajol would write an article on the high cost of living.

The Catalan drinking-bottle is in general use in Andorra. This is a kind of carafe with a hollow handle at the top, through which the liquid is poured in, and a long, tapering nozzle, with an opening whose diameter is hardly larger than that of the lead of a pencil. When drinking, the carafe is held a little higher than the mouth, and is tipped so that a thin stream falls between the slightly parted lips. Thus used, it is the most sanitary of drinking-vessels, for no mouth ever touches the nozzle. It seems the simplest thing in the world, to catch the little stream; but one must first know the trick of swallowing with the mouth open, and the ambitious amateur who neglects to continue swallowing, or who shuts

his lips, meets with immediate and spattering failure.

The muleteers at dinner with us were naturally anxious to enjoy our initiation into this national mode of drinking. One of them lifted the vessel carelessly and shot a little stream between his parted lips, to show what an easy matter it was. Then he passed the bottle to me, and the Spaniards got ready to smile, while Not advised me to tie a napkin around my neck. But fortunately I had learned the trick long ago from the Syrians, and, if anything, I lifted the carafe a little higher than my teacher. From then on, I was accepted as a man and brother, and had to refuse countless offers of champagne.

When we returned to Las Escaldas late in the afternoon and happened to mention in Dr. Plá's presence the wonderful meal at Andorra la Vella, the good doctor was quite disturbed, for his own hotel bears the reputation of being the best in the Valley. Consequently Señora Plá fairly outdid herself in the effort to rival Señora Arajol's culinary achievements. But we had to pass by most of the elaborate menu, and made a simple repast of brook trout, sliced tomatoes and preserved fruit.

There are other Andorran pleasures, however, besides eating and drinking. We were fortunate in visiting Las Escaldas during the feast of St. James, the patron of the village. The little open place in front of our hotel—it was barely fifty feet across—was gaily decorated with festoons of colored paper, which swung between evergreen trees set up in the earth at the corners of the square. The national musical instruments of Andorra are the bagpipe and tambourine; but that day there was a rough platform built in front of the hotel, and on this sat a real Spanish brass band, which had been brought up all the way from Barcelona for the great occasion. The band consisted of eight pieces and really played very good music, although the fortissimo passages were somewhat deafening in the little square, surrounded by close, stone-walled buildings.

Not only had the good people of Las Escaldas taken a holiday, but visitors from distant parts of the Valley had come to share in the festivities, and everyone was in gala attire—which meant that, to foreign eyes, they were rather less romantic looking than in their careless, every-day garments. Some of the younger men were dressed from head to foot

in neat, well-fitting clothing which would not have attracted attention on the streets of New York or Paris. Most of them, however, favored suits of a durable reddish-brown corduroy; and pleasant touches of color were given by the broad sashes of the men, as well as by the bright shawls which the women wore over their heads. One strange feature of the scene was that the Sunday clothes of the children were cut just like those of their elders. It was indescribably funny to see a little tot in a dragging skirt and shawl, conversing gravely with a Lilliputian "sport" of seven years old, who wore long trousers, high-heeled shoes, and a straw hat cocked jauntily over one ear.

The young ladies sat on a bench at one end of the square, quietly talking together—not giggling—until the young gentlemen stepped up to them and, with courteous bows, requested the favor of the next number on the program. Then they entered upon a modest, stately dance, like a slow waltz, except that at certain intervals the couples merely marked time for a half-dozen measures. The young people were quite effectively chaperoned, for on the outskirts of the circle of dancers a group of ancient worthies sat smoking their pipes and, I

DANCING AT LAS ESCALDAS

suppose, talking of the good old days when they were young, while the hotel steps were crowded with married women, who knitted and gossiped and minded babies all day long.

Imagine going among these grave, quiet, well-bred people, as some travelers have done, with trepidation and a revolver! An American Sunday School picnic would seem a riotous affair, in comparison with this Andorran festival. During three days of the feast of St. James at Las Escaldas, there was not a woman who became boisterous or a man drunk; and I did not see a bold glance or hear a quarrelsome word. There was, indeed, one fist-fight—between two little chaps of five or six, who were promptly spanked by their respective mothers!

In the evening the Spanish band requested the privilege of giving a serenade to the distinguished American visitors. We could not very well be so discourteous as to decline the honor thus thrust upon us; but as the serenade consisted of three or four ear-splitting marches played in the little dining-room of the hotel, we were glad when the time came to send the bandsmen off with their drink-money.

A little later, however, we listened to music of a different character; for twenty or thirty

of the young men of Las Escaldas came in to sing for us. With Dr. Plá acting as interpreter, I told them that we had traveled all the way across the ocean to bring greeting from the greatest republic in the world to the smallest and oldest of republics. They heard me politely, but, being Andorrans, were not visibly overwhelmed by the honor done them. Then, at my request, they rendered their national anthem. They sang well, with the hearty naturalness of a crowd of college boys, and the house fairly shook with the loud "Catalonia! Catalonia!" of the refrain.

In our turn, we sang the "Swanee River" and the "Star Spangled Banner," while our audience nodded courteous approval of our somewhat shaky efforts, and presumably murmured in Andorran, "Isn't that fine singing!"

Then we all joined in rousing cheers, *"Vive l'Andorre! Vive l'Amerique!"*

The next morning we were in the saddle long before daybreak, and had traveled many miles northward toward France before the sun rose upon the beautiful valley of the Valira.

XII

THE NEW ROAD

IN the not far distant future, the ancient tranquillity of the Valley may at last be disturbed; for, by joint arrangement of the Andorran and French governments, the splendidly built highway which now follows the eastern boundary of the country, along the Ariège and over the Col de Puymorens to the Spanish border, is to be tapped by a branch road, which will take approximately the route which we followed over the Port d'Embalire into the Valira valley, and so on down to Andorra la Vella. Less definite plans have also been discussed for a continuation of the proposed highway through the valley to Urgel, and thence to the chief Catalan city, Barcelona. When completed, this road will be the first to cross the eastern two-thirds of the Pyrenees range.

But although a similar project was planned by a French syndicate as far back as 1865, and the present arrangement with the French government was made in 1894, and although there

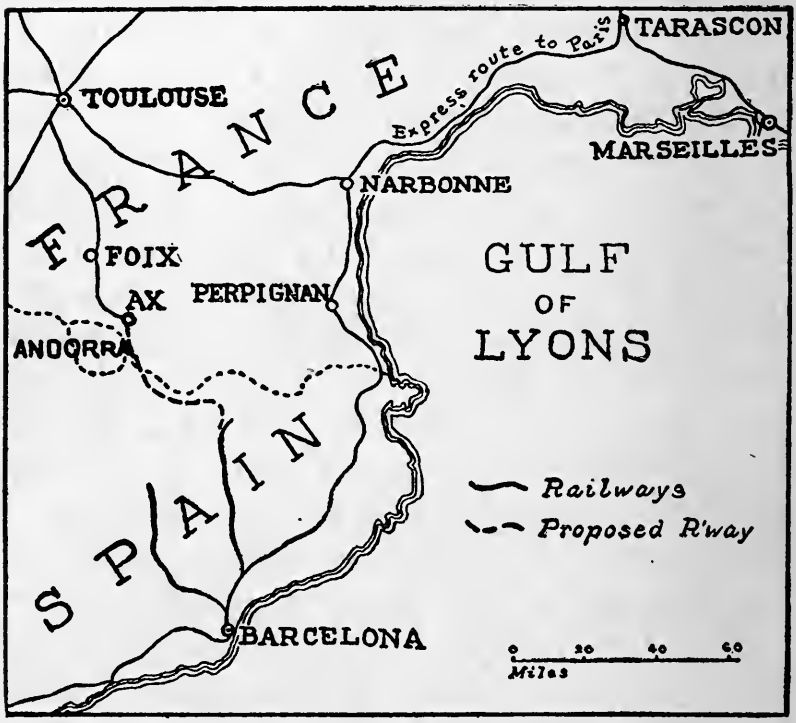
are no insurmountable engineering difficulties in the way, the work has thus far progressed, as one impatient French writer expresses it, with a *sage lenteur.*

The new road has been graded over the Port d'Embalire as far as the first Andorran hamlet, Soldeu. This section, which is about nine miles long, lies entirely within Andorra, however, and is not yet connected with the French highway. France lent the services of engineers, who made the preliminary surveys and drew the plans; but the actual construction was all done by the Andorran government. A small tax on native cattle provided sufficient money for the undertaking, as the necessary labor was secured in true feudal fashion by a *corvée,* which required each citizen to do four days' work. Eight miles farther down the valley, a short, level stretch has been completed between Encamp and Las Escaldas, where the traveler may philosophize about the futility of a fine macadam road-bed in a land which has no carriages. Still farther south, the Spanish government built about a mile of road, and then stopped on account of its usual lack of funds. With the completion of these easiest and unconnected sections, however, fur-

ther work seems to have been indefinitely postponed. We saw nothing being done on the road, and no apparent preparations for immediate construction. Eighteen years after the plans were decided upon, wheeled traffic in Andorra remains still a dream of the vague future.

Of greater immediate importance is the projected railway from Ax-les-Thermes over the Pyrenees just east of Andorra, the construction of which is now being energetically carried forward, although, up to the present time, the work has been confined to the difficult portion of the route in the rocky gorges between Ax and L'Hospitalet. The economic—and perhaps political—significance of this new line will be understood when it is remembered that there is not now a single railway which crosses the Pyrenees throughout their entire length; so that the only way at present to reach Spain from France by rail is to make a long detour around one end of the range, within sight of the Gulf of Lyons or the Bay of Biscay. Although Toulouse and Barcelona, for instance, are but a hundred and sixty miles apart, the railway journey between them is longer by a hundred miles; and the Paris-

Barcelona express, which runs far eastward by way of the Tarascon near Marseilles, travels



two hundred and fifty-three miles more than the actual distance between the two cities.

With these figures in mind, we are prepared to appreciate the probable importance of a railway which, except for the loops on the steep mountainsides, will follow an almost straight line from Toulouse into the heart of the richest

and most progressive province in Spain. Though heavy freight will doubtless always be shipped by the easier grades along the coast, the hurried business man, as well as he who travels for pleasure, will take the short, beautiful route across the Pyrenees.

For Andorra, the completion of this railway along her eastern border will probably mark the most important crisis in her history. Then, at last, the wagon-road will surely be completed from the railway into the heart of the Valley. With adequate transportation facilities, the mineral wealth of the Pyrenees will be exploited, the power of the mountain torrents will be harnessed to the machinery of industry, the Andorrans will emerge from their poverty and simplicity, and, instead of being the least accessible country in western Europe, the Republic will lie half-way along the most beautiful tourist route between France and Spain.

It is no wonder that the young men of Andorra look forward with eager anticipation to this linking of their country with the modern world. But the older people, and some of us strangers who have come to love the Valley, view with regret the approaching end of that

long era during which, in the words of one of its historians, Andorra has been the poorest of countries, the most backward of nations, the freest of republics, whose inhabitants have given to the world an inspiring example of how little a free people need possess in order to believe itself the happiest of peoples.

APPENDIX I

THE COUNTS OF FOIX

Bernard Roger	1012–1035
Who inherited the County from his father, Roger of Carcassonne.	
Roger I.	1035–1064
Pierre	1064–1071
Roger II.	1071–1124
Roger III.	1124–1148
Roger Bernard I.	1148–1188
Raymond Roger	1188–1222
Roger Bernard II.	1222–1241
His first marriage, with Ermesinde of Castellbo, brought Andorra within the suzerainty of the Counts of Foix.	
Roger IV.	1241–1265
Son of Roger Bernard and Ermesinde.	
Roger Bernard III.	1265–1302
Married Marguerite of Béarn. His quarrel with the Bishop of Urgel was ended by the signing of the Concordat of 1278.	

Gaston I. 1302–1315
Inherited also Béarn, through his mother.

Gaston II. 1315–1343

Gaston III. (Phœbus) 1343–1391
Dying without legitimate issue, he left his estates to Charles VI., who granted Foix to a descendant of Gaston I.—

Matthew of Castellbo 1391–1398
Dying without issue, his lands were seized by the husband of his sister Isabel—

Archambaud de Grailly 1398–1412

Jean de Grailly 1412–1436

Gaston IV. (Phœbus) 1436–1472
Married Eleanor, heiress of Navarre. He survived his sons, and was succeeded by his grandson—

Francis Phœbus 1472–1483
Who, upon the death of his grandmother, succeeded to the throne of Navarre. He was followed by the husband of his sister Catherine—

Jean d'Albret 1483–1516

Henry I. 1516–1555
Who was Henry II. of Navarre. He was succeeded by his daughter's husband—

Antoine de Bourbon	1555–1572
Henry II.	1572–

Who was Henry III. of Navarre, and in 1589 became king of France as Henry IV., since when the suzerainty over Andorra has been vested in the head of the French nation.

APPENDIX II

THE CONCORDAT OF 1278

Between Count Roger Bernard III. of Foix and Bishop Pedro of Urgel

In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Whereas for a long time past there have been many and divers subjects of dispute, charges and countercharges upon many, various and divers matters between the noble Lord Roger Bernard, by the grace of God Count of Foix and Viscount of Castellbo, and his predecessors, on the one hand, and the reverend Lord Pedro,[1] by divine compassion Bishop of Urgel, and his predecessors, and the Church of Urgel, on the other hand, by reason whereof much serious damage has resulted on both sides, to wit: the slaughter of men, the destruction of castles, the mutilation of men's bodies, and many other atrocities and almost unspeakable evils. Now, therefore, by the good offices of Lord Jathbert, by the grace of God Bishop of Valencia, and of the nobles, Master Bonat de Lavayna, Canon of Narbonne, deputed by the Supreme Pontiff as collector of tithes in the Kingdom of Aragon, Master Raymond de Besaln, Archdeacon of Tarragona,

[1] Except in the signature, the Bishop's name is indicated throughout simply by the initial letter, P.

Raymond d'Urg, Isarn de Fajaus, and William Raymond de Josa, well-disposed friends to both, the aforementioned parties have reached an amicable adjustment of all the aforesaid subjects of dispute, charges and countercharges, to the satisfaction of both parties, upon the terms hereinafter set forth.

First, concerning the Valley or Valleys of Andorra, it has been decided and agreed, through the good offices of the aforesaid Lord Bishop of Valencia and the other nobles, that from this time forth forever, the Lord Bishop of Urgel and his successors, in alternate years, may and can lay a tax upon the men of the Valley or Valleys of Andorra, to the extent of 4,000 Malgorian sous, without hindrance from the Count and his successors, so long however, as neither he nor his successors exceed the said amount; and the Lord Count of Foix and his successors in the other alternate years may lay a tax upon the said men of Andorra, according to his pleasure, without hindrance from the Bishop and his successors and the Church of Urgel, the amount levied by him not being limited. And this they may do forever, and thus it may be done in alternate years; and in the present first year, the said Count of Foix may levy the tax upon the said men of the Valley or Valleys of Andorra.

Likewise it has been agreed through the good offices of the same men, concerning the subject of judicial administration and high justice, that the bayles [1] of

[1] See footnote, page 26.

the aforesaid lords, the Bishop and the Count, shall always jointly and equally administer high justice over the said men of Andorra, to wit: major judgments, intermediate judgments, and minor judgments, and all which pertains or should pertain to high and middle and low justice; and shall jointly take and hold captured criminals. And if any cause shall need to be disposed of, the bayles of the said lords, jointly and equally, shall dispose of such cause, by instituting a court and disposing of said cause, even to final judgment, or causing it to be disposed of, and may also, acting jointly, impose sentence of death. And if it happen that one of said bayles be absent from any trial, the one who is present may do the aforesaid things, to try or to punish; likewise also, at whatever time the bayle who was absent shall return, he shall be consulted by him who was present, in order that no prejudice may be suffered by the lord of the absent bayle, neither any precedent nor other observance be broken to the injury of either of the lords in the aforesaid procedure, although one or the other bayle should be frequently absent from the trial of such causes, but he shall always be admitted when he returns. And if it shall happen that by reason of any offense, misdemeanor or felony having been committed, any cause shall be tried by said bayles, and money shall be collected therefrom, or had by the sentence imposed or by any other method of settlement, always the Lord Bishop

and his successors shall have one-fourth part of said money, and the Lord Count of Foix and his successors shall have three-fourths; but always such pecuniary settlement of causes shall be had, upon the premises, by common consent of both bayles themselves, if both be present; but if either be absent, as said above, he who is present may conduct the aforementioned proceeding, try it, compromise it, or bring it to a conclusion, in the names both of himself and of the absent bayle. But always let the lords and their said bayles beware, not only present but absent, that by reason of their presence or absence, or their conduct of said proceedings, no fraud or deceit be practiced, but that with good faith and good purpose they institute said trials, and conduct, finish or compromise them. Moreover let said noble Count of Foix, if he wish, have his viguier [1] in the Valley or Valleys of Andorra, as he has been used to do, which viguier shall perform and do these things which he has been accustomed to do among the men of Andorra, before the Count was given jurisdiction over the men of said Valley. Moreover let the aforementioned division of money be made after the expenses of administration have been deducted from the total amount of the fines and compromises. In every case, however, all imposts, poll taxes, predial tithes, revenue taxes, excise taxes [2] or

[1] See footnote, page 26.

[2] Many of the words used in this document to designate the various taxes, privileges, and degrees of crime are technical

other taxes which the Bishop of Urgel, the canons and Church of Urgel have received or been accustomed to receive in the Valley or Valleys of Andorra, except the aforesaid, in like manner, let them and their successors receive in the future, peaceably and undisturbed, without any hindrance from said Count or his viguier or his bayle, except the *Truce of God* which the Bishop has been accustomed to receive, concerning which let it be done as in the case of other crimes. Let the same be understood on the part of the Count of Foix concerning the things which he has been accustomed to receive among the said men of Andorra, except the aforesaid, that he may henceforth have and receive them freely, and that by this present or any future agreement no prejudice whatever may be done to the Bishop of Urgel, or to the canons or their successors, or to the Count of Foix or his successors concerning those matters or in those things which either has heretofore been accustomed to receive in said Valley or Valleys or from the men of Andorra; but let each receive these peaceably and quietly, without hindrance from the other, just as he has been accustomed to do in times past, with the exception of the particulars hereinbefore set forth. Moreover the renunciation

terms of continental feudal law, for which it is impossible to find an exact equivalent in English. It has seemed wiser, in each case, to approximate as closely as possible the meaning of the mediæval Latin by a concrete English expression, rather than to destroy the continuity of thought by lengthy paraphrases.—Tr.

and remission made to the men of the said Valley by the aforesaid Count of his rights of escheat, reversion and wedding-night shall remain irrevocable forever.

Likewise they have ordained that each of the said lords shall have the right in perpetuity to make a levy of infantry and cavalry among the men of Andorra, except that they shall not have said men for use against each other.

Likewise it has been decided and decreed through the intervention of the said friendly intermediaries, that the said noble Count of Foix and all his successors shall hold in fief, forever, from the Bishop of Urgel and his successors, whatever he has and receives and may have or receive in the Valley or Valleys or among the men of Andorra, and shall hold these for the Church of Urgel. Also the said Count and all his successors shall hold as fief forever the Valley of St. John and the Castle of Ahos, with all their appurtenances, for the Bishop and his successors and the Church of Urgel, except the Castle of Thor, which shall never be known as a fief; and for the said Valleys of Andorra and St. John, the Count shall now also do homage to the said Lord Bishop; and all his successors shall be bound to do likewise to the Bishop and all his successors, according to the foregoing.

[Here follow five paragraphs referring to disputed rights in the Valleys of Cabaho and St. John.]

Likewise they have decreed and ordained that, con-

cerning all the above, public instruments [1] should be made, which shall be confirmed by the Supreme Pontiff; and that the said Bishop should cause this to be done at his expense; which confirmation of the Supreme Pontiff shall be complete within four years; and to do this the said Bishop bound himself and the Church and its property, under penalty of 50,000 Malgorian sous, which penalty the said Count shall have unless within said time the Lord Pope shall confirm the foregoing; and for this he should give as surety to the said Count the most illustrious King of Aragon. If, however, a vacancy should occur in the Roman Curia, so that there should be no pope, this period of vacancy shall be deducted and not computed as part of said four years. It was moreover decreed through the aforesaid friendly intermediaries that the Count of Foix shall send to the Roman Curia his deputy, who shall diligently seek confirmation of the foregoing, at the same time as the deputy of the Bishop of Urgel, and that the Count shall himself provide the expenses of his own deputy; nor shall the Count of Foix or his deputy practice any fraud; but that, if he does so, the aforesaid penalty put up on the part of the Bishop shall be released.

[Here follows a short paragraph regarding the disposition of the Castle of Ayguetebia.]

[1] Evidently referring to the present formal draft of the treaty.

It has likewise been ordained through the said friendly intermediaries that the killing and slaying of men, whether soldiers or ecclesiastics or villeins, and the destruction of castles and houses, heretofore practiced by either side or their predecessors, shall be straightway stopped on both sides. This peace shall be perpetual between the noble Count of Foix and his successors and the Bishop and Chapter of Urgel and theirs.

Moreover, we, Pedro, by divine commiseration Bishop of Urgel, do hereby give to you noble Roger Bernard, Count of Foix and Viscount of Castellbo, as surety for the penalty of 50,000 Malgorian sous that the Lord Pope will confirm and approve all and singular the foregoing within four years, the said most excellent Lord Pedro,[1] by the grace of God King of Aragon. Which said security we, Pedro, by the grace of God King of Aragon, for ourself and ours, do freely give and concede to you, said Count of Foix and yours, as above set forth, without deceit, renouncing the Rescript of the Emperor Hadrian and all fraud; obligating ourselves, we, Lord King, and the Bishop of Urgel aforesaid, jointly, to you said Count of Foix and yours, and binding all the property of ourselves and of each of us and of the Church of Urgel, personal and real, in possession or in expectancy.

[1] This name also is indicated merely by the initial, even in the signature.

We, likewise, Roger Bernard, by the grace of God Count of Foix and Viscount of Castellbo, for ourselves and all our successors, and we, Pedro, by divine commiseration Bishop of Urgel, for ourselves and all the Chapter and Diocese of Urgel, both present and future, and for all our successors, all and singular the foregoing, just as expressed and written above and even word by word, singularly repeated, according to the certain knowledge of us and each of us, do hereby ratify, commend, approve and confirm, in all and through all, promising, each to the other in this public instrument, fortified by oath, that the foregoing or any particular thereof we shall not contravene, or permit any man or men to contravene, by word, deed, or thought, by reason whereof the present agreement, approved by God and by us, shall be impeded or revoked, or may be impeded or revoked, in any particular. On the contrary, according to the certain knowledge of us and each of us, we hereby pledge to have and to hold all and singular the foregoing fixed, firm and incorruptible, irrevocably forever. And in all and singular the foregoing we hereby renounce, with full knowledge, we, the Bishop of Urgel and the Count of Foix, the aforesaid, all benefit of law, both canon and civil, both divine and human, and all constitutions and exceptions, both of law and of fact, written and not written, competent or to become competent, to us or to either of us, in any manner, reason or way; swearing, we and each of us, upon the most

holy Four Gospels of God, these things, all and singular, firmly to hold and observe, and in no wise to contravene: So help us, and each of us, God and these holy Gospels of God, and the cr✠oss of God, placed in our presence and touched by us.

We also, Roger Bernard, by the grace of God Count of Foix and Viscount of Castellbo, without reservation, hereby do homage to you, Lord Pedro, by divine commiseration Bishop of Urgel, with mouth and hands, according to the Barcelona usage.

Done this 6th day before the Ides of September, in the year of our Lord, 1278.

(*Signed*)

The ✠ mark of the noble Lord Roger Bernard, by the grace of God Count of Foix and Viscount of Castellbo, swearing and doing homage. The ✠ mark of the Lord Pedro, by the grace of God King of Aragon, surety of the aforesaid contract, who grants and confirms, and acknowledges the granting and confirming of these presents. We, Pedro, by the grace of God, Bishop of Urgel, swear and subscribe to the foregoing.

John Pelasgius, Sacristan of the Church of Urgel.
G. de Juverre, Archdeacon of Urgel.
Ber. Guinardi, Archdeacon of Urgel.
Benedict, Prior of Urgel.
P. de Soriguera, Abbot of Urgel.
James John, Archdeacon of Urgel.

Martin Peter, Precentor of Urgel.
John Dominic, Chaplain of St. Odo.
The ✠ mark of G. de Sorigera, Canon of Urgel.
Berardus de Guinardi, Canon of Urgel.
Bernard de Costis, Canon of Urgel.
Raymond Bertrand, Canon of Urgel.
The ✠ mark of G. de Livia, Canon of Urgel.
G. de Cervaria, Canon of Urgel.
R. de Besora, Canon of Urgel.
James de Onczesio, Canon of Urgel.
Peter de Fonte, Canon of Urgel, certifying this.
Bertolomeus John, Canon of Urgel.
Master Pedro, Canon of Urgel.
Berengarius de Villamuro, Canon of Urgel.
The ✠ mark of Peter Andree, Canon of Urgel.
Gaucerandus d'Urg, Canon of Urgel, subscribing.

Peter de Bellopodio, notary public of Seo de Urgel, by order of Arnaldus de Ripellis, Archdeacon of Urgel, subscribing and certifying the above. R. de Morerio, Canon of Urgel.

Peter de Bellopodio, Chaplain of St. Nicholay, a witness.

Bertolomeus d'Anurri, cleric, a witness.

The ✠ mark of William de Pontibus. The ✠ mark of Poncius de Repellis. The ✠ mark of Galcerandus de Angularia. The ✠ mark of William de Meyano. The ✠ mark of Peter Paschasii. The ✠ mark of Berengarius de Vilarone, learned in the law. The ✠ mark of the noble Raimundetus de Peralta.

The ✠ mark of Arnaldus de Vilarone, inhabitant of Celsone. The ✠ mark of Ferreronus de Areyn. The ✠ mark of William de Perexencio. The ✠ mark of Peter de Torrens, cleric. The ✠ mark of William Destaras. The ✠ mark of Bernard dez Vilarone. The ✠ mark of Romeus de Luparia. The ✠ mark of Bernard dez Pla de Solsona. The ✠ mark of Perotonus de Ager. The ✠ mark of Yatbertus de Barbarano. The ✠ mark of Poncius, by the grace of God, Prefect of Celsone.

All the above are witnesses of the confirming, ratifying, swearing and homage of the aforesaid Lord Roger Bernard, by the grace of God Count of Foix and Viscount of Castellbo, and also of the confirming and ratifying and swearing of the aforesaid Lord Pedro, by the grace of God Bishop of Urgel.

The Lord Bishop and the canons named above have, with their own hands, subscribed these presents in the presence of me, notary, and of the aforesaid witnesses, Peter de Bellopodio, Chaplain of St. Nicholay, and of Bartelomeo d'Anurri, cleric.

The ✠ mark of the Lord Jathbert, by the grace of God Bishop of Valencia. The ✠ mark of Raymond de Orchan, who, with the said Poncio, Prefect of Celsone, are witnesses of the confirming and ratifying of Lord Pedro, by the grace of God King of Aragon, the aforesaid surety, who has confirmed and ratified this, the 6th day before the Ides of September, in the year above written.

Witness my signature, Arnaldus de Valleluperaria, notary public of Ilerdia, who have been present at, and have written and acknowledged the foregoing.

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