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A QUEEN
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*Maria Cristina, Queen of Spain
From a lithograph after a painting by Madrozo.*

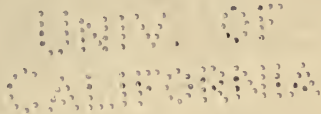
A QUEEN AT BAY.

THE STORY OF
CRISTINA AND DON CARLOS

BY
EDMUND B. d'AUVERGNE
Author of
"The English Castles," "Lola Montez : an Adventuress
of the Forties"

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.—HOR., *Epist.*



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UNIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA

P R E F A C E

C RISTINA of Spain was a very human, passionate woman, whose lot it was to save her daughter's throne and unwillingly to preside at the coming of age of a great nation. These mighty tasks she accomplished not by the exercise of any great talents or genius for statecraft, but by dint of pluck and plain common-sense. Her family affairs were bound up with Spain's, and she approached the problems of government in much the way she would have considered the affairs of her household. She proved equal to her responsibilities because she never adequately realized them. She was able to contend with the forces remodelling Europe because she never realized their greatness or their strength. She was wedded to no theories, identified herself with no principles, understood no abstractions. Her deadliest rival, Don Carlos, knew not the meaning of either compromise or opportunity. Cristina understood both. Her aims were always personal, and in everything she saw personal considerations and factors. To maintain her child's throne, she drove a bargain with the Spanish people.

Isabel kept the crown and the people got their constitution. And to her credit be it said, Cristina in after years emphatically protested against any attempt to revoke the liberties she had found it expedient to grant.

She was always more a woman than a queen. Her sound good sense was swept overboard by her passion for a handsome guardsman ; and thereafter she thought much more of her duties as wife and mother than of her responsibilities as a ruler. She was anxious to marry her daughters well, and it seemed to her that she was as free to choose their husbands as if they had been the children of a shopkeeper. She was the ordinary, good-natured practical woman, set on the throne by the chances of the hereditary system.

There was a grim humour in the situation ; there was also tragedy. That the consequences were not fatal to Spain was due to the woman herself.

EDMUND B. d'AÜVERGNE.

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A QUEEN AT BAY

CHAPTER I

THE BRIDE FROM NAPLES

QUEEN AMALIA was dead, and his Catholic Majesty Fernando VII., King of Spain, found himself in the year 1829 a widower for the third time. His wives, who had never met in life, were brought together in death, for all three lay in that dark, stifling chamber in the Escorial reserved for the princesses who had not given heirs to the throne of Spain. There lay Maria Antonia of Naples, who had died before her husband and his family were swept out of their kingdom into the nets of Napoleon; there lay Isabel of Bragança, whose death, some said, had been hastened by her husband's infidelities; and now came to join them the pale, gentle Saxon Queen who had for ten years contrived to exist in the midst of the storms that unceasingly shook her husband's throne.

She was made for the cloister, not the court; and indeed, they told a story in Saxony that she had

not died, but had sought refuge in a convent in Thuringia. The physicians who certified her death at Aranjuez attributed it to bronchitis, but those who saw her in her coffin thought of poison. The lily-white countenance had turned black as a negro's.

There were many at the court of Spain who might have wished the Queen dead. Dynastic considerations had determined her marriage; they might not inconceivably have determined her removal. Fernando wanted a son; and Amalia had disappointed him. On the other hand, some reflected, she was in the bloom of youth; and those whose hopes ran exactly counter to the King's might well have breathed more freely when Amalia was laid with her predecessors in that awful palace dedicated by Philip II. to Death.

Fernando knew that men now looked upon his brother, the Infante Carlos, as the future King of Spain. The reflection was less agreeable to the reigning monarch than it might have been some years before. A warm affection had then united the brothers. They had been constant companions in boyhood; they had been fellow-captives at Valençay. Carlos was four years younger than the King, being at the time of the Queen's death in his forty-second year. Their characters were not altogether dissimilar. Both were essentially hard-hearted, callous men, utterly reckless of human life, wholly indifferent to human suffering. But while Fernando may be truthfully said to have had no moral sense whatever,

Carlos was redeemed from downright baseness by his sincere attachment to religion. His faith—and that alone—had made him whole. He was honest and upright, a faithful husband, a stern but devoted father, a loyal subject. He scrupulously performed the duties prescribed by his church; where the catechism was silent, his native ferocity, selfishness, and arrogance asserted themselves. He would have been as great a scoundrel as his brother had he been less devout a Catholic.

With this ardent attachment to the church Don Carlos combined an exaggerated sense of the dignity and prerogatives of kingship. (He was heir presumptive to a throne, it should be remembered.) That monarchs were directly appointed by God to govern men, he never doubted. Spain—the land and the people—was in his view the absolute gift of the Almighty to his branch of the house of Bourbon. Rebellion was the favourite sin of Satan. Talk of the rights of the people, of the consent of the governed, of constitutions and liberty, sounded to the prince like the ravings of a blasphemous lunatic. A subject, he would have argued, had no rights other than those expressly conceded to him by the church and the monarch. Don Carlos, in short, was more Catholic than the Pope, and more Royalist than the King.

It was this exaggeration of principle, paradoxically enough, that brought him into passive rivalry with his own sovereign and brother. The government of

Fernando VII. ought, it seems to us, to have fulfilled the hopes of the most extravagant absolutists and reactionaries. The rule of the Shah was enlightened and liberal in comparison. Upwards of 6,000 persons suffered death during the reign for political offences. At Granada you may see the spot where Doña Mariana Pineda was publicly garrotted, in the flower of her age, solely for having embroidered a tricoloured flag. Every university in the kingdom had been closed, not excepting that of Cervera, which merited exemption for its having professed its horror of "the fatal mania of thinking." Fernando had done his best to undo ten centuries, and had loaded his subjects with the chains for which they had literally clamoured in 1814. He might certainly have reckoned on the gratitude of all good reactionaries. But the tyrant was shrewd. He governed solely in his own interests, and showed no disposition to share his power with favourite or with prelate. He was a despot to serve his own ends, not out of principle. He had no principle. His most strenuous supporters began to see that an autocracy does not necessarily imply a theocracy. They wanted another Philip II., not a personal ruler of the Joseph II. type, enlightened or unenlightened. They had not dreamed of a King of Spain absolute and independent even of the Catholic Church. Fernando refused to re-establish the Inquisition, for the excellent reason that the other European powers would not tolerate it. His refusal

wounded the Ultramontanes to the quick. It was a poor consolation to shoot the Liberals if you could not burn the heretics. Some of the King's ministers were suspected, moreover, of scheming to promote the material and commercial prosperity of the country. It was clear that no reliance could be placed on Fernando. Towards his brother, the pious Carlos, the eyes of the Apostolic party (as they called themselves) affectionately turned. He was credited with a desire to re-establish the Holy Office. It was time, it was whispered, to dethrone the autocrat and to make the devout Infante King. The proposal was actually formulated in the manifesto of a society which assumed the significant title of the Exterminating Angel.

Fernando was kept well informed of the projects of the Apostolics and took steps in good time to frustrate them. One of the Clerical chiefs, Fray Cirilo Alameda, the Superior-General of the Franciscans, was relegated, rather than exiled, to the south of Spain. Revolts broke out in Valencia and Cataluña, to be suppressed with the utmost rigour, and the members of the society of the Exterminating Angel were themselves almost exterminated by the Comte d'Espagne (or de España), a French officer who had turned his arms against his own countrymen and had risen to high rank in the Spanish service.

Don Carlos himself rejected the proposals of the extreme Apostolics with horror, avowing his un-

swerving loyalty to his brother. Notwithstanding, upon his appearance one day at La Granja, he was received by the officer in charge of the guard with royal honours, though the King was in the palace at the time. The Infante was furious, and reported the matter to the Comte d'Espagne, commanding the household guards. The indiscreet subaltern was placed under arrest, but three days later was set at liberty and promoted. He owed his good fortune to the personal intervention of the real chief of the Apostolics, the Infante's wife, Doña Francisca de Asis. This lady was considerably younger than her husband (whose niece she also was), being no older than the century. She was the sister of Fernando's second wife, Isabel of Bragança, and of Doña Maria Teresa, widow of the King's cousin, the Infante Pedro, who resided at the court of Madrid. These princesses were the daughters of King João VI. of Portugal and his masterful Queen Carlota. Doña Francisca was very much her mother's daughter. She was a fanatical Catholic, and as zealous a royalist as her husband ; but it is not likely that she had much love for the sovereign who was said to have broken her sister's heart. She would probably have witnessed his dethronement without regret. It is practically certain that she was implicated in the rising which cost its leader, the unfortunate Bessières, his life. Nor can there be any doubt that she was in correspondence with the rebels of Cataluña, and that she was, in short, a party to all the

intrigues of the Apostolic faction. Her complicity was no secret to Fernando, but he could not have risked an open rupture with a Prince and Princess who were idolized by the whole royalist and clerical party of Spain. He had no doubts of his brother's loyalty, but his affection for him was considerably weakened by these dangerous intrigues. Doña Francisca cared little for that. For years past she had considered herself the future Queen of Spain, and in her presence and under her influence the actual Queen became a mere puppet. In after years it was said of the Portuguese Infanta that she was the only man in her family. But her pretensions and domination did not go uncontested even in the lifetime of Queen Amalia.

Fernando had another brother, the Infante Francisco de Paula, ten years younger than he. This Prince was born when the famous Godoy stood especially high in the favour of Queen Maria Luisa. Hence certain suspicions were conceived with regard to his origin, which were strengthened by the total want of resemblance between him and his brothers. Finding his position at court somewhat equivocal, the Prince endeavoured to ingratiate himself with the people. He assumed a free and affable manner, and cultivated the fine arts. Learned societies found in him a generous patron. From all this it was inferred that the Infante Francisco was somewhat less of a bigot and a reactionary than his brothers. By marriage he was allied with a court as ob-

scurantist as that of Spain. His wife Luisa Carlota was his own niece, the child of Francesco I., King of the Two Sicilies, and Maria Isabella, daughter of Carlos IV. of Spain. Though only fifteen years of age when she left Naples (1819), this Princess soon exhibited something of the spirit of her half-sister the intrepid Duchesse de Berry. She bitterly resented the invidious position of her husband, and the manner of superiority assumed in consequence by the Portuguese Infantas. Of these she might have been considered in a sense the natural antagonist: they were the sisters of Fernando's second wife, and she was the niece of the first. Acquiescing in her husband's policy, she dissociated herself from the extreme absolutists grouped round the throne. Such an attitude was more than the haughty princesses of Bragança could brook. The Queen-Consort bowed before them, and it was intolerable that a newcomer, a schoolgirl from Naples, should presume to withhold her adhesion to their openly expressed views. It became the aim of Doña Francisca to identify the younger Infanta with the liberal party, and so to alienate the King's favour from her and her husband.

The longed-for opportunity presented itself in 1823. In that year Louis XVIII. sent an army of one hundred thousand men, commanded by the Duc d'Angoulême, into Spain, to subvert the constitution and to restore the unfettered tyranny

of Fernando. Very much against their will—nay, almost an inch at a time—the King and his family were carried south by the constitutional ministers and their partisans, first to Seville, and finally to Cadiz, now as in 1808 the last bulwark of Spanish freedom. Before long the white island city was beleaguered by sea and land. Providence was on the side of reaction and the big battalions, and at the end of three months the defenders were forced to ask for terms. But the Duc d'Angoulême refused to treat with any one but Fernando, and demanded that he should be set at liberty at once. Instead of clapping his Majesty into prison and holding him as a hostage for the liberties he had so often guaranteed, the constitutionalists yielded. On October 1, 1824, Generals Valdez and Alava were deputed to escort the King into the French lines. Glancing neither to right nor left, and followed by the rest of his family, Fernando walked with his Queen's arm in his, through the clean lane-like streets of Cadiz, to the barge prepared for his reception. Less than an hour later, the keel grated on the strand of Puerto Santa Maria, on the opposite side of the bay, where the Duc d'Angoulême was waiting with his staff to receive the party. With sensations of relief that may well be imagined, Fernando stepped ashore and embraced his deliverer. The Queen and the Portuguese Infantas now threw back their pelisses and appeared in white costumes, embroidered, out of compliment

to the French Prince, with golden lilies. Purposely kept unprepared for this display, the Infanta Luisa Carlota now found herself, to her unspeakable mortification, the only royal lady who exhibited no symbol of sympathy with the triumphant House of Bourbon. She realized that she had fallen into a trap deliberately set for her—by whom, she well knew. She was the last woman in the world to forgive or to forget such an affront. From that time onwards the wives of the King's brothers were open enemies.

Doña Francisca gained nothing by this paltry trick. Fernando's judgment was not warped by such jejune manœuvres. During the years that followed the iniquitous intervention of France, the excesses of the Apostolic party brought upon the King the censure of the great powers and alarmed him for the safety of his throne. Across the frontier he beheld Francisca's mother attempting to depose her husband, King João—an attempt which resulted in her Majesty's imprisonment in a nunnery, and which could hardly have strengthened Fernando's confidence in his Portuguese relations. The Kings of Spain and Portugal might well have exclaimed, Save us from our friends; our enemies we can strangle and shoot. The measure of support Fernando gave, at the instance of the Apostolic party, to Francisca's hopeful brother, Dom Miguel, very nearly brought down upon him the thunderbolts of England. Altogether he began to grow weary

of his troublesome and overbearing sisters-in-law of Bragança, and did nothing to discourage the formation of a party openly opposed to them, which acknowledged the leadership of the Infanta Luisa Carlota.

At first sight it must have seemed that the death of the Saxon Queen had extinguished this rivalry and assured the victory to the Portuguese faction. Carlos the Pious, as his admirers styled him, was twice as great a man as he had been, and his Consort's sense of her own dignity and importance was proportionately inflated. She was now incontestably the first lady in Spain. The prospect was not a cheerful one for those who wished well to their country. Men heard already in imagination the faggots of the Inquisitors crackling round their feet, and saw the cowed monk standing between the throne and the people. At Lisbon the future Queen's brother had instituted a reign of terror which surpassed Fernando's finest performances in brutality and injustice. Crossing the strains of Bourbon and Bragança appeared to result in the worst type of man known since Domitian and Commodus ; and Don Carlos was the father of three sons. But these, the Neapolitan Princess was resolved, should never reign over Spain. The moment had come to play the card she had long held in readiness.

Francesco I. of Naples had a family of thirteen children, and Luisa Carlota had at that time five un-

married sisters. Of these the eldest was the Princess Maria Cristina, who was born at Palermo on April 27, 1806, and was therefore eighteen months younger than the Infanta. Till the downfall of Napoleon and his lieutenant, Murat, Francesco's dominions were confined to the island of Sicily, and it is said that owing to this enforced isolation his children did not receive as thorough an education as befitted their rank. But Cristina's natural ability, like that of her two elder sisters, early manifested itself. The plant Man, some one has remarked, grows more vigorously in Italy than elsewhere, and the shoots of the old decayed tree of Bourbon in this new soil in some instances displayed amazing vitality. Cristina, when a child, gave proof of no mean skill as a painter, and she cultivated the art during the rest of her long life with a success that many a professional would have envied. Italian in this respect, she was like an Englishwoman in her fondness for sports and physical exercise. She was an intrepid and accomplished horsewoman and a good shot. Blood seems to have had much less to do with the formation of her character than had her native air and soil, for though Bourbon on both sides, she was a true Sicilian—a full-blooded, passionate animal, conscious of every one of her faculties, eager to put forth her strength, impatient of all restraint. In her girlhood she is said to have been beautiful, as so many royal persons are alleged to be. Inclined like most of her nation to stoutness rather early in

life, she was, it is easy to believe, pretty enough in a coarse, voluptuous style. Her exuberant health and spirits, coupled with a natural desire to please, made one overlook the want in her form of real grace and regularity of feature.

This was the Princess whom her sister, Luisa Carlota, had long thought of as the successor to the weakly Queen of Spain. That her plans had been matured in good time, that she had prepared her father and the girl herself beforehand, cannot well be doubted, seeing the rapidity with which she was now able to put her projects into execution. The most determined Benedicts might well have been discouraged after three brief and childless experiences in matrimony, but Luisa Carlota did not despair of Fernando. He was a domesticated creature, this bloodthirsty tyrant, and though by no means averse to illicit and irregular amours he appreciated the joys of a wife and fireside. On this amiable side of his character the astute Princess worked, commiserating him on the loneliness of his widowed state, reminding him that he was not yet forty-five years old. Most roués approaching their half-century like to be told they are marrying men, even when they have buried three wives. The bereaved Fernando found the suggestions of his sister-in-law very soothing and agreeable. They appealed, moreover, very eloquently to the lurking distrust and jealousy of his brother and heir-presumptive to which the events of the past six years had given

rise. Why indeed should he not marry again? People hinted that his constitution was worn out, that he was the wreck of a man; it would tickle the King's Quilp-like humour to undeceive them. But whom should he marry? Luisa Carlota produced a portrait of her sister—a portrait painted expressly for this purpose, wherein, we may be sure, something more than justice was done to Cristina's youthful charms. The still-susceptible monarch was impressed. Here would be a bride glowing with youth and health—a bride very different from the Dresden-china shepherdess from whom death had just divorced him. Fernando VII. became enamoured of the girl he had never seen. He sought an excuse for this fourth and disproportionate union.

The ministers of despotic sovereigns exist mainly for the purpose of supplying excuses. There was, of course, no parliament in the land to which British and French bayonets had secured paternal rule; but there was an ancient and effete consultative body known as the Council of Castille. According to instructions from above, this venerable corporation met, and petitioned the King to contract another alliance for the benefit of the nation; and the King graciously promised to give ear to their humble prayer. Within three months of Amalia's death, Don Pedro Gomez Labrador was sent to Naples to demand the hand of the Princess Maria Cristina in marriage; and on September 9, 1829, in the presence of his

court, King Francesco and his Queen gave their consent to their daughter's betrothal to her uncle the King of Spain.

The Portuguese faction at the Court of Madrid was in consternation. Maria Francisca saw with unspeakable bitterness the cup of her triumph dashed down as she raised it to her lips. Her dismay was shared by the Apostolic party generally. Very little indeed was known about Cristina, but it was sagely apprehended that she would adopt the comparatively moderate views of her sister and her sister's husband, the despised Francisco de Paula. To expostulate with the King or to attempt too openly to thwart his wishes, no one, not even the Portuguese Princesses, dared. The devout persons in the interest of Don Carlos resorted to a campaign of calumny and insinuation to turn his Majesty from his purpose. One went so far as to hint that the Princess was already a mother. The royal reprobate grinned sardonically. "Ah," he replied, "that is the wife I want—one that is able to bear children." Others alleged that she was wanting in true piety, a reproach that sounded lightly in the ears of one who was himself at heart a sceptic; others again said that she was half a liberal, but Fernando knew that this could not be true of Francesco's daughter. Moreover he was no more frightened of half-hearted liberals than of frantic reactionaries. He was strong enough to make both obey him, and shrewd enough to see that all these

slanders had no other object than the promotion of his brother's interests.

Before the King's inflexible determination, the Apostolics could only bow. The negotiations between the courts of Madrid and Naples proceeded rapidly. What Cristina herself thought of the projected union, we are not told. As a Princess and an Italian, she was not entitled to be consulted as to the disposal of her person. It was hardly a suitable match from our northern point of view, this between a blooming girl of twenty-three and a gouty libertine nearly twice her age. Fernando's matrimonial record was not encouraging; and as regards the state of his kingdom, he had himself compared it to a bottle of beer of which he was the stopper. But no misgivings troubled the minds of the bride-elect's parents. The betrothal was celebrated at Naples with befitting ceremony and public rejoicing, and on September 14 the King and Queen set forth to accompany their daughter to Spain. They halted at Florence to sign the marriage contract, which was at the same hour subscribed to by Fernando at Madrid in presence of Don Carlos himself, his disgusted wife and sister-in-law, and the leading representatives of the clergy and aristocracy. On this most mortifying occasion Doña Francisca was spared the triumphant glances of her deadly foe; for Luisa Carlota had gone with her husband to meet her sister and parents upon their entry into France.

The Neapolitan royal party arrived at Grenoble on October 31 and found a family group awaiting them. Cristina was welcomed not only by the Infanta, but by her elder sister, the Duchesse de Berry, and her father's sister, Marie Amélie, Duchesse d'Orléans. There also she met her aunt's husband, the Duc Louis Philippe, whose acquaintance she was to renew in after-years in very different circumstances. Through Valence, Avignon, Montpellier, and Nîmes the bridal party passed on, amid the waving of white flags, through triumphal arches gay with golden lilies, among a people who seemed hysterical with love for the Bourbons. Three years later the Duchesse de Berry was to traverse part of the same route, a solitary fugitive, pursued by the agents of her aunt's husband, who now accompanied her. Their Sicilian Majesties travelled with their daughters in an open calèche towards the Pyrenees. An English traveller who saw the future Queen of Spain at Nîmes was delighted by her merry, irresponsible mood. The *Moniteur* wrote: "The Princess Maria Cristina has heard her name mingled in the air with that of her whose son [the Comte de Chambord] is one day to be King of France. Happy the new Queen if her presence shall deliver Spain from the factions that still divide it, and if, finding beyond the mountains the same order, devotion, prosperity, as in our provinces, she can cry, 'There are no more Pyrenees.'"

The wish was the echo of the hope that animated all the true friends of Spain. In Fernando's fourth marriage the liberals recognized at least a check to the schemes and influence of the absolutists. They listened eagerly to the rumour circulated by Cristina's enemies that she was half a liberal herself, and made a bold bid for her favour and alliance. Assisted, it is probable, by Marie Amélie and her husband, a number of Spaniards exiled on account of their liberal views were able to obtain speech with the Princess on her way through France. They appealed to her compassion, and besought her to procure for them the King's pardon. The good-natured girl was touched by these appeals, backed as they were by the counsels of Luisa Carlota and the Duchesse d'Orléans. She promised to use her influence in favour of the exiles, and sent them away filled with hope. Promises made by royal persons on such occasions are not to be taken seriously as a rule ; a King's word is emphatically not his bond. But Maria Cristina was true to hers.

The royal *cortège* reached the Spanish frontier on November 13. The French troops from the fort of Bellegarde flanked the road. The heights were occupied by enthusiastic, shouting crowds of both nationalities, and salvo after salvo conveyed Spain's welcome to her King's bride. Beneath a triumphal arch, over which floated the flags of France, Spain, and Naples, the Comte d'Espagne,

Captain-General of Cataluña, and the Conde de Bornos, greeted the Princess in the name of the King. The French Princesses took leave of the party and Cristina entered the land which she was destined to free from its worst oppressors.

Her progress through Cataluña was a series of ovations. The rank and file of the reactionaries were not, of course, in the secrets of their chiefs, and in their zeal for royalty generally made no exception of the new Queen; while the liberals had better reasons than they for thankfulness and rejoicing. Barcelona proudly exhibited its factories and workshops to the illustrious stranger, who, unlike her affianced husband, displayed no symptoms of boredom. But at Valencia she was less successful in affecting the interest required of her. At the cathedral—which is distinguished by the surname of *the rich*—she was shown the magnificent wardrobe of the local Madonna. The clergy observed with apprehension that the bride of the Catholic King glanced casually at this treasure and hurried on. “Her Majesty,” said the sacristan to the French traveller, Charles Didier, shaking his head sadly, “remained only a few minutes in the church, and that very evening went, the first, to the ball, and was the last to leave it!” “A Queen of Spain preferring the ball to the church, and letting it be seen!” comments the Frenchman,—“a startling novelty indeed, and a matter for grave meditation in the cloisters!”

At Ocaña, in New Castille, the Princess was met by Don Carlos, his wife and sister-in-law. She was no doubt well informed of the disposition of these great personages towards her, and it must have been with a curious scrutiny that she and Doña Francisca first encountered each other. The Infante was correct, courteous, and dull, as he ever was. The position of an heir-presumptive who welcomes his elder brother's bride is an invidious one at best ; but a more painful ordeal was reserved for Carlos. Fernando not being, for some reason, at Aranjuez upon their arrival, the luckless Prince had to act as his brother's proxy, and to contract on his behalf the very alliance that destroyed his own hopes of the succession. The discipline of courts is harder than that of the drill-ground or the monastery.

On December 11 Cristina met her affianced husband. Girls of her nation and rank are usually free from all sentiment on the subject of marriage, and the middle-aged, enfeebled tyrant of Spain was probably as attractive a partner as she had ever dreamed of. Luisa Carlota had left her, we may suppose, no illusions as to his character ; she had heard, no doubt, all about his amours with the *manolas* of Madrid ; but she was of stouter stuff than Isabel of Bragança and had no thought of dying of a broken heart. It was with a radiant countenance that the Princess entered the capital, in a costume of sky-blue, which colour henceforward became distinctive of her party. To the right of

her carriage rode the King, to the left the Infantes. And so amidst the cheering of thousands, who felt, they knew not why, that the day was the dawn of a better era, between gleaming rows of bayonets and sabres, beneath banners and arches on which were written praises the most extravagant, to the sound of trumpets and cannon, Maria Cristina passed slowly through the streets of Madrid to give her hand to Fernando VII. in the church of Atocha.

CHAPTER II

THE INFANTA ISABEL

THE cloud that hung over Madrid lifted slowly but sensibly ere the wedding chimes had entirely died away. Under the eye of Fernando VII. "the white city of the serenade" was gloomy and panic-stricken. There was practically no society, few entertainments private or public among the educated class (which was not, it should be said, numerous). "You could neither dance nor receive your friends," says Didier, "without the sovereign's special permission, which was seldom given, for a ball might become a revolt, a social gathering a conspiracy." It was always Good Friday at Madrid. Another French traveller (the Marquis de Custine) wrote: "Everybody was out of doors, but the town was quite silent. I know no capital less noisy than this. The fewness of the vehicles gives a particular character to the streets of Madrid—you are struck by their want of animation, just as in the houses you are amazed by the scarcity of furniture. The streets and squares, even when they are thronged with foot-passengers, seem bare. Many grandees have several carriages; but, unlike the Italians in

this as in most respects, they seldom use them and go on foot or on horseback. This may be because the streets are for the most part up-and-down and ill paved.”

Nowadays, it seems to me, a Spanish gentleman would rather be seen on the promenade in a wheelbarrow than on foot, and Madrid is perhaps the noisiest town in Europe except Naples. The change was inaugurated by Cristina. She was fond of pleasure and excitement, and had looked forward to married life, like all girls of Latin race, as the time of gaiety and emancipation. The cloistered life led by her predecessor was not to her taste. Fernando was delighted with his new wife, and could not refuse to indulge her passion for the dance. The sombre capital of the Spains was presently startled by the sound of revelry proceeding from the palace. The precedent encouraged the bolder spirits of Madrid society. It was no longer considered positively treasonable to be gay. Balls were given by the aristocracy, and social functions assumed a livelier complexion. Fernando, having suppressed all the seats of learning, considered, under this new influence, how he might safely contribute to the happiness and improvement of his people. He accordingly founded a school for bull-fighters, or of tauromachy, as the polite art of butchering oxen is called in Spain. Having thus gratified the sporting instincts of his subjects, his Majesty permitted his consort to establish an academy of music in the capital.

These were signs of the times indeed ; the gravity of Madrid relaxed, and Cristina so far endeared herself to the Spaniards that they publicly manifested their satisfaction when it was known, in the spring of 1830, that she was to become a mother.

It may be imagined with what profound interest the announcement was heard by Don Carlos and his faction. Would the child be a boy or a girl ? On the answer to that question seemed to depend the fate of the nation.

For, according to an ordinance passed in 1713 by Felipe V., the first of the Spanish Bourbons, no woman could inherit the crown so long as one of his male descendants existed. This law was an innovation obviously opposed to the customs and traditions of the monarchy. Not only had women in past times succeeded to the throne, but to a woman and its most illustrious sovereign—Isabel the Catholic—Spain owed its consolidation into one kingdom.

Moreover both the House of Austria and the House of Bourbon itself obtained their titles through women, and Felipe thus attacked the very custom in virtue of which he wore the crown. The legality of his action was doubtful. The Council of Castille refused to recognize the new law till it had been approved by the Córtes ; but instead of convoking that body, the King arbitrarily renewed the mandates of the ex-deputies who were then in Madrid, and from them extorted some sort of con-



From a lithograph after the picture by J. de Mandrazo
FERNANDO VII.

stitutional sanction for the change. The ordinance which barred women from the succession also preferred the male descendants of Felipe V. that were born in Spain. This clause, had it been remembered at the time of his accession, would have excluded Carlos IV. from the throne, and for this reason that king proposed to rescind the whole law. He was strengthened in this resolve by his strong preference for his eldest child, the Infanta Joaquina Carlota ; and as she was married to the Crown Prince of Portugal, there was a remote possibility, in the absence of a Salic law, of the whole peninsula being united under one sceptre. In 1789, accordingly, the Córtes were summoned to a special and secret meeting ; and, at the suggestion or rather the order of the ministers, they petitioned the King to restore the ancient law of succession. This Carlos promised to do, declaring that he would command his council "to draw up the pragmatic sanction customary in such cases." The Córtes were then dissolved, every member having been obliged to take an oath of secrecy regarding the decree, which for reasons only guessed at by us was not published and remained filed in the royal archives.

There the all-important document lay unnoticed till the year 1818, when Fernando VII.'s second wife gave birth to a girl-child. The King then looked through the papers relating to the succession ; as, however, the medical men told him that the

infant could not possibly live for more than a few weeks, the question was not reopened. The constitution of 1812, subscribed to by Fernando in 1820, reaffirmed the right of women to inherit the crown ; but the constitution had since been torn to shreds and disavowed, and so, in spite of these tentative efforts at revocation, the edict of 1713 had unquestionably the force of law at the beginning of the year 1830. It was the sheet-anchor of the Apostolic party.

But Cristina had made up her mind that, son or daughter, her child should sit on the throne of Spain. She had already obtained a considerable ascendancy over her husband, and had also won over his favourite Grijalba, the keeper of the privy purse. This man seems, even by Carlist accounts, to have been by far the most respectable member of the King's camarilla or backstairs cabinet. He was of humble origin, and gained a footing at the palace by marrying the daughter of Carlos IV.'s chief huntsman. He followed Fernando into exile at Valençay and into captivity at Cadiz, and during the brief constitutional régime was employed by his master as a spy upon the Parliamentary leaders. Mixing with the Liberals, he became tinged with their principles, and was able to moderate, in some slight measure, the violent tendencies of the Court. "So great was his ascendancy," says Walton, "that the King treated him with marked deference, never joking with him as he was in the habit of doing

with other attendants, and even with his ministers. His hold upon his master's mind was the more secure, as he carefully abstained from soliciting any honours which could render him an object of either jealousy or envy. Having attained the summit of his ambition, and amassed a large fortune, he prudently remained behind the curtain, always within call. Through his agents, he was informed of everything passing in public, his reports often serving as a check upon the public employés. His advice frequently outweighed the opinions of the council."

Unfortunately it had not often outweighed the influence of Don Tadeo Calomarde, who being minister of justice was able to withhold that commodity from his master's subjects for six or seven years. This functionary, if not exactly one of Fernando's favourites, was his most trusted and powerful minister. He was the typical minion of an absolute King—autocracy generally being synonymous with flunkeyocracy. Like Grijalba, Don Tadeo rose from the ranks. In his childhood he laboured in the fields, but his native wit having attracted remark, his poor parents were persuaded to procure him the rudiments of an education. From his native village of Villed in Aragon, he went at the age of fifteen to the University of Zaragoza. England, it must be remembered, is the only country where the universities are practically barred to the poor. To eke out his slender means of livelihood, the young

student found employment as page to a man of wealth. The story goes that one night, while lighting his master's friends to their homes, he was asked what he meant to become as a result of his studies, and gave the unexpected and prophetic answer, "Minister of justice." The next stage in Calomarde's career was less creditable. Having been called to the bar, he went to try his fortunes at Madrid, furnished with a letter of introduction to Don Antonio Beltran, medical adviser to the all-powerful favourite Godoy. Like the judge immortalized by Gilbert, he presently professed his love for the doctor's elderly, ugly daughter, and reaped the reward of his enterprise by being appointed to a lucrative post in the Colonial Office. But when, like the hero of the song, he proposed to throw over his patron's daughter, Godoy intervened, and offered him the alternative of marriage or the galleys. The rising young civil servant chose the lady, but promptly left her upon the favourite's downfall, two months later. The discarded wife retired to Zaragoza, and so far from cherishing resentment against her husband, bequeathed her fortune to him when she died many years later. At the time of the first French invasion, Calomarde accompanied the government to Cadiz, and in the troubled years that followed rendered himself notorious by his attachment to the Absolutist party. During Fernando's captivity at Cadiz, he acted as secretary to the caucus at Madrid which it suited Angoulême to

style a regency. His protestations of devotion to the Crown attracted the notice of the King, who rewarded him with the very office he had coveted in his youth. The two men understood each other thoroughly. Both were sceptics and cynics without any faith in the ideas which served as the surest foundation of their power, and which they knew how to exploit and to make use of in others. Fernando knew very well that it paid Calomarde to serve him ; Calomarde knew that he must serve the King faithfully to further his own personal ends. He anticipated his master's wishes, looked at things from his standpoint, and was, in short, his tool and confidant, without ever becoming his ruler. Knowing that men like himself flourish best in the shadow of the throne, he was the bitter and relentless foe of the Liberals, and was thus believed by the Apostolics to be one of themselves. In this way he became aware of their aspirations and plots, which he promptly revealed to his master. So long as Fernando lived, he was Fernando's man ; but as tyrants happily are not immortal, the astute minister thought to make provision for his future by secretly espousing the cause of Don Carlos.

He was, therefore, not a little concerned when one morning Señor Grijalba brought him a private message from the King, directing him to return the unpublished decree of 1789, which had remained in his custody since the death of Queen Isabel. Calomarde knew what this meant, but with a heavy heart

he drew the thirty-years-old document from its pigeon-hole and sent it to the King. Twelve days passed, during which the minister had time to consider his attitude and, if he thought proper, to warn Carlos of the impending blow ; at the end of this time, the paper was delivered to him, with the fateful words written by the King's own hand in the margin : *Publique se* (Let it be published). Calomarde would have us believe that he remonstrated with Fernando before obeying this command. It is very unlikely that he dared as much. His policy was to humour his master, and to keep on the winning side. It would, too, have been impolitic to have antagonized Cristina at this juncture, for if her child were a son, he would, according to either law of succession, be heir to the throne of Spain.

On March 29, 1830, then, Madrid was thrown into excitement by the proclamation by the heralds in all the public places of the city, to the sound of drums and trumpets, of "the pragmatic sanction decreed by King Carlos IV. at the petition of the Cortes of 1789, establishing the regular succession to the throne." The law as it existed prior to 1713 was restored. Rain fell heavily, but it was not needed to damp the spirits of the Apostolic party. The best they could hope for now was that the expected heir might be as bad a tyrant as his father or as black a bigot as his uncle, which was not, indeed, likely. There were many glum faces in the palace that day, and the ultra-royalists, complaining loudly, quite forgot the

reverence due to an anointed King. Their indignation was shared by crowned heads themselves. Cristina's father, the King of the Two Sicilies, protested against the revocation of the act of Felipe V., preferring, apparently, his own extremely remote chance of the succession under that settlement to the positive advantage of his grandchild. Charles X. of France, and Louis Philippe also, addressed expostulations to Fernando, though, as the Treaty of Utrecht forbade the union at any time of France and Spain under one head, these august persons cannot be said to have been losers by the change.

Oddly enough, the person most interested kept silence. Carlos probably argued that if the little stranger proved to be a boy, any protest would not only be vain, but would expose him to the enmity of the future King. This attitude is understandable, but not consistent with his subsequent affirmations of the unalterable character of the settlement of 1713. It might even lead us to suspect that the Prince was interested in the great principles of legitimacy only so far as they concerned him personally.

Immense was the jubilation of the anti-Carlist faction in the palace—irrepressible the exultation of the Infanta Luisa Carlota. The affront by the bay of Cadiz was amply avenged. The rancour between the Neapolitan and Portuguese Princesses was intensified. Fernando, meanwhile, seemed to

be fascinated by his new wife. He consulted her on affairs of state, for which, indeed, he began to lose some of his ancient zest, so lover-like was his new mood. Recognizing the strength of the forces still arrayed behind Don Carlos, the Queen sedulously strove to increase her popularity. She persuaded her spouse to drive out with her, unattended by guards, and they frequently alighted to walk up and down among the people. This display of confidence induced the magnanimous Madrileños to forgive the Queen's manifest want of pleasure in bull-fights. Her influence it was that caused the garrotte to be substituted for hanging as a means of execution—an innovation which cannot be regarded as a very liberal concession to the demands of humanity.

Cristina would have gone further in her policy of conciliation had she dared, but her wild-beast of a husband was not to be tamed rapidly. The Liberals grew more impatient of these half-measures—of the Queen's *dulcificaciones*, as Galdós terms them. When the Revolution of July broke like a thunder-clap, and made every monarch in old Europe put his hands to his brow to feel if his crown was still there, the exiles beyond the Pyrenees determined to strike a blow for Spanish freedom. Armed bands crossed the frontier and descended upon the coast at many points—in all cases to meet with failure; but the cannon thunder heard in Madrid on the morning of Sunday, October 10,

boded no good to the champions of the old order. Without waiting to count the number of guns, an immense crowd rushed to the palace. It had been arranged that if the expected child were a prince, the royal standard should be hoisted ; if a princess, a white flag. The anxious thousands waited in breathless suspense while the ball of bunting was run up the mast. The cord was jerked—the ball unrolled—the flag was white.

“Alas ! poor Spain !” was the exclamation of many far-seeing spectators.

Within the palace all that morning had waited the members of the royal family, the ambassadors, the most highly placed grandees, the ministers and high officials, and the representatives of the Council of Castille. A few minutes after two o'clock, the faint cry of a child was heard in the Queen's apartment. The door opened, and the nurse entered, bearing a naked infant upon a silver plate. “What is it ?” asked the King of the physicians that followed. “A robust Infanta, Sire,” was the reply. Fernando's expression revealed his bitter disappointment ; a gleam of triumph, a ray of hope, passed over the faces of the partisans of Carlos. The King at once recovered his composure, and according to custom declared the child to be his daughter, Princess of Asturias, and heiress of his crown. The day after, with all possible pomp and ceremony, the infant was baptized by the name of Isabel, in memory of the Queen who had expelled the Moslem and

made Spain a nation. The reign of the second Isabel was to be less fortunate for herself and her kingdom.

The terms of the pragmatic sanction were precise, but the hopes of the Carlist faction revived on learning the sex of Fernando's child. The Infante, however, did not think the moment had yet come for a formal protest. His apparent acquiescence perplexed and discouraged some of his partisans. Calomarde, for one, affected to give his adhesion to the baby Princess, and was rewarded with the Order of the Golden Fleece, and by the father of Cristina with the dukedom of Sant' Isabella. His action disgusted the Apostolics. The King and his ministers, however, had little time for court intrigues throughout the year 1831. Spain shook with alarums and excursions. The Liberals received some measure of passive support from the new French government so long as Fernando refused to recognize it; but when he bowed to the inevitable and greeted Louis Philippe as King, they were abandoned to their fate and butchered without mercy. These repeated and abortive attacks on the absolute monarchy only strengthened the hands of the extremists, and rendered moderate men objects of contempt and suspicion. Cristina saw that the champions of the existing order could not be alienated from Don Carlos, and that they regarded her child as an interloper. She dared not, on the other hand, make a bid for the support of the broken and

persecuted Liberals. Moreover, it is obviously absurd to attempt to identify a child not twelve months old with any principle of government. Whatever pledges the mother might give to any party, the daughter would be free to repudiate. Yet the tacit hostility of the Apostolics, more especially of their leaders the Portuguese Princesses, stirred the young Queen to action. She determined to create a third party. Grijalba, she could reckon upon, and also upon Salmon, the president of the council of ministers. Calomarde she believed she could trust. In Joaquin Abarca, the absentee Bishop of Leon, she recognized an uncompromising antagonist. But shaven courtiers such as he she could despise if she could gain over the army. On her child's first birthday, she publicly presented five generals with colours worked by her own hands, addressing them in these words: "On this day so grateful to my heart, I give you a proof of my esteem by placing in your hands these banners, which I am sure you will never let fall; and I am persuaded that you will always defend them with the traditional valour of Spaniards, in maintaining the rights of Fernando VII., your King and my beloved spouse, and of all his descendants."

The last word was significant and emphatic. To the trust reposed in it the army did not in the long run prove unfaithful, though Cristina's words expressed a confidence she was far from feeling.

The birth to her of a second daughter—the Infanta Maria Luisa—on January 20, 1832, left the situation practically unchanged. The point at issue remained the eligibility of women to wear the crown of Spain.

CHAPTER III

CARLOS AND LUISA CARLOTA

THE events of the year 1831 threw Fernando once more into the arms of the reactionaries. Don Carlos and his supporters recovered some of the ground they had lost in the twenties, and time-servers like Calomarde began to ask themselves if the repeal of the Salic law was, after all, to be taken as final. Fernando VII. had issued so many decrees and annulled so many, had sworn to so many oaths and broken them all, that no decision of his could be regarded as irrevocable. The only prerogative he could be trusted to preserve unimpaired to his dying day was that of changing his mind. When Salmon died about the time of the birth of Cristina's second child, Calomarde succeeded in getting the Conde de Alcudia, a secret Carlist like himself, appointed to the vacant office. The Infante himself quietly bided his time—probably not so much from policy as from that Spanish fatalism which he possessed to a remarkable degree. The moment would come—presently. He positively refused to take any political action while his brother lived. The men of the royal family steadily ignored the

dynastic question, and so preserved an appearance of harmony. Not so the women. Cristina as Queen and as the mother of two infant children was raised above the arena of actual conflict, but her interests were strenuously maintained against the Portuguese faction by her pugnacious sister. "I wish those women would tear each other's hair and finish with each other, like the *manolas* of Lavapiés," remarked the King. Luisa Carlota achieved a second success in the spring of 1832. She brought about a match between Maria Amalia, another of her sisters, and the young Infante Sebastian, the only son of her detested rival, Doña Maria Teresa, the Princess of Beira. She was now disposed to regard the victory as won. The Pragmatic Sanction had been promulgated with every formality that could make it binding, and her niece was undoubted heiress of the Spains. Don Francisco de Paula, tired probably of these incessant palace intrigues, profited by his wife's confidence to leave Madrid. With his whole family he set off to visit his stud farms in the neighbourhood of Cadiz.

The partisans of Carlos rejoiced exceedingly at the Princess's departure. In her they had long ago recognized their most redoubtable antagonist, and the state of the King's health encouraged them to renew their activities. In July took place the customary exodus of the court to San Ildefonso de la Granja—one of those colourable imitations of

Versailles which the Bourbons and their German admirers have run up in so many parts of Europe. All the members of the royal family accompanied the King, except Don Francisco and his household. On the way the royal coach broke down. Fernando received a severe shock, and a few days later was found insensible in the chapel. Upon his resuscitation, it was found that the gout had attacked his stomach. The Carlists became profoundly interested. Cristina, odd as it may seem, really cared for her worthless husband, and in her solicitude gave no more thought to her enemies' designs. In September the King lapsed into a coma, which continued so long that the physicians pronounced him to be dead. The news was at once communicated to the Corps Diplomatique; the funeral coaches and paraphernalia were ordered to be brought from the Escorial; but before even the Carlists, eager though they were, could move, the medical men announced that the King showed signs of returning animation. For an hour or more it seemed that every one's breathing in the palace was suspended. Then came the bulletin that his Majesty had recovered his faculties and would be able to attend, a few days later, to public business. But to the members of the royal family and the ministers, the physicians frankly said that this was a mere rally; that the recovery of the King was out of the question.

Her brief foretaste of widowhood and the alternate

hopes and fears of the last few days seem to have thrown the young Queen off her balance. If she summoned her sister to her side at this crisis, the message was never delivered. Cristina turned to Calomarde, and communicated to him her misgivings as to the future. The minister affected sympathy, and did his utmost to aggravate her anxiety. He recommended her to come to an understanding with Don Carlos. To this Cristina delightedly consented. She approached the King, who decided to associate his brother with his wife in the direction of affairs during his illness. Alcudia was chosen to notify the royal wishes to Don Carlos. The Prince replied that he could not dream of taking an active part in the government during the reign of his august brother. Presently the minister returned with a new proposal from the King. The Infante was to act as joint regent with the Queen, and his son was to wed the Infanta Isabel. Carlos realized that the moment had come to show his hand. He declared he would be a party to no arrangements which could imply the abandonment of his rights, or those of any member of his family, to the crown. Should it be necessary to appeal to arms he would do so, and the issue, he thought, could not long be doubtful.

This haughty reply produced consternation in the sick-room. Calomarde, Alcudia, and that vulpine prelate, the Bishop of Leon, simulated the deepest dejection and the liveliest apprehensions for the fate

of the Queen and infant Princess, and of the whole kingdom. No one recommended the instant arrest of a Prince who avowed his intention of upsetting the King's dispositions by force of arms if needs were. Instead, the Bishop dwelt on the responsibility of a monarch who exposed his country to the risk of a civil war—an admonition that might with more propriety have been addressed to Don Carlos. Calomarde and Alcudia, leaving his lordship to work on the dying man's conscience (more correctly, his fears), entertained Cristina with the gloomiest prognostications. They professed to regard a bloody civil war as certain—the Infante's triumph as inevitable. "No quiero sangre!" (I don't want bloodshed) cried the weeping Cristina. Her terror infected her consort. In a feeble voice he asked Alcudia what he ought to do. The minister recognized the moment for a frank avowal. "The only way, Sire, to avert the catastrophe," he replied, "is to cancel the abrogation of the Salic law. This return to the *ancient* laws of the monarchy will destroy the hopes of the revolutionary party."

"The happiness of my people," murmured Fernando, unconsciously lying, "has been the object of all my actions. I will take the step you advise, since it is essential to preserve peace in Spain. Draw up the decree."

But this Alcudia did not care to do. The duty belonged, he represented, to Calomarde, to whom,

however, he would convey the King's commands. There was much silent rejoicing that night in the Carlist camp. Calomarde drafted the decree, but not wishing to accept the full responsibility for so important a measure, he convoked a cabinet council to witness its execution. At six o'clock in the evening of September 18, the ministers assembled round the King's bed. Cristina, pale and resigned, was also present. Calomarde then read the rescript, which ran as follows : "Wishing to give my people another proof of the affection I bear them, I have thought proper to rescind the decree known as the Pragmatic Sanction of 1789, and to annul all the clauses in my will relating to the regency and future government of this kingdom. I, the King."

Fernando signified his approbation of the form of this document, which was then presented to him for signature. A pen was placed in his hand, some say by his wife, some say by the Bishop of Leon. The decree, at all events, was signed. It was then handed to Calomarde, with the injunction to keep it secret till the King was dead. The ministers, having thus seen a father deliberately disinherit his infant child, withdrew from the presence. Fernando, it is asserted, was heard to say, "What a relief is this to me ! I shall now die with a mind at ease."

It seemed, indeed, that the conspirators had acted only in the nick of time ; for while Calomarde was making copies of the fateful decree, again the

cry rang through the halls of San Ildefonso that the King was dead. The ministers, after Fernando's recent resurrection, received this announcement with a measure of caution. They did not proceed at once to the proclamation of Carlos V., but they judged the moment opportune to post written copies of the revocation of the Pragmatic Sanction on the doors of the palace. The Queen was praying by the bedside of her husband. No one, it seemed, had any thought for the helpless infant Princess. But in the Duke of Alba and the Count of Aranda the old flame of Spanish chivalry still burned. Having read the decree, they at once sent the bad news south to the Infante Francisco.

The King's repudiation of his daughter's rights came as a thunderbolt to Luisa Carlota. But she refused to admit defeat. It is a long way—nearly four hundred miles—from Cadiz to La Granja, but neither the distance nor the apparent finality of this new decree for one instant daunted the Princess and her spouse. Northwards at once they sped as if drawn by greyhounds. The roads were bad as only Spanish roads can be; horses broke down, postillions were exhausted, but onward flew the Infante's coach, over the scorching expanses of Andalucia, through the perilous defiles of the Morena, across the sky-rimmed plains of La Mancha. Cordova was passed—Aranjuez—now the lights of Madrid flashed by—now the carriage was racing down the break-neck slopes of the Guadarrama.

Meanwhile they sat, the Prince and Princess, cooped up, cramped, and weary ; jolted from side to side, sleeping fitfully and painfully, awaking only to resume an interminable discussion of the situation in every aspect. Forty hours only after their departure from their Andalusian home, Don Francisco and his wife drove their smoking horses into the courtyard of San Ildefonso.

They were in time ; the standard still floating mast-high over the palace proclaimed that the King—outvying Lazarus—had come to life a second time. (He had very nearly perished at the hands of the embalmers.) Luisa Carlota accounted the victory already won. She burst upon her sister with a torrent of invectives and reproaches. “But all was over,” pleaded the unhappy Queen ; “the decree had been signed and published.” The Infanta laughed this plea to scorn. No matter what had been done, or who should be against her, this thing should be as she wished it. It was in vain to talk of reason, of authority, of prudence, or even of fact. As well might one have reasoned with a tempest. Before Luisa Carlota, one could only give way. She summoned Calomarde. He came, foolishly enough ! bearing with him, for his justification, the King’s decree. The Infanta snatched the document from him and perused it with kindling eyes. The trembling minister extended his hand to recover it. Luisa Carlota tore the paper into shreds, struck the man a sounding blow on the ears, and

spurned him with her foot. Before the avalanche of insult that followed, Calomarde could only retreat. Stammering "Manos blancas no ofienden, Señora" (White hands offend not, Madame), he ingloriously fled. He learned to rue the day he had presumed to thwart the royal Mænad's will.

Meanwhile the Infante Francisco, finding his brother in possession of his faculties, remonstrated with him, respectfully but firmly, on this surrender of his daughter's rights, persuading him that advantage had been taken of a lapse on his part into semi-consciousness. He represented the conduct of the ministers as trickery, as impertinent artifice. He adjured the King to vindicate his majesty by repudiating the acts these disloyal ministers presumed to ascribe to him. What there was of paternal in the heart of Fernando revived at these words. Luisa Carlota had, moreover, a trump card to play. She showed the King a file of French Legitimist newspapers, in which, at the time he was thought to be dead, the Royalists had freely expressed their opinions concerning him. Fernando's rage was enkindled against the party which had affected so much devotion to him. With a stroke of the pen he restored the Pragmatic Sanction. As the bull, a while before, in the arena of Madrid, had broken down every barrier opposed to him, and scattered the multitude like chaff, so had the fury of the Infanta overborne all the craft and artifice of her enemies. Sheer will-power had triumphed. Before

night fell on that memorable 22nd day of September, the Infanta Isabel was again heiress to the Crown of Spain.

And so were the destinies of the nation governed by the varying moods, the alternations of hope and fear, of a sick, semi-conscious man. "Spain," according to the constitution of 1812, "was not the patrimony of any dynasty or family." It had become something less. Fernando disposed of it as his personal property. The twelve million Spaniards were simply the livestock, and went with the estate. For the most part they were quite insensible of their degradation. Their attitude of mind is common in other monarchical countries than Spain. Thus it is that at this day the claims of Carlos and Isabel are discussed as if the issue were the ownership of a freehold farm. It might be supposed that the only person who had a right to govern Spain was the person chosen by the Spaniards themselves. But this your Legitimist will not allow; he ignores the ruled altogether, and talks only of the rights of the ruler. No law, he will argue (and here with some show of justice), can be retrospective in its effects, as regards the rights of individuals. Don Carlos was born a year before the first revocation of the Bourbon law in 1789, and his status as heir to the throne was therefore unaffected by that measure. That is practically the whole case for the Pretender. The Cristino replies that Carlos had not, and could

not have, any rights during his brother's life—that he became heir, even under the Salic law, only *if* the reigning sovereign left no male descendant. Therefore the Pragmatic Sanction at the worst destroyed a merely hypothetical right—in fact, it merely dispelled a hope. A great deal more might be said on the same side. For instance, the settlement of Felipe V. may be considered to have been set aside when Carlos IV., a native of Italy, was allowed unquestioned to mount the throne. We never heard that the Infante called his father a usurper. It seems plain, moreover, that Fernando VII. had as much right as his ancestor to alter the law of succession. Spain in 1832 was certainly a purely despotic state, therefore the will of the sovereign for the time being was the supreme law. And if that was not so—if Fernando exercised his authority unlawfully—what then was the law of Spain? Clearly the constitution of 1812, which pronounced women eligible for the throne. The Infante's pretensions had no substantial basis in law or equity, and they would have found no champions outside his own family, had they not been from the first identified with the darkest forms of clericalism and reaction.

CHAPTER IV

THE DEATH OF THE KING

IN the palace the power of the Apostolics was at an end. Whatever hopes remained to them must be placed in the sword. Bad man though he was, Fernando cleaved to his wife and child. Nor could his strong sense of kingship forgive the advantage taken of him in a moment of weakness by those whom he had always regarded as his tools. Calomarde, as Luisa Carlota had foretold, at once felt the weight of his displeasure. By royal order the minister was thrust into a carriage, and, with scant time for preparation, hurried off to his native village in Aragon. His career ended where it began ; his political orbit was complete. So symmetrical a destiny did not content the fallen statesman. He corresponded assiduously with the Apostolic leaders, scheming for the recovery of his influence, till his intrigues became known to the government. His arrest was determined upon. But he had still friends at court, and, warned in time, contrived to hide himself in the Franciscan monastery at Hajar. Thence, disguised as a friar, he was able to make his way over the Pyrenees.

Later on he offered his services to Don Carlos, by whom they were scornfully rejected. Bolder men than he were wanted on both sides, at that stage. Don Tadeo's ambition now soared in another direction. He went to Rome, reckoning on the gratitude of the church, with which he had always endeavoured to stand well. In 1826, for instance, he had looked another way when his Grace of Valencia burnt an heretical schoolmaster, named Antonio Ripoll. Such services, he thought, entitled him to the cardinal's hat. His Holiness thought otherwise. Having lost his faith both in pontiffs and princes, Calomarde retired to France and settled down at Toulouse. There he died in 1842, having earned the respect of his neighbours as a philanthropist. Had he combined that character with the statesman's, his days might have ended with honour.

His fall involved that of his colleagues. On October 1, Fernando peremptorily dismissed all his ministers. Their portfolios were given to moderate men, two—Cafranga and Monet—professing a diluted Liberalism. His Majesty had no great faith in them, but he knew, as our Charles II. knew, that they would not dethrone him to make his brother King. Cristina, on the other hand, leaned more and more towards the Liberals. Political convictions she had none; she was all her life a frank opportunist; but she belonged to a younger generation than her husband and did not share his hatred of

modern ideas. Free thus from the King's violent prejudice, she saw, which he did not, that her child's throne must rest on the support of the progressive party. This must be conciliated at any price.

Five days later the physicians announced the approach of a relapse in Fernando's condition, and on the 6th he entrusted the sign manual to his wife. Cristina saw that this was a chance not to be lost. Without waiting for the arrival of the new Prime Minister, Cea Bermudez, whom the King had recalled from the embassy in London, she discharged another bombshell into the reactionary camp by issuing a general amnesty to political offenders. This ordinance was dated from La Granja, October 15, 1832. The essential clause was worded as follows: "By virtue of the powers conferred on me by my beloved consort, and in accordance with his royal will, I concede the most general and complete amnesty that any monarch has granted up till now, to all those who have been hitherto subjected to prosecution as political offenders, whatever may have been the nature of their offence; excepting from this merciful dispensation, *to my great regret*, those only who voted the deposition of the King at Seville, and those who have headed armed risings against his authority.—CRISTINA."

To my great regret—the introduction of these words was a master-stroke of policy. And it was doubtless sincere. More almost than the amnesty

itself, it encouraged a belief in the Queen's tendency towards Liberal views. The return of upwards of twelve hundred exiles evoked a chorus of blessings on her head from homes in every part of Spain, and meant an enormous reinforcement of the party opposed to Don Carlos. The amnesty was accompanied by a decree reopening the universities, and by other measures of minor importance, but alike inspired by a humane and progressive spirit.

The credit of this policy belongs in part to Cristina's sister and brother-in-law (who, by the way, is called by some the Orleans of Spain). Grijalba, no doubt, had also some share in preparing the King's mind for the change. Nor must we altogether refuse to recognize the influence of another class of advisers. The Queen, like all other rulers of Spain, had her own particular camarilla or clique. This was composed, as usual, of persons of humble origin, for the reason that such people were more dependent upon their royal patrons than aristocratic favourites would be, and were more likely, therefore, to be faithful. In such company, too, the sovereign could find relief from the rigid formality of court life. One of the most trusted of these unofficial counsellors of Cristina was an Italian named Ronchi. For an account of him we are indebted to Carlist and, therefore, unfriendly sources. He is said to have practised as a dentist at Tangier. Operating on the Basha's favourite dancing girl, he was so unfortunate as to break

her tooth, and narrowly escaped execution. He retrieved his fortunes by marrying the widow of the Spanish Consul, and came with her to Madrid, where he started in business as a broker and general agent. In some way he obtained the *entrée* at Court, and insinuated himself into the good graces of the Queen, who induced Salmon to nominate him to an honorary consulship. He was next employed by her Majesty to watch the Bragança Princesses, and kept careful note of their doings and sayings and of the persons in whom they appeared to repose confidence. On the occasion of the marriage of the young Infante Sebastian with Maria Amalia, he was charged with the purchase of the wedding gifts, and presented them himself to the bride at Naples, whence he escorted her back to Madrid. He afterwards became an honorary adviser to the Treasury, and director of the state lottery—a highly remunerative office. He appears to have served his mistress faithfully, and was probably no worse a man than the titled *fainéants* of whom the court was full.

A more interesting member of her Majesty's camarilla was Teresita Valtaren, who seems to have been specially detested by the opposite faction. "She was the daughter," says Walton, "of the Queen's milliner, and educated in all the little arts calculated to gain favour with the inmates of a palace, among which flattery was not omitted. Under the cover of her mother's business she had

access to the best families, and extended her acquaintance by occasional loans of money to noble ladies, whose husbands were either poor or parsimonious. By this means she became initiated into the secrets of the *haute noblesse*, whose carriages were often seen waiting at her door. She married a Frenchman, who, tired of her company or not approving of her morals, thought proper to leave her to herself. Some of the Queen's dresses having arrived from Paris, and the mother being unwell, the sprightly Teresita tripped off to the palace, to exhibit them to the owner, when an altercation ensued with one of the sentinels, who refused to let her pass. The Queen interfered, and admittance was ordered. Some days afterwards, in pursuance of a similar errand, she passed the sentinels, and unceremoniously penetrated into the apartment of the *camaristas* [ladies-in-waiting], contrary to etiquette. The *camarista* on duty remonstrated, and told her that she was not in her place. A sharp altercation ensued, and on hearing the noise, the Queen, who happened to be in the next room, came out. Seemingly overpowered with this instance of condescension, Teresita fainted and appeared much indisposed. The Queen ordered a bed to be prepared for her in the palace, and directed the *camarista* with whom the dispute originated to wait upon her and to hand her a basin of broth. The little milliner thus came into favour, and afterwards attended every day to assist at the Queen's toilette.

Through her address and her knowledge of all that was passing she gradually became an interesting personage."

Three days after the proclamation of the amnesty, a favourable turn in the King's health permitted him to return with his court to Madrid. He and Cristina were received with some show of enthusiasm, and the royal carriage was drawn through the streets by a party of young men. The young Queen felt safer in the streets of the capital than in the palace. The lifeguards—that aristocratic corps which did duty in the immediate neighbourhood of the Sovereign—were, she was well aware, as a body, devoted to the Infante Carlos. One of the captains, the son of the Marqués de Albadete, refused to join a masonic lodge which had adopted the name of Cristina, declaring that he preferred death to dishonour—a melodramatic and significant reply. The whole corps followed his example, excepting five officers and twenty-five men. Instead of disbanding the regiment, the Queen resolved to separate the wheat from the tares ; and here she found a ready helper in her faithful Teresita. The quick-witted milliner won over a subaltern named Ainat, who was accustomed to visit her at her apartments near the Plaza del Principe. Presently he persuaded increasing numbers of his colleagues to accompany him in the evenings, when first-rate wine and cigars were provided by the hospitable Teresita. Politics were of course discussed, and in this way the feeling

of the corps was satisfactorily tested. Those well affected towards the Queen were sure to receive substantial presents, and the others were closely watched. A conspiracy in its earliest stages was discovered and frustrated, and as many as one hundred and fifty of the guards, including fifteen officers, were dismissed the service in one day. The War Minister wished to suppress the corps altogether, but it was found more convenient to recruit its strength with men of proved loyalty. The royal guards, numbering over six thousand men, were purged in like manner.

The commander of this regiment, the terrible Comte d'Espagne, was known to be one of the Infante's warmest sympathizers and the Queen's most formidable enemies. He was now Captain-General of Cataluña. He held that office when Washington Irving visited him in 1829. "He was the terror of the Catalans," says the historian of New York, "and hated by them as much as he was feared. I dined with him, in company of two or three English gentlemen, residents of the place, with whom he was on familiar terms. In entering his palace, I felt that I was entering the abode of a tyrant. His appearance was characteristic. He was about forty-five years of age, of the middle size, but well set and strongly built, and became his military dress. His face was rather handsome, his demeanour courteous, and at table he became social and jocose; but I thought I could see a lurking

devil in his eye, and something derisive and hard-hearted in his laugh. The English guests were his cronies, and with them, I perceived, his jokes were coarse and his humour inclined to buffoonery. At that time Maria Cristina was daily expected at Barcelona, on her way to Madrid to be married to Ferdinand VII. While the Count and his guests were seated at table after dinner, enjoying the wine and cigars, one of the petty functionaries of the city, equivalent to a deputy alderman, was announced. The Count winked to the company, and promised a scene for their amusement. The city dignitary came bustling into the apartment with an air of hurried zeal and momentous import, as if about to make some great revelation. He had just received intelligence, by letter, of the movements of the Princess, and the time when she might be expected to arrive, and hastened to communicate it at headquarters. There was nothing in the intelligence that had not been previously known to the Count, and that he had not communicated to us during dinner ; but he affected to receive the information with great surprise, made the functionary repeat it over and over, each time deepening the profundity of his attention ; finally he bowed the city oracle quite out of the saloon, and almost to the head of the staircase, and sent him home swelling with the idea that he had communicated a state secret, and fixed himself in the favour of the Count. The latter returned to us, laughing immoderately at the manner

in which he had played off the little dignitary, and mimicking the voice and manner with which the latter had imparted his important nothings. It was altogether a high farce, more comic in the acting than in the description; but it was the sportive gambolling of a tiger, and I give it to show how the tyrant, in his hours of leisure, may play the buffoon."

As he was sure to play the traitor with equal success, his removal was determined upon by Cristina and her advisers. The task was no light one. As his successor was selected Don Manuel Llauder, a native of Cataluña, who had greatly distinguished himself in the wars against Napoleon and latterly against the constitutionalist insurgents. Llauder understood the man with whom he had to deal. He travelled with lightning-like speed from Madrid to Barcelona, escaping an ambuscade prepared for him near Martorell only through the vigilance of his escort. His arrival astonished d'Espagne, who sent word that he was unwell and could not receive him with fitting ceremony. This was merely an excuse invented to gain time, for the very next day the retiring Captain-General drove through the streets to his successor's quarters, hoping thus to excite a demonstration on his own behalf. His appearance certainly did provoke a demonstration, but it was of such a hostile character that, for his own safety as well as the nation's, Llauder found it necessary to confine him in the citadel. Thence

the Count was deported to the castle of Bellver in Mallorca—to make good his escape to France a few weeks later. Similar resolution was shown by Cristina's government in dealing with other high functionaries of doubtful loyalty. Joaquin Abarca, the troublesome Bishop of Leon, was dismissed to his diocese, to his profound disgust and in spite of his most unpastoral protests. He avenged his wrongs, the following January, by stirring up an insurrection at Leon. This was suppressed by General Castaños, and the militant prelate hid himself among the mountains on the Portuguese frontier, whence he continued to address inflammatory proclamations to his long-neglected flock.

The government against which his lordship so energetically protested was not even the faintly liberal administration of Cristina, but the system of "enlightened despotism" inaugurated by the new prime minister, Cea Bermudez, upon his arrival from London in the month of November. The Apostolics objected to any form of enlightened government, even a despotism. On the other hand, the liberal elements in the country found little encouragement in a minister who seems to have regarded Cristina as a hare-brained revolutionary. Had Cea been less of a fool, he would have seen that the only reliable supporters of the female succession were to be found among the constitutionalists. Instead, he set himself to alienate their sympathies, by proclamations in which he made

the Queen declare that she was the irreconcilable enemy of every religious or political innovation, and of all those who dared to advocate any other form of government than the monarchy pure and simple. Cea Bermudez appears to have had the temperament of a policeman rather than of a statesman. His duty, as he understood it, was to enforce the law as it stood at that moment, without asking himself whether it was good or bad, or whether its enforcement to-day might not entail its overthrow to-morrow. His idea of government pleased Fernando, who, though still on a sick-bed, was able to follow the march of affairs. With the King's sanction, the minister was able to dismiss the two most advanced members of the cabinet, Cafranga and Monet, and to replace them by men of his own school. The Queen's favourite was unlucky enough to give offence to one of these new functionaries. "One Sunday," says Walton, "when the galleries were crowded with distinguished persons, the Minister of Grace and Justice, Fernández del Pino, issued from the Queen's apartment, and after him the light-footed Teresita familiarly calling out, 'Pino! Pino!' The grave functionary with his portfolio under his arm, and subjected to the gaze of the spectators, pressed forward; but the officious milliner, quickening her step and seizing his arm, led him back to her mistress's room."

This may have been one of many similar incidents that determined Cea Bermudez to banish Teresita

from the court. Contemporary English writers, with that taste for scandal characteristic of their age, attribute her downfall to an amour "with a certain chamberlain, a particular favourite at court," and assert that an extraordinary scene was disclosed when her apartments were invaded at dead of night, and she was hurried off to the frontier. She had no doubt ended by forfeiting the confidence of the Queen, without whose consent the prime minister would not have dared to resort to such harsh measures. By another account, she had time to prepare for her journey, and to write to her husband, asking him to meet her at the frontier. She proposed to settle with him in the south of France, at a château she had rented before leaving Madrid from one Stefani, a lottery-director. The husband met her accordingly at the Hôtel Henri at Bayonne, but finding that she was escorted by a guardsman, whose presence she was unable to explain, he returned the way he had come. Teresita proceeded to the château in one of the finest parts of the Pyrenees, but found the place too dull for her taste and cancelled the lease. What became of her we can only conjecture. Her pockets were well lined (if that expression may be safely used regarding a lady), and she probably drifted to Paris, which proved a happy home under the Empire for Spaniards of expensive tastes and doubtful antecedents.

But at the court of Madrid there were still more powerful and mischievous intriguers whom Cea

Bermudez, true to the instincts of a constable, longed to apprehend and to expel. Don Jose Diaz Jimenez, librarian to Don Carlos, was hauled out of bed and thrown into prison, on the charge of being concerned in an Apostolic plot. Auguet de St. Sylvain, a French Legitimist knight-errant and the Prince's most valuable adherent, was sent packing to the Portuguese frontier; and the Conde Negri, another Apostolic, was pounced upon and arrested while actually playing cards with his Highness. Carlos himself refused to depart from his policy of masterly inactivity. He looked on with composure while an apartment occupied by his suite, formerly appropriated to the Minister of Justice, was ransacked in search of documents designed to defeat his claim to the throne. These, giving the opinions of the great prelates and law-officers of Spain favourable to the Pragmatic Sanction of 1789, were published by order of the Queen on New Year's Day, 1833, after the King's solemn repudiation of the decree of September 18. It seemed that nothing could stir the Infante into any overt act of opposition; yet Cristina and the ministers well knew that his wife and sister-in-law were the wire-pullers of all the Apostolic plots and outbreaks that were troubling the country. But it was not the good-natured young Queen who first lost patience with these determined enemies. Fernando found himself sufficiently re-established in health to resume the government, which he did formally on January 4,

1833, at the same time ordering a medal to be struck "to perpetuate the memory of her Majesty's splendid actions." The King felt that his days were numbered, and he was anxious before all things to make sure the succession of his child. As a preliminary precaution he resolved to rid the court of his brother's devoted and beloved sister-in-law, the so-called Princess of Beira. This august lady's husband—an Infante of Spain—had been dead many years, and her only son, Don Sebastian, was now married and settled. There seemed no reason, therefore, why Doña Maria Teresa should not be restored to her relatives in Portugal. Fernando straightway instructed Cordova, his ambassador at Lisbon, to hint to Dom Miguel that his sister might like to revisit her native land. The Portuguese usurper displayed no great fraternal eagerness, but he was desirous of keeping on good terms with his fellow-tyrant at Madrid. The Princess, to her profound disgust, was accordingly presented at the beginning of March with a letter from her brother beseeching her to return, accompanied by his Catholic Majesty's gracious permission for her to do so *at once*. This intimation produced a painful scene in the Carlist household. Doña Maria Teresa did not "remember sweet Argos" and had not the smallest desire ever to see it again. It is amusing to find the King's proceeding qualified by Carlist writers as mean and dastardly. The Infante, we are told, flew to his Majesty's apartment, protested against

the separation, and begged to be allowed to accompany the Princess. This display of attachment to a middle-aged sister-in-law startled Fernando, and he curtly and cruelly refused his brother's prayer. Cea Bermudez, however, hearing what had passed, represented to his master the advantage of getting Carlos out of Madrid, especially in view of the proposed solemn public act of allegiance to the Princess Isabel. Cristina seems to have had no part whatever in this transaction, though she must have been heartily glad to see the last of the sanctimonious Carlos and his censorious, ponderous womenfolk. For the Prince was removing with his whole household. Preparations for departure were mournfully going on even in the quarters of young Sebastian and his girl-wife, the Queen's sister. And to explain matters, Fernando graciously made the following announcement in the *Gazette* of March 14 :

“By a letter addressed to me from Braga on the 23rd ult., my august cousin, the King of Portugal [*sic*], expressed to me his earnest wish that the Princess of Beira, his sister, my very dear and well-beloved cousin, should return to her family, as the guardianship of her son, the Infante Don Sebastian, has been terminated by his marriage. I have acceded to this request, and the Princess, having signified her assent, has fixed her departure for the 16th inst. ; and I have also permitted, at their request, the Infantes Don Carlos and Don Sebastian,

with their families, to accompany her for the space of two months. I therefore direct the Captains-General of New Castille and Estremadura to take all measures essential to the safety and dignity of the illustrious travellers, but I forbid, following the precedent of my own progress through Cataluña, that any honours be rendered to them which may disturb public tranquillity or be burdensome to my people."

Conformably to this decree, Carlos on the day appointed took leave of his brother and his brother's wife, neither of whom he was ever to see again. The two men parted with genuine emotion. They had been fellow exiles and captives, and had shared all the troubles and perils of the last twenty years. These, the Infante found, the King had so far forgotten as to place at the head of the escort Don Vicente Minio, one of the officers deputed by the constitutional regency to carry the royal family from Seville to Cadiz in 1823. By this man, in obedience to the sovereign's command, all attempts at demonstrations along the route were sternly suppressed ; but, five days after leaving Madrid, the princely party reached Elvas in Portugal, whence to Lisbon, we are told, their progress was an uninterrupted succession of popular ovations.

The refugees were made very welcome by Dom Miguel, who allotted them a delightful residence in the Quinta de Ramalhão, in the outskirts of Cintra. Carlos was a man after Miguel's own heart, and the

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From a lithograph by Villain

DON CARLOS

position of the two was, or was about to become, identical. The Portuguese Prince having discovered, to the astonishment of historians and jurists, that the Salic law prevailed in the House of Bragança, ousted his brother's daughter, Maria da Gloria, from her throne. Those who deny equal rights to both sexes always end by denying rights of any kind to either, and this usurper proceeded to govern Portugal after the methods of Ashanti. But even now his ill-gotten throne was rudely shaken, for his brother Pedro of Brazil came over to defend his daughter's rights and resisted all efforts to dislodge him and his little army from Oporto. Miguel wanted an ally, and saw plainly, which that amazing statesman Cea Bermudez did not, that this could not be any future Queen of Spain. Fernando, every one knew, had not long to live. A common cause and a common interest at once united Don Carlos and Dom Miguel.

Don Luis de Cordova, the Spanish ambassador, had now the almost impossible task of maintaining the friendliest relations between the two courts and at the same time detaching the self-styled King of Portugal from the Infante. His despatches made Fernando think that he would have done better, after all, to have kept his brother in sight at Madrid. At his command, the ambassador presented himself at Ramalhão, in the morning of April 27, and asked Don Carlos if it was his intention to acknowledge the Infanta Isabel as Princess of Asturias and

to take the oath of allegiance to her at the forthcoming assembly of the Cortes. The Prince said that he preferred to reply directly to the King, and this he did in the following letter :

“You desire to know if I am prepared to take the oath of allegiance to your daughter as Princess of Asturias. I need not say how much I wish that I could do so—you know that these words come from my heart. Nothing could be more agreeable to me than to acknowledge your daughter, and so to avoid all the annoyance my refusal may occasion you. But my conscience and honour will not allow it. I possess rights so sacred that I could not divest myself of them—rights given me by God when He gave me life, which He alone can take from me by giving you a son—and that He would do so, I wish perhaps more ardently than you do yourself. I am called on to uphold, moreover, the rights of those that come after me. Therefore I feel bound to make the enclosed declaration, which I address in the most solemn manner to you and to all other sovereigns, to whom, I hope, you will communicate it.”

The declaration ran thus: “I, Carlos Maria Isidro de Borbon y Borbon, Infante of Spain, convinced of my legitimate right to the crown of Spain, should I survive and should your Majesty leave no son, declare that my conscience and my honour do not allow me to take any oath or to acknowledge

any rights conflicting therewith.—To our Lord the King, his affectionate brother and faithful vassal,

“CARLOS DE BORBON Y BORBON.”

Fernando's reply, moderate and sarcastic in tone, but amounting to a sentence of exile, is worth quoting almost *in extenso*. “I have no wish,” writes the King, “to do violence to your conscience, nor do I hope to persuade you to renounce those pretended rights, which, though they are founded on purely human acts, you believe can only be withdrawn from you by God. But my brotherly regard impels me to spare you the unpleasantness inevitable in a country where your supposed rights are not recognized, and my duty as King obliges me to remove to a distance a Prince whose pretensions may be a pretext for disturbances. I give you licence, therefore, to proceed immediately with your family to the Papal States, leaving you to advise me as to the spot you select for your residence. At the port of Lisbon, you will shortly find one of my ships of war to transport you. Spain is independent, as regards her domestic affairs, of any foreign influence. I should be acting against my free and complete sovereignty, and violating the principle of non-intervention adopted by the Cabinets of Europe, if I made the communication desired by you. Adieu, my beloved Carlos. Believe me that I have always loved you, love you now, and always shall love you.—FERNANDO.”

Despite his reiterated protestations of loyalty and obedience, Carlos had not the remotest intention of complying with this order. Cintra is a paradise in spring and early summer, and it was also an excellent vantage-point whence to watch the course of events in the neighbouring kingdom. A long correspondence followed between the brothers, which compels our admiration for the patience of the King and the nimble evasiveness of the Infante. Carlos exhibited a resourcefulness and ingenuity on this occasion of which he never gave proof at any other time. He is eager to obey his sovereign's commands, but alas! he has no money for the journey. The means are promised, but—the plague has broken out at Lisbon. He could not expose his family to danger by embarking there. He is left free to choose another port; but fears that a vessel from any Portuguese port would be kept in quarantine by the authorities of the Papal States. He expresses a strong desire to see that delightful country; but reminds his brother that the feast of Corpus Christi approaches, and his piety obliges him to celebrate it at Mafra. On July 24 the troops of Dom Miguel evacuated Lisbon, which at once proclaimed Maria da Gloria. Carlos now manifested a particular affection for that port, and said he would embark there for Italy, as soon as it had been re-occupied by the usurper's forces. In a tone of injured innocence, he protested, also, against his brother's accusations of disobedience by demanding

to be tried for any offence he might have committed. But Fernando had had enough of this interminable tergiversation. On August 30 he wrote, complaining of the Prince's disregard of his repeated commands, and concluding with this very precise intimation: "I command you, then, immediately to choose one of the various means of departure specified in my orders, and to communicate, in order to avoid further delay, your choice to my envoy, Don Luis Fernández de Cordova, or in his absence, Don Antonio Caballero, who has all the instructions necessary to its being put into execution. I shall regard any excuse or difficulty you may put in the way of your selection or journey as an act of resistance to my will, and I will show you, as I may think proper, that an Infante of Spain is not free to disobey his King."

To this final letter Carlos returned no answer. From that hour he was in rebellion against the crown of Spain.

His formal protest had been ignored at the solemn recognition by the Cortes of the Infanta Isabel as heiress to the throne on June 20. The streets of Madrid were lavishly decorated on that day, when the King and his family, followed by the estates of the realm, went in procession to the ancient church of San Gerónimo del Prado attached to the old Buen Retiro palace. The interior of the sacred edifice was hung with priceless tapestries and cloth of gold. After the celebration of mass, the

oath of allegiance was administered to the Princes of the blood—Don Francisco de Paula and Don Sebastian—by the Archbishop of Granada. His reverend brother of Toledo, the Primate of Spain, had refused to officiate. The members of the estates were sworn by the Duke of Medinaceli. As each man swore to bear true and faithful allegiance to the Infanta Isabel as rightful and undoubted heiress to the throne of Spain, he passed over to the right of the altar, did homage to the King and Queen, and kissed the hands of the person most deeply interested. The little lady wore a plain white frock, which contrasted prettily with Cristina's heavy green mantle, brocaded with gold and pearls. Fernando, racked with pain, but cutting a fine figure in a captain-general's uniform, wearily extended his hand to be kissed by prelate, prince, grandee, and commoner, as they knelt before him, at the summons of the king-at-arms. The ceremony had all the sombre pomp and clangour of the Middle Ages. It was little to the taste of her Royal Highness, who tried to wriggle from her nurse's arms, and howled loudly when restrained. In vain were efforts made to pacify her by the administration of lollipops—she was in no wise content. An evil omen, thought many of the spectators; and the father remembered his brother's declaration, and the protests he had received from the Kings of Naples and Sardinia, and gloomily pondered.

At length it was over, and as the last notes of the

Te Deum died away, the glittering *cortège* began to wind once more down the nave. Isabel slept peacefully in her cot while Madrid gave itself up to rejoicing. The streets were illuminated, largesses freely distributed, the theatres opened free. No ceremony in Spain is complete without a holocaust of horses and oxen, and the Puerta del Sol, transformed for the occasion into an amphitheatre, smoked for three days with the blood of men and beasts. The appearance of the royal family was greeted with an enthusiasm that must have damped the ardour of the friends of Carlos, yet the occasion was made use of to circulate freely strongly worded tracts in favour of his claim. His daring partisan Auguet de St. Sylvain had had the amusing audacity to introduce a number of these pamphlets into goods lying at Bayonne, consigned to no other than the Infanta Luisa Carlota, who thus unwittingly did a service to her detested brother-in-law. Some of these sheets, written by Fray Negrete, the prior of the Franciscans at Bilbao, might have been penned by one of our own twentieth-century reactionaries. "Every loyal people," says his reverence, "ought in all things to conform to the pleasure of the King. Loyal subjects must seek to know and to prefer the things that please their sovereign, and those that do anything displeasing to him are guilty of sin, and deserve to be hanged." The friar's fellow citizens of the Basque Provinces did so far conform to the letter of these admonitions as to proclaim

the little Infanta at their immemorial and traditional congress round the oak of Guernica ; but it was clear that they observed the spirit very much better, and were all at heart partisans of Don Carlos. In Andalucia, the most liberal province of Spain, Isabel was acclaimed with genuine enthusiasm and delight. The mixed reception of the proclamation in different parts of the country, and even in the same towns, showed that Spain was on the eve of a terrible struggle.

The King's health rapidly failed after the ceremonies of June 20. His public appearances caused him agony, and he had to be strapped to the back of his seat when driving in his coach. Cristina watched over him to the last with the tenderest solicitude. "Never," said he, "did I open my eyes without seeing her at my side, and finding in her presence and her words relief from pain ; to her I owe consolation in affliction and the alleviation of my sufferings. Her hand was always ready to soothe and to minister." But this unmerited devotion could not long postpone the inevitable end, or restore the abused and shattered forces. In the afternoon of September 29 the King ate as usual, and the physicians saw no cause for immediate anxiety ; but at a quarter to three he fell into an apoplectic seizure, which in five minutes extinguished life. He died without having received the sacraments of the Church. This time, there was no resurrection.

The world went on its course more lightly when he was dead. Fernando VII. was the worst King that ever ruled in Spain—the latest, and it may be hoped the last, of the tyrants of the mediæval school. His was a base-born soul. Apart from his liking for his brother Carlos, and the affection he developed, near the end, for his devoted wife, his heart seems never to have been warmed by a generous sentiment, his mind never to have been illumined by a lofty thought. He was cruel like most of his race and order, and his cruelty was of that meanest sort which proceeds from fear and insensibility to all others' sufferings but his own. He hated men more highly gifted than he, and always regarded them with the dull suspicion and dread characteristic of some low peasant. For this reason he surrounded himself as far as was possible by mean souls, who could hope to gain no empire over him. Without convictions, principles, or ideas of any sort, he was cunning enough to recognize the force of these in others, and knew how to exploit purblind fanaticism and loyalty to his profit. He had no policy and no ability. His strong instinct of self-preservation supplied the place of wits, and he had the good fortune to deal with a people which was passing through a stage of temporary insanity and hysteria. He conspired against his father and defamed his mother. He grovelled at the feet of his conqueror and captor, Napoleon, and craved from him the honour of an alliance at the moment his deluded

subjects were shedding their best blood to shake off that conqueror's yoke and to replace him on the throne. On his return to Spain, almost his first act was to imprison and to exile those who had restored him. For him no pledges were binding, no oaths sacred. He betrayed and slaughtered the very men—such as Bessières—he had instigated to rise on his behalf.

“Fernando,” says Fernández de los Rios, “opened the door to 500,000 soldiers of Napoleon; the country, it is calculated, became the grave of 260,000 Frenchmen; but with these were buried also 250,000 Spaniards. Humanity may then lay 510,000 victims to the account of this reign; but this is not all. It is estimated that 6,000 persons perished on the scaffold for political offences, and that 20,000 were exiled on account of their opinions; among them, the flower of Spanish wisdom, valour, patriotism, and virtue.”

Preceded thus by over half a million human sacrifices, Fernando VII., like the cannibal kings he so much resembled, went to his unhonoured grave. Believers in the divine right of kings and in the aristocratic tradition may be able to demonstrate the fitness to reign of this mean shambling knave of the royal Bourbon blood.

CHAPTER V

A PRETENDER ERRANT

THE prime minister was at work in the cabinet allotted to him in the palace, when word was brought to him that the King was dead. He was not unprepared for such an announcement. He straightway sent orders to the chief civil and military authorities in Madrid to wait upon him instantly.

They came—Quesada, the officer commanding the royal guards, Freire, the Captain-General of New Castille, the Chief of Police, and their colleagues. When they were gathered together, Cea Bermudez appeared and bade them follow him. They passed in silence up that splendid staircase which Napoleon had mounted more than a score of years before, and found themselves in the presence of the weeping Queen. “Gentlemen,” said the minister, “the King is dead. His august widow, who shares our sentiments and our zeal for our country, asks if she may count upon your loyalty and the garrison’s, to maintain order and to fulfil the King’s last commands?”

With one accord they answered “Yes.” Carried

away by enthusiasm for the handsome woman who stood weeping before them, they took oath to stand by her and her fatherless child, eagerly subscribing their names to the declaration the minister tendered them. All that hot afternoon, officers and functionaries came and went, with grave faces and set lips; all night long, the council sat, while the candles blazed beside the dead King, and the infant Queen slept in her cradle, as oblivious as he. When the morning came, Madrid was told that Fernando VII. was no more, and that Isabel II. reigned in his stead. The moment so long expected by the Carlists found them unprepared. In the capital they had no leaders and no plans. They seem to have expected the crown to drop from Fernando's head on to his brother's by the force of gravity. Not an hour passed but Cristina, praying in the death chamber, expected a whispered summons to rise and to defend her daughter's right. Her officers' swords lay very loose in their scabbards all that day. As time passed, it was seen that there would be no struggle—yet. Three days after the King's death, his will was made public. It was dated June 12, 1830. Cristina was named sole regent and governess of the monarchy till her son or daughter, the heir to the throne, should have completed eighteen years. To advise and to assist her, a council was appointed, but she was under no obligation whatever to accept its recommendations or conclusions. As members of this purely

consultative body, the King designated : Cardinal Marco y Catalan, the Marqués de Santa Cruz, the Duke of Medinaceli, General Castaños, the Marqués de las Amarillas, Don José Maria Puig, doyen of the Council of Castille, and Don Francisco Javier Caro, of the Council of the Indies ; as secretary, the Conde de Ofalia, or in his room, Cea Bermudez. All these personages were at the capital except the Cardinal, who was at Rome, and the Marqués de las Amarillas, who was Captain-General of Andalucia. The nomination of this officer came as a surprise and as evidence of unwonted generosity on the part of the King, for it is said that on one occasion he had been unable to conceal his disgust at his Majesty's coarseness and had exclaimed in his hearing, *Que bruto es ese hombre!* (What a beast that man is!) Both the Cardinal and the Marqués were summoned now to Madrid. Caro was seriously ill and was replaced by Don Nicolás Maria Gareli, one of the substitutes named in the will itself.

These counsellors, with one or two exceptions, were simply reactionaries and Conservatives who were attached to Fernando and his daughter rather than to his brother. They clung to the worn-out theory of enlightened despotism expounded by Cea Bermudez, and feared progress more than they did Don Carlos. They fancied that the world had not changed since the War of the Spanish Succession, and that Spaniards were still ready to cut each

others' throats merely to decide which tyrant was to enslave them. In the first week of her widowhood, when pitying grief was struggling with vague hopes and thoughts of love, Cristina left the conduct of affairs to her counsellors, and it is to their shortsightedness that we must attribute the manifesto of October 4. In this preposterous document her Majesty proclaims her determination to preserve intact the royal authority entrusted to her, and to maintain religiously the form and fundamental laws of the monarchy, without admitting any of those specious but dangerous innovations which had been fraught with such trouble to the nation. "I will transmit," continues the proclamation, "the sceptre of the Spains into the hands of the Queen, to whom the King has given it, whole and entire, without abatement or detriment, as the law itself prescribes." In the face of this ominous clause, it was impossible to place any faith in the promises of social and administrative reform that followed. The ardour of the enlightened classes for the cause of Isabel II. was chilled. Cea Bermudez in his anxiety to prove himself more royalist than Don Carlos gave that Prince his chance.

It can hardly be said that he profited by it. Upon the fall of Lisbon, he had retired with Dom Miguel to Coimbra, while the brave Auguste de St. Sylvain traversed the northern provinces of Spain, preparing for the imminent rising. On the day that Madrid was startled by the Queen's insensate

manifesto, Cordova, according to her commands, presented himself before Don Carlos and told him that Fernando VII. was dead. The Prince suavely extended his hand, which he ordered the minister to kiss and to acknowledge him as King of Spain. Don Luis replied that he acknowledged no other than Isabel II. as his sovereign, and communicated to his Highness the Queen Regent's order that he should proceed to Italy at once. Carlos instantly dismissed him, and was now obliged, most reluctantly, to admit that the moment for action had come.

He was in no haste to resort to violent measures. He wrote in affable terms to Cristina, requesting her to pass on the crown without delay, and assuring her of his protection and goodwill. He wrote to Cea Bermudez, confirming him in his office, but commanding him to proclaim him King under the style of Carlos V. in all the provinces of the kingdom. He wrote a great many more letters to various high officers and dignitaries, but these seldom reached their destination. The prime minister angrily replied that he considered the Prince a disloyal subject and a rebellious vassal. He threatened him with all the rigour of the law if he dared to re-enter Spain, and added that he had given orders for the sequestration of his property. Presently the Pretender learnt that Queen Isabel had been recognized by the courts of England and France. Though sure of the sympathies of Russia,

Prussia, and Austria, he knew he could count on no material assistance from them. The northern powers feared the English fleet.

To the Infante's little court, composed of a handful of Spanish Apostolics and French Legitimist knights-errant, soon came the more welcome news that the Basques had taken up arms in his behalf and that the movement was rapidly spreading throughout Northern Spain. Now he had good reason to regret not having obeyed his brother's commands. He found Portugal a sinking ship which he was unable to leave. From the crests of the Pyrenees, his friends waved to him welcome and encouragement, but he could not reach them. Dom Miguel's cause was lost : his dominions grew daily more contracted ; scarce could he hold his own in the single province of Beira. His rival's fleet blockaded the coast, and would have suffered none of his friends and allies to pass. The Spanish frontier was vigilantly watched and patrolled by the troops of General Rodil, an officer whose devotion to the Liberal cause was well known. Sarsfield, the general commanding in the province of Leon, on whom Carlos had counted, had declared his adhesion to the Queen. The Prince had not the audacity of that other Pretender Charles, who would have crossed his enemy's dominions disguised and alone. Instead, the Infante, accompanied by his consort and followers, rode up and down the border from Marvao to Bragança, like a rat in a trap, seeking

vainly a safe egress. Encouraged by old Abarca, the Bishop, he showed himself near Almeida, escorted by fifty officers, to the Spanish troops, hoping they would come over to him. They came, indeed, but with such hostile intent that he had to take refuge in the Portuguese fortress, and so precipitately that he lost all his baggage. Rodil boasted that he had not left his Highness and his suite a single change of linen, and Doña Francisca told her faithful Auguet that she possessed literally nothing but the clothes she stood up in.

The situation grew daily more desperate. Cordova, indignant at Dom Miguel's recognition of the Prince as King of Spain, asked for his passports, and a few days later his government declared itself to be in a state of war with that usurper. Rodil was now free to pursue his quarry on to Portuguese soil. The chase grew hot. Negotiations for an alliance between England, France, and the Queens of Spain and Portugal were pending, and the Spanish commander acted in concert with the generals of Maria da Gloria. The position was tantalizing. In Biscay and Navarre the Pretender's supporters had mustered strong, numerous, and hopeful, yet here he was, a ragged fugitive, hunted from point to point, without the chance of striking a blow for his own cause.

At the beginning of May 1834 he found himself with the remnants of Miguel's army in the northern part of Alemtejo. The enemy were closing in on

all sides. Carlos, or rather his advisers, now proposed a daring but feasible project to his ally. Their army numbered about 16,000 men. Shutting himself up with 4,000 of these in the strong fortress of Elvas, Miguel was to lend the rest of his forces to his uncle and brother-in-law, who would advance straight upon Madrid. "There," said the Bishop of Leon, "the crowns both of Spain and Portugal will be recovered." "I would do what you ask and go with you myself," replied the fallen despot, "if I thought a single company would follow me."

From the last ditch Carlos was extricated only by the address of Auguet de St. Sylvain. Seeing that a capitulation was inevitable, that clever adventurer boldly presented himself to Admiral Parker, commanding the British squadron in the Tagus. He brought a letter from his master, requesting a free passage to England for himself and his household. The Admiral sent for the English minister, and after a prolonged conference, agreed in writing to Carlos's request. Auguet galloped back to Evora, passing through the enemy's lines, and found that Dom Miguel had solicited and obtained an armistice of forty-eight hours. On May 26, the terms of the capitulation were announced. In consideration of an annual pension of 375,000 francs, the Portuguese Prince renounced all claim to the throne and bound himself never to return to his country; an amnesty, with certain exceptions, was extended to his followers. No

reference was made in this convention to the Spanish Prince, whom the secretary of our legation, Grant, practically took under his protection. A second treaty, signed on the same day by Grant and the Portuguese commanding officers, guaranteed Carlos and his family and suite a free passage from Evora to England; the Spanish subjects "compromised in his service" were to be interned at Santarem till they could with safety proceed elsewhere. Four days later the two Pretenders took leave of each other. Miguel embarked at Sines, and on landing at Genoa promptly disavowed the engagements into which he had entered at Evora. Carlos, escorted by a squadron of Portuguese lancers, proceeded to Aldea Gallega opposite Lisbon, where he embarked aboard H.B.M. ship *Donegal* (74 guns). The usual salutes were fired by the English and French warships in the Tagus, but the Portuguese forts were silent. Dom Pedro, the father and regent of Maria da Gloria, was, of course, the brother of Doña Francisca and the Princess of Beira, but he made no effort to visit them. He privately offered money to the Princess, however, which she refused; and he suffered his youngest sister, the Marqueza de Loulé, to dine with the refugees aboard the British warship. On June 3, the *Donegal* weighed anchor, and made sail for Portsmouth. Carlos had not troubled to secure the freedom of his little band of followers, whom he left in the most miserable plight. By pledging her

diamonds the Princess of Beira was able to secure passages for Hamburg for some three hundred of them. The rest were attacked and maltreated by the peasantry on the road to Santarem, where they were interned for a time, and then sent on to Peniche—the peninsula where the Boer refugees on Portuguese soil were afterwards confined. Here they languished for years, a prey to hunger, disease, and utter destitution. It was stated, only two years later, that two-thirds of them had perished.

Carlos had been transported to England unconditionally. He had renounced nothing and promised nothing. Great was the anger of General Rodil when he found himself thus cheated of his prey. His instructions from Madrid were precise : should the Pretender fall into his hands, he was to be conveyed to Badajoz, and there confined in the citadel, with all the respect due to his rank ; should he place himself at the disposal of the Portuguese authorities or the representatives of England or France, the general was to insist that he should be detained till an understanding concerning him had been arrived at between the four governments interested. Unluckily no successor to Cordova had been appointed, and Spain was not at the moment officially represented at the court of Dom Pedro. On hearing of the convention of Evora, Rodil from his headquarters near Elvas at once despatched one of his officers, Colonel Tejeiro, to Lisbon to protest on behalf of his

government against the Prince being thus suffered to escape. The Colonel's remonstrances were unavailing. The Portuguese minister of war pleaded that the Prince had surrendered himself to the English, and that a protest against their action could be lodged only by a duly accredited diplomatic agent of Spain. At the British embassy, Tejeiro was told that if Don Carlos took refuge aboard a British ship he would not be given up. Intending probably to intercept the fugitive by force, the Colonel hurried to Aldea Gallega, only to find that his bird had flown.

This ill-timed and wholly unnecessary act of generosity on the part of our representatives plunged Spain into three bloody civil wars and cost her the lives of thousands of her citizens. If Parker and Grant seriously suspected the Spanish Government of designs on the Infante's life, they could have taken him under their protection, and at the same time have detained him till he should have been obliged to renounce his claims to his niece's throne. To protect the wolf from the hunter is one thing; to turn him loose again that he may ravage your neighbour's flock, obviously another. Nor did we manifest on this occasion those sportsman-like qualities which we consider peculiar to us. Neither Miguel nor Carlos could have been cornered without Rodil's assistance. The Spaniard's gun brought down the bird, and the Englishman bagged it.

Cristina had a good friend and devoted servant in the Marqués de Miraflores, her daughter's ambassador to the court of St. James. He it was who had negotiated the Quadruple Alliance, the object of which was to maintain the two girl Queens upon their thrones; and as soon as he heard of the Pretender's escape, he protested to Lord Palmerston against this evasion of the spirit at least of the newly concluded treaty. But nothing could be done now. England could not make prisoner a man whose safety had been guaranteed by her own representatives. Miraflores, on hearing that the *Donegal* had been sighted, hurried down to Portsmouth, accompanied by Mr. Backhouse, the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Carlos stated his readiness to receive him as a grandee of Spain, but declined to recognize him in any diplomatic character. The Marqués, therefore, stayed ashore, while Backhouse went aboard and, on behalf of Lord Palmerston, congratulated the Prince on his safe arrival in England. After an exchange of courtesies, the Under-Secretary, in the name of his own government and that of Spain, invited his Royal Highness to renounce his claim to his niece's throne in consideration of an annual pension of 30,000 pounds sterling. The envoy might have spared himself his trouble. The terms might have been imposed at Evora; to suggest them at Portsmouth was absurd. The proposal simply gave the Pretender another opportunity of asserting his claim,

and declaring his unalterable belief that his rights were inherent in his person and could not be alienated. This conception of the identity of the right with the individual is appalling: once admitted, it would render impossible any abdication or renunciation of a position, heritage, function, or privilege, however irksome! Backhouse, M. Auguet tells us, retired filled with admiration for the Prince's devotion to his own rights, though instances of such tenacity on the part of the interested persons are not uncommon.

Miraflores and Backhouse returned discomfited to London, on June 13, but Carlos and his family—all of them ludicrously bad sailors—did not venture to disembark till the 18th. A guard of honour was furnished by the Royal Marines, and a salute of twenty-one guns announced the landing of the party. No official appeared to welcome the Prince in the name of the government or the municipality, but King William's son, Lord Adolphus FitzClarence, and Sir F. Maitland, the captain to whom Napoleon surrendered, called at his hotel to pay their respects in the course of the day. Carlos now found it convenient to assume a nominal incognito under the title of the Duke of Elizondo. He dismissed the guard of honour, and ordered a gratuity of forty pounds to be distributed among them. So determined were the authorities in their refusal to accord the Infante sovereign rank that his baggage was detained at the customs house

till ordinary duty was paid, and an official from the Alien Office applied for a description of his person.

To August de St. Sylvain and William Walton we are indebted for a minute account of Carlos's stay in England and subsequent movements. The exiles reached London on June 24, and took up their quarters at Gloucester Lodge, Canning's old home in Kensington Gore. No person of importance visited them, except the arch-Tory the Duke of Cumberland, and Daniel O'Connell, who seems to have met with a rude rebuff. The Prince saw the sights, or a few of them, and was particularly pleased with a bath heated by steam he saw in the house of one of his partisans. The royal children spent a good deal of their time at the Zoo, and took some lessons in English. Don Carlos expressed his admiration for our country, and hoped that it would never be ravaged by civil war—a wish that came with peculiar appropriateness from one who was doing his utmost to fan the flames of rebellion in his own fatherland.

At Portsmouth he had received despatches from his partisans in Navarre and Biscay, entreating him to join them without wasting a moment. Carlos himself, even at Evora, had seen in the means of escape offered by England only an opportunity of returning to Spain. This is a sufficient commentary on the wisdom of our action and our loyalty to our allies. Despite the complaisance of our admirals,



From a lithograph after Legrand

DOÑA FRANCISCA DE ASIS
WIFE OF DON CARLOS



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however, the Pretender deemed it hardly safe to cross to his native land by sea ; even if the English looked another way, a sharp look-out would be kept by the Queen's cruisers. The journey by land was, therefore, decided upon, in spite of the misgivings of the Prince's family ; for Auguet pointed out that the worst that could befall his Highness, if he were intercepted by the French police, would be his expulsion across some neutral frontier. Louis Philippe, argued the devoted Legitimist, referring to the arrest of the Duchesse de Berry, would not dare to reopen the dungeon of Blaye to receive the King of Spain. If the Citizen King had seized Don Carlos, however, it may be doubted if he would have suffered him to depart without giving an undertaking not to trouble Spain again. Auguet said nothing about this possibility to his master, and busied himself in making arrangements for the journey. To put the enemy's spies off the scent, he spread abroad the report that he was about to take ship for Hamburg, where, as we know, many Carlist refugees from Portugal had disembarked, and he sent his passport to the French embassy to be *visé* for that port. Meanwhile he had taken into his confidence two merchants from Trinidad, one of whom gave him his passport, while the other allowed his name to be used in order to procure a second. Carlos now feigned illness ; it was given out that his wife and sister-in-law took turns to watch at his bedside. Even the gentle-

man-in-waiting was deceived. On the appointed day (July 1) the Infante slipped out, unobserved, and drove to a house in Welbeck Street, where Augustet was awaiting him. "We proceeded at once," says the gallant Frenchman, "to disguise his Majesty, and to begin with, in the most light-hearted way, he cut off his moustache, a sacrifice extremely painful to a Castilian. The amiable Mme. B. undertook to dye his hair, not wishing to let a stranger into so important a secret. She acquitted herself of her task with nervous grace, and remarked on touching the King's hair for the first time, 'We must indeed be living in revolutionary times that I should thus dare to touch a royal head!' 'Courage, madame,' replied the King affably, and to reassure her gaily inquired if she knew how to whiten his locks—'though,' he added, 'seeing the times in which we live, such an art would be useless.'"

Having taken leave of the Bishop, whose secretary had brought over the royal seal from Gloucester Lodge, the Pretender and his clever partisan left Welbeck Street at midnight, and drove all night to Brighton, arriving there at half-past seven in the morning. At eight o'clock that evening they landed at Dieppe, where they passed the night at the Hôtel Royal. Next morning they were obliged to present themselves in person to have their passports examined and *visé* for Bagnères de Bigorre, which place they named as their destination. Their identity remained undiscovered, and an hour later

they were posting towards Paris. Carlos assured his companion that he liked the gaiety of the French better than the stolidity of the English ; but his own sense of humour seems to have forsaken him when he compared the conduct of the Duchesse de Berry with her sister Cristina's, one of whom, he said, sacrificed everything that her daughter might usurp the throne, while the other hazarded her life and liberty to defend in the name of her son the cause of legitimacy. Most people would have thought that the sisters, in vigorously maintaining the rights of their respective children against Pretenders, exhibited a strong family likeness.

On reaching Paris after a journey of seventeen hours, the travellers alighted at the Hôtel Meurice, but almost immediately went to lodge in a private house, which had been placed at Augustet's disposal by an absent friend. Traversing the capital next evening, their postchaise pulled up. Augustet looked out of the window and saw that Louis Philippe and his family were passing. " See," he said to Carlos, " here is your august cousin, the King of the French, who has come to wish you a pleasant journey ! " The Infante stared very hard at the unsuspecting King, who acknowledged the attention with a salutation. The Spaniard laughed. " My good cousin Orléans little thinks I am crossing his dominions without his leave," he whispered to Augustet, " to run my sword through his treaty of the Quadruple Alliance ! "

The parchment, however, broke the point of the sword.

On nearing Bayonne, Carlos presented himself to a sympathizer, the Marquis de Lalande, with whom he concerted measures for crossing the frontier. Next morning he drove through the town, accompanied by Auguet and the Marquis and his family. About a mile beyond Bayonne on the road to Sarre, they found their three guides. The Prince and his follower took leave of the Marquis, and, mounting the horses the guides had brought, set out on the last stage of their hazardous journey. They were for a moment alarmed by an officer of *gendarmerie*, who rode in their company as far as Sarre ; but he took the Infante to be an Englishman, "as every traveller in the south of France was thought to be," and also proved himself to be a gentleman, "not the least bit like a police officer."

At six o'clock that evening, Carlos once more set foot in the kingdom he claimed as his own. At that moment an eagle rose above his head and soared towards the south. "An omen of victory!" cried Auguet. But he forgot that the bird had taken wing towards the armies of the Queen.

CHAPTER VI

A SECRET MARRIAGE AND OPEN WAR

CRISTINA of Bourbon was a Latin, and the women of her race are able at the call of duty to concentrate their affection upon husbands old enough to be their grandfathers, or in other ways likely to be repugnant to their northern sisters. Though slander was always busy with the name of Fernando's Queen, it never but once (and then in an English Tory magazine) reproached her with infidelity as a wife. Pitiable and repulsive as he became in the last few months of his life, the King was watched over and tended by her with genuine devotion. When he died, she mourned for him sincerely—she was perhaps the only creature that did so ; but she was only twenty-seven years of age and she wanted to love and to be beloved. With the King's death came an unwonted sense of freedom, the freedom that comes to women of her nation and order only with widowhood. For the first time in her life she tasted liberty ; only now did she emerge from the harem. She ruled fourteen million souls ; she disposed of an enormous fortune, for

her late husband had left five million pounds in the Bank of England. But with this magnificent position, the Regent was not content. She was a woman and wished not only for power but love.

There were many ready to love the Queen of Spain, but in the eyes of only one did she read love for Cristina de Bourbon. Once when driving she let fall her handkerchief. It was picked up by a young guardsman who pressed it to his lips and thrust it inside his tunic. The lover-like action did not escape the Queen's notice. The guardsman was a strikingly handsome fellow, about twenty-five years of age ; his name, she discovered, was Agustin Fernando Muñoz. He came of a gentle but impoverished family at Tarancon, where, it is said, his father at one time kept a tobacco store. Suspected of sympathy with Don Carlos, he had escaped dismissal from the guards only through his friendship with Franco, one of Teresita's lovers. The Queen found the soldier often in her thoughts. Their eyes met (we may believe) on the promenade and at *levées*. Perhaps they read their common secret, but while Fernando lived no word was said. Now that she was free, Cristina knew that her lover was waiting for her summons. Not a day, we may be sure, did Muñoz ride out beside her but that he told himself his hope would now be realized. At last the moment came. As the royal carriage was driven towards the Buen Retiro palace, a white hand beckoned. The guardsman rode up

to the window of the coach, and his Queen spoke with him.

It is strange that slander should have assailed Cristina, whose conceptions of morality were ostensibly orthodox and conventional. The course she now pursued was very different from Catharine of Russia's. Either she would not take Muñoz merely as a lover, or he would not take even the Queen-Regent of Spain as a mistress. The man, it should be said, was deeply religious. For that matter, once he had inspired the Queen with a deep-rooted passion, conscientious scruples could only prove profitable to him. Whether Cristina did in fact endeavour to overcome these scruples, or whether she shared them, we do not positively know. In the long run, she determined to make the guardsman her husband. It could have been no light love that prompted her to take this step. According to the law of Spain, if the Queen married again without the consent of the Cortes, she forfeited the regency. If she kept the marriage secret and it were later on discovered, all the acts of her government were liable to be declared void, and she, moreover, could be called upon to refund to the state her enormous salary of £450,000 a year. During the three months that followed Fernando's death, Cristina must have been a prey to very painful and conflicting emotions. But her passion was too strong to be resisted, and she sought an opportunity to execute her momentous resolution.

On the 16th December, to the surprise of her household, she announced her determination of proceeding to Quita Pesares, a small country seat which she owned near La Granja, and a very chill and comfortless residence at this time of year. A fire had recently occurred there, and she let it be thought that she proposed to inquire personally as to its cause. She may have had more than one motive for the expedition. Fernando, says one writer, had iron safes and secret chambers at La Granja, of which his widow alone had the keys, and the money soon afterwards lodged in Muñoz's name in the Bank of England may have been drawn out of them. She set out, but a heavy fall of snow rendered the roads impassable. Not to be dissuaded from her project, the Queen ordered the way to be cleared, returned to Madrid, and next day started once more. She was accompanied only by Don Francisco Palafox, her aide-de-camp, Carbonell, the gentleman-usher, and by a single guardsman—Muñoz. She took no women with her. On reaching the pass of Novacerrada over the Guadarrama Mountains, the coach skidded down the ice-bound slope, and had it not collided with a timber-waggon, would have fallen into a ravine. Cristina alighted, and walked up the pass, leaning on Muñoz's arm. The circumstance was remarked at the time, and it was then, it was afterwards supposed, that the two first became acquainted.

Arrived at Quita Pesares, the Queen bade Palafox and the guardsman walk with her in the garden. Her Majesty was in good spirits and talked brightly. Suddenly she remembered that she had neglected to give certain instructions to one of the officers of the household. Palafox craved leave to convey the message, and went off leaving the Queen with Muñoz. He probably was tactful enough not to return too soon. Cristina and the guardsman re-entered the palace affianced wife and husband.

But to be married secretly was no easy task. Muñoz applied first to the Bishop of Cuenca, in whose see his birthplace lay. In so grave a matter the bishop referred him to the Patriarch of the Indies. His Eminence was no friend to Cristina, and curtly refused to dispense with the formality of banns. In this extremity the Queen addressed herself to her friend Cardinal Tiberi, and by him the necessary license was granted. And at seven in the morning, on the 28th December, 1833, less than three months after King Fernando's death, in the presence of only two witnesses, Don Miguel de Acabado and the Marqués de Herrero, the Queen-Regent of Spain was married by the Rev. Antonio Marcos Gonzales to the son of the tobacconist of Tarancon.

The love affairs of royal personages never fail to excite curiosity, but neither history nor gossip has much to say on the relations of Cristina and Muñoz. The Queen-Regent of Spain was in a

position to close men's mouths. She presently appointed Don Fernando her chamberlain and gentleman-in-waiting—an office created by the late King but which hardly seemed essential to the convenience of his widow. The courtiers noticed, later on, that the new favourite wore his deceased Majesty's scarf-pins. People winked and shrugged their shoulders. It was at this time that Cristina and Muñoz were seen at the Conservatoire of Music she had herself founded, by Slidell Mackenzie, an officer in the United States navy. He writes :

“The little theatre was fitted up with great neatness, simplicity, and good taste; the curtain, which was very beautiful, represented a scene on the Tagus at Aranjuez. The members of the school were arranged in front; the young men rather absurdly dressed, in elegantly embroidered coats, cocked hats, and swords, and the girls in shawls and bonnets; the hats and bonnets were, however, now equally laid aside, and the pupils of both sexes wore the Queen's favourite colour, known in Spain as the *Cristino* blue. At the appointed hour the clatter of many hoofs in the street, and soon after, the clang of sabres and halberds falling on the marble pavement of the stairway and galleries, and shouts of ‘Long live Cristina!’ mingling with the stern orders of the military officers, announced the arrival of the Queen. All rose to receive her, and she presently entered, accompanied by Don Francisco and Don Sebastian, with her two sisters,

their wives. As she advanced up the passage to her seat, she was received with enthusiastic vivas and waving of fans, which she returned with a rare grace, and a captivating smile directed to those she distinguished. Her height is good, and she is extremely well formed, though inclining to become large. She was dressed with great simplicity and good taste, in black with jet ornaments, and a panache in her hair, which was dressed *à la Chinoise*. Though her nose was somewhat large, and, withal, slightly *retroussé*, yet the style of her face was decidedly good, and the effect, enhanced by a sweet air of amiability and goodness of heart, was quite captivating. She did not take her seat on the species of throne, surmounted by a canopy, which was placed at one side, but on the front rank of benches. The three Princesses were attended by their chamberlains, among whom I noticed particularly one, on whose arm hung the Queen's pelisse of velvet and costly furs . . . a very noble-looking man, with a classical cast of countenance, and a pale complexion, contrasting strongly with his black and nicely defined moustache, and a full dark eye which, while it reposed languidly within its lids, seemed capable of lighting up and kindling with excitement and fire. His plain dress of black, with no other ornament than the gold key which designated his office, corresponded with the simplicity and striking character of his whole person. I was told that his name was Muñoz, whom it was

impossible not to look on as a most happy fellow, to hold an office of the kind about the person of so charming a lady. Though the acting was the best I had seen in Madrid, I was not sufficiently interested in it, not to find a much greater pleasure in looking at the Queen. Her head was finely shaped, with little ears fitting nicely and tightly on either side; the first pair, indeed, that struck me as having any beauty; then her neck was swan-like and faultless, and it so gradually and naturally spread out and expanded into such a noble foundation, increasing at each instant in beauty and charms, until it disappeared vexatiously beneath the dress; but above all, when she turned her head, as she did from time to time, to notice and to salute the ladies about her, her countenance so lit up with smiles and became radiant with sweetness and amiability, that I could not keep from feeling towards her a degree of reverence and enthusiastic admiration, which was less a homage to her as a Queen, than to her exceeding loveliness as a woman."

Another contemporary writer, Charles Didier, does not speak in such kindly terms of the Regent and her favourite. Though he entertained republican sympathies, his sense of decorum, oddly enough, seems to have been outraged by this intimacy between a sovereign and a commoner. He found it indecent and absurd that the father and mother of Muñoz should come to Madrid, and occasionally occupy a box at the theatre, opposite to her Majesty;

that they should drive in a chariot with three mules in the Prado; that they should visit the Queen at the palace, and take leave of her with the words *Adios, hija!* (Farewell, daughter.) We see nothing very shocking in all this—proofs rather, we might consider these incidents, of Cristina's kindness and independence of spirit. Her passion for pleasure betrayed her into much more unqueenly courses. Following the example of her sister, the Infanta Luisa Carlota, she condescended to organize subscription dances at the mansion of Conde Altamira, whose name the tickets bore. At carnival time these entertainments took the form of fancy-dress balls, to which were invited only persons whose names had been submitted to her Majesty. "There never was seen," says Didier, "anything more comical than this co-operation of a queen and a grandee of Spain to get up cheap dances; and certainly the thing could not have been done at less expense. The illustrious partners provided only the music and lights; refreshments were extras, and dear ones at that, even if they took the shape only of a glass of water. You could smoke in the refreshment room, which was the most miserable sort of bar-room that can be imagined. Boys in shirtsleeves and dirty aprons served the ladies with their fingers, and the place reeked with the smell of oil-lamps. This voluptuous perfume, mingled with the odour of stale tobacco, penetrated like incense into the ball-room. The master of the house, who is about

four feet tall, and who, they say, married his cook, hid himself in a corner, where no one noticed or spoke to him. His ancestors, painted by the great masters, presided over the ceremony like disdainful spectres.

“As to the Queen, she danced a great deal, in spite of her stoutness, and with ‘the first-comer. She was delightfully easy to please. Half a dozen decrepit old hidalgos, whose united ages would represent from four to five centuries, took dancing lessons at the Marquesa V.’s to improve their style, and I have seen the Queen dance a gallop with a diplomatist of full seventy years. What was not less edifying was the public familiarity and quite conjugal intimacy of the Queen and her favourite, Muñoz. If she was dressed as a *Napoletana*, he was dressed as a *Napoletano*; if he was Caius, she was Caia.

“At the Altamira ball, Muñoz behaved towards her as a husband towards his wife. It was he who conducted her to her carriage under the eyes of the urban militia, who lined the passage and presented arms; he handed her in, he took his seat facing her, and the coachman whipped up his horses. They got off safely, except for a few jeers from the ranks.

“The urban militia policed the mansion; they assisted the door-keeper to collect the tickets and to scrutinize the guests; they lined the corridors, the stairs, the antechambers, even the entry to the

ball-room. The moment came when they were allowed to take part in the saturnalia: penetrating into the hall in solid squads, they enjoyed in turn the honour of dancing a waltz or rigadon with the Queen of Spain and the Indies—who, let it be admitted, could not refrain from smiling at the pretentious capers and twirls of the citizen soldiers.”

Cristina was a true Neapolitan, and had, therefore, no very strong sense of dignity. The court of Spain at this period reminds us of that of Old King Cole of joyous memory. The writer just quoted assures us that the Queen and her intimates took delight in the most extravagant (and we might add, childish) buffoonery. A favourite amusement was to make one of the pages or scullions fish for a piece of money in a basin of soot; and the more he blackened his face, the louder laughed her Majesty. She sat up a great part of the night playing *tresillo*; and as your Neapolitan cannot do without Punchinello, so Ronchi was always at hand—as grotesque in aspect as his career was strange and picaresque.

They may sneer who will at the Regent's jollity; I, rather, admire the woman who could not forget to laugh amid such dangers and perplexities. The Queen was jolly because she was brave. When her counsellors quaked, she smiled; while they were pattering their prayers, she was capering about the ball-room in the arms of a militiaman. It is easy

to be grave when you are afraid. As no load could oppress Cristina, her heart could not be otherwise than light.

She had cause enough for anxiety. The quiet at Madrid following immediately on the death of the King and the proclamation of her daughter was but the calm before the storm. The first claps of thunder were heard at Talavera, but the war-cloud burst over Biscay. This and the two other Basque provinces (Guipuzcoa and Alava), with the adjoining kingdom of Navarra, formed the stronghold of the Carlist and Apostolic interest. The Basques were afterwards referred to by a Spanish statesman as republicans who fought that all other Spaniards might be enslaved. Ever since their incorporation with the monarchy, they had enjoyed what was, in fact, a republican government of their own, subject to the overlordship of the King of Spain. The Navarrese also boasted their liberties or *fueros*. As a result of the immunities thus secured to certain provinces, the burden of defending the vast Spanish empire fell almost wholly on the people of the old kingdom of Castille and Leon. This was an anomaly which Liberals, it was well known, would not tolerate much longer. Carlos, on the other hand, stood for the old system, intact and unreformed, with its anomalies and abuses. In him the Basques and Navarrese shrewdly recognized their champion. It was indeed a courageous and consistent conservatism that maintained liberty in one

part of the kingdom and obstinately refused it to another.

The citizens of Bilbao—the busiest port on the north coast of Spain—were for the most part staunch adherents of the child Queen; but in the provincial assembly the Carlists had a large majority and promptly expelled their opponents from the council chamber. On the news of Fernando's death reaching the province, a swarm of royalist volunteers and militia burst into the town, overawed the citizens, and, to the firing of shots and clashing of steel, proclaimed Carlos V. King of Spain and Lord of Biscay. At Vitoria, the capital of the province of Alava, a large force of armed peasantry was raised by a deputy named Verastegui, and the regular garrison was compelled to evacuate the district and to retire on San Sebastian. This port—the chief town of Guipuzcoa—was held in force by the Queen's troops, and its people, like those of Bilbao, were liberal in their sympathies. The other towns in the three Basque provinces all declared, in the first fortnight of October, for the Pretender.

Navarra was fain to follow their example. The brand of war was kindled by Santos Ladron, a gentleman of the province, who had fought gallantly against the French, and with equal valour against the friends of liberty in 1821. Since that time, his conservative principles had waxed stronger as his intellect became weaker. He was partially insane

when he gave battle at Los Arcos to a detachment from the Queen's garrison at Pamplona. His force was routed, and he was taken prisoner, after an heroic resistance. He was tried by a court-martial, sentenced to death, and shot in the ditch of the fortress. He protested when ordered to turn his back to his executioners: "However," he said, "I will die as you wish. To call me a traitor will not sully my fame; Santos Ladron has always been a gentleman."

The Carlist chief's wife was at Lodosa when she heard of his arrest. She posted off at once towards Madrid, in the hope of obtaining his pardon from the Queen. At Burgos she learned that she was too late. She afterwards married another Carlist general, who met with the same fate as the first, being shot at Estella by order of his own commanding officer three years later.

Rebellions are crushed on the field of battle, not on the scaffold or by the platoon. The Carlists of Navarra were exasperated by the execution of the half-crazy Santos Ladron. Nearly five hundred young men—all good potential soldiers—stole out of the town, and went to swell a force that Don Benito Eraso had collected in the far-famed pass of Roncesvalles. The defenders of "the sombre Pampelune" beheld from her girdle of towers the watchfires of the Carlist bands burning on every height, the flag of rebellion floating over every village and steeple. Across the Ebro, the plains of

Castille were scoured by the terrible Parson Merino, one of those human tigers that the incessant warfare of the past twenty years had bred in every part of Spain. His reverence had found his true vocation in consequence of an insult put upon him by a detachment of French chasseurs. They loaded him with their musical instruments, and forced him to carry them many a weary league, as though he had been a beast of burthen. Casting aside the cassock, he indulged his native ferocity at the expense of the invaders, and at a later period, of his own liberal countrymen. Fernando VII. made much of him and gave him a canonry at Valencia. As, however, he lived openly in the coarsest debauchery, and was accustomed to threaten his fellow ecclesiastics with pistols, he was relieved of his functions, though continuing to enjoy the stipend attached to them. Men of this sort naturally support a despotic monarchy, which by its insistence on devotion to the throne as the primary duty of man inevitably weakens his self-respect and his social instincts. Merino did not scruple during Fernando's reign to vow fidelity to his daughter; but the breath had no sooner left the King's body than he put himself at the head of three or four thousand ex-soldiers and brigands and "pronounced" for Carlos V.

To judge from Auguet's account of the parson, much fighting seems to have unhinged his mind. "Merino [writes the Frenchman] is not more

than fifty-eight years old. He stands only five feet two inches high, but for all his apparent frailty, is possessed of a vigorous constitution. His features are pronounced, his eyes large and deep-sunken. No man ever endured fatigue so long or so well. He does not smoke, he drinks no wine, he eats very little, and sleeps fifteen minutes only in the twenty-four hours. While in the field, he sleeps only on his horse, or beside it, when it remains saddled. His followers have never seen Merino sleeping among them. When the sun goes down, he halts his troops, and orders them to bivouac in a spot he selects; then, followed by a single orderly, he buries himself in a wood three or four leagues away, and is seen no more till dawn.

“Merino has no particular uniform for his men. He lets every man dress as he likes, and clothes himself almost in rags, wearing a miserable battered hat. On entering a town, he is recognized only by the beauty of his horse. His arms are the sabre, a pair of pistols that he carries in his pockets, and a very short blunderbuss. He loads it with sixteen to twenty balls at the same time; the powder he places in his saddle wallets. In action, he puts a handful of powder in the barrel of his gun, and to fire it is obliged to place it under his right arm and to hold the end of the barrel by the left hand, to break the force of the recoil of this terrible weapon.

“Merino is personally very brave. He is also

very lucky, and it is very difficult, if not impossible, to take him prisoner. He has always two horses with him, the finest and the best groomed perhaps in all Castille. They are so well trained that, however fast they gallop, they keep pace with each other. When Merino feels that the horse he is riding is tired, he jumps on to the back of the other without slowing up for the space of half a second. It is thus that he escaped from the Lusitanos, who defeated him at Palenzuela in 1823.

“The space of forty leagues that intervenes between Burgos and Madrid affords him a safe asylum. He can pass through every town and village, with no more than four followers, without running any risk or meeting with any other enemy than the troops sent to pursue him, whom he always evades.”

Every messenger that came galloping into Madrid in the first month of the new reign brought tidings of a Carlist rising at some fresh point. Cristina set her teeth, and nerved herself for a life-and-death struggle. A small army was at present stationed on the Portuguese frontier, under the command of Sarsfield, one of the many Spanish officers of Irish parentage. To him the Regent sent orders to march at once into the Basque provinces, which were now seen to be the focus of the insurrection. Sarsfield was half a Carlist at heart, but his word was pledged to the Queen, and he set his troops in motion. He broke up Merino's bands, and the

fighting parson was glad to find a precarious asylum with the Pretender in Portugal. The Queen's army passed the Ebro. Vitoria and Bilbao opened their gates. The banner of Carlos V. staggered to its fall.

It was seized and uplifted by the strong hands of Tomás Zumalacarregui, a native of Guipuzcoa, and a colonel of infantry. Now forty-five years of age, he could look back on long periods of active service against the French and against the Constitutionals in the twenties. When despotism was restored, he was appointed to several important posts, and distinguished himself in all of them as an able administrator and a drastic reformer. As governor of El Ferrol, he ruthlessly and fearlessly suppressed a society of brigands, which included, as sleeping partners, several of the most highly placed persons of the district. When the extreme royalists became objects of suspicion to the King, he was relieved of his command, in disregard of his passionate protests. It was this slight, one of his biographers does not scruple to affirm, that drove him into the arms of Don Carlos. This seems an unfair statement, seeing that his reactionary views must have been the cause and not the result of his dismissal. Zumalacarregui was not, it must however be admitted, insensible to personal considerations. He had refused to serve his country in South America, owing to his dislike of his superior officers. Smarting now with a sense of unmerited

injury, he withdrew with his family to Pamplona. The shots that announced the death of Santos Ladron were to him the signal to take the field against the detested Liberals. Muffled up in a cloak, he slipped out of Pamplona, and appeared in the Carlist camp at Piedramillera. Eraso, the first officer to pronounce for Don Carlos, was at the moment a prisoner in France, and Don Francisco Iturralde considered himself the chief of the Pretender's forces. When his followers elected Zumalacarregui to the supreme command, he refused to yield it up, and was placed under arrest in consequence. Presently Eraso himself—escaped from France—appeared on the scene, and acquiescing in the Basque's assumption of the leadership, compelled Iturralde to do the same. These divisions healed, the disheartened Carlists were soon conscious of a new spirit throughout their ranks. The straggling bands came to wear the look of an organized military force; the neatly planned and executed capture of the arsenal at Orbaiceta supplied them abundantly with the munitions of war; the Queen's troops felt the resistance stiffen before them. Even the obtuse Pretender—slow to recognize merit of any kind—realized that he had a tower of strength in the Basque colonel, and hastened to confirm him in the command of his forces. Spain had produced one of her few great soldiers, only to be a thorn in her side, and nearly to prove her undoing.

What manner of man he was, we are told

by one of his most ardent admirers and devoted followers—a young English soldier of fortune, named Henningsen, who took service under him. Zumalacarregui “was at that period in the prime of life, and of middle stature ; but on account of the great width of his shoulders, his bull-neck, and habitual stoop, the effect of which was much increased by the *zamarra* or fur-jacket which he always wore, he appeared rather short than otherwise. His profile had something of the antique—the lower part of the face being formed like that of Napoleon, and the whole cast of his features bearing some resemblance to the ancient basso-relievos which are given us as the likeness of Hannibal. His hair was dark without being black ; his moustaches joined his whiskers ; and his dark grey eyes overshadowed by strong eyebrows, had a singular rapidity and intensity in their gaze—generally they had a stern and thoughtful expression ; but when he looked about him, his glance seemed in an instant to travel over the whole line of a battalion, making in that short interval the minutest remarks. He was always abrupt and brief in his conversation, and habitually severe and stern in his manners ; but this might have been the effect of the hardships and the perils through which he had passed in his arduous struggle and the responsibility he had drawn upon himself. I have heard from those who were well acquainted with him before he became the leader of a party, as well as from his widow,

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From a lithograph after the drawing by A. Maurin
ZUMALACARREGUI

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that he had much changed in temper during the last two years of his life. He had always been serious, but without those sudden gusts of passion to which he was latterly subject; and also without that unbending severity of demeanour, which became afterwards a striking feature of his character. Those who have undergone the painful experience of a civil war, will agree with me in thinking that the scenes of strife and massacre, the death of his partisans, and the imperious necessity of reprisals on fellow-countrymen and often on friends, whom the virulence of party opinion armed in mortal contest; exposure to innumerable hardships and privations, the summer's sun and winter's wind; the sufferings and peril in which his followers were constantly placed, and his serious responsibility were enough to change considerably, even in a brief space of time, Zumalacarregui's nature. It was seldom that he gave way to anything like mirth; he oftenest indulged in a smile when he led his staff where the shot were falling thick and fast around them, and he fancied he detected in the countenances of some of his followers that they thought the whistling of the bullets no pleasant tune. To him fear seemed a thing unknown; and although in the commencement a bold and daring conduct was necessary to gain the affections and confidence of rude partisans, he outstripped the bounds of prudence, and committed such innumerable acts of rashness, that when he received his mortal wound, everybody said it

was only by a miracle that he escaped so long. He has been known to charge at the head of a troop of horse, or spurring in a sudden burst of passion the white charger which he rode, to rally himself the skirmishers and to lead them forward. His horse had become such a mark for the enemy that all those of a similar colour, mounted by officers of his staff, were shot in the course of three months, though his own always escaped. It is true that on several occasions he chose his moment well, and decided more than one victory and saved his little army in more than one retreat by what seemed an act of hare-brained bravery. His costume was invariably the same—the *boina*, the round national cap or *béret* of the province, of a bright scarlet, woven of wool to a texture resembling cloth, without a seam, and stretched out by a switch of willow inside; the *zamarra* of the black skin of the merino lamb, lined with white fur, and an edging of red velvet with gilded clasps; grey, and latterly red, trousers; and the flat heavy Spanish spur, with the treble horizontal rowels, originally used by the caballeros to ring on the pavement when they went through the streets. The only ornament he ever wore was the silver tassel on his cap. As he rode or walked at the head of his column, his staff, about forty or fifty officers, following—his battalions threading the mountain roads as far as the eye could reach, with their bright muskets and grotesque accoutrements—the

whole presented a scene novel and picturesque. The general gave more the idea of an Eastern chief than a European general. One might have imagined Scanderbeg at the head of his Albanian army ; and certes his semi-barbarous followers could have been no wilder in appearance than the Carlists in the early part of the campaign. To me Zumalacarregui seemed always like the hero of a bygone century. He was of a period remote from our own, when the virtues and vices of society were marked in a stronger mould—partaking of all the stern enthusiasm of the middle ages ; something uncommon and energetic in his features seemed to indicate a man formed for great and difficult enterprises. You might have fancied him one of those chiefs who led the populations of Europe to war in the Holy Land ; he possessed the same chivalrous courage, unflinching sternness, and disinterested fervour which animated those religious zealots who found it easier to win heaven with their blood on a battle-field than through penitence and prayer.”

His harsh and gloomy temper notwithstanding, Zumalacarregui was loved by his men. To them he was known as Uncle Thomas (*Tío Tomás*). Considering his readiness to punish his troops with death for trifling infractions of discipline, this devotion may seem unaccountable to us ; but we are speaking of a people notorious for their indifference to life, and all willing to take it or to forfeit it on the most frivolous pretexts. The general, in spite

of his unattractive manner, exercised a strange fascination over those with whom he came in contact. Henningsen admits that had Carlos abandoned his own cause, he would have remained to follow Zumalacarregui. He was, in short, a leader who inspired boundless confidence. His shadow it was that fell darkest over the cot of the child Queen at Madrid.

CHAPTER VII

QUEEN AND PARLIAMENT

CARLOS was too little of a man, Cristina too much a woman, to win or to keep a crown. The upbringing of royal personages generally appears to be intended to stifle their humanity; but the daughters of Francesco I. received little education of any sort, and relapsed into mere womanhood as soon as their gilded fetters were snapped by death. In February 1833 Europe was electrified by the disclosure of the marriage of the Duchesse de Berry with an Italian nobleman. The Princess's political significance at once came to an end. Her sister's fate could not warn off Cristina from the quicksands of love. Only, she resolved not to be found out. But that was to ask too much of herself and of fate.

The faithful consort of the King of Spain found her interests bound up with those of the throne—the affairs of the kingdom were her domestic concerns. The mother and regent of the Queen of Spain was governed by the supreme necessity of keeping the crown on the brow of her child. But the wife of Agustin Muñoz had for her chief interest

in life—her husband. No longer was she concerned only with the maintenance of the dynasty. Queenship was now only her profession, and was a part of, not all, her life. Conjugal love is an egoism *à deux*. (Duty's claims are quickly forgotten in the beloved's.) Cristina's interests were at present inseparable from her daughter's, but she was a fond and anxious wife, determined to assure her own and her husband's future. She had never understood the meaning of principle—the Bourbons never did—and the bold words about transmitting the sceptre intact and unimpaired to her daughter had been put into her mouth by Cea. She did not wish to go on her travels just then. She had her husband to consider. She was enormously rich, but she wanted more money—for her husband and the children that were to be born. Her second marriage intensified the woman's defects. She became grasping and dishonest. The kingdom, even her daughter, began to take a subordinate place in her thoughts. Muñoz, luckily perhaps, was strangely devoid of ambition. He wanted to get through life comfortably and quietly. The dismal ending of Godoy was ever before his eyes. Considering the love the Regent bore him, his influence must in reality have been great; but he was contented with the substance of power and did not want the name. We are very well as we are, husband and wife said to each other; Isabelita must be kept on the throne, of course; but we must not sacrifice her interests as well as

our own by a blind adherence to this or that principle.

These family considerations saved the little Queen's crown. The progress of the Carlist rising, the lukewarmness of the royal troops, had opened men's eyes to the weakness of the government, and the haughty manifesto signed by the Regent seemed a blast of empty bravado. It was soon answered, and by two of the most trusted supporters of the direct succession. Quesada, appointed Captain-General of Old Castille, announced his assumption of office in a proclamation wherein he went out of his way to attack the autocratic theories of the government and to urge the necessity of representative institutions. His colleague Llauder followed his example. He told the cabinet that their policy could end only in disaster, and that neither men nor money would be forthcoming till there was liberty in Spain.

Cea Bermudez was furious at these remonstrances. It was not the business of soldiers to dictate to the civil power—*cedant arma togæ*. True ; but Cristina cared nothing for maxims of government. She talked over the generals' manifestos with her husband. Would it be safe to disregard them ? She listened intently. The voice of the country pronounced in favour of the captains-general. There were ovations to Llauder at Barcelona. There must then be more constitution-making. Cristina had realized by this time that her daughter wore the crown by favour

of the liberal party. To antagonize them would be to give the crown to Don Carlos. Cea Bermudez must go. He accepted his dismissal with ill grace. He believed in his system, and also that he was the one man needful to the country—a delusion common to statesmen. As he handed over the seals of office to Cristina, both must have remembered that day of the King's death, when but for his wise promptitude all might have been lost.

Constitutions are the bugbears of the Bourbons, but since one was necessary, it must be framed so as to concede as little as possible while appearing to concede much. To launch such a pseudo-constitution, a pseudo-liberal was wanted. Cristina was reminded of Martinez de la Rosa, whose poetry she had read with pleasure. Certainly the verses had betrayed no striking originality of ideas or force of character, but these were not the qualities she required in a minister. The days had long gone by since the writer had demanded the penalty of death for any one who should propose to alter the constitution of Cadiz. The fiery democrat of 1814 had passed a period of exile in England, where the neutral tints of our institutions had soothed his æsthetic soul. On his return to Spain, he was employed by Fernando VII. He had acquired English tricks of thought and expression. He was heard to say that it is better to put up with a known abuse than hazard the possible ills of reform. These sentiments restored him to the favour of the great,

whose houses he exclusively frequented. In the country he was still reputed a Liberal, on the strength of his youthful performances. This gifted moderate society gentleman seemed to her Majesty the very man for her purpose. He was summoned to the palace, and directed to form a ministry. The Queen talked to him about a constitution. Martinez de la Rosa was prepared to draft one—with every regard, he assured her Majesty, for her royal prerogative and dignity. We can imagine that Cristina was more specific, and took care to define the limits of her prerogative. The minister, having received his instructions, set to work.

For the space of three months, he and his colleagues were tremendously busy. They met daily behind closed doors, and suffered no whisper of their portentous deliberations to reach the outside world. Spain waited patiently for the marvellous political monument that should be the result of their labours. "The great day," says a Spanish writer, "at last arrived, one morning in April; Mount Sinai re-echoed with the blast of trumpets, and the new tables of the law fell from the clouds upon the head of Israel."

Spain is strewn with the shreds of constitutions, and we need not waste time in discussing the Royal Statute, as the new charter was significantly called. It was supposed to be an affirmation and revival of the ancient institutions of the country, Martinez de la Rosa having heard a great deal in London

A Queen at Bay

about respect for tradition and the gradual evolution of reforms. He had forgotten another saying of equal authority, about new wine in old bottles. A system that suited Spain in 1300 was not likely to suit her five hundred years later. However, here was a parliament of two chambers—estates, they were called—one, at least, of which was elective, and though it had no other right than that of petitioning the crown, it seemed to Cristina and her advisers that they had conceded all that the nation could have hoped for. On May 25 writs were sent out for the elections, and the Cortes was summoned to assemble in the following July.

The Queen went into summer quarters at La Granja to await the results of what seemed to her no doubt a hazardous experiment. It was dangerous work handling these strange, unknown people, whom she saw always afar off. What did they think of her? What did they really want? Why did so many millions of strange men obey her, a woman, and her infant child, while never ceasing to grumble and to threaten? These were questions Cristina must have asked herself over and over again. If the despot is incomprehensible to the people, how much more must the people be incomprehensible to the despot, conscious as he must be of his frailty and isolation. From the height of the throne, the Regent saw the Spanish nation like a great sea—one day calm and smiling, the next, and for no apparent reason, raging, black,

and terrible ; but always profound, always inscrutable, with undercurrents imperceptible to her. Now, in this torrid July, this great ocean of humanity seemed to reflect the mood of the sky above. A storm was brewing above the earth and on the earth. Madrid lay in the grip of the cholera. In the streets, in the houses, the people died ; their bodies lay in the roadway, for there were not carts enough or hands ready to carry them away. A dreadful heat and silence oppressed the city. It stifled beneath an awful canopy of huge black clouds, seeming to descend closer and closer to earth. The atmosphere quivered with discharges of electricity. Over the vast royal palace the sun, as a direful ball of fire, was visible through a blood-red cloud.

The stillness was rent by the discharge of musketry and the ringing of bells. Madrid had turned from terror to fury. The monks had threatened the people with the chastisements of Heaven if they forsook Don Carlos. The penalties the holy men had invoked, they should be held accountable for. It must be they who had brought this scourge upon the city. They had poisoned the wells ! Who started the rumour it will never be known. The Jesuits of San Isidro were the first to perish ; thence the crowd rushed to the monasteries of Santo Tomás, of La Merced, and of San Francisco, burning, slaughtering, pillaging. "Why should all monks be cowards ?" asked Becket. Those of San Francisco

were not. They died with arms in their hands, defending their hearths and altars. The Spanish people had indeed recognized the clergy as the ministers of Heaven.

This tempest of indignation exhausted itself almost before the arm of the law could make itself felt. The news was brought to Cristina. A new tide was flowing—the devout Spanish people hated the monks. It was an angry people, too, for the moment at any rate. With such there must be no sign of fear. With infinite relief, the Queen must have congratulated herself that she was not born a coward. She would open parliament in person. She had to face a worse ordeal even than the pestilence and angry populace. Within three or four months, she, the Queen-Regent of Spain, would become a mother. But she did not flinch. On July 24 she drove from La Granja to Madrid. Gracious and smiling, she passed through the plague-stricken streets, as if death dared not attack the ruler of Spain. The courage of the citizens revived as they marked her dauntless bearing. She was more daring than they knew. Her form cramped and compressed within a panoply of whalebone, she stood on the throne, the cynosure of hundreds of curious eyes, and read without faltering every word of her long speech. Twice she had to run the gauntlet of that numerous assembly; and then, at last, sank back in her carriage, to be driven at full gallop to La Granja. She had defied exposure,

the cholera, and the anger of her subjects, and defied them successfully.

The winter approached, and it was time to leave the highlands of La Granja. The cholera had almost spent its force, but Cristina suddenly manifested fear of it, and would not return to the capital. She shut herself up in the little hunting-lodge of El Pardo, a few miles out of the town, and lived in the deepest seclusion, surrounding herself with a strict sanitary cordon. None were to approach her but her confidential servants living in the palace, so great was her fear of infection. On the night of the 7th November the cry of a child was heard in her Majesty's apartment. Cristina had borne Muñoz, as she had borne Fernando VII., a daughter. A discreet dame, Señora Castanedo, was in attendance. To her care the little one was confided. She took it with her to Segovia, and presently the Queen deemed no further precautions against the cholera necessary. She appeared once more in public. Presently the good people of Segovia began to wonder at the luxurious clothing and cradling of the baby that had come amongst them. The child might have been a princess! They wondered still more when Señora Castanedo took her charge to Aranjuez at the moment the Court removed thither. Busybodies interested themselves in the matter, and said the infant was often taken to Quita Pesares, where Cristina and Muñoz had been seen fondling it. Doubt became certainty.

The Queen-Regent of Spain was the mother of the guardsman's child.

It is hard to imagine a situation more painful for any woman. Cristina was the most conspicuous person in all Spain, and in the eyes not only of her own subjects but of all Europe she stood apparently guilty of unchastity. That she had a complete answer to her traducers—that she was the lawful wife of her child's father—must have made her position the more galling, since she could not, or would not, speak. For her silence most people condemn her, which, strange to say, I do not. Speaking in the terms of orthodox Catholic morality, she knew that she was innocent of the "crime" imputed to her. That she should have disregarded allegations she knew to be unjust is a proof possibly of insensibility, certainly of courage; assuredly it was not a sin. In the reprobation meted out to her for her so-called shamelessness, we have another instance of the persistent confusion of prudence and expediency with morality. It is obvious, indeed, that only a woman of coarse fibre could have endured such a position; but Cristina did not come of a dynasty noted for delicacy of feeling, and the perils she was called upon to confront were not calculated to develop the peculiarly feminine qualities. That Cristina was not wholly insensible to her position is shown by the efforts she made to conceal the birth of her children; but the regency of Spain and the maintenance of her daughter on the throne

were, after all, to be preferred to her good name as a woman. A few years more, and she could triumphantly clear herself. From another point of view her conduct is not so easily defended. According to the law of Spain, she had forfeited the regency by her second marriage. Therefore, she cheated the nation every time she drew her salary of £450,000 per annum. No one can deny that Cristina was fond of money and that the salary was a consideration ; but in giving up the regency, salary or no salary, she would have jeopardized her daughter's throne and have been obliged to sacrifice the guardianship of her own child. Surely these considerations abundantly justified her bold front in face of the slanders and gibes of Europe.

Except for her husband, she was alone. Almost immediately after the death of Fernando, the affection between her and Luisa Carlota perceptibly cooled. It is clear that in some way she disappointed the expectations of that fiery Princess or of her husband. Probably she proved a less docile instrument than they had hoped. Her obvious intimacy with Muñoz seems to have incensed her sister still more against her. So wide became the breach that the two were never seen together in public ; nor would they visit the same houses. But when the spreading of scandalous rumours was traced to the Infanta, the Queen intimated that her patience was at an end. Their Royal Highnesses took the hint, and retired to Paris. Cristina's younger sister also, perhaps

unwillingly, abandoned her. Her husband, the young Infante Sebastian, had subscribed to the accession of Isabel II. in the church of San Gerónimo ; but the threats and entreaties of his masterful mother, the Princess of Beira, prevailed over his sense of honour. He left the court with his young wife and proceeded to Barcelona, intending to raise the Catalans in his uncle's favour ; but Llauder was too clever for him, and the only sword he brought to the Carlist camp was his own.

These desertions did not dash the Queen's spirits. So long as she had her own way she was happy. Her husband was submissive, her ministers sympathetic. Cristina could only love those who obeyed her, and could thus minister more easily to her pleasures. We must not imagine her a woman loving to conquer, or cherishing those weaker than herself with a protective instinct ; but as an easy-going yet self-willed woman, regarding opposition as a bore and everything unconnected with her own welfare with apathy. She was capable of affection only for those who were the furniture of her environment. Her passion for Muñoz differed in degree, not in kind, from her regard for her favourite cushion.

It is always pathetic when persons of this temperament are called upon to confront perpetual enmities and perplexities. We hear them complain, If only everybody would do exactly what I want, I'm sure there would be no trouble ! Cristina, as we know,

took her troubles philosophically. When Carlos was reported to have escaped from England and to have appeared in Navarra, she shrugged her shoulders. "Un faccioso de más!" (One rebel the more!), remarked Martinez de la Rosa, and the words represented not only his but his mistress's state of mind. Rodil, who now commanded the Queen's troops in the north, thought the one rebel more worth capturing. He had no better luck than in Portugal. In his frantic efforts to run the Pretender to earth, he cut up his forces. Zumalacarregui was not the man to miss an opportunity, and inflicted three smart defeats on the Cristino columns. Rodil was superseded in his command by Mina, an old hand at guerilla warfare. The Carlist chief found himself opposed by one of his own kidney. The two were, in fact, so equally matched that neither was able to gain any decided advantage over the other. And so the year 1834 wore away, leaving the rebels still an organized force in possession of many strong positions, but unable to add an inch to their territory or to force their adversary back one foot.

Meanwhile the parliamentary horse began to jib and to kick over the traces. Martinez de la Rosa found the constitutional bits powerless to restrain the unruly team he had brought together. The deputies passed with gusto a bill excluding Don Carlos and his heirs from the throne, but took care at the same time to affirm the principle of

national sovereignty. When the ministry proposed to recognize all debts contracted by previous governments, there was a loud uproar. Acknowledge the loan issued by the Absolutist caucus at Urgel? never! At last by some wonderful financial processes—liquidations, consolidations, conversions, and so forth—the measure was presented in a more acceptable form, and voted by the Cortes.

The Royal Statute was not working well. When the Regent and her daughter appeared in public, there were cheers for Isabel II., but as many for liberty. In January, the soldiers thought it time to manifest their views. Everybody in Madrid seems to have known what was going to happen. At a masque ball, the final arrangements were concerted. But the air was biting, and Llauder, the minister of war, spent the night snugly between the blankets. At five o'clock on the morning of the 18th, the Second Aragon Light Infantry regiment, commanded by its adjutant, Cardero, took possession of the big post-office in the heart of the city, placed the guards under arrest, and called for the dismissal of the Ministry. The news brought the Captain-General, M. de Canterac (a Frenchman of Bordeaux), quickly to the spot. Furious with anger, he stormed and threatened, and in the midst of the mutinous soldiery, tried to take Cardero's sword by force. The troops cried *Viva la libertad!* In his excitement, the general shouted *Viva el Rey!* He was thinking of

Fernando VII., whose death at the moment he had forgotten. The mistake cost him dear. The men thought he meant Carlos V. He fell the next instant, shot dead. He died, too, unavenged. When Llauder appeared on the scene, he opened up negotiations with the mutineers. Never was rebellion more lightly punished. That afternoon, the people of Madrid saw the battalion march through the streets, with their arms at the shoulder, bayonets fixed and colours flying, on their way (as the terms of the capitulation put it) to win fresh glory for Spain with the army of the north. That was to be all, according to the promise of Martinez de la Rosa. But after a while the officers were reduced and sent to the islands, and the regiment broken up and dispersed.

The affair was over almost before the Queen had heard of it, but it soon became evident to her that to manage these troublesome Spaniards a stronger man than the poet-minister was wanted. The cabinet resigned one day in June. Charles Didier, the French traveller, met Martinez de la Rosa next morning, taking the air on the Prado. They spoke of the weather. Meanwhile the Puerta del Sol was agitated by rumours. The French ambassador went to see the Regent. "Well," asked Didier, "did the Queen say anything about a new ministry?" "The Queen?—why, no. We spoke only about Rubini the singer, whom she says she will have here at any price."

However, a new minister had to be appointed. Her Majesty at last selected the Conde de Toreno, who had earned her regard by entertaining her to brilliant suppers and balls, and had done good work for Spain by bespeaking the aid of England against Napoleon. He soon found that he was called upon to pilot the ship of state through a revolution. On July 5, the people of Zaragoza followed the example set by Madrid a year before. They shouted for liberty and Isabel II., and set fire to two monasteries, murdering eleven of the inmates. The Franciscans at Reus were the next victims. On August 5, Barcelona was in insurrection. The monks had already felt the fury of the mob, which was now directed against Bassa, the governor. At first defiant, he yielded to the demands of the municipality. His surrender came too late. He was butchered without mercy, and his body was burnt in the public square. A gypsy tore off the corpse's hand, and bit it savagely.

The flame of revolt spread along the east coast, blazed up in Andalusia, leaped up—at once to be extinguished—in Madrid. But Spain would be content with nothing less than free institutions. Toreno, disgusted with the excesses of the insurgents, showed fight. He hurried to La Granja, and urged Cristina to hold out. Other ministers urged her to give in. Villiers, the English ambassador, was known to be on the side of the reformers. The Queen was not in the least afraid. She came back to

Madrid, which was seething with revolt, and presided over a council at the palace on August 14. But, shrewd woman that she was, she perceived that the anger of the people was directed against the ministers, not against her. The revolutionary committees established in the provinces talked of freeing her from the tyranny of the cabinet. Her Majesty adroitly took advantage of this illusion. On September 14, she dismissed Toreno, declaring that he had misinterpreted his mandate, and announced that she had summoned Juan Alvarez Mendizabal to assume the direction of affairs.

This statesman was a native of Cadiz, of Jewish extraction. He had lived thirteen years in England, where he had, as he told George Borrow, formed some acquaintance with the phraseology of us good folks. He had also acquainted himself with the ideas of the Manchester School, which he admired more than our religious fervour. In the light of experience, it is strange to read that he wished to encourage speculation and competition, and preferred the activity of the brokers of London and Amsterdam to the indolence of the agriculturists of his native land. He realized, in short, the ideal of a large class of our present-day newspaper politicians—the business man become statesman. Cristina and Muñoz also believed in speculation, and followed the movements of the Stock Exchange with the zest of a country parson. From the new minister, they hoped, no doubt, for many valuable

tips. His usefulness in this respect led the Queen, perhaps, to tolerate his radical theories of government. He decreed the liberty of the Press, and enforced universal military service. He announced his intention of finishing with the Carlists, and in the meantime struck them a deadly blow in the persons of their allies, the friars. On October 11, he suppressed practically all the religious communities in Spain, selling up their property and devoting the proceeds to the partial extinction of the national debt. Cristina was not, as we know, specially devout, but, in spite of the friars' attachment to her rival, she felt a certain sympathy for them. In her opinion Mendizabal was going altogether too far. He proposed to extend the franchise, and to amend the Royal Statute. Worst of all, he troubled himself not at all about the Queen's relations with Muñoz, and urged her to marry Pedro of Portugal. Perhaps he had no suspicion that a marriage had already taken place, or perhaps he had become imbued in England with the spirit of our Royal Marriage Act, and saw no harm in bigamy if committed by royal persons.

As Cristina was about to present Muñoz with a second pledge of her affections, this proposal was particularly ill-timed. She determined to get rid of Mendizabal. He had innumerable enemies, personal and political, and these, she thought, might be brought together so as to form the nucleus of a party personally devoted to her. There was Istúriz,

with whom Mendizabal had fought a duel, and Alcala Galiano. Martinez de la Rosa was not to be despised—as an auxiliary. The faithful manikin Ronchi was employed as go-between. He is called by a Spanish writer the godfather of the Moderate or Conservative party. Soon the prime minister heard strange reports of his parliamentary opponents driving back from El Pardo at early hours of the morning—that they had been closeted with her Majesty far into the night. Constitutional government became a farce, if the sovereign was to inspire and to direct the opposition to her own ministers. Mendizabal besought the Queen to give up these nocturnal interviews and their concomitant cabals. Cristina refused to understand him. He tendered his resignation. On May 16, the Chamber found a Moderate ministry in occupation of the government bench. There sat Istúriz, Alcala Galiano, and the Duke of Rivas. They were greeted with a storm of abuse. The Queen dissolved parliament, complaining that it had exceeded its authority and impeded the work of government. It was plain to all men that the Regent would support only those ministers who were prepared to further her own ends.

CHAPTER VIII

WAR AND MEN OF WAR

C RISTINA had reasonable grounds of dissatisfaction with her ministers and generals. The former appeared unable to pacify the country (except, as she thought, by endangering her child's throne); the latter were unable to drive the Pretender out of Spain. Even the redoubtable Mina threw up the task as one beyond him. He resigned his command on April 8. He was succeeded by Don Gerónimo Valdés, an honest man and a capable soldier, who had fought well in South America. Valdés combined the offices of minister of war and commander-in-chief. Almost his first official act was to sign the convention proposed by Lord Eliot, special envoy from our government. Till now, all prisoners of war taken by both sides had been remorselessly shot. Under this convention, signed by the commanders-in-chief of the opposing armies, the ordinary usages of civilized warfare came into force, the lives of prisoners were spared, and exchanges were effected at regular intervals.

The Cristinos benefited at first by this treaty

more than their adversaries, for Valdés proved less fortunate than his predecessor. One of his lieutenants was signally defeated at Guernica by Zumalacarregui, who took possession of Treviño and other important places. Don Carlos made his triumphal entry into the beautiful old town of Estella, where he established his court. Espartero, with the garrison of Bilbao, hurried up to relieve Villafranca de Guipuzcoa, but was intercepted by the Carlists on the heights of Descarga, and forced to retreat with a loss of nearly 2,000 men. Vergara and Tolosa fell into the hands of the victors. The Cristinos took refuge under the guns of the principal fortresses, and on June 7 Valdés, like Mina and Rodil, surrendered his command.

Madrid took fright. It seemed that no general in Spain could resist the invincible Zumalacarregui. Martinez de la Rosa bethought him of the Quadruple Alliance nominally uniting Spain, England, France, and Portugal against the Pretender. If the Queen did not invoke the aid of a foreign power, she might have to rely upon that of her own people, an ally more formidable than her foe. General Alava was, therefore, sent to London to sound his old brother-in-arms Wellington, while the armed intervention of France was formally invited on May 17, 1835.

It was refused ; and the grounds on which it was refused are a proof of the wisdom of the Citizen King. "Help the Spaniards from outside, if you

will," said Louis Philippe, "but don't let us embark in their ship. Once therein, we must take the helm, and God knows what will happen. Napoleon failed to subdue them, and Louis XVIII. to extricate them from their troubles. I know them—unconquerable and unmanageable by foreigners. They call on us to-day; we shall hardly have set foot in their country when they will hate us and put every obstacle in our way. Let us not employ our army in this interminable task; we shall be dragging a cannon-ball at our heels through Europe. If the Spaniards can be saved, they themselves are the only people that can do it. If we undertake to bear the burden, they will hoist it on our shoulders, and will then make it impossible for us to carry it."

Palmerston shared the French King's views, and indeed told his ambassador that France must not reckon on the co-operation of England if she acceded to Spain's request. The refusal was a bitter disappointment to Cristina. She had hoped to dispose of Don Carlos, and so to render herself independent of the Liberal party. Her ambassadors were instructed to remind the signatories of the treaty that they owed Spain some assistance in men, at least. This was not very liberally given. France sent a contingent of 4,100 belonging to her Foreign Legion, and placed an army of observation along the frontier, so as to blockade the Carlist provinces on that side; Portugal furnished a brigade of 6,000 men, com-

manded by Baron d'Antas; England, finally, stationed some cruisers off the Biscay coast, and allowed a foreign legion of 10,000 to be recruited in her territory and to be despatched to the seat of war under the command of Sir George de Lacy Evans. There were numerous Englishmen, it should be mentioned, serving on the Carlist side—among them Lord Ranelagh, afterwards notorious as a *viveur*, and young Charles Henningsen, then entering upon his stirring career as a soldier of fortune.

To this officer, then only in his twentieth year, we are indebted for an eye-witness's account of the first siege of Bilbao, which was a turning-point in the history of the war. After his victories at Guernica and Descarga, Zumalacarregui was for marching straight upon Madrid. Carlos would not have it so. He longed for recognition by Russia and Austria, and this he thought could most easily be obtained by the reduction of a fortress. Such a success would facilitate the negotiation of a loan with the bankers of London and Frankfort. It was the oft-repeated mistake of allowing the actual conduct of a war to be regulated by political considerations. "Can you take Bilbao?" the Prince asked his lieutenant. "Doubtless," was the reply, "but at an immense sacrifice of men, and what is more precious to us, of time." Carlos insisted that the town must be taken all the same. Zumalacarregui reflected. Bilbao was very strong, and was held by a garrison of 4,000 regulars, supported by a

numerous and sympathetic population ; such a place, it seemed, could only be reduced after a long siege. But it stands upon a river only six miles from the sea, and could therefore be constantly reinforced, thanks to the English, French, and Cristino cruisers lying in the stream ; Portugalete, which commanded the estuary, was held by a strong force of the Queen's troops. To besiege Bilbao was, therefore, merely to waste time. Zumalacarregui resolved on storming it. On the morning of the 10th June he carried the Begoña church by assault ; from this point he battered the defences in breach, and ordered forward the storming parties. But at that moment rang out that cry so terrible to the ear of the soldier in action : " The ammunition has run out." The companies fell back, and the defenders repaired the breach. The Carlist general necessarily postponed the attack till next night. In the meantime, he reconnoitred the position from the balcony of a house at Begoña. He saw the tall white houses bordering the quays, the foreign warships in the river, the sea beating against the bar at Portugalete. Suddenly he was struck in the leg by a spent bullet. He limped out of the balcony, and called for the surgeon. To his surprise and dismay, the wound was serious, and he found himself obliged to relinquish the command and to submit to medical treatment. He was conveyed in a litter to Durango, where he was visited by Carlos. The Pretender was not ignorant of Zumalacarregui's worth as a

general, but the two were unsympathetic, and had very little to say. "It was hardly worth waiting here to listen to that twaddle!" exclaimed the wounded man, as his master withdrew; and he was carried on to the village of Cegama, to be treated by a local quack called Petriquillo, in whom he placed great confidence. To kill a man with the aid of a spent bullet in the fleshy part of the leg seems no easy task; but the country doctor did it. "He died," says Henningsen, "the eleventh day after he received his wound. He was then delirious, and . . . seemed to fancy himself leading on his followers in some desperate action; and breathed his last, calling his officers by name, and giving orders to his battalions to charge or retire, as if he had been fighting that last battle which must have decided the fate of Spain, and where we should have seen him fall with less regret."

Carlos heard the news of his death with his habitual resignation to the will of Providence. The Carlist chief's supreme importance to his own side was understood better by his opponents than his superiors. His disappearance heartened the defenders of Bilbao, who were emulous of the glories of Zaragoza and Gerona. Eraso, who now commanded the investing force, summoned the town to surrender. The governor laid his proposals before the city council. The burgesses replied that they would rather be buried beneath the ashes of the city than yield. The exasperated Carlists threw

themselves against the entrenchments, to be repulsed with great slaughter. Meanwhile, the Queen's generals looked on from behind the Ebro, awaiting a new commander-in-chief from Madrid, and prepared apparently to let Bilbao fall, sooner than relieve it on their own responsibility. But the siege that deprived Carlos of his only great captain brought forward the ablest soldier on the opposing side. Baldomero Espartero, commanding at Portugalete, refused to sit down and let the heroic city fall. He was strenuously seconded by General Latre, who declared he would go to the relief of the town with four men only behind him, if needs were. On July 1, besiegers and defenders saw the head of the Queen's army approaching Bilbao. The disheartened Carlists fired a few shots, and retired into the fastnesses of Biscay. When Cordova, the new commander-in-chief of Isabel's forces, reached the scene of action, he found the tide had already turned in his favour. He did not let the opportunity slip, but pushed on into Navarra, and the hard-fought battle of Mendigorria, on July 16, inflicted a loss of 2,000 men on the defeated Carlists.

The Pretender already began to feel the loss of the gloomy, taciturn general, whom he had latterly regarded with suspicion and dislike. He had entrusted the command of his troops to Vicente Moreno, who had earned for himself in the late reign the sobriquet of the butcher of Malaga, and who was incapable of earning the regard or confi-

dence of his men, or, indeed, of anybody but his Prince. Don Carlos, like Fortune, had queer favourites. The death of his wife at Gosport, opposite Portsmouth, the year before, had robbed him of his most stimulating influence. He seemed now content with the mere ceremonial and trappings of royalty, and the surest passport to his favour was to speak of him as the elect of the Lord, sent to restore the faith and to extirpate heresy. In his heart of hearts he believed that, come what might, the Divine power would place him on the throne of his ancestors, and for this reason he was strangely indifferent as to the capacity and qualities of his officers. He fell entirely under the influence of the Bishop of Leon, who was never tired of commending his piety. Wherever the Prince went, he was followed by a gentleman-in-waiting, laden with images and hymn-books; the Lives of the Saints were his favourite reading, the rosary his favourite exercise. He would do nothing, Fernández de los Rios tells us, to relieve the distress of the widow of General Fulgosio, whose five sons had joined the Carlist ranks, two of them having been killed; but he presented one of his courtiers with 10,000 reales (£100) to spend on his wedding festivities. While his troops wanted bread and raiment, we find him endowing Jesuit colleges and nunneries to the extent of three or four hundred pounds. Once, when the whim seized him to assist at Mass, he ordered the army to halt in a position where they

were exposed to the enemy's fire. Two officers and a number of men were killed. "They have done no more than their duty," said the devout Prince, fortified by his spiritual exercises.

We do not know which to wonder at most—the heartless imbecility of the man, or the besotted devotion of his followers. Men make greater fools of themselves under the influence of political rancour than when excited by more natural and primitive passions. For it is impossible to believe that it was pure zeal for humanity that animated the followers of Don Carlos. Such a suspicion is certainly absurd in the case of the monster Cabrera, whom the Pretender recognized as a kindred soul. This man was born at Tortosa in Cataluña in 1806, and was trained for the priesthood. He was the despair of his superiors. "We shall never make a priest of you," said his bishop; "you are made to be a soldier." Cabrera did not attempt, like the Parson Merino, to combine the two callings. Upon the outbreak of the civil war, he eagerly espoused the cause of Don Carlos and joined one of the bands infesting the confines of Cataluña, Aragon, and Valencia. But the Queen's troops carried all before them, and the insurgents could barely maintain themselves in scattered groups in the recesses of the mountains. Cabrera determined to join the main army of the Pretender. He disguised himself as an itinerant seller of soap, and started to make his way across country through the Cristino lines. With the

help of a devoted woman, called Maria la Albeitaresa, he got through in safety. To the Carlist minister of war—the Comte d'Espagne's old lieutenant, Villemur—he represented the desperate state of affairs in Eastern Spain, and insisted on the necessity of terrorizing the inhabitants into submission. Any system involving executions was likely to be approved by the pious Don Carlos. He saw in Cabrera a man after his own heart, and directed him to return whence he came, furnished with a letter addressed to Carnicer, the nominal commander-in-chief in those parts. The ex-student of Tortosa set forth once more on his perilous journey. At an inn he was recognized by a muleteer. He raised a warning finger: "Speak, and you are a dead man!" he said. The muleteer, terrified by the tigerish ferocity of his manner, slunk away.

On opening his King's letter, Carnicer found that he was ordered to hand over the command of all the bands to the messenger, and to present himself at the royal headquarters without delay. Carnicer, as a loyal officer, obeyed these commands without hesitation. He left the camp, disguised as a muleteer. Of the route he proposed to follow, of his stopping-places and his disguise, Cabrera, deliberately or heedlessly, spoke to every one. As a result, Carnicer was seized while crossing the Cristino lines at Miranda del Ebro, and paid the penalty of treason. His death was generally laid at the door of Cabrera; but one murder, more

or less, will make little difference to that chief's score. His policy was to strike terror into the population, that out of mere fear they should join his colours. Between his assumption of the command and the end of October 1838, he murdered no fewer than 1,283 prisoners of war, and this estimate does not appear to include the civilians who fell into his hands. When he had slaughtered upwards of two hundred persons in cold blood, his adversaries hoped to check his ferocity by a severe act of retaliation. General Nogueras seized his mother, and notified him that he should hold her as a hostage for the alcaldes of Valdealgorza and Torrecilla, whom he had captured. Cabrera preferred the gratification of his blood-lust to his mother's safety. He shot the luckless functionaries, and the exasperated Cristino general shot their assassin's mother. Cabrera used this inhuman reprisal as an excuse for further and worse atrocities. He at once shot thirty prisoners, including the wives of four Cristino officers. At Rubielos he stripped his captives naked, ordered them to run for their lives, and then, letting loose his cavalry upon them, saw them cut down to a man. At Burjasot on the banks of the Guadalaviar, he celebrated his King's birthday by a banquet, and shot his prisoners in batches between the courses. His barbarity raised him every day higher in the estimation of Don Carlos; whereas Nogueras, for having imitated his methods on a single occasion, was

censured by his government and dismissed from the command.

Cabrera was well served by his friends. On one occasion, defeated and sorely wounded, he crept into a wood, where he was presently found by one of his officers. He was conveyed in secret to the house of the parson of Almazan, and hidden in a closet concealed by a huge bureau. In some way or another, it leaked out that the terrible "tiger of Morella" was in the village. The alcalde told the parson that he proposed to institute a thorough search next day. That night four of the wounded leader's friends accosted a peasant working in the fields, and ordered him, under pain of death, to deliver a message to the alcalde of Almazan. The functionary turned pale when he perceived that the letter was signed by Cabrera himself, and was dated from a village a few leagues away. He was summoned to furnish 5,000 rations, failing which he and the inhabitants of the village would be put to the sword. His worship preferred another alternative. He took to flight, escorted by all the militia and regular troops in Almazan. Having nothing to fear from the panic-stricken villagers, Cabrera was that night quietly removed by his friends to a place of safety.

The trick was afterwards discovered ; so too was the part the parson had played in it. The worthy priest was sentenced to death, but was set free on the intervention of Cabrera, who offered two

prisoners of consequence in exchange for him. He had not thought it worth while to do as much for his mother.

His ruthless measures had at least the merit of success. He soon retrieved his disasters, and found himself at the head of a formidable force. His mountain stronghold of Morella became the focus of the Carlist insurrection in the east. He levied toll on all the towns along the coast from the Ebro to the Guadalaviar, and ravaged, pillaged, and terrorized the whole countryside. Men found it safer to be with him than against him. He was defeated again and again, but his bands broke and dispersed, only to rally stronger than ever next day in another part of the country. To the last, he adhered to his system, no quarter. He made war on the Cristinos to the third and fourth generation, till the war in the eastern provinces assumed the character of a struggle between fiends rather than men.

To deal with chiefs such as Zumalacarregui and Cabrera, Spain had need of a strong man. She found one in Baldomero Espartero, the saviour of Bilbao. His is a name that looms larger than any in Spain in the first half of the nineteenth century. In 1835 he was forty-two years old, and held the rank of lieutenant-general in the Queen's army. Born in the province of Ciudad Real (Don Quixote's country), he had, like two of his most strenuous opponents, been destined for the Church. The

French invasion called him to the defence of his country, and having once drawn the sword, he wielded it all the rest of his life. Overseas in South America, Spain was fighting her own rebellious children, and there, during eight years, Espartero fought his way up to the rank of brigadier. He shared in the bloody defeat at Ayacucho, but was able to carry back to Spain the colours taken from the enemy on more fortunate fields. Nor was the guerdon of his valour inconsiderable. He brought back enough treasure from the land of the Yncas to enable him to contract a very advantageous marriage. From the moment Fernando VII. revoked the edict of Felipe V., the veteran officer never wavered in his loyalty to the direct succession. "It was something," says Major Martin Hume, "at this time of distraction and confusion, that there was, at all events, one Spaniard who knew his own mind, and was bold enough to stand by his opinion. Espartero was a man of no great ability or education, but he was as honest as was compatible with his vast ambition, and as firm as a rock. In this blackest hour of the Queen's cause he emerged from out of the welter of sloth, ineptitude, and base corruption, and by sheer force of character saved the throne of Isabel II."

CHAPTER IX

THE QUEEN AND THE SERGEANTS

PRESSED hard by the Carlists, it was only natural that Cristina should have endeavoured to surround herself with sympathetic ministers. Perhaps not the least recommendation of Istúriz, Mendizabal's successor, was his tactful and tacit recognition of her attachment to Muñoz. He did not ask inconvenient questions, he expressed no suspicions, in fact he took the sensible view that the relations of individual men and women were not the concerns of any third parties. Cristina, who had a genius for maternity, was now the mother of a boy, named Agustin Maria. She would have liked to have kept him near her, poor mother ; but there was talk enough already about his little sister. In January 1836, both the children were sent to Paris ; and the Queen and her spouse talked about them to each other in the pavilion at El Pardo that some wag nicknamed Muñoz's cage (*la jaula de Muñoz*). Cristina was a warm-hearted, affectionate mother, and must have passed many a sleepless night torn by her affection for her babies in Paris and her little girls in Madrid.

But the country would have none of Istúriz or his Moderate colleagues. In vain did he point to the elections, and claim a popular majority. The elections everybody knew had been engineered. What they also knew was that Istúriz wished to open the door a third time within three decades to the armies of France. On July 25, 1836, Malaga rose in insurrection. The Military and Civil Governors endeavoured to quell the tumult, but were promptly murdered by the urban militia, a body called into existence by the Queen's government. The constitution of 1812, and nothing but the constitution of 1812, was the cry. It was re-echoed, three days later, at Cadiz and Zaragoza. Seville, Cordova, and Granada followed suit. Madrid pronounced—in the Spanish way—for the old constitution on August 3. But the insurgents had to deal with a resolute man in General Quesada, whose daring and horsemanship on a memorable occasion enraptured George Borrow. The regular troops dispersed the urban militia, and completely disarmed them. Quesada went even further, and forbade the citizens to carry bludgeons or any weapons of offence. Order reigned in Madrid.

In her palace of San Ildefonso at La Granja, Cristina with her husband and her royal children tranquilly watched events. She relied on the protection of the garrison, commanded by the Conde de San Roman, and composed of eight companies of the royal and provincial guards, two squadrons

of the bodyguard and two of mounted grenadiers. But times had changed since Don Carlos was saluted with royal honours by his brother's guards, and the corps was animated now by a nobler sentiment than mere devotion to the crown. The officers were true, indeed, to the old tradition ; the sergeants, who enjoy a higher rank in the Spanish army than any other, met nightly in their casino, to read the papers and to discuss politics. The determination of the ministry to withstand the will of the people disgusted them profoundly. They were Spaniards first, soldiers afterwards. It seemed to them that the safety of the nation was being jeopardized to keep a camarilla of the Queen's friends in office. In the afternoon of August 12, a militiaman rode in from Madrid, and complained that his corps had been disarmed by Quesada while Carlist bands were at the gates of the capital. Stirred with indignation, the sergeants, at the evening parade, called on the bandmaster to play the hymn of Riego, the Spanish Marseillaise. The band struck up the tune, without the orders of their chief. San Roman at once placed the musicians under arrest, and ordered the whole regiment to be confined to barracks. In spite of the presence of their officers, the sergeants found means to concert their plans. At ten o'clock at night the cry "To arms!" re-echoed through the quarters of the grenadiers. The men at once fell in on the parade-ground, the sergeants taking the officers' places. To the shouts of "Hurrah for the

constitution ! Long live the constitutional Queen ! ” the squadron marched upon the palace. Passing the theatre they were confronted by San Roman, who exhorted them to return to barracks. While they hesitated, they were joined by the Fourth Footguards. The men’s attitude became menacing, and the colonel, mindful of the fate of Canterac, hurried off to the palace. Arriving at the massive iron gates at the end of the avenue, the troops found them closed by his order. When they threatened to fire, the sentries at once made common cause with them, and opened the gates. The battalion, thus reinforced, filed up the avenue. Their shouts reached the ears of Cristina. She, so calm and courageous in the face of pestilence, turned livid at the approach of armed men. The fate of so many of her own officers, perhaps of Marie Antoinette, recurred to her. In the panic that ensued within the palace, no one thought of using the means of defence ready to their grasp, for the bodyguard refused to join their comrades and stood at the windows of their quarters, waiting perhaps for the word to fall in or to stand to their arms. But, unmolested, a force of sergeants and privates penetrated into the palace, and made their way upstairs.

Cristina’s first impulse was to hide herself. San Roman succeeded in calming her, and assuring her that her life would not be endangered. Meanwhile, the Duke of Alagon hurried to the top of the stairs, and meeting the sergeants, demanded what they

wanted. Thinking he proposed to resist their passage, they drew their swords. The Duke, however, met them with fair words. If, he said, they desired an audience with the Queen, they must depute their spokesmen, who must behave with a gravity befitting their mission. A consultation took place ; finally Alejandro Gomez, another non-commissioned officer, and a private were named as the men's representatives.

Her Majesty had by this time recovered her composure, and met the soldiers with a serene countenance and a pleasant smile. She was attended by Barrio Ayuso, the minister of justice, by San Roman and Alagon, the officers of the garrison, and several ladies- and gentlemen-in-waiting. Muñoz, who would probably have been the object of unflattering remarks, kept out of the way. In presence of this distinguished gathering, the soldiers remained awed and silent, fumbling at their hats and swords. At last, in her gracious way, the Regent invited them to speak. Gomez stepped forward, knelt, and kissed her hand. He then said that he and his comrades had been fighting with the army of the north for liberty, but that there was still no liberty in Spain, the urban militia had been disarmed, and good Liberals were languishing in dungeons.

The Queen interrupted him : "Do you know what liberty is, my son ?"

The sergeant replied that, whatever it might be, it did not obtain in Spain.

“Liberty,” said her Majesty, “is the rule of law and obedience to authority.”

The soldier demurred to this definition, and insisted that that there could be no liberty while the government continued to resist the unanimous demands of the nation. Cristina, upon this, turned impatiently to the other sergeant. He had less to say, but he was more personal. He told the Queen that she was pursuing a mistaken policy, that she would never get at the truth while the Moderates were in power, and that if she did not proclaim the constitution of 1812, God alone knew what would happen to her and to her family. This was worse than Gomez. Luckily, it was now the private's turn to speak. He stated they had come there to ask the Queen to swear to the constitution of 1812. Izaga, the Master of the Household, asked him if he had read that document. “No,” said the honest soldier, “I can't read, but my father at La Coruña told me it was a capital thing.” The Marqués de Cerralbo, hoping to hold the man up to derision, asked him to be more precise, and to explain the advantages to which his father had referred. The guardsman, who seems to have been of the Sancho Panza type, made answer that, for one thing, salt and tobacco were cheaper under that constitution, and that his mother had turned many an honest penny as a dealer in the former commodity. The Queen and her courtiers burst into laughter, whereupon the good-natured fellow laughed also,

and turning to his comrades, exclaimed, "I see we shall get about as much good out of this as the nigger did out of the sermon!"

The hilarity which this sally excited was speedily quelled by the sergeants bluntly informing the Queen that she must sign the constitution there and then. Barrio Ayuso alleged that Article 192 would confer the regency upon Don Carlos. The soldiers thought they could be left to deal with the Prince. Finally, they accepted the Queen's promise to convoke the Cortes at once, and to lay before it a proposal to restore the constitution demanded.

San Roman and the delegates went out to communicate this assurance to the troops outside the palace. Cristina breathed more freely. She had emerged safely from the most dangerous situation in which she had ever been placed. But the next moment groans and angry shouts, mingled with the reports of firearms, warned her that the peril was not yet over. The men were furious with their delegates, whom they accused of having been won over with fair words and flattery. Again the tread of soldiers was heard on the stairs. The Queen and courtiers, terrified, beheld the door flung open and a fresh body of sergeants enter. Their spokesman was Higinio Garcia, a brisk, handsome soldier, whom no display of dignity or culture could abash. Addressing himself directly to her Majesty, he insisted that she must proclaim and subscribe to the old constitution in his presence. She argued

and threatened ; the sergent's manner became more menacing. Finally, she ordered Izaga to draw up the decree. It was conceived in these terms : " As Queen-Governess of Spain, I ordain and command that the political constitution of the year 1812 be promulgated, pending the manifestation of the will of the people by the Cortes in favour of this or another constitution suited to its wishes." Even now Cristina hesitated. Garcia seized a pen, dipped it in the ink, and handed it to her, saying sternly, " Sign, your Majesty, if you don't wish things to go further." The Regent obeyed. The court officials witnessed her signature. Speechless with rage and outraged dignity, they saw the triumphant soldiers stride from the room, and listened to their swords and spurs ringing on the stairs. We can imagine the torrent of imprecations and invectives that burst forth when the sound of those martial footsteps had died away.

This bold stroke of the sergeants of the guard was no isolated and independent mutiny, but another expression of the nation's loudly voiced will. The guardsmen accomplished what would have been done by the peoples of Madrid, Cataluña, Aragon, Andalucia, and Valencia, had they been able to unite their forces at the capital. The sergeants knew that the nation wanted this thing done, and the power to do it seemed to them sufficient authority. They sought and obtained no honours or rewards. They seemed not to realize the dignity

or the full importance of their part. They were plain men and soldiers, who did this service to their country as a matter of duty, just as they went to fight the Carlists or would have stormed an impregnable redoubt.

On the morning of August 13, the Prime Minister at Madrid received this startling message from Barrio Ayuso, "Help, quickly, quickly, or I know not what may befall their Majesties." Istúriz at once handed this note to Quesada, but before any steps could be taken, an officer arrived hot-foot from La Granja with a full report of the events of the preceding night. The Captain-General proposed to march at once to the palace, and to crush the guardsmen with his battalions. But the council of ministers, to his disgust, was in favour of milder measures. If a large body of troops was withdrawn from the garrison, Madrid would surely rise. Mendez Vigo, the minister for war, was despatched to La Granja, his right hand filled with gifts, to conciliate the audacious sergeants and to undo by cajolery all that had been done by force.

He reached the royal residence about six in the afternoon, and found the troops, refreshed after a long siesta, parading the town with a tablet commemorating the restoration of the constitution. At their head, with exceeding ill grace, rode San Roman. The procession next proceeded to the palace, and cheers were given for the Queen-Regent. No response came from the shuttered windows. The

minister perceived that things had gone further than his colleagues supposed, but he did not despair. He presented himself at the barracks of the 4th Footguards, and talked over Gomez and Lucas, and a drum-sergeant-major whom he knew to have been once an ardent royalist. This man accepted a bribe, a fact which became known to his comrades by his changing a big gold piece at the canteen. As soon as this came to the ears of the masterful Garcia, he went straight to the minister for war and ordered him to leave the place as quickly as he could. Mendez Vigo had no choice but to obey, but he persuaded the soldiers to allow the Regent to proceed to Madrid to swear to the constitution. On second thoughts, however, the men realized that this was an attempt to trick them. They stopped two waggons leaving the palace, and shut the gates. A petition was then sent in to the Queen, requesting the dismissal of San Roman and Quesada, the appointment of a new ministry, the proclamation of the new constitution in the country, and the re-arming of the militia of Madrid. Her Majesty was respectfully requested to issue these decrees before midnight, and when this was done the garrison hoped to have the honour of escorting her to Madrid.

This was rough handling. Cristina sought the advice of the English and French ambassadors. Both advised her to submit. Villiers, our representative, had been suspected by the Moderate

ministry of instigating the demonstration ; but no one condemned more loudly or severely than he the insolence and disloyalty of the soldiery. Seeing that the Queen intended to stand by her promise to the troops, the minister for war resigned, as also did the Conde San Roman, perhaps to avoid being dismissed. "You abandon me!" exclaimed Cristina tragically, and at once she made out a list of new ministers. Mendez Vigo started off for Madrid, and announced to the soldiers gathered in the park that her Majesty had decided to comply with their requests. The men were glad to hear this, but intimated to the minister that he had better stay till the decrees were actually signed. Mastering his anger, the statesman returned to the palace, to find that he had been preceded by a crowd of sergeants, Garcia at their head. Cristina had her temper perfectly under control ; indeed, I suspect that she did not find the handsome sergeants the brutal wretches she had represented them to be to the ambassadors. Seeing they were in such a hurry to see the decrees executed, she told them to use the room next to her own as an office, and had her own tables and escritoire wheeled in for their convenience. The military scribes then set to work, finding serious difficulties, no doubt, in the preparation of documents so much outside their experience. Once or twice Garcia thought fit to consult the Queen. His comrades grew suspicious. "If you come to an understanding

with the *pasteleros*”—the nickname applied to the court—“you will be the first to have your throat cut,” they informed him. This decided him to hasten matters. The decrees were drawn up and sent in to the Queen to be signed. They were returned with the signature in good and proper form.

It now only remained for her Majesty's uninvited guests to depart; but at this moment a despatch arrived from Madrid, which they asked the Queen to open in their presence. She handed it, instead, to Mendez Vigo. This irritated a bandsman, who snatched it from the minister's hand, exclaiming “Less ceremony!” However, the letter contained nothing more than a request for immediate information as to what was going on. Even now the sergeants would not let the war minister return to Madrid, or entrust him with the publication of the decrees. A lively dispute ensued. “Let Mendez Vigo go to Madrid accompanied by your representatives,” urged the Queen. “Let Garcia go with him.” But Garcia shook his head. “That won't do,” he said. “Since I worked the revolution, as one may call it, they don't believe in me, and say that I'm plotting with your Majesty to deceive them.” Then in an attitude of disgusted dejection, the sergeant threw himself down on a sofa. The Queen, standing, looked from him to the others in amazement. Then she indignantly repudiated the charge of attempting to

deceive the troops, with Garcia or anybody else. She was cut short by another sergeant: "If he had not arranged with your Majesty to undo all that is being done, I should already have had the cross of Mendigorria, to which I have a right, and which he promised me." "I never said that!" shouted Garcia. The disputants might have proceeded from words to blows, had not Mendez Vigo parted them, reminding them that it was two o'clock in the morning and time for every one to retire. The Queen's suggestion that the war minister should return to Madrid, accompanied by Garcia, was finally adopted, and this most amazing of *coups d'état* was at an end.

But before the representatives of the Queen and the revolution set out, the news had spread through the capital. The militia reassembled and crowds gathered threateningly in the Puerta del Sol. From a window the scene was witnessed by George Borrow, with huge delight in the display of force and audacity. "As the sounds became louder and louder," says this evangelist of the Spains, "the cries of the crowd below diminished, and a species of panic seemed to have fallen upon all; once or twice, however, I could distinguish the words, Quesada! Quesada! The foot-soldiers stood calm and motionless, but I observed that the cavalry, with the young officer who commanded them, displayed both confusion and fear, exchanging with each other some hurried words; all of a sudden that part of the crowd which stood

near the mouth of the Calle de Carretas fell back in great disorder, leaving a considerable space unoccupied, and the next moment Quesada, in complete general's uniform, and mounted on a bright bay thoroughbred English horse, with a drawn sword in his hand, dashed at full gallop into the arena, in much the same manner that I have seen a Manchegan bull rush into the amphitheatre when the gates of his pen are suddenly flung open.

“He was closely followed by two mounted officers, and at a short distance by as many dragoons. In almost less time than is sufficient to relate it, several individuals in the crowd were knocked down and lay sprawling upon the ground beneath the horses of Quesada and his two friends, for as to the dragoons, they halted as soon as they entered the Puerta del Sol. It was a fine sight to see three men, by dint of valour and good horsemanship, strike terror into at least as many thousands; I saw Quesada spur his horse repeatedly into the dense masses of the crowd, and then extricate himself in the most masterly manner. The rabble were completely awed and gave way. . . . All at once Quesada singled out two nationals [militiamen], who were attempting to escape, and setting spurs to his horse, turned them in a moment, and drove them in another direction, striking them in a contemptuous manner with the flat of his sabre. He was crying out, ‘Long live the absolute Queen!’ [?] when, just beneath me, amidst a portion of the crowd

which had still maintained its ground, I saw a small gun glitter for a moment, then there was a sharp report, and a bullet had nearly sent Quesada to his long account, passing so near to the countenance of the General as to graze his hat. I had an indistinct view for a moment of a well-known foraging cap just about the spot whence the gun had been discharged, then there was a rush of the crowd, and the shooter, whoever he was, escaped discovery amidst the confusion which arose.

“As for Quesada, he seemed to treat the danger from which he had escaped with the utmost contempt. He glared about him fiercely for a moment, then leaving the two nationals, who sneaked away like whipped hounds, he went up to the young officer who commanded the cavalry, and who had been active in raising the cry of the constitution, and to him he addressed a few words with an air of stern menace ; the youth evidently quailed before him, and probably in obedience to his orders, resigned the command of the party, and rode slowly away with a discomfited air ; whereupon Quesada dismounted, and walked slowly backwards and forwards before the Casa de Postas [Correos ?] with a mien which seemed to bid defiance to mankind.

“This was the glorious day of Quesada’s existence, his glorious and last day. I call it the day of his glory, for he certainly never appeared before under such brilliant circumstances, and he never lived to see another sunset. No action of any hero or

conqueror on record is to be compared with this closing scene of the life of Quesada, for who by his single desperate courage and impetuosity ever before stopped a revolution in full course? Quesada did: he stopped the revolution at Madrid for an entire day, and brought back the uproarious and hostile mob of a huge city to perfect order and quiet. His burst into the Puerta del Sol was the most tremendous and successful piece of daring ever witnessed."

The arrival of Mendez Vigo and Sergeant Garcia entirely changed the aspect of affairs. The ministers found themselves no longer in office, and prepared for instant flight. Quesada, superseded by General Seoane, knew that he stood alone in a city ruled by his enemies. He embraced his wife, and obtaining a horse, rode out of the city in the direction of Hortaleza. He was recognized by a peasant, followed, and arrested by a party of militia. He was locked up in a house in the village, while a messenger was sent to Madrid to ask for instructions concerning him. While talking with his guards the General heard the shouts of a crowd approaching his prison. He felt for his sword—it was gone. Then seating himself on the bench, he folded his arms and told the guard to let his assassins enter. A minute later, and a mob of peasants threw themselves upon the defenceless man, and tore him limb from limb.

Seated that night in a café in the Calle Alcalá,

Borrow saw a party of the murderers returning triumphantly from their expedition. They marched in, two by two, beating time with their feet to some hastily improvised air. When they were seated round a bowl of coffee, a blue kerchief was solemnly produced. It was untied, and a gory hand and three or four dis severed fingers were proudly exhibited. With these the coffee was stirred up. "Cups! cups!" cried the nationals.

In the history of modern Spain, there is no fouler assassination than this. Quesada was a severe disciplinarian, but he was guilty of no such acts of cold-blooded ferocity as may be imputed to half the officers of his time and nation. Though a Conservative by instinct, he was not a blind reactionary, and, as we have seen, was the first to urge the Queen-Regent on the path of constitutional reform. But whatever may have been his political opinions, he deserves to be remembered by Spaniards of all parties as an honourable man who died with a dignity and courage worthy of Plutarch's heroes.

The proclamation of the constitution of Cadiz gave general satisfaction throughout Cristiano Spain. Calatrava, the new prime minister, and Rodil, who succeeded San Roman in command of the guards, hastened to San Ildefonso to extricate the Regent from her uncomfortable situation. They were met by Garcia, who walked up the avenue with them. "I suppose your Excellencies have realized the value of my services," he remarked. "That will be all

right," answered Rodil evasively, and quickened his pace. "I should like you to know that yesterday the boys saluted me as captain," persisted the sergeant. The general repeated that something would no doubt be done, and with this assurance the simple soldier was content, that evening counselling his comrades to place their trust in their new commander. On the 18th, the guards made their triumphal entry into Madrid, Garcia riding beside Rodil. The people greeted them as saviours of the nation. A cordial welcome was extended, also, to the Queen, who had returned on the previous evening to Madrid, accompanied by several members of the new cabinet and the French and English ambassadors. Again the country was flooded with decrees, some announcing the dissolution of the lately elected Cortes and the convocation of another, others changes in the ministry, one of which happily resulted in the return of Mendizabal to the department of finance. Upon the proclamation of the old constitution, Cordova threw up the command of the army of the North, and retired to France. He was succeeded, luckily for Spain, by Espartero.

What became of the prime mover in it all? Calatrava and several of his colleagues thought that something should be done for Garcia. His example was bad, of course ; still, but for him and his comrades they would not be sitting there. Cristina approved a proposal for his promotion. I suspect she rather liked his dashing ways, and that his familiarity,

tinged with admiration, had not been altogether disagreeable to her. Besides, he had certainly moderated the violence of his companions. The scheme was thwarted by Mendizabal. "No," he said, "we must not encourage insubordination and mutiny." But he was encouraging it, by forming part of a ministry which owed its existence to it. Garcia, hearing of his opposition, went to his office and abused him roundly. The minister gave the sergeant in charge, and had him sent to Almaden. Thence he escaped, only to fall into the hands of a Carlist band, who stripped him to the waist, and flourished his shirt at the end of a pole as a glorious trophy. Eighteen months after the events in which he had played so prominent a part, one of the royal bodyguard sat in the moonlight with a Polish traveller, Baron Dembowski, beneath the windows of the palace of La Granja, and told of his pitiable fate.

"I thought never again to see Garcia in the flesh," said the soldier, "when one day, while on leave at Valladolid, I was touched on the shoulder by a ragged wretch with a beard like a savage's. 'You don't then recognize me?' said he. It was the voice of Garcia. Flying from Almaden, he had taken refuge with a relation near Valladolid, and had come into the town in the hope of finding a friend. Recognized during the day by several of his old comrades, he became an object of suspicion to the governor, who, fearing that some new revolutionary project was afoot, had him arrested.

“Hardly a fortnight later, I was sent to Benavente to act as adjutant. I arrived; and the next day was informed that a prisoner had been sent down from Valladolid. I told them to bring him in. Imagine my surprise when I found myself once more face to face with Garcia. The next day, in accordance with positive instructions from the Captain-General at Valladolid, he was sent under a strong escort to Santander. What has become of him since? Has he been sent to America, as they say? Has he been killed, like his own revolution, by the Moderates? These are questions that no one so far has answered.”

Garcia, the champion of the new order, did not fare much better than Quesada, the defender of the old.

CHAPTER X

EXIT CARLOS

THE news from La Granja gladdened the heart of Don Carlos. Things had not gone very well with him of late : his second attempt upon Bilbao, in the preceding October (1835), had been frustrated by the English bluejackets, and these troublesome foreigners, together with the English legion under Sir George de Lacy Evans, had beaten off his men from San Sebastian in the following spring. But now it seemed to the Pretender, the Virgin of the Seven Dolors, lately gazetted generalissima of his force, had intervened on his behalf. The restoration of the constitution of Cadiz should frighten all the Conservatives in Spain into the true fold. Clearly there was no choice but between him and the revolution. Accordingly it was without surprise that Carlos saw Don Joaquin Roncali come into his camp at Durango, bringing letters from the Marqués de Zambrano and other grandees of Spain ; but it was with the utmost indignation that he rejected the offer of their armed support, when he heard that in return he was ex-

pected to make some concessions, however slight, to the spirit of the age. The impudent envoy was at once conducted under escort to the French frontier. Similar proposals made by the foreign courts in touch with his agents were equally scorned. Rebellious Spain must at once acknowledge her master and King, the Lord's anointed. It would be time then, perhaps, to talk of mercy and concessions.

But even in presence of the red spectre, there was no disposition on the part of Spaniards generally to shelter themselves under the sceptre of the absolute King. They stood aloof while his colours were flaunted from one end of the country to the other and back again by the intrepid Miguel Gomez and his band of four thousand and odd men. Cities, such as Palencia and Cordova, were surprised and laid under contribution by the expeditionary force ; the rich quicksilver deposits of Almaden—and the shirt of Sergeant Garcia—were seized ; small bodies of the Queen's troops, defeated and captured ; her best generals, outwitted and eluded. Hemmed in by three divisions at Ronda, Gomez cut his way through, and found his way back to the left bank of the Ebro, laden with booty and without serious loss. But as a recruiting officer, he had failed in his mission. His master saw that he must prove himself to be something more than a chief of *guerilleros*, to be recognized as King of Spain by foreign powers and by Spaniards themselves.

He resolved, accordingly, on another attack upon

Bilbao. This time, the city must be taken at all costs. The Carlists were now equipped with an efficient siege train and a powerful force of artillery. On October 25, for the third time, the townsfolk were deafened by the roar of the Pretender's guns. The shells were heavier, the practice better than had been the case before. To resist what was obviously a supreme effort, the commandant could dispose of a force of only 4,300 men—not enough to hold the whole line of defence. But Bilbao was used to this business, and kept a stout heart. With their shells hurtling overhead, the Carlists rushed to the attack, to be repulsed after a hand-to-hand fight upon the parapets. All through November, the siege was hotly pressed. It looked as if this time the valiant city must fall. "Hold out!" was the message of Espartero, the new commander-in-chief. He advanced with 14,000 men through the snow-covered passes to the relief of the beleaguered city. Villareal, the Carlist leader, awaited him in a strong position. Espartero executed a flank march, reached the sea at Castro, and transported his men on the English ships to Portugalete. Bilbao was only six miles away, but the Carlists contested the ground inch by inch. The Nervion was bridged by the English bluejackets, but on the farther bank the enemy occupied a strong position along a tributary stream called the Luchana. Snow was falling heavily; Espartero was down with fever and could give orders only from his

sick-bed. On Christmas Eve, he knew the decisive moment for the attack had come. He mounted his horse, placed himself at the head of two battalions, and told his men that they must clear the road to Bilbao at the point of the bayonet. Here was the leader the Liberals had so long wanted. With ringing cheers, the Queen's troops struggled up the hillside through the blinding snow and the murderous hail of bullets. Before the thrust of their bayonets, the Carlists fled. Panting, bloodstained, victorious, the Cristinos stood on the heights of Banderas, while all down the slope behind them the price of their victory could be reckoned in strangely shaped snow-clad piles.

On Christmas Day, Bilbao greeted her deliverers. The generous commander demanded that the colonels of all the regiments of the garrison should be presented to him, and he embraced them warmly in turn. In his order of the day, he extolled the valour and devotion of his English allies, claiming for them a large share in the victory. At Madrid the victors were compared to the Titans; the name of Bilbao was inscribed on a gold tablet in the Parliament House; and the Queen-Regent conferred upon the city, already styled "unconquered" and "unconquerable," the titles "most noble" and "most loyal."

A victory had indeed been gained over the Carlists, but by whom? and were there, Cristina asked herself, only two parties in Spain? Since

the mutiny at La Granja, she had been placed between two fires—Carlos and the revolution. The Cortes called together in pursuance of her promise to the sergeants had not re-enforced the constitution of Cadiz, and had drawn up another charter, very much less democratic ; but Cristina knew by this time the worth of Spanish constitutions, and placed little reliance on the prerogatives they secured to the sovereign. It seemed to her and to her most intimate advisers that she had started on a downward slope, at the bottom of which blazed the fires of anarchy. In January 1837 her fears were quickened by a formidable outbreak at Barcelona, when the very institution of monarchy was denounced. The word Republic was heard in many mouths. The Queen's heart misgave her. When her army had crushed the Pretender, might it not turn against her, as her own guard had done? The essential weakness of hereditary monarchy is that the sovereign has definite interests distinct from those of the nation at large. Unlike a president, he does not represent the policy of the majority for the time being or the will of the people, but he conceives himself bound to maintain his own office and his dynasty at all costs. History affords few instances of sovereigns' stepping down from their throne when they could no longer interpret the desires of their subjects. Amadeo was to do that in Spain within Cristina's lifetime ; she, in 1837, believed it to be

her duty to transmit the sceptre to her daughter, intact and undiminished in weight. And she was not only Regent, but a mother. Few could blame her for fulfilling the trust reposed in her by her child's father, and for preferring her child's interests to the will of a nation among which she was a foreigner. In 1837, those born in the purple honestly looked upon the people as their inalienable vassals. The idea finds distinct and repeated expression in the earlier writings of our own Queen Victoria. Cristina, concerned for her daughter, her husband, and herself, fell to considering the posture of affairs from a personal standpoint.

She was probably aware of the overtures made to Don Carlos by the nobles; but if he rejected their proposals, he might still be willing to drive a bargain with her. Her easy-going, pleasure-loving nature revolted against the continual strain of the regency. She would not be sorry to be rid of it, if she could secure her daughter's throne. She gave utterance to this thought more than once in the hearing of persons affected towards the Pretender. Among these was her countryman, the Marchese della Grua, who had formerly represented Naples at the Spanish court. Since Cristina's brother had refused to recognize Isabel II., his ambassador remained at Madrid nominally in the character of keeper of the legation archives. Calatrava, the new radical premier, grew suspicious of him, and gave him his passports. Cristina wrote to

him, assuring him of her esteem for him personally. Having thus conciliated him, she secretly transmitted him an autograph letter, in which she declared that she would fall into the arms of Don Carlos, on the condition only that his eldest son should espouse her daughter, and that he would pardon the persons who had compromised themselves on her behalf, and of whom she would give him a list.

Della Grua betook himself with this letter to Naples, and laid it before his sovereign. King Bomba, who spent his life conspiring against the liberties of his own subjects, highly approved the plan, and saw in it a means of healing the dissensions in his family and of rescuing his sister from the detested Liberals. At his command or at Cristina's, Meyer, the Neapolitan consul at Bordeaux, soon after appeared at Madrid, and had an interview with the Regent. Upon his return to Bordeaux, he made use of the Baron de Milanges, an ardent Legitimist and a follower of the Comte de Chambord. Furnished with letters from the consul, the Baron, who assumed the name of Neuillet, made his way across the Pyrenees, and obtained an audience of the Pretender. Then he proceeded to Marseille, where Meyer awaited him. The two took ship for Valencia, with letters of introduction from the Conde de Rotova to the Baronesa de Andia. They then made their way to Madrid, where the Marqués de Casa Gaviria

THE
GREAT
BRITAIN



From a lithograph

MARIA CRISTINA
QUEEN OF SPAIN

was able to introduce them into the presence of the Regent.

According to the Conde de la Alcudia, the Carlist agent at Vienna, the Pretender's reply to the Queen's proposals was to the following effect: Considering the bondage in which her Majesty was held, and the desire she had expressed to take refuge with her daughters in the bosom of his family, his Catholic Majesty was of the same opinion as the King of the Two Sicilies, that the best way of escaping from the dangers that surrounded her and of putting an end to the civil war, would be for her and her daughters to join him at once; to facilitate this project, orders would be given to the generals operating on Madrid to render all possible assistance to the august fugitives; that when her Majesty had formally and publicly recognized Carlos as King of Spain in the presence of his staff, he would be willing to acknowledge her rights as Queen-Dowager and her daughters as Infantas; the Queen would enjoy the same advantages in Spain as in Naples.

This was not the answer Cristina wanted. She was ready to betray her partisans and her adopted country, but she would not surrender her daughter's right to sit on the throne of Spain. We do not know what was her reply to the envoys. It was probably evasive. The Baron de Milanges passed over to Naples, where he was rewarded for his services with the Order of San Gennaro; Meyer

returned to his post at Bordeaux, where the goodwill he testified towards the Carlists earned him nothing more substantial than their gratitude. Cristina hardened her heart, and on June 17, 1837, in presence of and in the name of her daughter, solemnly and publicly swore to observe the new constitution. "If I break my oath, I deserve not to be obeyed," so ran the declaration; "and may God call me to account if I fail." In her speech from the throne, the Regent proclaimed afresh before the Cortes, and "in the face of heaven and earth," her spontaneous adhesion to and free and entire acceptance of the political institutions to which she had subscribed, in presence of her august daughter, whose sentiments she hoped would never differ from her own. To celebrate the promulgation of the constitution, her Majesty decreed an amnesty to which there were so many exceptions that, as was remarked at the time, smugglers appeared to be the only offenders who could possibly benefit by it.

While with some show of sincerity Cristina thus publicly threw in her lot with the Liberals, Carlos was on his way to Madrid. Determining to take advantage of the Queen's dissatisfaction with the constitutional party and her disposition towards a reconciliation, he did not wait for the conclusion of the secret negotiations between them, but on the 16th May started with his whole court and an army of 14,000 men on his march to the capital. Two

months before his troops had inflicted a severe defeat upon the English legion at Hernani, and since then the Cristinos had attempted no movements of importance. From every point of view the march was well timed. Near Huesca, the Cristino general Irribarren threw himself across the Pretender's path. He was defeated and slain, and the victors pushed on to Barbastro, where they routed Oraa, the Captain-General of Aragon, with a loss of 600 men. The Carlists now crossed the Cinca and penetrated into Cataluña, hotly pursued by the Queen's troops under the Baron de Meer; overtaken by him at Gra, they suffered a severe check, but rallied at Solsona and pushed south towards Tortosa. Cabrera, hastening to the aid of his chief, stationed himself on the Ebro at Cherta, and held the enemy in check while Carlos crossed the river. The Pretender greeted his ablest lieutenant with as much cordiality as his cold nature permitted, and named him commander-in-chief of the kingdoms of Aragon, Valencia, and Murcia. The united force now advanced into the province of Castellon de la Plana, and wasted precious time besieging the town of that name. This delay enabled Oraa to overtake them, and on July 15, at Chiva, west of Valencia, he exacted ample satisfaction for his reverse at Barbastro. Carlos found it necessary to take refuge in the mountain stronghold of Cantavieja, which Cabrera had taken great pains to fortify, while his army was broken up

into small detachments which ravaged the *huerta* of Valencia. While the Cristinos were planning a general enveloping movement, news came that another Carlist column commanded by Zariategui, an old friend and officer of Zumalacarregui, had crossed the Ebro and was threatening Madrid from the north. This drew off part of the Queen's forces, and Carlos, resuming the offensive, defeated one of Oraa's lieutenants at Herrera and again at Villar with a loss of 2,600 men. He then pressed straight on to Madrid, although Espartero was hurrying down from the north and threatened his flank and rear. But the Pretender cared little for the military prospects of the expedition, believing that the Regent awaited him at Madrid only to throw herself into his arms. On September 10, he slept in the house of Muñoz's father at Tarancon. On the 12th, he established his headquarters at Vallecas, within sight of the capital of Spain.

He was too late. The radical ministry of Calatrava had fallen, and with a Moderate cabinet in office, Cristina felt her taste for queenship revive. She felt herself able to bridle the revolution. Perhaps with the intention of luring on her rival to Madrid and exposing him to capture, she had kept his agents in ignorance, it would seem, of this change in her dispositions. A proclamation circulated among the Castellians assured them that a settlement between the contending parties was to be effected by the union of Fernando VII.'s daughter with the

eldest son of Carlos V. Agents passed between the royal palace and the camp at Vallecas, but they could extract no definite promises or answers from the Queen. Sick at heart, the Pretender waited for the summons to take his place on the throne of his ancestors. But Cristina made no sign. Carlos had been tricked. To attack the city, he could not dare. Every citizen had flown to arms; the garrison, enthusiastic and warlike, far outnumbered his own force. Not a single cry was raised for the absolute King. Cristina, as she rode along the ranks, was lustily cheered. Fearing that those in the secret of her negotiations with the enemy might still endeavour to realize their hopes, she anxiously inquired where a certain general was posted. The minister of war told her, and then asked if she distrusted the officer. "No," replied her Majesty, "but I am fond of him, and do not wish him to be at the post of danger." Probably she feared he might open the gates to the enemy. Afterwards the general threw in his lot with the Carlists.

It was useless to tarry longer before Madrid. Cristina had clearly made up her mind to keep her daughter on the throne, with or without a constitution. The Pretender's disappointment must have been poignant. In bitterness of heart, he turned his slender column in the direction of Guadalajara. At Brihuega he narrowly escaped being captured by Espartero. Hurrying through the mountains, he

effected a junction with Zariategui at Aranda de Duero, and for a moment thought of marching into Aragon. But the Navarrese and the Basques announced their determination to return to their own provinces, whether he would or not. On October 24, the expeditionary force recrossed the Ebro into Navarra, when Carlos endeavoured to throw the blame of his failure on his officers, whom he loudly accused of incapacity, cowardice, and treachery. Neither he nor his followers need have reproached themselves. It is impossible to believe that he had ever dreamt of taking Madrid by force of arms. He had relied on Cristina's dread of the revolution, and could not have foreseen that the moderation of the enfranchised people would so soon allay her fears and revive her tenacity of power.

With the retreat from Madrid, the tide turned. The Carlists, beyond making an occasional raid into the interior of the kingdom, were content to hold their own in Navarra and Guipuzcoa, and in the remote districts infested by the Tiger of Morella. Espartero having with great severity quelled a serious mutiny among his troops, regained their favour and confidence by using his ever-growing influence with the government to better their condition. In consequence of his exertions, he was able to oppose a force of over 90,000 men to a Carlist army just one-third of that number. Yet still the stubborn Basques and Navarrese fought on, while the unworthy object of their devotion lorded it at Estella,

dismissed his toy ministers, and disgusted his ablest leaders. His unpopularity was increased by his marriage with his dead wife's sister, the truculent Princess of Beira, whose capacity for making mischief remained unabated. She narrowly escaped detention at Toulouse by her anxiety to be recognized as the affianced bride of Carlos V., and the regal pomp she assumed contrasted painfully with the wretchedness of her husband's troops. It is said that many of the raids were undertaken only to make good her extravagance. She quarrelled incessantly with the generals, and forbade her husband's eldest son, Carlos Luis, to appear before the troops. Her distrust of the young Prince, to whom as a child she had been much attached, was due to the scheme, so often talked of, of inducing Don Carlos to resign his claims in his favour. This project was particularly welcome to the moderate Carlists, of whom the foremost was Don Rafael Maroto, now commander-in-chief of the army round Estella. Though unable to dispense with this chief's services, the Pretender never ceased to slight him and to put every obstacle in his way. "The only generals your Majesty should place confidence in are those that cannot read or write," said his lordship of Leon. Maroto threw up his command and retired to France. Carlos told him to return immediately. He did so, travelling day and night, and presented himself before his sovereign, wayworn and travel-stained. "How dare you appear before me thus!" cried

the Prince, and refused to admit him to his presence till three or four days had passed. He then restored him to the command of the army, and promptly instigated four battalions to mutiny. Maroto shot the ringleaders, including several officers of high rank, and Carlos proclaimed him an assassin and a traitor. Three days later the proclamation was withdrawn, and Maroto was confirmed in all his functions. These miserable dissensions continued, while the Carlist forces dwindled away, and the ground they held was narrowed daily by Espartero. By the middle of 1839, Maroto was weary of the whole business, and saw that the cause of Don Carlos was irretrievably lost. As an honourable man, he should have contented himself with leaving the service, instead of which he opened up negotiations through Lord John Hay, the English admiral, with the commander of the Queen's troops. Espartero contemptuously rejected any proposals implying the abandonment of the regency by Cristina or the union of her daughter with the Pretender's son. He would not consent to an armistice, but at last the two generals met at a farmhouse between Durango and Elorrio, where the basis of a capitulation was agreed upon. Carlos knew that negotiations were going on, but to what settlement they tended he was not exactly informed. He hated and distrusted Maroto, but he dared not come into open collision with him. Unable to use force, he resolved to make a last appeal to the

sentiment of his troops. He appeared before them, dressed in full uniform with all the insignia of royalty. With him were his eldest son, the Infante Sebastian, and a brilliant staff. Maroto and his officers followed at a little distance, suspicious of the intentions of the Prince's escort. The harangue that Carlos had carefully prepared fell flat. He was no orator, and, obsessed by a sense of his own supreme importance and dignity, he could talk only of his prerogatives, and appeal to his men to shed their last drop of blood for him. A few Castillian battalions responded indeed with shouts of *Viva el Rey!* but the other regiments cheered for their general. "Men," said the Prince, with a certain dignity, "when your King is present, he is your general." Again he exhorted them to fight for him to the death. The ranks were silent. "How is this?" asked Carlos. One of Maroto's staff drew near. "They don't understand Castillian, Sire," he explained. "Then ask them in Basque," imprudently commanded the Pretender. The officer smiled, and instead of translating the Prince's appeal, shouted in the Basque tongue, "*Paquia naidenzete, muctillac?*" (Do you wish for peace, lads?) The soldiers answered as with one voice, "*Bay, fauna!*" (Yes, sir!) A loyal officer hurriedly explained the purport of question and answer to Carlos. "We are sold," cried the Prince with infinite bitterness, and without deigning to reproach the troops who deserted him, he galloped away. Maroto watched

him go. "We could take him, now," whispered an officer. "Bah! that would be a crime!" replied the general whom Carlists to this day compare to Judas Iscariot.

Carlos having abandoned the army, and retreated with a handful of followers to the recesses of the Pyrenees, there was no hindrance to the progress of negotiations. On the 29th August, 1839, the famous treaty of Vergara was signed by both commanders. Espartero pledged his word to recommend the Cortes to maintain the *fueros* of the Basque Provinces; the rank of the officers of Maroto's army was to be confirmed, their arrears of pay to be discharged; the men were free to return unmolested to their homes, or to re-engage, should room be found for them, in the Queen's service. The two armies were brought face to face on the 31st August. The two generals rode out and embraced each other between the ranks. Maroto turned towards his men: "Do you wish," he cried, "to live like true Spaniards, all under one flag? If so, run and embrace your brothers, as I do *your* general." With hearty cheers, Cristinos and Carlists rushed towards each other and clasped hands. The bloody six years' campaign was at an end. For Carlos, neither Navarra nor the Basque Provinces offered a single place of safety. A few days after the convention had been signed, he crossed into French territory.

In Cataluña and the other eastern provinces, the Carlists still fought on. The old Comte d'Espagne

returned to the province which he had once ruled with an iron hand, to strike a last blow for despotism. For some time he held his own against the Queen's forces in the extreme north. But his cruelty disgusted and exasperated even his own brutal followers. Carlos was prevailed upon to dismiss him from the command. The Carlist Junta gave him no chance of resisting the decree. He was seized, gagged, and disarmed as he sat at the council table, and then informed of his supersession. When permitted to speak, the Count professed his profound respect for his King's orders, and his readiness to obey them. "You must ride, then, with us to the republic of Andorra," announced his captors. The old general asked for a moment's grace, to say a prayer in the village church. When he rose from his knees, his look was that of a man doomed to die. Mounted on a mule and escorted by several members of the Junta, he was taken that night to the parsonage of Sisgque. Next morning, he was ordered to divest himself of his uniform and to don the clothes of a peasant. Upon his refusal, a ludicrous scene was witnessed, his gaolers attempting the almost impossible feat of clothing a man by main force. Threatened with a musket, the Count at last submitted, and, thus disguised, was forced to resume his journey. They rode by devious and unfrequented paths, to avoid the Cristinos, to a house near Organya, on the Segre, where the once-formidable Captain-General was confined for four days. The

unhappy man was indeed, in a familiar phrase, between the devil and the deep sea. To be delivered from his Carlist foes, he could only look to the Cristinos; and with them, he knew, short shrift awaited him.

His captors had determined that he should die. Again he was mounted on a mule, and told to set forward. He lit a cigar. "A dark night!" he murmured. No one replied. They knew that he would want no light on the journey he was about to undertake. The party rode on in silence. On reaching the high-road, a man stepped out of the darkness and laid his hand on the Count's bridle. "It is the guide that will lead you to Andorra," said the leader of the party. D'Espagne felt his mule drawn forward rapidly. Looking back, he saw that his escort had disappeared. For a moment, perhaps, he believed himself to be on the road to safety. He heard the waters of the Segre, and a moment later neared the bridge. Two men rushed forward, crying to him to halt. Thinking, no doubt, these were picquets from the Queen's army, he dismounted. The next instant, he was felled to the ground, and bound with cords. "I'm a French trader," gasped the wretched man. "Take me to the Governor. He knows me well." "Ay, we will take you to him," replied his unknown captors, the agents of the Carlist Junta. He was lifted, bound, on to his mule, and carried to the water's edge. One of the men flung him to the ground,

and deliberately passed a noose round his neck. Pressing his foot against the back of the struggling man, he drew the knot with all his strength. The Comte d'Espagne was slowly strangled. His assassins stripped his body naked, and flung it into the river. Next day the current deposited its gruesome burden against the piers of a village bridge, and then the Catalans knew that the monster who had oppressed them was really dead. How could he by this one death, however ignominious, atone for the thousands of murders that lie at his door?

Undismayed by treachery, defection, and mutiny, the ruthless, dauntless Cabrera still held out, resolved to die in the last ditch. Driven by Espartero from his stronghold of Morella, he made a last stand on the slopes of the Pyrenees. At Berga, on the 4th July, 1840, he was compelled at last to admit defeat. He and his men crossed the frontier, and were made prisoners by the French authorities. The terrible guerilla chief was at first interned in the fortress of Ham, and then allowed to reside in the South of France. Ultimately, he passed over into England. He became a favourite in the most respectable circles, and died the husband of an opulent English lady of pronounced Evangelical views.

He that was the cause of it all surrendered to the representatives of the French government at Bayonne. He was told that he would be detained in a kind of honourable captivity at Bourges, not

far from the place where he had spent six years as the prisoner of Napoleon. The Infante Sebastian accompanied him ; but so fiercely did they quarrel that they would not eat at the same table during their journey or at its end. The young Prince soon after sought and obtained leave to join his young wife, Cristina's sister, at the court of Naples. His defection embittered his mother and her husband all the more against him. They maintained a mimic court, with every attention to punctilio and ceremony ; their followers swaggered about Bourges, a source of danger to the inhabitants and trouble to the police, who had orders not to follow them over the Prince's threshold. The Pretender's court became the centre of innumerable intrigues not only against the throne of Isabel II., but against the government of Louis Philippe. The Marqués de Miraflores detected a conspiracy to take the Spanish Queens off by poison ; and though all knowledge of the plot was denied, and probably truly, by the Pretender, it was certainly within the moral compass of his leading partisans. Then came revivals of the scheme to marry Carlos Luis to the young Isabel ; haughty appeals to Metternich ; remonstrances with the French government. Even Carlos wearied of it all, at last. In 1844 he resigned his pretensions to his first-born son, and assumed the title of Conde de Molina—one of the many titles of the Spanish sovereign. Three years later, Isabel II. having been married, he was suffered to retire to Austria.

He died at Trieste, on March 10, 1855, at the age of sixty-seven years.

Men squander their lives, as if they had not one but nine. To this unlucky Prince was given at his birth a prize that men with a far greater capacity than his might have envied. Infante of Spain, brother and son of a King, he might have lived nobly, grandly, and contentedly, with profit to himself and millions of his countrymen. But his ambition—all that was big about him—would be satisfied with nothing less than a crown. To win that prize, he threw away his own life, embittered his brother's declining years, shed the blood of countless Spaniards, and brought his country to the verge of ruin. Unhappily, all the mischief that he sowed died not with him. It may be that, inspiring this greed of authority, there was some perverted sense of duty, some deeply rooted belief in himself and his mission. It is, at least, to be hoped there was ; and that therein Carlos of Bourbon found consolation for his twenty-two years of exile and for the untold miseries he brought on his native land.

CHAPTER XI

THE DOWNFALL OF CRISTINA

THE convention of Vergara left Baldomero Espartero the most powerful man in Spain. He had succeeded where every other general in the kingdom had failed. The rise of a strong man interests no one in the state more deeply than it does the sovereign. Cristina, partly out of gratitude, partly from policy, lavished favours and rewards on the victorious general. She made him marshal, Count of Luchana, and Duke of Victory; she summoned his wife to court, and gave her an appointment about her person. Every eye in Spain was fixed on Espartero. To which party would he attach himself? What use would he make of his popularity? Politically he was an unknown quantity till, after his victory at Luchana, he was recalled with his army to the capital to protect it against the columns of Gomez and Zariategui. During his stay in Madrid, he was courted not only by the Queen-Regent, but by the leaders of every faction. Despairing at last of securing his support, the Moderates, more impatient than their

rivals, began to tamper with the troops directly ; and so far succeeded that one morning the general was awakened by a deputation of officers, who informed him that they would resign their commands unless the Calatrava ministry vacated office. It was the counterstroke to the revolt of La Granja. Espartero contented himself with exhortations to obedience ; his lieutenant, Rivero, took the officers at their word, dismissed them, and mustered the troops under the sergeants. But this was not the upshot designed by the wire-pullers of the movement, among whom there can be little doubt was Cristina herself. Her Majesty, in deference to the mutineers, dismissed Calatrava and his colleagues, giving their portfolios to an interim ministry at the head of which was an old statesman named Bardaji. The portfolio of war she gave to Espartero, who accepted it, only to resign it immediately into the hands of a supporter. Then with his army he returned to the seat of war, in pursuit of Don Carlos, and satisfied that he would shortly be in a position to determine the destinies of Spain.

Cristina was now approaching the prime of life and the sixth year of her regency. She was innately shrewd, and experience had left her little to learn of men's minds and motives. She knew very well that Espartero's patriotism was strangely confounded with a belief in his own personality, just as in acting for herself she was sure that she was acting for the good of Spain. Don Carlos would soon be disposed of ;

and then Espartero would have to be reckoned with. Cristina appears to have reposed a certain confidence in the general; of deliberate treason she believed him, and rightly, to be incapable. But if she was to be mistress in Spain, he must be attached to her side, or else a balance must be found for his ever-increasing power. The sagacious Queen resolved to adopt both measures at the same time. Her confidence in the Duke of Victory showed no signs of waning; but the disturbed state of La Mancha and Andalucia was made the excuse for creating an imposing army of reserve, the command of which was given to General Ramón Narváez, an officer distinguished by his valour and also by his enmity to Espartero.

The Duke of Victory knew perfectly well with what object this army had been formed. From his headquarters at Logroño on the 31st October, 1838, he penned a passionate protest to the Queen, pointing out that if 40,000 men could be raised they could be nowhere better employed than at the front, and that Narváez was an insubordinate officer, whose promotion was a bad example to the whole army. The general thus attacked replied in a counter-manifesto, defending himself lustily against his superior's allegations. He declared himself a citizen soldier, and a man of advanced ideas. Cristina and her Moderate ministers knew better. But when he said that the reactionary party would never find in him a mere instrument, he spoke more

truly than they knew. Cristina, Espartero, and Narváez were fighting for their own hands first, and the instrument of all was Spain.

The Liberals were unable to place any confidence in Narváez, who, rightly or wrongly, they believed to be essentially a Queen's man; and when their attitude had become sufficiently clear, Espartero promptly threw the weight of his sword and his influence on the popular side. The Moderates arranged by means of *agents provocateurs* a feeble tumult at Madrid, whereupon Narváez occupied and surrounded the city with his troops, to the indignation of the Captain-General of New Castille, who threw up his command. The Moderate ministers, having gone thus far, lost heart. To conciliate Espartero, they appointed General Alaix, one of his warmest friends, to the ministry of war. Cristina had made up her mind to use the two powerful soldiers as checks on each other. It was a wise selection, for their personal animosity made any sort of understanding between them impossible. Narváez, realizing that he was merely a tool in the Queen's hands, retired to his native place, Loja, a poverty-stricken town on the road from Bobadilla to Granada.

It was obvious to every one by this time that the Regent's heart was with the Moderates. A certain wing of the Liberal party began to think seriously of the pretensions of the amiable Infante Francisco de Paula, who had always affected sym-

pathy with their views. He was not devoid of ambition. In the twenties, there had been some talk of making him Emperor of Mexico; and though his Royal Highness did not venture to sail for that troubled region, he is said to have pocketed the funds subscribed for the project by his supporters there and elsewhere. By his devotion to the turf and interest in horse-breeding, he might have satisfied some people's ideals of kingship, but the Liberals who thought of placing him on the throne of Spain in 1838, were prepared to use him only as a cat's-paw. Espartero got wind of the conspiracy, and intercepted some treasonable correspondence at Miranda. A revolt had broken out at Seville, and it is asserted that its object was to further the Infante's designs on the crown of Spain, or if these should fail, to make him King of an independent Andalucia. This latter idea was the revival of a scheme which had tempted the Duke of Medinaceli in Felipe IV.'s time. Francisco, of course, publicly dissociated himself from these schemes, and stayed in Paris, where, however, he and his wife fomented discontent against his sister-in-law by means of a paper called *El Graduador*. The revolt at Seville was ostensibly, and in the case of many of its abettors was actually, a mutiny against the Captain-General at Cadiz. General Cordova, a staunch Moderate, was asked by one faction to intervene, and in an evil hour consented. He induced Narváez to accompany him, and the

two generals succeeded in pacifying the city. But their intervention was looked upon by Alaix as rebellion. The chance of shooting Espartero's enemy was too good to be missed. Narváez and Cordova, warned in time, took to flight, and after undergoing shipwreck and various vicissitudes, found refuge in England and at Gibraltar. Alaix promptly incorporated the army of reserve with Espartero's command. To this slight the Queen-Regent had to bow; but she was true to her friends the Moderates, and formed a new ministry under the presidency of Don Lorenzo Arrazola.

Cristina had long felt the ground shaking beneath her feet. Anticipating the day she should be sent on her travels, she hoarded up money and clutched at every dollar. Her name became a bye-word for avarice. This is the besetting sin of the Neapolitan; and, to do the Regent justice, it must be said that it was not for herself alone that she was scheming. She had no repugnance, as we know, to liberal ideas, but she wanted to assure her position. She was an inverted Vicar of Bray. Whatsoever party ruled in Spain, she wanted to be Regent. To further this design, Arrazola exerted himself to secure the adoption of certain laws that should put the crown beyond the reach of popular effervescence and parliamentary censure. Cristina watched his efforts with anxiety. The new minister did not want for firmness. He dissolved the Cortes as soon as he saw they contained a Liberal majority, and did not

scruple to interfere in the elections in order to secure a large measure of support in the next Parliament.

But the convention of Vergara had now set Espartero free to take a part in domestic politics. In the *Eco del Comercio* of December 2, 1839, there appeared a letter, signed by his secretary, Don Francisco Linage, declaring that the Duke of Victory regarded the government's policy with profound disapproval. This was a definite pronouncement. Espartero, then, was on the Liberal side. The ministry were angry. Linage was ordered to appear before a court-martial at La Coruña. Cristina, anxious to conciliate the general, wrote to him, urging him to dismiss the peccant secretary. His Grace refused to do so, and told her Majesty that he would regard the disgrace of Linage as a personal affront. There is no reasoning with the master of many legions. The prosecution was abandoned, but Espartero, in a manifesto dated from the camp at Mas de Matas, reflected on the unwisdom of the government, and regretted that the Regent should have allowed herself to be misled by ill-disposed counsellors. Cristina tried what could be done by kindness. She sent the general a magnificent golden casket set with brilliants, worth six thousand dollars; she presented him with the best horses in the royal stables, and loaded his Duchess with gems. While she undertook to conciliate the most formidable man in her dominions,

her ministers resolutely pursued their work of amending the constitution. The success of their efforts depended on the passing of a bill to place the appointment of the mayors of corporations in the hands of the crown. The object of this ordinance was to enable the Government at all times to bring direct pressure to bear on the electorate.

Cristina knew very well that the country was against her, and that the Moderate majority in the newly assembled Cortes had been obtained only through bribery and intimidation. Her popularity was waning rapidly. Her personal reputation was incessantly attacked in the columns of *El Graduador*; her connection with Muñoz was revealed by her sister to a journalist called Lopez Martinez, who immediately published the story in pamphlet form at Paris. The most violent attacks were made upon her in a scurrilous sheet called *El Guirigay*, edited by one Gonzalez Bravo. The journal was prosecuted, but the judges would not convict, and the obnoxious issue had to be suppressed by the direct intervention of the police. In the summer of 1840, the Queen-Mother determined on a bold bid for popularity. It was announced that she and the ten-year-old Queen would proceed to Cataluña, one of the most disaffected provinces in the kingdom, in order to take the waters at Las Caldas and sea-bathing at Barcelona. In the course of the progress, their Majesties would meet Espartero, who had

driven Cabrera to the foot of the Pyrenees, and was preparing to give him the *coup-de-grâce*. The journey was not unattended with risk. Formidable Carlist bands still infested the country between Madrid and Zaragoza, and the two Queens were a prize that might well tempt their boldest leaders. One of them, Balmaseda, made ready to spring. He was badly defeated by General Concha, who commanded the royal escort, and in this supreme effort the Pretender's forces in central Spain were hopelessly broken up. Elated with this triumph, their Majesties made their entry into Zaragoza, accompanied by Espartero's Duchess. A rude shock awaited Cristina. The crowd cheered for her Grace and her victorious husband, but hardly noticed the Regent. The Queen kept her temper, and only talked the more sweetly to the Duchess of Victory.

From the capital of Aragon, the royal party continued their journey towards the coast. Between Cervera and Tarrega, Espartero at the head of his army was waiting to receive them. The meeting was most cordial, the Queen's manner towards her most brilliant officer almost affectionate. His address breathed a spirit of fervent loyalty. He invited her Majesty to put herself at the head of the troops, and to assist in person at the final overthrow of her daughter's enemies. Cristina, now confident of the general's loyalty, was moved to tears. Turning to one of her ministers, she said reproachfully, "Did I not tell you so?" The statesman was

silent. He had heard and read of such protestations by ambitious soldiers.

Their Majesties reviewed the troops, who marched past cheering for Isabel II. and the constitution of 1837. Espartero rode beside the Regent's carriage on the way to Barcelona. He seized the opportunity to discuss the municipalities bill, and urged the Queen to refuse her assent to it. She waived the subject, but asked him to accept the presidency of the ministry himself. Espartero considered. This might be an attempt to remove him from the command of the army, or to identify him with the unpopular measure in contemplation. He thanked her Majesty, and said he would accept the presidency as soon as he had finally disposed of Cabrera. At Esparraguera Queen and general parted seemingly the best of friends.

At Barcelona the sovereigns received a right royal welcome. "What think you of our entry now?" Cristina exultingly asked a pessimistic officer. He sagely replied that he would wait to see what her exit was like before pronouncing an opinion. There were ominous discordant notes in the ovation. The corporation had the bad taste, says a Conservative writer, to introduce into the decorations the texts of the clauses in the constitution guaranteeing the freedom of the municipalities. The Queen frowned and became more thoughtful.

She soon found that she had walked into the lions' den. The municipality and the vast mass

A Queen at Bay

of the population of the city were devoted to the constitution and strenuously hostile to the policy of the government. Van Halen, the Captain-General, was Espartero's man. The only elements in Barcelona on which the Regent could rely were the aristocracy and professional classes, from which the urban militia, thanks to the precautions of the late governor, was exclusively drawn. It was impossible for the Queen to drive out without being reminded, often most emphatically, of the people's repugnance to her ministers' measures. It was not without relief that she heard of the approach of Espartero, fresh from the crowning mercy of Berga. On the 13th July, he entered the city, clad in the splendid uniform of a Captain-General, and attended by a brilliant staff. The people went mad with joy. The warmth of his reception eclipsed that of the Queens. Cristina looked on, and smiled wonderingly. The corporation, in an address presented to the hero, expressed the hope that he would not sheathe his sword while the constitution was in danger. Espartero replied that it should not be endangered while he lived, and called for cheers for the constitution *pure and simple*. That night Barcelona was delirious with joy. The ministers in attendance on the Queens swore that the only crown the general should wear would be one of thorns.

Cristina received the popular hero in private audience. He exhorted her to take heed of the

unmistakable opposition of the vast mass of the people to the municipalities bill. It would mean a revolution. The Regent replied by asking him to form a ministry, as he had agreed to do upon his return from the campaign. The general was willing to fulfil his promise, providing the royal assent was withheld from the obnoxious act. Without having given a decisive answer, the Queen dismissed him. Her obstinacy in this matter is a little perplexing. She was not ignorant of the forces behind Espartero, of the excited state of Spain. But she was unaccustomed, as most sovereigns were in 1840, to being a constitutional monarch, and saw in the unrestricted freedom of the people to choose their own representatives a constant peril to the crown. The same dread cost Charles X. of France his throne. Yet Cristina hesitated, more out of respect for Espartero than of fear of the people. At that moment the bill arrived from Madrid ready for her signature. It was laid before her at a cabinet council. Her Majesty repeated the objections of the Duke of Victory. The ministers listened in scornful silence. Twice she took up the pen, to let it fall again. "Who is sovereign here, madame?" asked Pérez de Castro, "you or Espartero?" The taunt roused all the proud, masterful Bourbon humour. Cristina signed, and the bill was law.

Within a few hours, she received a letter from Espartero. He tendered the resignation of all his dignities and offices, and sought permission to retire

into private life. Cristina assumed a most royal attitude. She refused to accept the proffered resignation, and coolly reminded her officer that he was commander of her guard and must attend to the safety of her person. This brought Espartero to the palace. He persisted in his resignation, since he could not approve the Queen's measures. "But I may want you to preserve order," argued her Majesty. The general answered that it was absurd to ask him to repress a movement of dissent with which he was in sympathy; moreover, he did not think the troops would fire on the people in case of a revolt. "Very well," said Cristina hotly, "go when you like." And the Duke of Victory withdrew.

His dismissal was the signal for the expected explosion. Barcelona is used to the business of insurrection, and in a few hours barricades were thrown up in the principal streets. Angry mobs traversed the city from end to end, yelling "Down with the ministers! Hurrah for Espartero! Hurrah for the constitution!" The ministers, mindful of the fate of Bassa and Quesada, fled in disguise to a French vessel in the harbour. Cristina, thus deserted, implored Espartero to come to her. He exerted himself to calm the people, and proceeded to the palace. He refused to accept the presidency of the council himself, but recommended her some new ministers in whom he was able to place confidence. The Queen at once nominated

them to the vacant offices. Their appointment did not at once allay the tumult. There were some Moderates in Barcelona, and they collected outside the palace and cheered for the Queen. She acknowledged their encouragement with smiles and bows. These demonstrations cost her sympathizers dear. Don Francisco Balmes, one of the leading Moderates of Barcelona, was met next day near his house by a band of workmen, who pointed him out as a political opponent. "We will make you suffer for yesterday's demonstration!" they threatened. By way of answer, the hot-headed Balmes shot one of the men dead, and then, pursued by the others, took refuge in his own house. Barricading the doors, he defended himself against an armed mob for several hours, his unerring marksmanship keeping them at a distance. At last the fire ceased. The boldest of the assailants broke down the door, and, rushing upstairs, found their intended victim dead. He had blown out his brains with his last cartridge. Not to be balked of their vengeance, the crowd repeated the scenes of horror that had followed the murders of Quesada and Bassa. They paraded the brave man's mutilated corpse round the town, till it was rescued from them by some indignant militia officers.

Cristina meanwhile was closeted with her new ministers, a number of mediocrities, whose selection does not reflect much credit on Espartero's sagacity or insight into character. They could only repeat

the warning of their master that the promulgation of the municipalities bill would mean the overthrow of authority. The Queen must suspend the bill by royal decree, or else dissolve the Cortes and summon another. Her Majesty would do neither. The bill had been passed by both Houses of Parliament and been signed by her : it was now part of the law of Spain. It was beyond her power to cancel it. Nor could she, according to law, dissolve the Cortes twice in the same year. "You clamoured for a constitution," she might have said, "and I shall hold to it religiously." Legally, she was wholly in the right. Then the ministers resigned in despair, one or two of them consenting to retain their portfolios till successors were appointed. Again the Regent turned to Espartero, who refused to help her. She ordered him to dispose of the military forces of the kingdom as he deemed best for the safety of the state ; and then, fearing some palace revolution like that of La Granja, she sailed to Valencia.

She was received with chilling silence. Leopold O'Donnell, the general in command of the garrison, was on her side, but was not sure of his troops. She was attacked in the local press, and when a few of the Moderates of the city tried to serenade her, they were driven away from the front of the palace by the Liberals. Cristina had at last succeeded in forming another cabinet. It was composed of men, Moderates indeed, but who

had given unmistakable proofs of their attachment to constitutional government. They accepted office on the understanding, cordially entered into by the Regent, that the Cortes should be asked to amend the bill which was the cause of all the mischief.

But the new Ministry had a short lease of life. On September 1, Madrid rose in insurrection. A Junta was formed, and the penalty of death was decreed against any one who should obey the orders of the government at Valencia. The municipality and the militia made common cause. Spain would not have the bill in any shape or form. Don Manuel Cortina, one of the ablest advocates in the capital, was sent to negotiate with Espartero. Cristina, hearing of the rebellion, ordered the general to march upon Madrid and to restore order. He replied in a long letter dated from Barcelona, September 7, 1840. The Junta of Madrid, he pointed out, had declared for Isabel II., the regency of Cristina, the constitution, and liberty. This formula embodied his own political creed, and he declined to draw the sword against his fellow-patriots. Nothing would tranquillize the country short of a declaration from the Regent that the constitution would be respected, the municipalities bill withdrawn, and a ministry formed composed of Liberal counsellors, "pure, just, and wise."

The publication of this document led all the cities of Spain to make common cause with Madrid. The

authority of the Regent was limited to the city of Valencia, where O'Donnell secured respect for her name. In desperation Cristina again invited Espartero to assume the premiership. This time he accepted. But he proceeded first to Madrid, where he came to an understanding with the leaders of the Junta. He found that the regency of Cristina was not regarded as an essential part of their programme. It was time, the papers said, to finish with her; no more faith could be placed in her or in ministers appointed by her. The Duke of Victory was already saluted as the saviour of his country. Having formed his ministry, his Grace travelled with them to Valencia, where they arrived on October 8. Cristina received them at eleven o'clock at night. She at once asked them for a draft of their programme. The new ministers looked at Espartero and each other. Their views, the Duke answered, were so well known to her Majesty that it had not been thought necessary to set them out on paper. "No," said the Queen, "I must have a draft of your proposals." She was well advised, and had evidently been warned that the new cabinet proposed to go beyond the formula endorsed by Espartero.

The ministers were received next night, and Cortina read the programme. The proposal to submit the bill to a new Cortes came as no surprise to the Queen; but the document went on to say that the ministers would propose that the Regent

should graciously accept the co-operation of some other person or persons in the onerous task of government. Cortina finished and glanced at the Queen. She betrayed no emotion, and handed them the crucifix on which they took the oaths of allegiance. Her answer, she said, would be communicated to them at the same hour the following night. The ministers had no sooner withdrawn than Espartero was recalled to the presence. Cristina announced her resolution. She would abdicate the regency and leave Spain. The general appeared to be petrified with astonishment. The Queen observed that he could hardly be surprised at her decision, since he could have expected no other answer to the document he had had a share in drafting. It was insulting to her dignity, she complained. Espartero protested that nothing could have been further from his thoughts or from those of his colleagues to offer the least slight to her Majesty. "My determination, all the same, is irrevocable," said Cristina. "I ask you only to be loyal to my daughter, and to give me your word of honour to be true to her." All the general's remonstrances were unavailing, and he hurried off to communicate this startling news to his colleagues.

Capable of high courage at the critical moment, Cristina always broke down when the immediate stress of danger was removed. Left with her husband and intimate attendants, she wept bitterly.

She repeated over and over again the sentences in the ministerial programme which appeared to reflect on her capacity. That night, says Bermejo, a soldier offered his life and sword in her service. Probably it was Leopold O'Donnell. From Narváez, too, came a letter, offering his devotion. Muñoz tried to dissuade his wife from her resolution. All was in vain. Her presence in Spain jeopardized her daughter's throne, and she would go. She ordered Pacheco, one of the most bitter enemies of the Liberals, to draw up her parting manifesto. Next day, the ministers assembled. Cristina entered, smiled and bowed. She unlocked a drawer in her bureau, and having produced a paper, handed it to Cortina. The minister scanned it, and handed it back. "Madame," he said, "I recognize the authorship of this document. It is unworthy of your Majesty, and will give dire offence to the Spanish people." "Never mind," replied Cristina, "publish it." "Your Majesty has forgotten that your daughters must remain on Spanish soil." The Queen started. "True," she said; "you are right." She thrust the paper into a drawer, and told Cortina himself to prepare her manifesto.

The difficulty was to find a plausible excuse for the Queen's act. The minister saw her privately. He suggested that if her Majesty would confirm a certain rumour, that would be an admirable explanation. "To what rumour do you refer?" asked Cristina, affecting not to understand him.

“That which says your Majesty has contracted ties, which you are free as a widow to do, but which would incapacitate you from the regency.” “It is not true,” angrily replied the Queen. Cortina looked at her. “Not true?” “No, it is not true!” The minister could say no more, and at last they agreed upon the text of the document. “I would rather tear it up,” said Cortina before he read it. “No,” said Cristina wearily, “I’ve identified myself with a party, and that makes my government impossible in Spain. Espartero has made the same mistake.”

On the 12th October, the ministers and principal authorities of Valencia assembled in the audience chamber. Cristina, gracious and affable, splendidly dressed, read her act of renunciation. It ran: “The state of the nation and the condition of my health oblige me, despite the earnest remonstrances of my ministers, to resign the regency”; it being impossible for her, she went on to state, to accede to the wishes of the people as at present expressed. Her august daughters she recommended to the persons to be appointed by the Cortes.

She signed the paper, stepped down from the throne, and, in her old queenly way, swept into a room beyond. Espartero took the document to a side table, and witnessed it. Then with his colleagues he followed the ex-Regent, and found her turning over the pages of a magazine with affected composure.

When they had gone her emotion escaped from control. She wept tears of grief and rage, and producing from a drawer a file of newspapers and pamphlets, she expressed her ardent desire to leave a country where she had been thus vilified. Against Espartero she displayed no malice. The courtiers attacked him, but she said a word in his defence. "He is a man of honour, and even now I could win him over to my side. But enough blood has been shed in Spain. Better times are in store. Espartero's fall, mark you, will be soon and rapid."

The little Queen and her sister could not understand why their mother should leave them. They cried bitterly, and implored her to take them with her. At the request of the ministers she deferred her departure till the 17th October. With frantic kisses and sobs, she tore herself away from her little girls. She wished to alight on her way to the harbour to hear Mass at the church of the *Virgen de los Desamparados*, but her desire was overruled, Cortina warning her that some of her partisans might endeavour to prevent her departure, should such an opportunity occur. At half-past six in the morning she went aboard the steamship *Mercurio*, escorted by the ministers, while the guns thundered the respect that Spain did not feel for the widow of Fernando VII. Again she adjured Espartero to stand by her daughters, and begged him not to persecute the men who had attacked

themselves to her cause : " They are not many," she sighed, thinking at this last moment how few of the great party to which she had sacrificed herself had stood by her. And so ended the regency of Cristina de Bourbon.

CHAPTER XII

CRISTINA IN EXILE

THE good ship *Mercurio* steamed into Port Vendres on the night of the 18th October. Cristina's first care on landing was to write to Espartero, recommending the officers of the vessel for promotion and begging for news of her daughters. Then she set out for Marseille, over the road she had come eleven years before as the affianced bride of Fernando VII. At Perpignan and Narbonne she was received with military honours. She reached Montpellier in the afternoon, and stopped for three hours at the Hôtel du Midi. By an odd coincidence, the Carlist refugee Cabrera was in the town, and from the balcony of his lodgings feasted his eyes on his foe, now forced like him into exile. Cristina, *femme jusqu'au bout des ongles*, saw nothing either dramatic or mortifying in the encounter, but was childishly curious to see the redoubtable chief, and on resuming her journey, thrust her head out of the window to have a good look at him. She reached Nîmes late that night (21st October), as an Englishman, staying at the Hôtel du Luxem-

bourg, informs us, through the columns of *The Times*.¹ He goes on to say : “ The best apartments in the hotel were already taken by an English family, which had already retired to rest, so that Cristina and her suite were obliged to content themselves with second-rate apartments.

“ The suite was certainly not a very splendid one, for the whole cortége was only composed of two carriages, and the vehicle of the Queen looked more like an English waggon or a French diligence than a royal carriage.

“ This morning, after breakfasting *à la fourchette* at eleven o'clock, her ex-Majesty and suite took the railway as far as Tarascon, on their way to Marseille, their ultimate destination being Naples. The last occasion on which I had seen her was at the Cascine at Florence in the month of September 1829, when she was on her way to marry Fernando. She was then a thin but beautiful young woman. Eleven years have since passed, and though still fresh and beautiful, she has grown into an embonpoint, which, though not disagreeable to me, is distasteful to many.

“ For the rest, she is just as gay and *dégagée* as she was eleven years ago. It is the same free-spoken and frank Neapolitan with the laughing eye and strenuous solicitude to please, which I saw in fair Florence, and perhaps time has in some respects imparted additional graces.

¹ *Times*, 28th October, 1840.

“Maria Cristina was accompanied by a dame d’honneur, an aide-de-camp (a good-looking young man), and a general officer. [One of these must have been Muñoz.] She arrived here with a fat almoner, with a face of contented ignorance, but his reverence has already deserted fallen royalty, and starts to-morrow for Lyon.

“The arrival of so fine a woman has put all the commercial travellers at all the hotels on the *qui vive*, but now that she has gone these infamous, profligate, and abandoned scamps [!] give their tongues a license, for which their bodies politic merit a cooling in the nearest horsepond.

“The days of chivalry in France at least are gone, and I fear never to return. Cristina embarks on a Neapolitan steamer at Marseille for Naples. I learn that her wish was to proceed to Paris, but she has been overruled.”

Notwithstanding the decline of chivalry, her Majesty had no reason to complain of her reception at Arles, where she “did” the sights most conscientiously, or at Marseille, where a special guard of honour was told off to attend her. Glad apparently of this opportunity of seeing the world, she ran over to Toulon, where she was shown over the fleet and welcomed with naval and military honours. On her return to Marseille, she had interesting news. The cabinet of Spain had constituted itself into a provisional regency, Espartero at its head, and had summoned the Cortes to meet the following

March. More important still were the tidings from Paris. M. Thiers had resigned, and the new ministry, formed by M. Guizot, was composed of men likely to be more sympathetic with her than with the new government at Madrid. She also found awaiting her her faithful knight the Marqués de Miraflores, who had resigned his post of ambassador to the French court, and now came to offer his services to his beloved mistress. Cristina poured her sorrows into her old friend's ears, bursting into tears in the middle of the recital. The Marquis, also, was deeply moved. He was of opinion that, while her Majesty could abdicate the regency of her own free will, she remained bound to watch over her daughter's throne and to intervene at any moment that daughter's interests appeared to be imperilled. He drafted a manifesto, stating these views, which he urged the Queen to sign. He also counselled her to proceed at once to Paris to take advantage of the favourable change in the ministry ; and sure enough, before he had gone to prepare for her journey, the Comte d'Houdetot presented himself with letters from Louis Philippe to his wife's niece, couched in the warmest terms.

Another old friend now came to pay his respects to fallen royalty—Cea Bermudez, of "enlightened despotism" fame. He had a rare opportunity of saying "I told you so," but as he remained on good terms with Cristina, we must suppose he said no such thing. Instead he drew up a manifesto to

the Spanish nation, which was published over the Queen's signature at Marseille on the 8th November. Cristina expressed her unalterable affection for the people of Spain, and begged to remind them that she had persuaded her late husband to reopen the universities and to pardon many hundreds of political offenders; that she had, of her own free will, decreed a constitution, and, when it was found that the nation was not satisfied with that, had solemnly subscribed to the constitution of 1837. To that she had been scrupulously faithful, refusing to suspend a law that had been passed by both Houses of Parliament; this she could not have done without acknowledging the right of force, "which is not recognized either by divine or human laws, and the existence of which is incompatible with our constitution as with all constitutions"; in conclusion, Cristina drew an affecting picture of her own bereaved condition, but disclaimed with horror any intention of troubling the peace of Spain.

In the light of after-events, no great sagacity is revealed in this document. The definite disclaimer was unwise and unnecessary. If, too, the manifesto was designed to enlist sympathy and to disarm the suspicions of the Madrid government, it would have been better to have left out all allusion to the immediate causes of the Queen's abdication. The declaration suggested by Miraflores strikes as much better conceived. The Provisional Government of Spain replied a week later, traversing most of the

Queen's contentions, and deploring the retirement of a Princess, from whom much good might have been expected, had she been able to ignore considerations of party.

Before this rejoinder met her eyes, Cristina was on her way to Paris. She travelled *viâ* Lyon, the inundation of the Rhône having rendered the usual route by Valence impracticable. In the French capital her husband awaited her, and the children born of their union, the eldest of whom she had not seen for nearly three years. In the society of her dear ones, and in the enjoyment of her colossal fortune, she might forget the stormy days of her regency. Louis Philippe, accompanied by his wife and daughters and the Duc d'Aumale, came out to Fontainebleau to meet her. At four o'clock on the 20th November, she drove into the Cour du Cheval Blanc, escorted by a squadron of the 6th Dragoons. On entering the palace she was affectionately greeted by the old King, on whose arm she ascended the grand staircase, to be embraced by her aunt Marie Amélie, whom she had not met since 1829. Her arrival was the occasion of a banquet at the early hour of six, when she sat in the place of honour on the King's right.

"Queen Cristina," said a reporter on this occasion, "is of medium height. She has a beautiful face. Her eyes are of remarkable vivacity." ("Thirsting for pleasure," as they were described by Princess Clémentine.) "Her expression exhibits a gentle

firmness blended with charming grace. The calm strength and keenness revealed by her countenance explain how this woman has been able to struggle during ten years against the audacity, the malice, and the cunning of the political party which now exploits Spain—how this Queen abandoned her authority rather than abuse it.”

Her Majesty's reception by the public on the road to Paris was hardly less sympathetic than the *Journal des Débats*. On Sunday afternoon, the royal cortége, escorted by dragoons and mounted national guards, drove to the Palais Royal. Immense crowds lined the quays. On arriving, the King of the French himself conducted the exiled Queen to the apartments prepared for her in the left wing of the palace, between the garden and the Rue de Nemours. The Dukes of Orléans and Montpensier, with Marshal Sault, Guizot, and her own ex-ministers, were all there to welcome her. Even her detested sister and brother-in-law, Francisco de Paula, thought fit, for the sake of appearances, to wait upon her, and were invited by the good old Citizen King to dine with her at the Tuileries that evening. I imagine that the Queen was glad when all these festivities were over, and she could steal away to the babies from whom she had been so long separated.

Never was there so indefatigable a sightseer as Cristina. During this, her first visit to the Ville Lumière, she went everywhere and saw everything.

The newly opened railway to Versailles greatly interested her ; nor did she neglect the National Library, where this record of her doings has been in great part prepared. It is certain notwithstanding that she found time for consultation with the sage King of the French, with his astute minister, and her own advisers. Espartero had avowed himself a staunch friend of England, and his accession to power could not, therefore, be regarded with favour by France. Louis Philippe and Guizot, in modern phrase, went solid for Cristina, and deterred her from visiting London as Miraflores had suggested she should do. No definite policy could be formulated till the Spanish Cortes had met, and the still uncertain position of Espartero was determined. Probably upon the advice of her host, the exiled Queen determined to employ the interval in enlisting the sympathies of the Italian courts, which had hitherto been hostile to her.

Leaving Paris on 12th December, she travelled post to Leghorn. There she took ship for Civita Vecchia, and reached Rome on Christmas Eve, 1840. She put up at the Hôtel de Serny in the Piazza di Spagna. Her reception by the Papal authorities disposed her to believe that her overtures would be acceptable to his Holiness. Gregory XVI., who then filled the chair of Peter, had been among the first sovereigns to recognize Don Carlos as King of Spain, and had even accredited a Nuncio to his court at Estella. But the Pretender's hopes were

finally shattered ; and the anti-clerical policy of the Provisional Government of Madrid made the Pope glad of a new ally. He received the ex-Regent in audience on the 30th December ; the conversation was brief, but it was resumed, and more intently, when news came that Arellano, the Pope's *chargé d'affaires* at Madrid, had been put across the frontier with almost brutal want of ceremony by order of Espartero. Great was Gregory's wrath, and the angrier he became with this upstart soldier-regent, the more kindly did he feel towards the mother of Isabel II. Cristina bided her time, and remained in the Eternal City, edifying the clergy by her piety and ultramontane sentiments. The news of her regeneration reached Naples, and her brother, the pious Bomba, cordially invited her to visit him. He offered to place the Palazzo Chiatamone at her disposal. "Come back," he wrote to the prodigal ; "all is forgiven—even your wickedness in upholding your daughter's rights." The Queen thought, however, she had more to gain by conciliating the Supreme Pontiff. On the 1st March, Gregory pronounced an allocution on the affairs of Spain, which was not unfairly described in a French newspaper as an incitement to revolt. The faithful were invited to treat all the acts of the government since Fernando's death, as they affected the Church, as null and void. It is to be hoped that the Pope took this step on his own initiative, not urged thereto by those anxious to undermine

the authority of the existing Spanish government in every possible way. Cristina determined, at all events, to lose nothing by this appeal to Catholic feeling. In the presence of his Holiness, she recited and signed an act of repentance for having given her consent to the laws of 1835, suppressing religious communities ; and was then solemnly relieved of all ecclesiastical censures, explicit or implicit. The Papal absolution is believed also to have covered certain canonical informalities incident to her second marriage. These probably weighed heavily on the mind of Cristina, affecting as they would the status of her younger children. Though very far from religious, she possessed a good share of the native superstition of the Neapolitan, and a flaw in her marriage lines would in her eyes have made all the difference between good and evil. Her public recantation of her errors as a ruler shows that she was bidding for the support of the reactionary and conservative elements in Spain, though as she also was an exile, it is not clear why she should have hoped they would prefer her as a leader to Don Carlos. In the long run this abject submission to the Papacy seems to have had little effect on her affairs, one way or another.

Resuming her incognito, the Queen turned her face northwards, and in ten days accomplished the journey from Rome to Milan, where she arrived on the 30th March. The Austrian authorities, now that she was purged of her liberalism, received her

with all honour. The attentions of a guard of honour she gracefully declined, but she assisted delightedly at a gala performance at the Scala. From Lombardy she proceeded to Turin, in pursuance of her scheme of conciliating the Courts hitherto most devoted to the interests of Don Carlos. The marriage of Isabel and Carlos Luis was again talked of. Meanwhile, in Spain, the nation was divided on the question of the regency. Was it to be exercised by one, three, or five persons? Cristina wrote to a politician in her confidence at Madrid, expressing her desire that there should be but one Regent, and that Espartero; "that this should be so, it is necessary to exert oneself. The good which may result will be immense." It is not easy to fathom the Queen's policy at this juncture. She may have cherished certain hopes concerning Espartero; she may have thought that a multiple regency would accustom the nation to the idea of a republic; most probable of all, she dreaded lest the regency should fall into the hands of the detested Francisco de Paula, who had already claimed the guardianship of Queen Isabel as her uncle and natural protector. Her instructions were evidently understood by her party, for in the Cortes, which must necessarily have contained many of her secret adherents, only three votes were given to her against 103 to Arguelles and 179 to Espartero. The General became sole Regent of Spain.

Cristina heard the news on her return to France

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From a lithograph after the painting by D. Vicente Lopez

ISABEL II.

IN 1842

in the middle of May. It was rumoured that she would pass the summer in Switzerland, but after a stay of some days at Lyon, she went on to Paris, where she was lodged as before at the Palais Royal. She soon, however, made a home for herself in a palace in the Rue de Courcelles, where all her old friends gathered round her. The news that Arguelles—one of the noblest and most upright men in Spain—had been named by Espartero governor or tutor of the young Queen, stirred her into action. On the 19th July, 1841, she addressed a protest to the Spanish nation, claiming that the guardianship of her infant daughters was hers by every law human and divine; that it was expressly reserved to her by the will of her late husband; and that the Cortes had no power under the constitution or by the law of Spain to take away her right. This protest she accompanied by a letter to Espartero, arguing that her renunciation of the regency was never meant to imply the abandonment of her maternal rights, and reproaching him with this outrage on the principles of religion and humanity. Both documents were addressed to Don Baldomero Espartero, his dignity and authority as Regent of Spain being deliberately ignored. The protest was published, notwithstanding, in the official gazette of Madrid, together with the government's reply. It was contended that by her voluntary abdication of the regency and withdrawal from the kingdom, the Queen-Mother had in fact resigned the guar-

dianship of her daughters, and attention was drawn to the concluding words of her manifesto of the 8th November : "She who was Queen of Spain now asks only that you love her children and respect her memory."

But that manifesto had been drawn up before Louis Philippe and Guizot had held out to Cristina hopes of restoring her to power, before she had obtained assurances of sympathy from the Pope and the Italian powers. Her Majesty, it may have been noted, was not more distinguished than other royal persons for the rigidity of her principles, and by consistency, "that bugbear of small minds," she was troubled little. "'Tis not I that change, but circumstance," she might have said. But though she had in fact abandoned her maternal duties when she left Spain, she probably felt, like most parents, that her maternal rights were another matter ; and that the appointment of a guardian in her room was erecting between her and her children a barrier where hitherto there had only been a void. Up till now, she had maintained a pretty constant correspondence with her daughters through the medium of persons about the palace ; but these were all supplanted now by creatures chosen by Arguelles on account of their probity, learning, rectitude, and other uncomfortable qualities. The young Queen would surely be taught to despise her mother, and to neglect the cult of medals, relics, and scapulars in which Neapolitan religion largely

consists. Instead, Arguelles was capable of proposing the great heathens of antiquity as models to his august charge. Poor Cristina was consumed by direful forebodings. She dreaded, too, that her odious sister might acquire some ascendancy over Isabel. Francisco de Paula had been mean enough to write to Espartero congratulating him on his appointment to the regency; whereupon Luisa Carlota had delightedly exclaimed, "That will put an end to Cristina's manifestos and pretensions!" From her modest establishment in the Rue des Dames Augustines, the Infanta had, moreover, written to her royal niece, warning her against her mother, and proposing her as an awful example of depravity. The poor child must have been distracted by these violent and recriminatory letters from her mother and aunt, pressed into her hand at odd moments, with furtive smiles and signs, by persons in her *entourage*. To all that Arguelles put an end; so that, thanks to his tutelage, Cristina in reality stood less chance now than before of losing her daughters' affections.

It was now open war between the Queen-Mother and the Regent of Spain. Her Majesty's protest was formally communicated by her agent, the Comte de Colombi, to the various courts of Europe; her council sat daily in the palace in the Rue de Courcelles. A venerable Cardinal invoked the blessings of Heaven upon Cristina and her followers. Espartero, hearing these things, became spiteful.

He had already given publicity to the story of his rival's secret marriage ; now he refused his assent to a bill settling a pension on the widow of Fernando VII. But Cristina's war-chest was well supplied. Money does not slip through Italian fingers ; and the five millions left by her first husband had been added to by the fortunate speculations of the second, and supplemented by the comfortable salary of £450,000 per annum she had drawn while Regent of Spain.

All through the summer of 1841, she carried on a systematic campaign against the new government. Special efforts were made to win over deputies and military men. Louis Philippe and his minister were undoubtedly privy to all Cristina's plans. In August Guizot thought victory was in sight. He wrote to his master (August 6, 1841) as follows : " It is greatly to be desired that the friends of Queen Cristina should remain quiet and leave the government of the actual Regent to follow the course of its own errors and the destinies they will produce. It goes down visibly. M. Cea is strongly penetrated with these ideas, and Queen Cristina is, I believe, well disposed to adopt them." At an interview at Saint Cloud, Louis Philippe discussed the situation with the Queen, and found, as his minister had said, that she was prepared to await the course of events a little while longer. A few days later Guizot suggested sending an envoy to Madrid, lest the French government

should have the air, as he put it, of abandoning "this poor little Queen, who has near her neither mother nor *gouvernante*, nor any faithful and devoted servant." The person who was thus to be at once an ambassador and a mother to the young Isabel, was the late Minister of Public Instruction, M. de Salvandy. His appointment was approved by the Queen-Mother, though she observed that, in recognizing the regency of Espartero, "the King, her uncle, was less Cristino than she could have wished"; but (adds Guizot) "she was one of those who knew how to yield without renouncing their opinions."

Despite her ostensible adoption of a passive policy, Cristina had reason to hope that, by the time the French envoy reached Madrid, he would find a government of her own choosing in possession. Among the officers who had followed her into exile was the gallant Leopold O'Donnell, a hero of the Carlist war and one of Espartero's ablest lieutenants. His merits were so conspicuous that in 1839 he attained the rank of Captain-General, though he had not completed his thirtieth year. Certainly with Cristina's knowledge, probably with her tacit approval, the young general left Paris, determined to bring the government of Espartero to an end. He obtained possession of the citadel of Pamplona without firing a shot. Dressed as a civilian and accompanied by a dozen officers, he walked into the barrack yard on the 1st October, and persuaded

the garrison to recognize him as Captain-General of Navarra, and to acclaim Cristina Queen-Regent of Spain. The troops in the town refused their adhesion to the reactionary movement, but left O'Donnell practically unmolested. Meanwhile, Don Manuel Montes de Oca set up a provisional government in the name of the Queen-Mother at Vitoria, where he had the support of the municipal authorities and the military ; and both generals made strenuous appeals to the Basques and Navarrese to arm in defence of their *fueros*, which her Majesty guaranteed on her royal word, and which the so-called Liberal government of Madrid was conspiring to take away.

These demonstrations were part of an elaborate scheme, which was to include risings in all the principal towns of Spain, culminating at Madrid in the seizure of the young Queen's person. The execution of this desperate venture was undertaken by two brilliant young generals, Concha and Leon. The enterprise had in it no likelihood of success, but its mere daring captivated the two officers, in whom the instinct of self-preservation appears to have been suspended. On the 7th October, Concha went at five o'clock in the afternoon to the quarters of his old regiment, the Princess's Chasseurs. Calling together the officers, he appealed to them to assist him in restoring the authority of the Queen-Regent, the illustrious Cristina. One alone responded—Lieutenant Manuel Boria, who stepped forward, brandishing his sword, and cried,

“To arms, Princess’s ! to the rescue of our Queen !” Upwards of three hundred men fell in behind him. The rest of the regiment, probably not unwillingly, allowed themselves to be disarmed and confined to barracks. The Guards locked themselves in their quarters on the approach of the insurgents, and received them with a discharge of blank cartridges—the favourite missiles of the man sitting on the fence. Once he could get possession of the Queen, Concha saw that this and other regiments would declare for him. The sentries at the gates of the palace offered no resistance, and a moment later the courtyard of the immense and grandiose edifice was filled with his men, eager and hopeful. The Queen and her sister were taking a music lesson. The clamour without interrupted them—no doubt to their momentary relief. Don Domingo Dulce, the veteran commander of the Halberdiers on duty within the palace, suspected something was amiss, and ordered the doors of the royal apartments to be closed fast. He had only time to post his little band at the head of the great marble staircase, when it was mounted by Boria, followed by a company of Chasseurs. “What means this outrage ?” sternly demanded the colonel. “I’ve come to do my duty,” answered the lieutenant ; “stand aside.” Dulce in vain implored him to retire, for his own sake and his men’s. Seeing the guard would not give way, Boria ordered his men to fire. The Halberdiers from their commanding position

at the head of the stairs replied, and were able to hold the intruders at bay. Hearing the rattle of musketry at their own door, the royal children went into paroxysms of terror. They clung to the Condesa Mina, their *aya* or governess, imploring her to save them, and shrieked aloud as the bullets came crashing and splintering through the door. "Tell them we will go anywhere with them, if they will only spare our lives!" screamed the child Queen. The widow of the redoubtable Mina was a woman of courage. She tried to reassure the children, and led them into an interior apartment. Crash-crack-crash! went the musketry; never was such a scene witnessed in the palace of the King. Concha, who had been disposing the rest of his men in the courtyard, rushed in, and shouted to Boria to cease firing. "For God's sake, Manolito, remember we are in her Majesty's palace!" An odd scruple in the midst of such an enterprise! In rushed Diego Leon, in full general's uniform, alarmed lest Concha should gain all the glory of the conspiracy. He begged the Halberdiers to stand aside and let the deliverers of the Queen pass. The defenders replied with a volley. The generals were warned that the government had taken alarm, and the militia were marching on the palace. The game was up, and it was time to flee. It was three in the morning. The little band of insurgents tried to gain the open country by the garden between the palace and the Manzanares. They were attacked

and dispersed by a detachment of cavalry. Concha hid himself among the trees, and got away. Leon was captured, tried by court-martial, and sentenced to death. His wife threw herself in the path of the girl Queen, and prevailed on her to write to Espartero, commanding him to spare the young general's life. The Regent ignored the command, and remained deaf to the entreaties of his own Duchess and of nearly all his old companions in arms. Leon drove to the place of execution in full uniform, his breast covered with decorations, seated beside General Roncali. He made a fine figure as he stood there—only thirty-one years old, handsome, glittering with all the insignia of military rank. Placing his hand on his heart, he faced the platoon, unmoved as when he had faced the Carlist hosts. "Make ready! take aim! fire!" he gave the short sharp words of command himself, and fell dead of the first wound he had received after so many campaigns.

Three days after the attempted abduction of her daughter, Cristina sat in her palace at Paris, anxiously waiting for news. It was Isabel's birthday, and all the Moderates in the city had come to pay their respects and to hear the latest intelligence from Spain. To the astonishment of every one, in the midst of the throng appeared Salustiano Olózaga, an ardent radical statesman, now Spanish ambassador to the court of France. He elbowed his way, smiling, through his personal and political foes, and was

admitted to the presence of the Queen-Mother. She received him with surprise, but with her usual good nature, addressing him as *thou*, as she always did her daughter's subjects.

"Good morning," began Don Salustiano. "I bring you six letters. Two of them are stuck together, but I prefer to hand them to you as they are."

"You might have separated them," remarked the Queen, wondering.

"I did not, out of respect for the royal seal by which, precisely, they are united."

The letters were from Isabel. "Well, I began to be anxious for news," said Cristina.

"I don't wonder at such a moment," commented the ambassador, keeping his eyes fixed upon her.

"What then has happened?" asked her Majesty.

Olózaga affected surprise. "I am astonished that your Majesty should inquire. You ought to be better informed than I, seeing that O'Donnell has entitled himself your Majesty's viceroy in Navarra, and that Montes de Oca claims to be a member of your own provisional government."

It was the Queen's turn to simulate surprise. "They claim to act in my name?"

"Explicitly."

"Let them produce their proofs."

"They talk as if they had them."

"And how could I authorize them?"

"Not by a decree, but there are other ways."

“Well,” said the Queen, “I can only say that I am surprised at what you tell me.”

“In short, your Majesty does not wish to kindle a civil war in Spain?” asked Olózaga tentatively.

“It would be a calumny to suggest it,” replied Cristina with *hauteur*.

The ambassador inwardly rejoiced. “I have your Majesty’s authority for saying so?” he inquired.

“Certainly,” said the Queen-Mother; and the envoy withdrew, well pleased with the result of his reconnaissance into the heart of the enemy’s camp.

He at once gave publicity to the Queen’s disavowal. Montes de Oca, thus repudiated, found it impossible to satisfy the wary Basques as to the maintenance of their *fueros*. His force dwindled away, and the rest submitted on the approach of Espartero. The ringleader was taken and shot. On the news of the collapse of the attempt at Madrid, O’Donnell evacuated the citadel of Pamploña, and by running away to France, lived to fight on many another day. The Cristino rising of 1841 had failed.

To prevent its recurrence, Olózaga wished to alienate Cristina from her adherents, or failing this, to hold her up before all Europe as the author of the recent outrages. On being apprised of the attempt to kidnap Isabel II., he wrote to the Queen-Mother saying that, with her permission, he had given the utmost publicity to her disavowal of the

men claiming to act in her name ; and that in view of this last outrage upon the person and dignity of her august daughter, he presumed she would be eager to publish a still more emphatic denial of her complicity, which he would be glad to transmit to the Spanish nation.

Cristina had already awakened to the unwisdom and meanness of her verbal repudiation of the men who were laying down their lives for her. Farther she would not go. Her reply, addressed simply to Don Salustiano Olózaga, and signed by her private secretary, was brief: "I am commanded by Queen Maria Cristina de Borbon to state that she does not think proper to reply to your singular communication of the 12th instant, in which you misrepresent facts and falsify the words of her Majesty."

The ambassador replied that he was prepared to overlook the insult conveyed in her Majesty's letter, but, on behalf of his government, he desired to know whether he had been right in saying that Queen Cristina disavowed the promoters of the late revolt and their proceedings. Her Majesty's rejoinder took the form of a very long letter, dated the 24th October, 1841, and again signed by her secretary. She persisted in her denial that she was the instigator of the recent insurrection ; its origin, she maintained, was to be found in the revolutionary nature of the existing government, in its usurpation of the royal authority, its deprivation of a mother

of the care of her children, its attacks upon religion, its insults to the Holy Father, and its violation of the pact made at Vergara with the noble Basques and Navarrese ; of such a government her Majesty declined to make herself the accomplice by condemning those who in their resistance to tyranny invoked her name, and who sought to rescue her august children from their painful captivity.

Olózaga, in acknowledging this letter, said that he saw in it, first, a renewal of the Queen's original disavowal ; secondly, another and strongly worded manifesto against the government of Spain. In consequence, he took the bold step of requesting the French government to expel Maria Cristina from their territory, as one who was openly fomenting war against a friendly power. The answer was what he probably expected. The King of the French, he was told, understood his duties to friendly powers, but he had other duties to consider : Queen Cristina had sought refuge in France, at the court of her uncle, the best friend of her royal daughter ; the hospitality then extended to her would not be withdrawn.

This curt reply left the Spanish ambassador speechless. His government was not prepared to fight France. The Cristino rising had been followed by a much more serious republican outbreak in Barcelona, which threatened for a time to bring Espartero to the ground. Seeing that Olózaga had taken his defeat quietly, Louis Philippe sent Salvandy

to Madrid. Here another difficulty arose. The French government in 1833, unlike our cabinet, had made the mistake of accrediting its representative to the Regent instead of to the Queen. M. de Salvandy sought to set aside this precedent, and to present his credentials to Isabel in person, in the presence, if necessary, of Espartero. The Spanish government stood firm ; so did the envoy ; and in the end, he returned to Paris, the relations of the two powers having been strained almost to breaking-point. In England, this rebuff to Louis Philippe made Espartero more popular than ever. We were supposed to be in alliance with France, but it suited certain London journals to paint the Citizen King and his minister as the arch-enemies of mankind and of England in particular, and every slap in the face they received was accepted as a pat on the back for us.

CHAPTER XIII

THE DOWNFALL OF ESPARTERO

CRISTINA, perceiving that the government of the detested Espartero was not going to fall after the manner of the walls of Jericho, settled down for a prolonged stay in Paris. She purchased Malmaison, the Empress Josephine's old home, for 500,000 francs, and made it her principal residence, still maintaining the establishment in the Rue de Courcelles. This was the centre of a secret society formed by Martinez de la Rosa and Toreno to promote her interests. Its direction was entrusted to Muñoz, who for all his alleged want of ambition, seems, according to the correspondence he kept up with Don Fernando de Cordova, to have watched very carefully over his wife's political interests. Cordova tells us that the Queen's supporters in Paris were sharply divided into the civil and military sets, the most distinguished members of the latter being Narváez, Llauder, Cleonard, and Pavia. O'Donnell took up his abode at Orleans, and Concha at Florence, on account of his intense antipathy to Muñoz. The Queen's secretary was Donoso Cortes,

one of the most eminent orators and political writers Spain has produced.

In two years' time, unless Espartero carried out the treasonable designs of which his enemies accused him, Isabel would assume the headship of the government, and would, it could hardly be doubted, at once recall her mother. The Infanta Luisa Carlota determined to make the most of the time at her disposal. Her dutiful husband wrote to Espartero, announcing that he was about to return to Spain with his family, and was ready to draw the sword for the existing government. Louis Philippe, at the instance of Cristina, exerted himself in vain to dissuade the princely couple from their project. He ordered his officials to throw every obstacle in their way; but all resistance proved futile before the tempestuous rage and vehemence that had torn the crown from the head of Don Carlos. "If you will not let the carriages proceed, we will walk into Spain on foot," screamed the Infanta to the French custom-house authorities. The terrified officials could only yield. Luisa Carlota triumphantly swept across the Bidassoa, continuing her journey to Santander. Her husband crossed the frontier at Oléron, and travelling by Zaragoza, joined his wife at Burgos. Arrived at Madrid, they were refused accommodation in the palace by Espartero, who reluctantly permitted them to see the Queen and her sister once a week.

Cristina knew very well that her sister's design

was to secure the hand of Isabel II. for one of her sons—a scheme as obnoxious to Espartero as to her. Concealed in a fashion journal sent her by her mother, the girl Queen found a letter warning her against “that maleficent genius, Carlota,” who had had a hand in every intrigue against her throne. “Beware of that woman,” the letter ran ; “she sows everywhere ruin and misfortune ! Her words are lies, her presence is a peril. Take care that she does not gain an entrance to your heart.”

Carlota tried very hard to do so. She dogged her royal niece’s footsteps, and pounced upon her in her walks. The Condesa Mina complained to Arguelles, who wrote a strong letter of remonstrance to the Infanta. The person who had the courage to deliver this was literally kicked out of her presence by her Royal Highness. She found means, thereafter, of communicating with her niece by means of the Marquesa de Belgida, who, however, resenting the watchfulness of Arguelles, presently resigned her duties. A few days later, her Majesty was found to be in possession of a glorified likeness of her cousin, Don Francisco de Asis, in hussar’s uniform. The portrait was promptly confiscated, and Don Jose Ventosa, one of the Queen’s tutors, having introduced it into the palace, was there and then dismissed. This time, Espartero put his foot down very firmly ; and her Royal Highness, attended by her consort and family, deemed it prudent to take up her abode at Zaragoza.

A queen regnant is hardly out of her swaddling clothes before her marriage is discussed. No doubt the hope of seeing her son King Consort of Spain had prompted Luisa Carlota in her defence of her niece's claims ten years before. Espartero is said to have dreamt of an alliance that would unite Spain and Portugal ultimately under one head. Even the melancholy and hitherto irreconcilable Don Carlos began to look with favour on the oft-discussed scheme of a marriage between his son and the actual Queen of Spain. In a letter published in *The Times*, Cristina is represented as writing to the Pretender, "I agree to the alliance you propose between my august daughter, the lawful Queen of Spain, and your son, his Highness the Prince of Asturias," adding, "I do not wish to deprive Spain of a constitution, but I think the one actually in force stands in need of revision."

This project, as when it was mooted before, excited the violent opposition of the old Apostolic section of the Carlist faction. One of these fanatics, Father Antonio Casares, waxed so very intemperate in his utterances anent the matter that his master disavowed him (a way Princes have!) and left him to cool his fevered brain in a French prison. To others besides the poor friar the scheme was objectionable. Queen Victoria wrote under date 13th August, 1843, to Lord Aberdeen, expressing her great regret that Prince Metternich had revived his favourite scheme of a marriage between the

Queen of Spain and a son of Don Carlos, and that King Louis Philippe had almost come to a secret understanding with him upon that point. The English prime minister saw more deeply than his royal mistress into the mind of the wily King of the French. He replied to her Majesty pointing out that the interests of this country and of all Europe were deeply concerned in the exclusion of a French Prince from the possibility of receiving the hand of the Queen of Spain ; and that it would be unwise to oppose any marriage by which this would be effected, consistently with the free choice of the Queen, and the sanction of the Spanish government and people. "The avowed predilections of Queen Cristina [the despatch concludes], and her increased means of influence recently acquired, render this a matter of considerable importance and anxiety at the present moment."

Both Cristina and Louis Philippe had, in fact, long ago come to an understanding. If Isabel would not be allowed by the other powers to marry one of the King's sons, then the alliance between the two branches of the Bourbon family must be brought about in some other way. The realization of the plan was not likely to be long delayed ; for the increased means of influence which Lord Aberdeen observed Queen Cristina had acquired was nothing less than the downfall of Espartero's government and his flight from Spain in the summer of 1843. The Regent had quarrelled

with many of his old supporters, and had rendered himself as odious to the Liberals as to the Moderates. His bombardment of Barcelona had not been forgiven by the people of the province, and it was a young Catalan colonel, afterwards famous as Marshal Prim, who now took steps to effect his downfall. "In the month of February or March, 1843," says Don Fernando de Cordova, "Colonel Don Juan Prim appeared in Paris. This officer, who was then hardly twenty-nine years old, had already acquired a reputation in the Carlist war, in which he had obtained, while serving in a Catalan irregular corps, the rank of colonel in the army. Distinguished by very advanced progressive ideas, he had been returned as deputy for the province of Tarragona to the Cortes of 1841; his cold but energetic character, coupled with an enterprising spirit, soon won for him a political position of importance.

"He came to Paris to fulfil a great mission. He aimed at nothing less than establishing an alliance between the military exiles party and the progressive opposition in the Cortes. His first steps were attended with success. Having been presented at the palace in the Rue de Courcelles, he had several interviews with the Queen, and a great many with Don Fernando Muñoz, which were the foundation of the intimate and cordial friendship which united these gentlemen and which was never broken off despite the vicissitudes that followed." Muñoz

referred his new friend to Narváez, with whom the details of the coalition were settled. It is clear that both factions bound themselves to work together for the overthrow of the common foe and the declaration of the majority of Queen Isabel ; after which they should be free to pursue their separate ends. After more conferences with Muñoz, whose share in these political movements was larger than seems to be generally supposed, the young Catalan officer set off for Spain. On the 30th May he appealed to the troops under his command and the people of the town of Reus, to rise in defence of the Queen against the dictator Espartero. The revolt spread with amazing rapidity. Barcelona, Valencia, Sevilla, Granada, Cadiz, Burgos, and La Coruña all pronounced against the government. Narváez appeared at Barcelona, raised an army, and marched on Madrid. The Regent's nerve seems to have forsaken him. He lingered at Albacete, undecided in which direction to march. General Seoane hurried out of Madrid to meet the enemy. According to one version, Espartero's general had been bought over to the side of Cristina ; according to another, his troops were deliberately misled and thrown into confusion by their opponents' re-echoing their shouts of "Viva Isabel segunda! Viva la constitución!" That night, Narváez entered Madrid in triumph. Espartero retreated to Andalucia, while his troops rapidly fell away from him. With only four hundred horse he made for

Puerto Santa Maria, hotly pursued by General Concha, who reached the shore just in time to see the ex-Regent pulling out in a boat towards the British frigate *Malabar*.

In London the fugitive General was made much of, in gratitude for his devotion to our policy. He was feasted by the Lord Mayor and Corporation, whose hospitality appears to be extended indifferently to the friends and the enemies of freedom, to Czars and revolutionaries, to the Shah of Persia and to Giuseppe Garibaldi.

Meanwhile, the Moderates flocked back into Spain to divide the spoils with the Progressives. A new ministry was formed, which included Narváez, Prim, and the late prime minister, Lopez. Isabel was informed that it was the national will that she should be declared of age and assume the functions of government ; a proposal to which, of course, the twelve-years-old girl returned a delighted assent. On the 8th November, 1843, she was sworn in as Queen of Spain with all possible ceremony, amid the rejoicing of the whole nation. This solemn submission of a great people to the control of a mere child was a curious spectacle, and was witnessed by Washington Irving, then United States Minister to Spain. He passed up the vast and magnificent staircase, thronged by "hosts of old aristocratic courtiers," and paused at the doors of the royal apartments "still riddled like a sieve" by Boria's musket-balls. In the Hall of the Am-

bassadors was a dense and brilliant crowd, among whom the minister particularly remarked Narváez and O'Donnell.

“For a while all was buzz and hum, like a beehive at swarming time, when suddenly a voice from the lower end of the saloon proclaimed ‘La Reina! la reina!’ In an instant all was hushed. A lane was opened through the crowd, and the little Queen advanced, led by the venerable General Castaños, Duke of Bailen, who had succeeded Arguelles as tutor and governor. Her train was borne by the Marchioness of Valverde, a splendid-looking woman, one of the highest nobility: next followed her little sister, her train borne by the Duchess of Medinaceli; several other ladies of the highest rank were in attendance. The Queen was handed up to the throne by the Duke of Bailen, who took his stand beside her; the Marchioness of Valverde arranged the royal train over the back of the throne, so that it spread behind the little Queen like the tail of a peacock.

“The little Queen looked well. She is quite plump, and . . . acquitted herself with wonderful self-possession. Her manner was dignified and graceful. Her little sister, however, is far her superior in looks and carriage.

“When the Queen had taken her seat, the cabinet ministers took their stand before the throne, and one of them read an address to her, stating the circumstances that made it expedient she should

be declared of age. As the little Queen held her reply, ready cut and dried, in her hand, she paid but little attention to the speech, but kept glancing here and there about the hall, and now and then towards her sister, when a faint smile would appear, but instantly repressed. The speech ended, she opened the paper in her hand, and read the brief reply which had been prepared for her. A shout then burst forth from the assemblage of *Viva la reina!* The venerable Duke of Bailen then bent on one knee, and kissed her hand. The Infante Don Francisco and his son gave the same token of allegiance. The same was done by every person present, excepting the diplomatic corps. Some kissed the hand of Don Francisco, but these were his partisans. This ceremonial took up some time. I observed that the Queen and her sister discriminated greatly as to the crowd of persons who paid this homage, distinguishing with smiles and sometimes with pleasant words those with whom they were acquainted. It was curious to see generals kneeling and kissing the hand of the sovereign, who but three weeks since were in rebellion against her government, besieging her capital, and menacing the royal abode. . . .”

At the conclusion of the ceremony, the Queen and her sister stationed themselves on a balcony under a rich silk awning, while at the windows of the palace were seen the courtiers and functionaries in their most brilliant dresses. In the calm twilight

of an autumn evening in Spain, the army that had delivered her youthful Majesty from the tiresome Espartero, passed in review before her, Narváez with drawn sword marching, an heroic figure, at their head. And so amidst plaudits and rejoicings Isabel II. began the reign that was to end in flight and exile.

One figure was conspicuous by her absence from the scene which but for her resolution and—let it be admitted—*finesse* had never taken place. The Queen's mother still awaited beyond the frontiers of Spain the summons for her recall. Poor little Isabel soon learned to want her protection. Spain was in an uproar, cannon were thundering (as usual) over Barcelona, the Liberals clamoured to be admitted to a share in the spoils. A coalition ministry was in office, at the head of which was Salustiano Olózaga, who, though he had to deal with a Moderate majority in the Cortes, strove to steer the ship of state towards a Liberal port. At last he made up his mind to dissolve the parliament. On the 29th November, Madrid was startled by a report that the prime minister had used violence towards the Queen, and had been dismissed. The amazing story was contained in a notarial deposition signed and sworn to by her Majesty. She stated that Olózaga unexpectedly laid before her a decree for the dissolution of parliament, which she refused to sign. In the face of his insistence, she thought fit to withdraw, whereupon he sprang to the door before her,

locked it, and seizing her by her dress, forced her back to the table. Then, guiding her hand, he made her dash off the signature "Yo la Reina." When this statement was read in the Cortes, Olózaga was unable to contradict it in its essentials, but endeavoured to represent the facts stated in another light. Washington Irving, who was no friend of his, thought he saw in this conduct merely the familiarity of "a tutor enforcing a necessary task upon his pupil, and the Queen acquiesced as a matter of course, without probably feeling outraged by his dictatorial conduct." Afterwards (suggests the American) she sought to throw the blame of the decree on the minister, and told her friends that he *made* her sign it. Then it was explained to her that she had been subjected to a sacrilegious outrage, and that she must at once tell the whole story to Narváez—which she did probably with the embellishments stories generally receive with every repetition. How much of the story is true, we agree with Major Martin Hume, it is impossible now to say; true or false, Olózaga had to leave the country, and a successor was found for him in the yellow-journalist Gonzalez Bravo, now an ardent Conservative.

This person had been the author of the most scurrilous attacks upon Cristina in a sheet called the *Guirigay*, and had noised abroad the story of her "relations" with Muñoz. The beggar on horseback now wished to strengthen his position

at court, and he was actually among the first to propose the recall of the Queen-Mother and the ennoblement of her husband. This measure, inevitable sooner or later, was facilitated by the opportune death of the Infanta Luisa Carlota. Washington Irving announcing the event in a letter dated 9th February, 1844, says that the Princess "had embroiled herself with all parties, and impoverished her husband and herself in the prosecution of her plans. Their failure mortified her pride and exasperated her temper, and of late she had been extremely ungracious in looks and manners. Her illness was preceded by a kind of fever of the mind. 'I do not know what is the matter with me,' said she to one of her attendants; 'wherever I am, and wherever I go, I am in a constant state of irritation; at the theatre, on the Prado, at home, it is still the same—I am in a passion—*je m'enrage.*' In this state of mind she was attacked by measles and pulmonia (a kind of inflammation of the lungs), which, acting upon an extremely full plethoric habit, hurried her out of existence in the course of two or three days, and in the thirty-ninth year of her age. The body lay in state for three days, and the populace were admitted to see it. The corpse was on a bed of state, and arrayed in a gala dress—white brocade and gold, with a royal coronet—the face livid and bloated with disease."

Luisa Carlota was calm at last; but the webs spun by her busy brain had already entangled two

young lives and threatened to spread over three nations.

Within a month of her sister's death, Queen Cristina was on her way to Madrid. She might have come sooner, but that she was expecting the birth of her third or fourth child by her second husband. She came, ostensibly, in compliance with an invitation from the cabinet, backed by the prayer of the *grandees* of Spain and numerous powerful corporations. "She returns," writes Washington Irving, "by the very way by which she left the kingdom in 1840, when the whole world seemed to be roused against her, and she was followed by clamour and execrations. What is the case at present? The cities that were then almost in arms against her, now receive her with *fêtes* and rejoicings. Arches of triumph are erected in the streets; *Te Deums* are chanted in the cathedrals; processions issue forth to escort her; the streets ring with shouts and acclamations; homage and adulation meet her at every step; the meanest village has its ceremonial of respect, and a speech of loyalty from its *alcalde*. Thus her progress through the kingdom is a continual triumph."

The American minister drove over to Aranjuez on the 21st March, to see her arrive. "The scene of the rendezvous was quite picturesque," he tells his correspondent. "On an open plain, a short distance from the road, was pitched the royal tent—very spacious and decorated with fluttering flags

and streamers. Three or four other tents were pitched in the vicinity, and there was an immense assemblage of carriages, with squadrons of cavalry, and crowds of people of all ranks, from the grandee to the beggar. The impatience of the little Queen and her sister would not permit them to remain in the tent; they were continually sallying forth among the courtiers, to a position that commanded a distant view of the road from Ocaña. Poor things! they were kept nearly a couple of hours in anxious suspense. At length the royal cortège was seen descending the distant slope of the road, escorted by squadrons of lancers, whose yellow uniforms, with the red flag of the lance fluttering aloft, made them look at a distance like a moving mass of fire and flame. As they drew near the squadrons of horse wheeled off into the plain, and the royal carriage approached. The impatience of the little Queen could no longer be restrained. Without waiting at the entrance of the tent to receive her royal mother, she hurried forth through the avenue of guards, quite to the road, where I lost sight of her. . . . The reception of the Queen-Mother was quite enthusiastic. The air resounded with acclamations. The old nobility, who have long been cast down and dispirited, look upon the return of the Queen-Mother as the triumph of their cause and the harbinger of happier and more prosperous days."

Yes, Cristina had returned, having in the long

run triumphed over Espartero and the Liberals as she had triumphed over Carlos and the Conservatives. A good-natured woman of the world, she bore no malice and was content to forget past humiliation in the triumph of the present. At once she began to talk of an amnesty for recent political offenders, and of moderating the severity with which the Queen's generals were subduing the rebellion in various parts of the country. As she was entering Madrid, seated on the left of her daughter, a courtier rode up to the carriage, and gleefully announced the death, that same day, of her old opponent Arguelles, the Queen's late tutor. "Hush," said Cristina, "do not let the children hear you, for they loved the old man."

CHAPTER XIV

THE SPANISH MARRIAGES

CRISTINA, while she showed no disposition to pursue her enemies, determined that her friends should participate in her recovered good fortune. She did not forget those who were dead. The body of her old partisan, Montes de Oca, who had been shot by Espartero, was exhumed, transported to Madrid, and reinterred with the most solemn funeral honours. Now, too, Cristina was at last able to ennoble her much-loved spouse. Muñoz was created a grandee of Spain of the first class, under the title of Duke of Riánsares (that being the name of the river on which his native town stands) ; and in the official gazette appeared the royal decree authorizing the marriage contracted eleven years before. It ran thus : “ Having regard to the grave considerations submitted to me by my august mother, Doña Maria Cristina de Borbon, and having taken counsel with my ministers, I have authorized her to contract a marriage with Don Fernando Muñoz, Duque de Riánsares ; and I further declare that in so contracting an alliance with a person of lower station, she has in no way

forfeited my favour and affection ; she shall suffer no prejudice in her style and title, or in any of the honours, prerogatives, and distinctions belonging to her ; and the issue of this marriage shall be subject to the 12th article of the 9th law, title 11, book 10, of the *Nueva Recopilación*, being able to inherit the property of their parents, in the manner the law directs. I, the Queen."

In conformity with this decree, Cristina and Muñoz were married a second time on the 12th October, 1844, by the Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo. As the Catholic Church forbids the repetition of the sacrament of marriage between the same persons, we may well be puzzled as to the nature of the first ceremony, which seems to have been legalized by the Pope during Cristina's stay at Rome. In all Christian countries except England, however, there seems to have flourished the belief that marriage consisted in the solemn taking of each other before witnesses for man and wife—the superstition that it consisted in a precise legal or religious formula being confined to us. Certain Catholic theologians certainly continued to make a distinction between marriage and the sacrament of marriage, till Pius IX. in 1852 declared that outside the sacrament there could be no marriage between Catholics. But in 1833, Cristina and Muñoz were probably well and truly married in the opinion of all Christians outside England. The point is of interest, but hardly important.



From a lithograph by S. Gonzales

AGUSTIN FERNANDO MUÑOZ
DUKE OF RIÁNSARES

Gonzalez Bravo took some credit to himself for this satisfactory adjustment of the Queen-Mother's affairs, and he was certainly on the high road to her favour, when some unknown enemy of his sent her Majesty a richly chased casket, which was found to contain the copy of *El Guirigay* denouncing in the most scurrilous terms the connection of Cristina and the ex-guardsman. The revelation cost the journalist minister his post. He was sent to the embassy at Lisbon, and a cabinet was formed under the presidency of Narváez.

Now began the régime not untruly termed the second regency of Cristina. Her Majesty was now a stout matron, nearing forty; a much less beautiful but far shrewder woman than the wife of Fernando VII. In her exile she appears to have found spiritual regeneration, for she was as conspicuous now for her piety as formerly for the lack of it. Solicitude for one's welfare in the next world is not unfrequently accompanied by the liveliest concern for one's interests in this; and the Queen-Mother's devotion to relics and religious exercises was equalled if not surpassed by her zeal for money-getting and speculation. If she went on her travels again, she had clearly determined that it should be with a purse well lined and with friends all comfortably provided for. The treatment she had received from the Spanish people had not been such as to endear them to her, or to quicken whatever sense of responsibility as a ruler she may ever have

possessed. Moreover, all her affection seems to have been reserved for the children of her second marriage, her love-match. To strengthen her position and theirs, she was not disposed to consider too closely the sentiments of poor ugly little Isabel or of the nation. The little Queen had a large measure of her mother's passionate nature, and much of her father's cynical, indelicate humour; but bold, bluff, and knowing as she was, she was but a puppet in the hands of her clever mother and her step-father, the unassuming, unambitious, and intensely self-seeking Duke of Riánsares.

The dynasty must be strengthened by a family alliance with a first-class power, whose arms would protect it against domestic and foreign foes. This was the primary consideration that Cristina saw in regard to her daughter's marriage. From first to last, throughout the tangled negotiations that nearly set Europe ablaze, she never seems to have given Isabel's personal inclinations a moment's attention. She had never been consulted as to her own marriage with the elderly, worn-out King of Spain; as a Neapolitan and a Princess, she expected to be disposed of absolutely as her parents willed. On the whole, she would probably have argued, her parents had done very well for her, and she could have found no reason (had she looked for one) for pursuing a different policy as regarded her daughter. Incapable of deliberate cruelty, Cristina sacrificed everybody and everything to her own aims, with

the cheery conviction that the others would not mind much, and that if they did, it would all come right in the end.

The ideal scheme was to marry Isabel to Louis Philippe's fourth son, Henri, Duc d'Aumale; but the old King shook his head. The other powers, least of all England, would not tolerate this revival of the schemes of Louis XIV.; there were still, alas! the Pyrenees. On the other hand, France, in diplomatic phrase, could not regard with indifference the establishment of a foreign dynasty in the adjoining kingdom. The matrimonial alliances of sovereigns in those days had a powerful influence in the affairs of nations. Portugal, for instance, whose Queen was married to the cousin of our Prince Albert, was completely under the thumb of England; and this instance was the more ominous since it was rumoured that another Coburg Prince considered himself a candidate for Queen Isabel's hand. The scheme must be nipped in the bud. Before long there would be a Coburg on every throne in Europe. Louis Philippe saw a way of relieving the apprehensions of both France and England. The French ambassador in London proposed to Lord Aberdeen that her Catholic Majesty's choice of a husband should be limited to her own House of Bourbon, the French branch, however, being barred. The English prime minister demurred. He could not see by what right the two powers could presume to limit the young lady's choice. "Then

you cannot object to our Duc d'Aumale?" said the Frenchman. There was the difficulty. However, in September 1843, Queen Victoria visited Louis Philippe at Eu, and the two prime ministers who accompanied them struck a bargain. The French proposal was accepted. Louis Philippe's son would decline the honour of the Queen of Spain's hand, on the understanding that it was to be given to another Bourbon Prince. England was to give no countenance or support to any candidate not belonging to the dynasty of Henri IV. "And remember," concluded Guizot, "the apparition of the Prince of Coburg will mean the resurrection of the Duc d'Aumale."

Cristina, of course, was no party to this compact. She did not share her uncle's fear of England, knowing very well that once the marriage she had at heart had taken place, we should have had to accept the accomplished fact and would not have gone to war with two nations merely to gratify our spite. However, she pretended to fall in with the old King's views, and agreed to look for a husband for her daughter among the Spanish and Italian Bourbons. There was the Conde de Montemolin, the son of Don Carlos; the sons of Francisco de Paula and Luisa Carlota; and her own brothers of Naples. Her choice fell upon one of these last, the Conte di Trapani, a youth still in his 'teens. Louis Philippe thought the match would be a good one, but nobody was enthusiastic about it. Metternich,

who wanted Isabel to marry Montemolin, opposed it, and even brought the Queen of Naples round to his view. The boy himself had entered a Jesuit novitiate, and had no taste for matrimony. The Spaniards looked on him disdainfully, as an Italian and a weakling. "If he is going to marry our Queen," quoth the brusque Narváez, "at least let him learn something of a soldier's life and shake off his cassock!"

The negotiations languished. They were followed with the liveliest interest by M. Bresson and Mr. Henry Bulwer, the representatives of France and England at the court of Madrid. Both these diplomatists were strong-minded, high-spirited men, each eager and ready to outwit the other. Their dispositions prompted them to act first and to consult their Governments afterwards. Bulwer, who was Palmerston's man, of course stood for progress and liberalism, and was regarded with profound distrust by the party now in power in Spain. He had no sympathy with the Bourbon-only policy of Lord Aberdeen, and was inclined to think a great deal less of it than his lordship's previous pronouncement on the Queen of Spain's freedom of choice. When leaving Paris in November 1843, to take up his appointment at Madrid, he had been received by Cristina, who told him that failing the Duc d'Aumale, she would like Coburg for a son-in-law. Unaffected by the agreement come to at Eu, the Spanish ambassador in London also said, quite openly, that

if the French match was impossible, Spain must seek a matrimonial alliance with England, as the support of one of these great powers was essential to her prosperity. Whether Cristina was sincere in these declarations, it is unsafe to say. She had set her heart on a French marriage, but she may have seriously contemplated the other eventuality as a last resource. If it was merely her object to work on the fears of Louis Philippe, she was successful. Bresson warned Guizot that the Queen-Mother was getting out of control, and asked, if it was the only means of excluding Coburg, whether he could bring the Duc d'Aumale once more into the lists. To this his government would not consent; the Duke was, in fact, married to a Neapolitan Princess on the 25th November, 1844; but on the following day Guizot wrote to the ambassador, telling him that if Isabel married the Conte di Trapani, Louis Philippe would accept the hand of her sister, the Infanta Luisa Fernanda, for his fifth son, the Duc de Montpensier.

Cristina heard this announcement with joy. "For the love of God, don't let this Prince escape us," she cried to Narváez. The offer seems to have been regarded as none the less liberal because the Infanta had a private fortune of about six hundred thousand pounds—no bad price, if I may be allowed to say so, for the fifth son of a citizen king. Narváez also approved the scheme; but asked impatiently why, after all, the Prince should not

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DON FRANCISCO DE ASIS
HUSBAND OF ISABEL II.

marry the Queen herself. Perhaps it was to force France's hand that the Trapani match was suffered definitely to collapse. But Louis Philippe stood firm: the Duc de Montpensier for Luisa Fernanda only when Isabel has married a Spanish or Italian Bourbon. But the only Bourbons left were the sons of the hated Luisa Carlota—the Dukes of Cadiz and Seville. The first, Don Francisco de Asis, was regarded with something like derision even by his own family, by whom he was familiarly known as Paquita (Fanny). Though in military uniform he could look smart enough, there was such an absence of all that is masculine about him that no one ever thought of him as a husband. His brother, Don Enrique, on the other hand, had inherited his mother's vivacious temper, and much of her force of character. He had avowed himself a decided Radical, and having been mixed up in a *pronunciamiento*, had been practically exiled to the frigate of which he was commander. Surely the King of the French did not expect the Queen of Spain to marry either of these impossible young men? His Majesty did; he did not favour the Duke of Seville, but he could not see that any serious objection could be raised to Don Francisco. Because a man's friends persist in calling him by a girl's name, is he to be denied the advantages and pretensions of his state of life? The only possible answer to such a query is, of course, You should know the man yourself!

independence of Spain in this matter, and I presume that, should my daughter's choice fall on you, the match could not but be agreeable to her." To this letter his Highness could only reply by expressing his gratitude, for he dared not, being a Prince, take any step without the consent of the heads of his family—the King of the Belgians, the Prince Consort, and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

The unlucky Bulwer, on mentioning his share in this transaction to Lord Aberdeen, found that he had fired a mine. The minister severely reprimanded him, and disclosed the whole business to M. Guizot. The Coburg candidature collapsed, and Cristina had to submit to a sound rating from her uncle and aunt.

Despite Lord Aberdeen's prompt repudiation of his agent's acts, the incident completely destroyed all confidence between England and France. The French not unnaturally believed that Bulwer was on the watch to trick them. Nor was the understanding between the three powers improved by the return of Lord Palmerston to the Foreign Office, for he was known to be the enemy of France and the staunch friend and protector of Espartero. Taking advantage of the bad impression his appointment made on the Spanish court, Bresson tried to woo Cristina back to the French side. But she was hard to manage, changing (or affecting to change) her mind from day to day, seeming sometimes on the point of returning to the Trapani scheme, at others, of

renewing negotiations with the irrepressible Coburg. At last Bresson determined, by taking a leaf out of Bulwer's book, to bring matters to a head. He considered that, through her ambassador's support of Prince Leopold, England had released France from her reciprocal undertaking. On the 11th July, 1846, he told Queen Cristina that the day Isabel II. was married to a Bourbon Prince, the Duc de Montpensier would marry her sister, the stipulation that the latter marriage should not take place till after the first being thus disregarded.

Cristina at once closed with the bargain. The Bourbon Prince must be the ridiculous Paquita, but this was rather an advantage than otherwise, for she made sure he would not have a child, and Louis Philippe's grandson becoming thus heir to the throne of Spain, France would have to stand by her dynasty tide what may. In short, the scheme, as she supposed it was going to result, meant the realization of her first project deferred one step. But if Bresson's proposal filled her with joy, it made old Louis Philippe frantic. Never mind about Bulwer's want of faith ; he would stick to his bond with England ; the marriages should not take place simultaneously. He had never broken faith with any one, and he was not going to let his agents do it in his name. But, as if to justify Bresson's manœuvre, at the very moment the old King was speaking thus (July 19th), Lord Palmerston was penning a despatch to Bulwer, in which he examined

the claims of the candidates for the Queen's hand, and expressed the hope that she would take Coburg, and her sister, Don Enrique. In plain English, we were backing the very candidate we had repudiated at Eu. In a later despatch, his Lordship went further, and told Bulwer that the most important thing was to prevent the Montpensier match. Having thus broken with France, the minister seems to have thought he had not sufficiently antagonized the Spanish government by proposing Don Enrique, and therefore rated it soundly for its wickedness and incapacity. We are not surprised that Istúriz asked Bulwer if his chief had gone mad.

This being the attitude of England, Cristina hesitated no longer. Don Francisco, unknown to her, had written on the 12th July to the young Don Carlos, acknowledging his superior claim to the hand of their cousin. This indiscreet letter fell into the hands of Guizot, by whom it was burnt; and upon the renewed assurance of Bresson that the marriages should be practically simultaneous, the silly young Prince was summoned to Madrid and told to make himself agreeable to her Majesty. He tried with so little success that it seemed that the whole project would be defeated by opposition from the quarter whence it was least expected—from the person most interested. Isabel envied her sister "her nice Montpensier." On the night of the 27th August there was a scene at the palace—another of those outrages on morality and humanity which the home

of the Kings of Spain had so often witnessed. A young girl was heard weeping within the royal apartments. Cristina tried persuasion, some say violence, but retired at last baffled and perhaps ashamed. Then the Duke of Riánsares was sent in to her Majesty. Probably he had not entirely forgotten his barrack-room manners, and they may have come in useful now. The halberdiers who had fought so lustily to save their Queen from Concha and Leon, made no effort to rescue her from worse foes now. Long past midnight Isabel rushed into her mother's room, threw herself into her arms, and said "Yes." The ministers, who were awaiting this result, were at once called in, and were informed that her Catholic Majesty had deigned to accept the hand of the Infante Don Francisco de Asis, and at the same time to bestow her sister in marriage on the Duc de Montpensier. Then some one ran off, at two o'clock at night, to awaken Bresson and to tell him the good news.

In England the announcement of the double espousals excited a storm of indignation. In the columns of *The Times* and other newspapers the most opprobrious epithets were applied to Louis Philippe and his minister. Queen Victoria in angry notes, with every second word underscored, told the King of the Belgians what she thought of her late friend and ally ; though she admitted that Palmerston was largely responsible for the misunder-

standing. Bulwer called at the palace to congratulate her Majesty on her approaching marriage. "But as to the proposed alliance of her Highness the Infanta——" he went on. "It will take place the same day as her Majesty's," said the Queen-Mother sweetly. Before the envoy could resume what would no doubt have been an expostulation, he found himself engaged in a conversation with his royal interrupter and General Narváez on the advantage the latter had derived from a stay in Paris. Before long, official protests were presented by the English ambassador to the French and Spanish governments. Cristina cared nothing for them, and nothing for the unpopularity of the Montpensier match in Spain itself. With Narváez at her side, to use the stick and hit hard (to quote his own phrase), she felt fully equal to the situation. The petitions against the marriage that were sent in from every town in the kingdom were deposited in the royal waste-paper baskets; the angry cries of *Down with the gabachos!* heard in the lower quarters of Madrid were stifled by the police and the troops. Her Majesty's innumerable enemies at home and abroad began to gnash their teeth, but finally determined to set them and to bear it. Cristina had won the game; and on the 6th September, she went off with her husband to his native place of Tarancon, to offer their thanks to the local Virgin—a present from Gregory the Great to King Reccared. This pilgrimage was made the occasion of a reception at

the handsome new palace the Duke of Riánsares had built on the banks of his eponymous stream.

Despite protests and threats, the preparations for the marriage went on apace. The two alliances were approved by the Cortes, with one dissentient voice—that of Señor Orense. The contracts were drawn up and signed; and the Duc de Montpensier, accompanied by his brother of Aumale, set out for Madrid on the 28th September. He was followed by a whole host of sightseers, among whom was the genial Alexandre Dumas. England's hostile attitude now rather disposed the people towards the French, and the Princes were well received in all the towns through which they passed. Their entry into the capital was certainly not the signal for an outburst of popular rejoicing; but it was all very pleasant and decorous. There had been some talk of shooting Montpensier from a window on the line of the procession, but Bulwer, to whom the plot was communicated, insisted on its abandonment, and manifested his resentment only by retiring to Aranjuez during the festivities that followed.

The sacrifice was consummated on Isabel's sixteenth birthday, the 10th October, 1846. The ceremony, as appears to have been usual in Spain, was in two parts. At nine o'clock at night, in the throne-room of the palace, the Queen plighted her troth to her cousin, Don Francisco de Asis, and the two were then joined in matrimony by the

Patriarch of the Indies. The Infanta Luisa Fernanda—a child of fourteen—was then married to the Duc de Montpensier. Next day, the newly wedded couples went in great state to the church of the Atocha, to assist at the nuptial mass and to receive the Pontifical benediction—the *velacion* this part of the ceremony is called in Spain, from the veils placed over the brides' heads while the blessing is pronounced. Then the party returned to the palace, "followed," says a Spanish writer, "by the gaze but not the acclamations of the multitude." "There were one or two cries of *Viva el Infante Don Francisco*," says an eye-witness, "and *Viva la Reina!* But, notwithstanding the constant efforts of the Queen-Mother and the French Princes to attract attention by bowing, smiling, nodding their heads, no notice was taken of them; nor were their salutes returned. In the passage leading to the church of the Atocha, some well-dressed persons raised their hats as the Infanta passed. The Duc de Montpensier availed himself of the occasion to return the salute. It was, however, by no means intended for him, but only for the sister of the Queen. The day was fine, notwithstanding a smart breeze. The troops looked well; and the hangings in the balconies of the fine street of Alcalá had a gay appearance. As far as the people were concerned, there were no signs of enthusiasm, nor anything approaching it." Even in England at that time, it should be remembered, it was not

considered bad taste to be wanting in enthusiasm for foreign royalty, and monarchs esteemed tyrants in their own countries could by no means count on a welcome among us. But this was sixty years ago.

Everything was done to give an air of festivity to the proceedings. The arena of Madrid was sodden with the blood of hundreds of bulls and horses. The Puerta del Sol outrivalled Smithfield market. Rockets and Bengal lights announced for miles around the marriage of the Queen of Spain. Cristina, newly established in a palace in the Calle de las Rejas, was radiant and benign. To her triumphs over Don Carlos and liberalism, she added this victory over English diplomacy. She had welded the thrones of France and Spain together by indissoluble bonds—bonds, rather, that would unite them so long as both stood upright. Her husband, too, had good cause for rejoicing. Louis Philippe had recognized his services by conferring on him the dukedom of Montmorot and the grand cordon of the Legion of Honour. He was a knight, also, of the Order of the Golden Fleece. Very pleased was Francisco de Asis, on whom was bestowed the title of Majesty and of King-Consort. Cristina, having had her way, wanted everybody to be happy. Don Enrique was coaxed back, and promised to behave more discreetly in the future. Decorations and rewards were showered on the French party, and Bresson's infant son was created

a grandee of Spain. Luisa Fernanda, delighted with her husband, set out with him for Paris on the 22nd October. There, it was stated, they intended permanently to reside. And the unhappiest girl in all Spain was its sixteen-year-old Queen.

CHAPTER XV

CROWNS IN PROSPECT AND IN PERIL

C RISTINA, perceiving that the tide of success was at its flood, determined to launch her second family upon it. Her husband was a Senator, a Grandee of Spain, a Duke twice over, a General, a Knight of the Golden Fleece and of the Legion of Honour—for him she could not do much more just then. For his father, she obtained the title of Count of Retamoso ; for his brothers, various decorations and offices ; his sister, she married to Don José Fulgosio, an ex-Carlist, now Captain-General of New Castille. The elevation of this family gave offence to many of the old nobility, who talked the usual platitudes about upstarts, beggars on horseback, and so forth, regardless of the fact that their own ancestors had in nearly all cases owed their rank to the favour of some king or queen. If titles of nobility were conferred according to merit, the objection to the aggrandisement of the Muñoz family could be sustained ; but to the ordinary intelligence it might seem that the goodwill and liking of your sovereign is as good a

title to distinction as the services, real or imaginary, rendered by some ancestor dead centuries before. It is still more difficult to account for the contempt professed in some quarters for Cristina's children by her second husband, who were undoubtedly Bourbons on one side and the grandchildren of a King. They were now brought to Madrid, and introduced to their royal half-sister, who showered titles upon them. There was nearly an explosion in aristocratic circles when, at a reception given by Cristina, it was noticed that the chairs occupied by the little Condesa de Vista Alegre and the Marquesa del Castillejo were placed on the same level as that in which sat the Queen herself.

His Grace of Riánsares always posed as a retiring, unassuming man, devoid of ambition, but neither he nor his consort missed a chance of promoting the interests of their children. Soon after the Queen-Mother's return to Madrid, Spain found herself involved in difficulties with her one-time dependency of Mexico. With the aid of a party in that country, Narváez, then prime minister, believed he saw an opportunity of converting the republic into a monarchy under a Spanish Prince. He thought the crown would fit the troublesome Don Enrique, whose father, it will be remembered, had been interested in a similar scheme twenty years before, but Cristina astonished him by suggesting one of her own little sons for the honour. The general said that Spain would not pour out her

blood and treasure for the aggrandisement of a private family. "Very well," replied her Majesty, "then place Montemolin on the Mexican throne. It will be a good way of getting rid of him." In view of what afterwards happened to the Emperor Maximilian, the Queen spoke more truly than she knew. Narváez considered both her suggestions impracticable, and, mainly owing to this disagreement, resigned the presidency of the council of ministers.

Among the numerous exiled South American presidents and dictators inhabiting Paris at this time was General Flores, who had played the same part in Ecuador as Rosas in the Argentine. Perhaps he had heard some whispers of the Mexican scheme; in any case, he presented himself to the Duque de Rivas, Spanish ambassador at Naples, and told him that the time had come for Spain to reassert her sway over her old colonies and to put an end to the anarchy that prevailed there. With an assumption of candour, the ex-President informed the ambassador that he had himself fought for the independence of his country, but that he regretted his error, as he saw now that the people were unfitted for liberty and that they were entirely subject to the influence of men without rank or principle. These views were most gratifying to the Duke, who passed Flores on to Madrid with introductions to Istúriz, the new prime minister, to Riánsares, and to Cristina herself.

Here then was a kingdom—a long way off, it

is true—for Muñoz's son. Flores readily agreed to place him on the throne of Ecuador—as soon as it was constructed—with the title of Juan I. Cristina, her husband, his brother, and the ministry were afterwards taxed with having been privy to this conspiracy against the independence of a friendly state; though this was never proved, it is certain that Flores was allowed to equip an expedition at Santander and Bilbao, and that numerous officers and men of the regular army were licensed to take service under him. Public attention was engrossed at the time by the royal marriages; but a dispute occurred between the agents of the filibusters in London, and this ended in the exposure of the project. The ministry could no longer shut its eyes to what was going on. The officers and privates who had joined Flores were recalled to their regiments, and his force melted away. Cristina's dream of a kingdom for her boy faded into thin air, and she was obliged to content herself with seeing him made Duke of Tarancon, his father's native place.

Her Majesty had soon reason to regret that Don Enrique and Don Carlos the younger had not been relegated to Mexico, or to an even warmer and remoter region. Every effort was made to mollify the King-Consort's brother, and to detach him from his alliance with the Liberals. He was believed to be in correspondence with Espartero, and was offered the rank of admiral if he would

give up the ex-Regent's letters. But the son of Luisa Carlota proved intractable and incorruptible. Cristina introduced a spy into his household in the person of Señora Arana, who was lady-in-waiting to his sisters. The Prince was not slow to conceive suspicions of this lady, and she soon found her post anything but a bed of roses. The palace of San Juan resounded with imprecations, recriminations, and loud complainings. Several times the unfortunate woman was dismissed, but, with an intrepidity that cannot be too much admired, returned to the post of danger and duty. One night the young Queen was at the theatre. "Her cousins the Infantas [says *The Times* correspondent] were in the habit of visiting the royal box on such occasions, and remaining there during the performance. On the night in question they were unable to do so, because Maria Cristina, Muñoz, and her women-in-waiting were there, as well as Señora Arana; and the royal box was completely filled. These little manœuvres were known to be planned by Maria Cristina with the object of preventing her daughter from enjoying the society of her cousins.

"Don Enrique was with his sisters, and was observed to cast indignant glances at the place where the Queen was sitting, at finding that they were excluded from her society by such persons as the husband and attendants of his aunt.

"When the family of Don Francisco returned home, Don Enrique gave vent to his feelings in a

burst of rage. When the wife of Arana returned next day to perform her usual duties, he informed her, in terms not to be misunderstood, that she should instantly quit the service of his sisters. She resisted, and, presuming on her secret favour with Maria Cristina, answered him in a tone of insolence. Don Enrique went beyond all bounds : he declared that if Señora Arana did not, without further delay or parley, quit the house of his father *by the door*, he should show her the way out without ceremony, and by a mode of exit much more rapid but not so convenient. This threat frightened her out of her wits, and she saw by the expression in the Prince's eyes that he was quite in earnest.

“Regardless of bag or baggage, she ran off to her protectress, Maria Cristina, who accompanied her to the Queen ; and then Señora Arana began to weep most piteously at the insult offered to her, and, what was still worse, at the loss of her place, which, I believe, is lucrative. It is not necessary to dwell on this scene of affliction, which even melted ‘the foolish, fat scullions’ of the royal kitchen. It is sufficient to say that the wife of that important officer, the introducer of ambassadors [Señora Arana], was enrolled among the waiting women of the Queen herself. Her row with Don Enrique only ended in her promotion. The Infante was, no doubt, smarting under the sting of his late humiliation, and was anxious to give vent to his rage on some one.”



From "Romance of Royalty"

DON ENRIQUE

His Highness was sternly rebuked for his impetuosity, and his resentment increasing to fever-heat, he joined the Freemasons—a body identified in Spain with anti-monarchical and anti-clerical doctrines. Cristina thought of finding him a wife. He found one for himself—Doña Elena de Castelvi, the charming sister of the Marqués de Castellá. “I told you I would never marry any one but a Spaniard,” proclaimed Enrique. Isabel II., probably angry that one who had lately been a suitor for her hand should so soon have consoled himself, refused to recognize the marriage, and the happy pair had to leave Spain. Enrique became an enthusiastic republican, and was in consequence stripped of his dignities and titles. He returned to his country upon the setting up of a republic, and vigorously combated the proposed restoration of the monarchy. The peculiar object of his hatred was the Duc de Montpensier, whom he assailed with vitriolic invective and satire. The inevitable encounter took place on the 12th March, 1870, and the Frenchman shot the Spaniard through the head. Enrique the republican was buried with solemn masonic rites in the cemetery of San Isidro; his funeral dirge was the Marseillaise. On the door of his house some one nailed this inscription, “Here dwelt a Bourbon, the only honest man of his race, who for speaking the truth died on the field of honour.” The epitaph was not unworthy of a descendant of Henri Quatre.

Carlos the younger, Conde de Montemolin, proved even more troublesome than his cousin. Having eluded the vigilance of his custodians at Bourges, he appeared in London, and was cordially received by Lord Palmerston. His escape was the signal for a rising of his partisans in Cataluña, which soon assumed serious proportions. Cabrera once more appeared at the head of some six thousand men, and harried the country with fire and sword. But the suspicion that the Carlists were incited and financed by England out of hostility to the government of Madrid destroyed their chances of success. Yet the war, conducted with the ferocity of the former campaign, was not finally suppressed till the spring of 1849, when Carlos Luis was trapped as he was about to enter Spain by some French custom-house officers. Vainly did the young Pretender offer his captors two thousand francs for his release. He was confined in the citadel of Perpignan, and the second Carlist war came to an end.

Cristina, between civil strife, fierce family dissensions, and tangled political intrigues, found that her triumph had been dearly bought. She, the idol of the Madrid populace ten or twelve years before, could hardly appear in public without being insulted. In her husband, the people professed to see another Godoy. The whole country was ready to leap up and to tear down the throne, the moment the terrible pressure of the army was relaxed. The Moderates were in power,

thanks to carefully engineered elections, but even from their ranks proceeded angry murmurs against the Queen-Mother. The nation had by this time awakened to a sense of the iniquity of the pretended marriage of the young Queen and her cousin. The two became estranged within a few weeks of their wedding, and Isabel showed every day a less submissive manner towards the mother who had wrecked her life. Cristina, who refused to believe she had done her daughter any wrong, was shocked and irritated by this rebellion to her authority. The cabinet formed by her staunch friend Istúriz had fallen, and now her Majesty, contrary to her mother's advice, seemed disposed to dismiss the ministry that had succeeded it. When her triumph seemed complete, Cristina slowly realized that she was worsted and out-manœuvred. For the moment, at all events, her daughter was beyond her control. She promptly sold out all her shares in various Spanish concerns, and raised a sum of nearly £70,000 in anticipation of her pension from the government. Then, for the second time, she turned her back on Spain. Fearing the hostility of the people, she set out from Madrid at four o'clock in the morning, on March 8, 1847, accompanied by her husband and her two daughters, the Duque de San Carlos, and the faithful Istúriz. A few days later she reached Paris. To satisfy herself that she was a good and virtuous woman, she at once applied herself with

great zest to religious exercises, and indulged during Lent in an ecstasy of self-denial. She built an oratory in the gardens of Malmaison. It is clear that the business of her daughter's marriage had begun at last to trouble her by no means sensitive conscience. Still she did not neglect her temporal interests. Though living almost in retreat, she transacted business every day with her stockbroker, her notary, and men of affairs; and deliberated with her private council, composed of a judge of the Court of Cassation, an advocate in the High Court, and a member of the Council of State. She kept her finger on the pulse of Spain, thanks to the reports sent her by her spies around the Queen.

The news was not good. Isabel had bestowed her affections on General Serrano, *el bonito Ministro* (the pretty minister), as she had once called him. Palmerston, like the Queen-Mother, had his eyes on the palace of Madrid, and, not despairing yet of undoing Guizot's work, directed Bulwer to cultivate friendly relations with the favoured officer. "Lord Palmerston," says his agent and biographer, "looking at the young Queen's conduct as the natural result of the alliance she had been more or less compelled to contract, regarded her rather with interest and pity than with blame or reproach, and was for taking advantage of the attachment she had formed for the purpose of dissolving her own marriage, which, it was said, had never been consummated, for setting aside the Montpensier

succession, and bringing his favourite progresistas into power. All this could only be accomplished by the influence of General Serrano.

“The dissolution of the Queen’s marriage was the only chance for her happy life or creditable reign. But the Spaniards are a decorous people. Some very respectable and respected men discussed very gravely the propriety of putting the King quietly out of the way by a cup of coffee; but the scandal of a divorce shocked them.”

The ministers were equally shocked when they intercepted a love-letter from the general to the Queen; and they ordered him to proceed at once to Pamplona to inspect the forces in that district. Serrano replied that, as a senator, he was in duty bound to assist at the deliberations of the Cortes, and refused to go. The ministry proposed to impeach him, and was, of course, dismissed by the Queen. What girl of seventeen would prefer her ministers to her sweetheart? To Bulwer’s huge delight, a new cabinet was formed composed of the general’s personal friends, and having at its head Don Joaquin Pacheco. Serrano was supposed to be a Progressist, as the Liberals were now called, but he was an opponent of Espartero and was on good terms with the Moderates. Bulwer courted his favour, and obtained from him leave for the ex-Regent to return to Spain; but that wary exile knew better than to trust himself to the mercies of his political opponents. The English am-

bassador was, in the long run, outmanœuvred as usual by the Moderates, who at one and the same time seemed willing to assist the favourite in his intrigues with the Queen, and did their best to undermine him in her regard. Serrano, says Bulwer, was an honest man and a good patriot, but he seems to have been a poor politician.

The King-Consort, meanwhile, retired in dudgeon to the palace of El Pardo. Benavides, one of the ministers, was sent to remonstrate with him. "My dignity as a husband has been outraged," said his titular Majesty, "though no one can say that my pretensions are exaggerated. I am well aware that Isabelita doesn't love me; I don't reproach her for that, for ours was a marriage of policy, not of inclination. I am the more tolerant, since I don't love her myself. Nor did I particularly object to keeping up appearances, in order to avoid a disagreeable rupture. Perhaps Isabelita is more ingenuous or more outspoken than I, but she never could keep to this sort of hypocrisy, which, after all, the interests of the nation demand. I married [continued the King-Consort with engaging candour] because I had to marry, because I fancied the dignity of King; I did well over the bargain; I certainly wasn't going to throw the presents of fortune out of the window. I wished to be as tolerant towards others, as I want them to be towards me. I should never have objected to a favourite."

This lucid exposition of his Majesty's views perplexed the minister. "But," he asked, "is it not the favour enjoyed by General Serrano that stands in the way of the reconciliation we desire to bring about?"

"I don't deny it," said Francisco; "that is the obstacle. Let him be dismissed, and I will welcome my spouse with open arms. I would have tolerated Serrano, I would have raised no objections if my person had not been attacked. He has been wanting in respect towards me. He has failed in the courtesy to which I have a right. I hate him. He is another Godoy, who doesn't know how to comport himself. Godoy, at least, had the sense to make himself agreeable to Carlos IV. The good of fifteen millions of people demands this sacrifice, as it demands others.

"I am not intended for Isabelita," the Prince went on, "nor she for me. But people must be led to suppose the contrary. I wish to raise no difficulties. If Serrano goes, I will consent to a reconciliation."

In fairness to his Majesty, it must be supposed that Serrano could have had very little tact in not being able to accommodate himself to a husband of such liberal views. The moderation of Francisco is less surprising than the unctuous audacity of Cristina, who having deliberately sacrificed her daughter to satisfy her own ambitions, dared to write to her as follows: "I may have been weak.

I am not ashamed to confess a fault which is buried in repentance. But I never did wrong to the husband to whom Providence destined me, and it was only when I was free from any of those ties that bind a woman, that I opened my heart to a love, which I have legitimized before God, that He might pardon me for having kept it secret from the beloved people to whose happiness I was devoted. I don't believe I have offended Him in elevating honourable obscurity to my own level. In obedience to my modest instincts, I sought the protection of God. . . . I don't wish to know the cause of your separation : I have heard both, and believe that you should forgive each other and resolve upon a peaceable existence, salutary for you and for the Spanish nation. Thus you will avoid harsh criticism, and the comments of the European cabinets. I beg you, therefore, as your mother, to return to your husband, to whom I write by the same post."

If from the moment of the marriages of her daughters, Cristina had been entitled to any sympathy, she would certainly have forfeited it now. Having thrown her daughter on to a bed of thorns, she reproached her for not lying quietly on it. Her allusion to her having legitimized her marriage before God, thanks to the good offices of Señor Gonzalez Bravo and the Patriarch of the Indies, and the half-fear expressed that the Divinity might have been offended at her keeping her union secret,

shows to what extent superstition may influence a woman extraordinarily shrewd and level-headed in the everyday affairs of life.

In the end Serrano did go ; not out of respect for the wishes of Francisco and Cristina, but because Isabel—affectionately described as a thorough woman and a thorough Spaniard—had got tired of him. He was consoled with the Captain-Generalship of Granada, and avenged himself on the mistress who had discarded him by expelling her, years after, from her kingdom. Pacheco gave way to the masterful Narváez, who determined to put an end to the palace scandal. On the 13th October, he drove out to El Pardo, and at four o'clock that afternoon brought back the King-Consort in triumph. The Queen, standing on the balcony, saw them arrive. Francisco was taken to her apartments, when a reconciliation was patched up, and he was then conducted to the rooms specially allotted to him. Isabel had no sooner recovered from the shock of this interview than she was informed that her mother had reappeared in Madrid. Sure enough, Cristina and Riánsares, at the instigation of Louis Philippe, had left Paris secretly, travelling *incognito*, and were here at the doors of the palace. Her Majesty is said to have received her mother and step-father with tears of joy. It is probable that she wept on finding herself in leading strings once more. Francisco was summoned, and the family dined together. Cristina

was as smiling and gracious as ever. She looked at many of her daughter's attendants with amused curiosity. "What shocking people!" we can imagine her saying; "you must get rid of them, my dear." They were got rid of. In a week or two's time, Isabel found that nearly every one about her person was her mother's creature. At last she made a stand. To the dismissal of the *Aya* Doña Catalina and the Conde de Santa Coloma, she refused to consent. A council of the ministers, presided over by the majestic Narváez and supported by the persuasive Cristina, failed to overawe her. Finally her advisers told her they would resign if she did not give way on this point. Her Majesty was understood to say that they could do so as soon as they liked. The ministers then changed the subject.

But though in domestic matters the Queen sometimes had her way, the real rulers of the country were Cristina and Narváez. They deserve some credit for having withstood the upheaval which cost Louis Philippe his throne. In March 1848 the revolution of Paris found an echo in Madrid, which was instantly suppressed, and, wonderful to relate, was not followed by any executions. The downfall of the King of the French set at naught all Cristina's elaborate intrigues. The Spanish marriages had united her family to a fallen dynasty, whose head was now plain "Mr. Smith" in England. During the invasion of the Tuileries by the mob, the safety

of the Duchesse de Montpensier—the heiress-presumptive of Spain—was for a moment doubtful. For the support of a broken reed, Cristina had bartered her daughter's happiness. It was a pitiful business, but we may be quite sure that the Queen-Mother told herself that she had acted for the best. And—strangest part of it all—Spain proved quite able to get on without the aid she had been at such pains to procure her.

A sequel to the revolution of February was the expulsion of Bulwer from Madrid. Fearing that another catastrophe might be produced by the harsh and tyrannical measures of the Spanish government, Lord Palmerston instructed Bulwer to recommend the ministry to adopt a legal and constitutional course. Nowadays such a protest would be regarded in this country as an impertinence; but at that time people thought a great deal more about the rights of men, and justice, and freedom, than about international courtesy. However, the Spanish government cannot be blamed for returning the despatch with indignant comment. Moreover, reports were circulated that the English ambassador himself was intriguing with the Progressists for the overthrow of the ministry. On the 17th May, 1848, Bulwer was ordered to leave Madrid within twenty-four hours. His conduct, he was told, had been condemned by his own government, against which no offence was intended in thus dismissing him; moreover, his personal safety could not be guaran-

teed among a people whom his intrigues had outraged. The ambassador of England briefly replied that he had no fear for his person : he relied on the might of his country—"abiding as much in him alone, amid a hostile population, as in those powerful armaments which, under provocation, Great Britain could at a single word call forth." What attitude his government would adopt his Excellency would not venture to predict. On the 18th May, he set out for England.

Beyond the interruption for a couple of years of formal diplomatic relations between the two countries, this insult to our representative was left unavenged. England was at that time passing through an anti-revolutionary panic, and, in sympathy with reaction generally, was willing to forget this slight on her national honour. "The arbitrary acts of Narváez were approved as the vigorous efforts of authority to restore order. The liberal sentiments of Lord Palmerston were viewed with distrust." "We are against liberty first and for England after," these opponents of the great statesman might have murmured.

CHAPTER XVI

THE END OF A QUEEN AND A WOMAN

DURING the troubled inglorious years that followed Cristina's return to Madrid, Narváez might have boasted that, if not the state, he was the government of Spain. The preservation of the monarchy is entirely due to him. It is for Spaniards to say whether on this account he is entitled to their gratitude. The Queen had grown up into a sensual, impulsive, kind-hearted woman, with no capacity whatever for government and no sense of responsibility. As she grew older, she became more impatient of the control of her mother, who left her very much to the tender mercies of the general. In more than one direction, Cristina had overreached herself. The only result of the alliance with the House of Orleans had been to provide a French Prince with a home in Spain; and now the King-Consort, intended to be a mere lay-figure, grew insubordinate and presumed to follow a policy of his own. In reconciling the royal pair, Cristina had set up in the court an influence counter to her own. For Francisco had developed into a reaction-

ary of the old type, such as had not been seen in the palace since the death of Fernando VII. Narváez, harsh martinet though he was, recognized the need of some check on the royal authority; Cristina had no rooted objection to a constitution, which she was always clever enough to evade; but Francisco, like Don Carlos, believed in absolutism, unlimited and unrestrained.

He was a feeble-minded youth, and had fallen an easy dupe to his confessor, Father Fulgencio, and to Don Manuel Quiroga, one of his personal attendants. This man was the brother of the Franciscan nun, Sor Maria Rafaela del Patrocinio, whose pretended miracles and revelations had given the government a great deal of trouble in 1836. In that year she declared that the devil had carried her off out of her cell, and taking her with him to Aranjuez, had shown her that the Queen-Mother was a wicked woman, and that her daughter was not and could not be Queen of Spain; from which it would appear that the devil was an ally of Don Carlos. He next transported the nun to the other side of the Guadarrama, where he revealed to her other wickednesses indulged in by Cristina; and finally deposited her on the roof of her convent in Madrid, where she was found next morning by the sisters. Soon after it was noised abroad that Sor Patrocinio had received the *stigmata*. She was examined by order of the government, when it was found that the wounds, whatever might have been their origin,

were healed. Convicted of seditious utterances, she was ordered to be confined in a convent of the most rigorous observance at Talavera de la Reina. She does not appear to have made any nocturnal excursions during this period of seclusion, but in the course of a few years, she found her way back to Madrid, and became an inmate of the Convent of Jesus. Don Francisco, who heard her story from her brother's lips, was persuaded of her sanctity, and regarded all her pronouncements on questions of state as inspired. What passed between the nun and the kinglet is not exactly known, but she evidently persuaded him that he was the instrument chosen by God to put an end to constitutional government in Spain. To work on the superstitions and desires of Isabel was not difficult. In the early morning of the 18th October, 1849, Narváez was informed that he and his colleagues were dismissed. Had a thunderbolt descended into the general's coffee-cup, he could not have been more surprised. He hastened to the palace, and found her Majesty agitated but determined. Don Ramón having formally handed in his resignation withdrew, still in the dark as to the cause of his downfall.

The next day Madrid was startled and then amused by the appointment of a most heterogeneous ministry, of which the principal members were Conde de Cleonard, General Balboa, and Cea Bermudez (who was at the moment at Lisbon). Before any of these gentlemen had time to realize

what was expected of them, Isabel began to repent of her rashness, and sent for her mother to consult her in her perplexity. Cristina, however, was furiously angry, and vowed she would not re-enter the palace so long as Cleonard and Balboa remained in power. She attributed this sudden change in the ministry to Father Fulgencio, whom she described as a dangerous Carlist. Isabel now turned on her husband, and bitterly reproached him for his ill-advice. Never, she swore, would she be guided by him again. She then went off, accompanied by the Duquesa de Gor, to visit her mother in the Calle de las Rejas. After half an hour's entreaties, Cristina consented to use her good offices with Narváez. The general was angry, and at first refused to resume office. Cristina waxed warmer in her entreaties, painted the state of the country in alarming colours, and at last prevailed upon him to accept the presidency of the council. General Cleonard, meanwhile, had gone to the palace to consult with the Queen. He was told to return in a few hours. When he did so, he was told to countersign a decree dismissing General Balboa and appointing the Conde de San Luis in his room. The Queen then went on to dismiss him and all his other colleagues, reinstating Narváez and the ministry of two days before. Thus fell the famous "Lightning Cabinet" after an existence of barely forty-eight hours.

Narváez at once put his heavy hand on those

who had engineered this ridiculous intrigue. The unfortunate Cleonard was relieved of his command of the Royal Military College ; General Balboa was banished to Ceuta ; Quiroga was expelled from Madrid ; and Father Fulgencio despatched to Archidona in Andalusia, with orders to stay there. Sor Patrocinio was promptly restored to the community at Talavera de la Reina. Nor did the general spare the luckless little King. He straightway deprived his Majesty of his functions of keeper of the royal household and patrimony, and refused to allow him to hide his shame at his discomfiture at Valladolid. Francisco knew, however, that it was in his power to destroy the credit of his wife's throne. He sulked and threatened throughout the winter, and in February 1850 he announced his intention of leaving the Queen and living at Aranjuez. Narváez stormed and bullied in vain. Cristina the indispensable and the persuasive Ríansares were called in. The minister had to accept the terms offered by his insignificant Majesty. The control of the interior of the royal household was restored to him ; and Father Fulgencio came back from Andalusia, with a charming actress for travelling companion. The holy man was promised the bishopric of Cartagena.

The prestige of the King-Consort was decidedly augmented by the longed-for birth of a child to his wife in the following July. The infant came as a surprise, and questioning glances were directed

towards his Majesty. But Don Francisco appeared proud and gratified, Cristina radiant with delight. "The child won't live," said the Liberals; "it was never intended to." The suspicions vaguely expressed were untenable. Now Louis Philippe had fallen, neither Cristina nor any of her family or party could have had any special reasons for placing the Duc de Montpensier or his child upon the throne of Spain. The sinister prophecies were, however, fulfilled. The baby lived for three days only—long enough to inspire his mother with frantic grief for his loss.

Another year and six months passed. Again it was rumoured that the Queen was about to become a mother. In December the Infanta Isabel was born, and showed every disposition to live. Montpensier was now barred, said the Spaniards, and they accorded the Queen and the little stranger a frantic welcome as her Majesty went to return thanks at the church of the Atocha. But all Spaniards did not love the Queen. There was among the crowd a strange, saturnine priest, Merino by name, who combined the Catholic faith with a fervent Liberalism. He pressed forward to offer the Queen a petition, as it seemed. As the happy mother extended her hand to receive it, the man dealt her a blow with a poniard. "I am wounded!" she shrieked, and fainted. Merino was seized by the guards. Every one's first thought was for Isabel. She opened her eyes, and cried,

“My child! my child!” A big guardsman held the infant high in the air before her, to show it was safe from all harm. The blow had been broken by the Queen’s corset; her wound was of the slightest. Merino, despite his intended victim’s entreaties, was garrotted and his body burnt. He met his fate with the composure usual in men who die for their political or religious convictions.

The assassin’s blow had rendered the Queen good service. She became the most popular person in her dominions. Seeing her good-nature, her prodigal liberality, her generosity, people very sensibly told themselves that her love-affairs were no concern of theirs. Had her undoubted love for her subjects taught her the art of governing them, the years of her reign might have exceeded those of Victoria’s. She disliked Narváez—feared, perhaps, that he might play the part of Espartero—and this time found her mother on her side. Cristina knew that for her there was no political future. She and her husband cared only for money, and saw in the political game only the chances and means of adding to their already enormous wealth. She lent her support to the clever financier Brabo Murillo, who supplanted Narváez. Louis Napoleon’s *coup d’état* seemed to have ended the period of groping after freedom and righteousness, and to have inaugurated the reign of force and the material. Brabo Murillo seriously meditated sweeping away

the constitution, but even the Conservatives in Spain believed in some form of representative government, and the conspiracy was abandoned. Cristina, who dreaded a revolution, strongly disapproved the plot. She sent her secretary, Don Antonio Rubio, to the prime minister, to inform him that, if he persisted in his design, she would at once leave Spain with all her family, and would make her husband renounce all his offices and dignities. She would not witness, she declared, the destruction of a system which she had herself founded.

In the early fifties the railway mania spread to Spain. Cristina and Riánsares were not slow to recognize the financial possibilities of the new enterprises. We find his Grace chairman of the Northern Railway Company, and associated with his brother, the Conde de Retamoso, and the banker Salamanca, in promoting a great variety of syndicates. He and his wife were accused of trafficking in concessions, and of resorting to all sorts of devices to raise and to lower the prices of shares. It seems, however, that the conduct of his Grace gave great satisfaction to the shareholders in his companies, whom, I suppose, it was his business to please. The distinction between things lawful and unlawful in matters of high finance seems to be very finely drawn, and I am unable to say if the Duke overstepped the limit. He never presented a false balance-sheet,

which it appears is definitely regarded as a wrongful act ; and we are not told that he formed one company to buy another in which he was interested, which is perhaps legitimate. The projects with which he was connected, also, did materialize. He never floated a syndicate to acquire an imaginary mine in Nova Zembla or the Falkland Islands. His principal accuser, too, was Manuel de la Concha, who had always been his bitter foe, and who, being a rude soldier, was probably incapable of appreciating the subtleties of financial ethics.

The Spanish people generally shared this simplicity, and regarded Cristina and her spouse with suspicion and detestation. It was a little unfair. The Queen-Mother, as we have seen, was opposed to the reactionary tendencies of the cabinet, and enjoyed very much less influence than she was credited with. She was just a middle-aged mother of a family, such as was to be found behind the counters of every shop in Madrid and Naples, bent on piling up money for her children and marrying them well. She was no better and no worse than most of the women of her own age in the Spanish capital. She had no ideas of right and wrong beyond those to be derived from the catechism, wherein speculation and selling at a profit are not specifically forbidden. She had taken advantage of her position to add to her wealth, but, she might have reminded the nation, you must not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn. She

had no wish to harm any one, yet at the close of the year 1853 she was the best-hated woman in all Spain.

It was not she but her daughter who should have been blamed for the repeated changes of ministries and the ever-recurring dissolutions of the Cortes, which had reduced parliamentary government to a ghastly farce. Narváez had left the country, and strong men were rigorously excluded from the direction of affairs. In other respects, Isabel's choice of advisers seems to have been a matter of caprice, but each was worse than his predecessor. The country was going downhill at an alarming rate. One of the premiers, the Conde de San Luis, resolutely attempted to gag the press. In retaliation, practically no attention was devoted by the newspapers to the birth of another child to the Queen. But from the editorial offices there issued a special sheet, vehemently denouncing the unconstitutional and oppressive conduct of the government; while a second publication, called the *Murcielago*, was circulated broadcast and called for vengeance on the Queen's advisers, on the Queen-Mother, and on the Duque de Riánsares. This was followed up by a leaflet, thrust under every door in Madrid, calling on Spaniards to rise in defence of their liberties. "Are there no swords in the land of the Cid?"

O'Donnell's blade leaped from its scabbard. He, the leader of the Moderates, the intrepid chief who



From a lithograph after A. Maurin

MARIA CRISTINA
QUEEN DOWAGER OF SPAIN

had fought for Cristina ten years before, now put himself at the head of her enemies. The Conservatives in Spain had sown the wind and reaped the whirlwind. They had fought hard to restrain the liberty of their fellow-citizens, and had now to battle for their own. Drawing off the regiments attached to him from the garrison of Madrid, the general effected a junction at Canillejas with the forces of other officers in sympathy with the movement. The ministry, alive to its danger, sent word to Isabel to return to the capital from the Escorial, and sent General Anselmo Blaser to crush the revolt. A battle was fought at Vicálvaro. Both sides claimed the victory. Blaser returned to Madrid with a few prisoners, but O'Donnell captured Aranjuez, and from Manzanares on the 7th July, 1854, issued an appeal to Liberals and Conservatives alike to rise in defence of the constitution. The proclamation echoed through Spain like the blast of the tempest. Barcelona—the ever-turbulent—flew to arms. The revolution spread from town to town. Down went the ministry. The distracted Isabel called Fernandez de Cordova to the helm. He was a soldier and a man of action ; and he needed all his resolution now.

The downfall of the San Luis Cabinet was announced to the people of Madrid at a great bull fight. With their ugliest passions excited by the savage show, the crowd streamed into the streets, aglow with triumph, and shouting for the punish-

ment of the fallen ministers and of the detested Queen-Mother. Cristina heard the tocsin ringing from every belfry in Madrid. Hurriedly she took refuge with her husband in the royal palace. Her daughters, the Condesa de Vista Alegre and the Marquesa del Castillejo, were disguised, and sent off to Valencia, thence to be shipped off to France. The city was in revolt. A mob of armed peasants, who had flocked in at the call of the bells, surrounded the Queen-Mother's palace in the Calle de las Rejas, and broke the windows. Then they set fire to the four sentry-boxes. The commander of the little guard of thirty artillerymen boldly expostulated with the rioters, who contented themselves with dragging the boxes away and making a bonfire with them in front of the ministries. But a crowd of a different sort immediately collected, forced in the gates, and swarmed up the staircase of Cristina's home. In their disappointment at finding that their prey had escaped them, they tore down the hangings and smashed everything they could lay their hands on. Their work accomplished, or alarmed in the midst of it, they issued into the street, and were instantly fired upon by a column sent by Cordova at the Queen's instance to protect her mother's property. In the tumult some of Cristina's servants made their way into the palace, and saved some of her most confidential letters and deeds. By accident or design, some one set fire to a curtain, and in a few minutes the whole place was

ablaze. The building itself was spared, but the interior was gutted. That was the end of Cristina's last home in Spain.

“Crush the *canaille* !” Isabel commanded Cordova, and for three days every street in Madrid was a battlefield between the troops and the people. But from the country came the news that O'Donnell was gathering strength, that the government was surely foundering. To O'Donnell the Queens would not surrender. In their despair they turned to Espartero, who, permitted to return from England, had quietly settled down to watch events in his native province. He was the only man in Spain that could make terms between the sovereign and the people. Summoned to the capital, he sent first an aide-de-camp, whose coarse language and stern rebukes almost made Isabel repent of her surrender. But on the 28th July, 1854, the ex-Regent entered Madrid in triumph amid the frantic plaudits of the people. All would be right, he told them ; in his hands the constitution was safe. That day there was a strange meeting at the palace : Espartero was face to face with the Queen whose throne he had saved, the Queen-Mother whose downfall he had brought about years before, the general who had raised the standard of revolt against him. Now they consulted together how the throne of Spain might again be saved.

But there was a problem yet more difficult to solve. With cheers for the constitution and for

Espartero were mingled cries of "Death to the robber!" Cristina heard the cry, and knew that it was meant for her. She had faced the Spaniards before at La Granja, at Barcelona, at Valencia. She was not frightened of them now. They talked of her escaping. No, she declared, she would leave that palace only as a Queen. She was at bay. It was not only the crowd that demanded vengeance upon her. A deputation of prominent politicians and lawyers waited on Espartero and insisted that she should be brought to trial before the Cortes. She had rendered the government of the country impossible, and had stolen crown property. Espartero and O'Donnell promised the deputation that the Queen-Mother should not leave Madrid by day or by night, openly or furtively. But they knew they must break the promise, partly because the charges could never have been proved, partly because it was impossible to put the mother of the reigning sovereign on her trial.

For a month Cristina dwelt practically a prisoner in her daughter's palace, which was watched closely by armed citizens and peasants. Go in disguise, she would not. At last, at four in the morning of the 28th August, a carriage was driven up to the principal entrance of the royal abode, escorted by two squadrons of horse commanded by General Garrigo. At the sound of the wheels, Cristina embraced her nervous, weeping daughter and her trim, frightened son-in-law. Turning to the others, she bade them

farewell in her old winning, gracious manner, and descended the stairs up which Fernando had led her as his bride, five-and-twenty years before. Beside her walked her old rival, Espartero; behind her, the general who had offered to save her at Valencia. Her husband, unconcerned and unruffled, brought up the rear. "I shall come back," said her Majesty, as she bowed stiffly to the generals. Riánsares took his place beside her, the carriage door was shut, and with the cavalry clattering behind them, they drove at full gallop through the silent white streets of Madrid. The city, exhausted by its frenzies, slept soundly—even the fiercest revolutionary was abed. When Madrid awoke, the Queen-Mother was well on her way to Portugal. She passed out of Spain, and out of the ken of history.

Great was the wrath of her enemies when they found she had eluded them; bitter were the reproaches they addressed to Espartero and O'Donnell; but, in the end, every one was glad they had got rid of her. A parliamentary commission was appointed to inquire into her acts, but the only possible verdict was Non-proven. In the turmoil that followed she was soon forgotten. O'Donnell supplanted Espartero, Narváez supplanted O'Donnell. Cristina settled down to enjoy her wealth at Paris, and there and at her summer villa at Ste. Adresse near Havre, watched and waited for the inevitable sequel. Meanwhile her eldest boy—he for whom

the crown of Ecuador had been dreamed of—died at Malmaison at the age of twenty. Riánsares had still three sons—the Duque de Tarancon, the Conde de Gracia, and the Conde del Recuerdo ; and three daughters, of whom the two eldest married Prince Ladislas Czartoryski and the Neapolitan Principe del Drago. Their lot in life was pleasanter than their half-sister's. In 1868 Isabel II. came flying over the frontier, an exile like her mother. And thus, everybody thought, ends Cristina's lifelong struggle to keep her daughter and her dynasty upon the throne ; for this then was Carlos disinherited over thirty years before.

But it was not the end. Spain, strangely enough, was not yet weary of kings. She welcomed the son of Isabel II. to her tottering throne, and the crown rested securely on his brow. Cristina had seen Louis Philippe fall ; she saw the throne of her kinsmen at Naples swept away for ever, the upstart Second Empire come crashing down. But her grandson was King of Spain ; she had not lost the battle she had fought long years ago with the Princesses of Bragança, with Carlos, and with Calomarde. Very old and widowed—for her handsome guardsman had died in 1873—she travelled once more to Madrid in January 1878, to witness the culmination of her old Orleanist policy. For her grandson, Alfonso XII., was to wed his beloved cousin, Doña Mercedes, the daughter of Montpensier. And so Cristina's dreams actually

came to pass, though she benefited in no way by them. Perhaps, as she journeyed back to her home on that windy cliff above the English Channel, the old woman hoped to see a Prince of Asturias acclaimed as heir to the thrones of France and Spain. It was not to be; Montpensier's hopes perished in the coffin of his childless daughter; but Cristina was not to know that. For on the 29th August, 1878, while the Norman watering-place looked its brightest and gayest, poor exiled Isabel was summoned in hot haste from Paris to close her mother's eyes. The special train came too late. Cristina de Borbon had already died in the seventy-third year of her age.

She was buried in the Escorial—the only wife of Fernando VII. whose child had sat on the throne of Spain. The nation had long since forgotten and forgiven her—forgiven her avarice and her absorption in the interests of her family, forgotten that she had instituted the constitutional monarchy of Spain. She was a human woman, always thinking more of her husband, her children, and immediate dependents than of the millions of unseen and unknown Spaniards whose custody a droll tradition had committed to her. She wished evil to none; from the deliberate cruelties so constantly resorted to by other sovereigns of her house, she shrank in disgust. Had she been less a woman, she would have made a worse ruler. If she never

understood the responsibilities of her high office, she never flinched from its dangers. At bay against the revolution during two-thirds of her life, she never relapsed into abject fear of modern ideas or tried to quench liberty in wholesale bloodshed. She was no fanatic, as so many Bourbons have been. Without education or experience, she was called upon to face the most powerful combination of enemies and to sail out of the familiar harbour of despotism into the unknown sea of constitutional liberties. She could not see far ahead; but she went on cheerfully, distrusting the people, but never hating them. She would have been better understood in England than in Spain. "With the constitutional government of this realm, I have always been identified," she wrote just before her final expulsion. She was not quite justified in making that boast. But she was two things of price—a brave woman and a kindly-natured Queen.

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