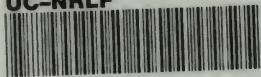


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SPAIN AND THE SPANIARDS



BY

N. L. THIEBLIN.



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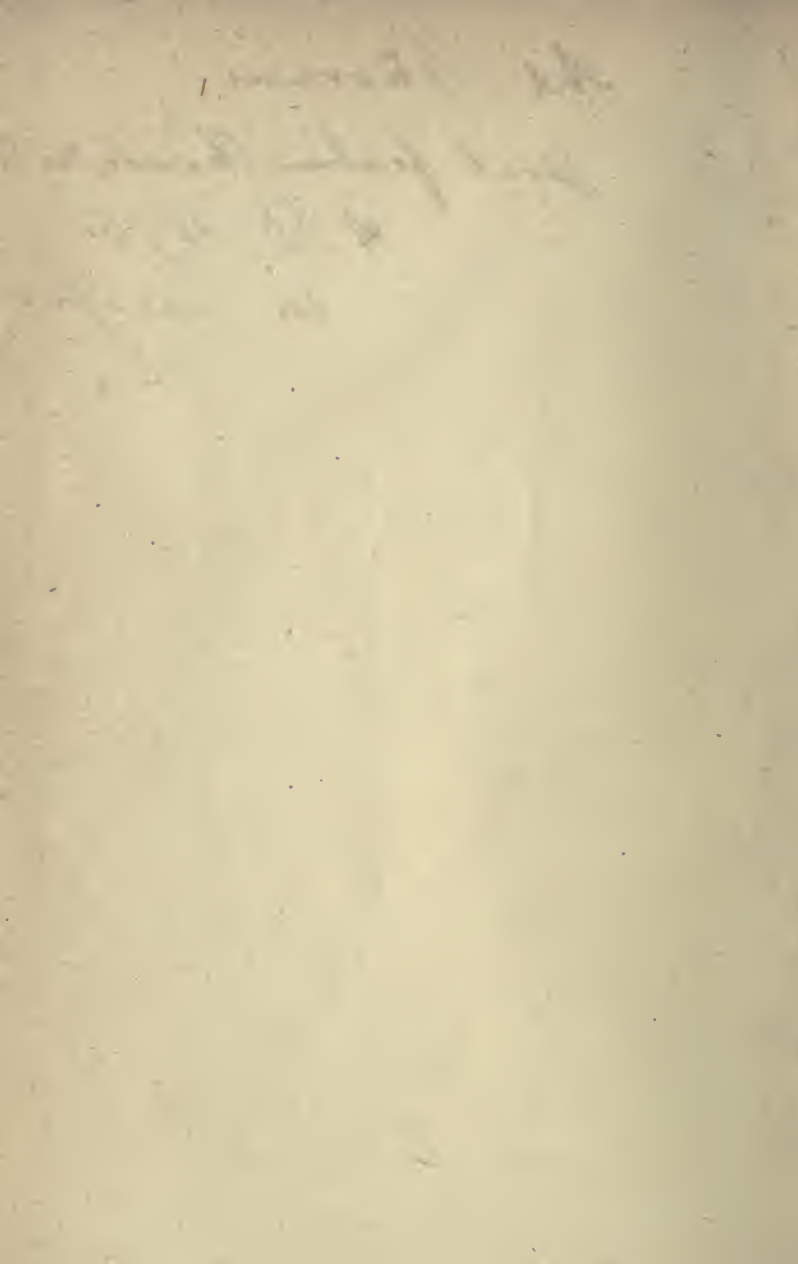
Ad Señoram

post festum Christimati,

A. D. 1876

su caro sposo.

E.



SPAIN AND THE SPANIARDS.

BY

N. L. THIÉBLIN.

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LEE, SHEPARD AND DILLINGHAM.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTE.



THE author of this work, Mr. N. L. Thiéblin, now for the first time appearing before the American public, began his English journalistic career in London as foreign correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette. In the intervals of his regular work he wrote some humorous sketches for the same journal, signing them with the Oriental *nom de plume* of Azamat-Batuk. These bright contributions, mainly bearing upon the manners and ways of the English themselves, secured their author a wide reputation; and, when during the Franco-Prussian war he joined the French army as special correspondent of the same paper, his letters from the field of battle were eagerly looked for and largely quoted even in this country.

After the conclusion of that war, the New York

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Herald engaged Mr. Thiéblin to go to Spain, and the present volume is the result of his sojourn and travels in that country. The author has thoroughly revised and abridged for the American public the original London edition produced in April last by Messrs. Hurst & Blackett, in two volumes, upon which the press commented in the most flattering terms.

Here are a few extracts from the reviews published by the leading English periodicals:—

“Here is at last a book on Spain of the kind we have been asking for. Mr. Thiéblin fills his pages with his personal experiences among the armed factions; he takes a comprehensive survey of the present situation, and describes the men who have made themselves most conspicuous. . . . Mr. Thiéblin’s style is not only easy, but graceful.” — *Saturday Review*, April 11, 1874.

“Mr. Thiéblin’s grand merit is that he takes his reader with him. Having read these sketches, we seem to realize the sensation of having actually plodded with a Carlist column through the arid gorges of Navarre, or looked out over the Plaza in Madrid while a revolution was going on. We have visited

Spain in Mr. Thiéblin's company, and enjoyed our visit — this is the best thing we can say of the book." — *Spectator*, July 11, 1874.

"We need not say that it is vivacious and interesting; nothing that is dull can come from the author's pen; but we may say that it is also very informing. Beneath all his brilliancy of description, Mr. Thiéblin is careful in collecting and sifting information. He is indefatigable in pursuit of it. Not only is this the most graphic book about Spain of late years — it is the most useful. It has the importance of history, and the fascination of romance." — *British Quarterly Review*, for July, 1874.

"Mr. Thiéblin's experiences have been many and varied, and they have supplied him with a considerable quantity of literary stock, which he has from time to time served up for our delectation in a manner which certainly deserves gratitude. His recipe is a good one, and his dishes are always piquant; but, perhaps, he has never been more successful than in his latest attempt. The volumes before us are full of interest, not only of the kind which is due to the subject of which they treat, but also of the interest which arises from a brisk and humorous style, well fitted to give expression to the author's acute discernment of character and effect." — *Examiner*, April 11, 1874.

“We congratulate Mr. Thiéblin upon the appearance of these volumes at an opportune time. By the aid of this really-entertaining book the present state of Spain may be easily divined, and the *Cosas de España* brought before the mind's eye.” — *Athenæum*, April 11, 1874.

Not less flattering reviews were published at the time of the appearance of the English edition by four or five New York papers, among which the usually very reserved Nation, of July 2d, said, “We know of no book that so well represents the condition of modern Spain.”

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SPAIN AND THE SPANIARDS.



CHAPTER I.

BAYONNE AND BIARRITZ, WHERE SPAIN BEGINS.

LET us start *à la* Disraeli, with a sentence of nice, impudent, phrenetic bluster, something like this: "The thunder groaned, the wind howled, the rain fell in hissing torrents, impenetrable darkness covered the earth."

Of course, in March, 1873, there was no *bona fide* thunder to be got in London; but that does not matter, since everybody knows that in the case of Ixion no sort of thunder groaned either. As to howling wind, torrential rain, and impenetrable darkness, there is always plenty of that in this country. So the opening sentence will do very well.

Now, just fancy a man sitting in London, constantly chilly in-doors, thoroughly wet when out of doors, and with nothing to divert him from the consciousness of his utter misery except the prospect of reading or writing no end of newspaper rubbish. I thought the position really unbearable, and was at my wit's end what to do with myself, when again, as in the case of Ixion,

“a blue and forked flash darted a momentary light over the landscape;” or, speaking in plainer language, a friend knocked at my door, and came to ask whether I should like to go to Spain, and if I could start the next day. I knew Spain already, liked it immensely, not to say loved it, and seized the proposal with both hands.*

The next evening at 8.45 I was off to Charing Cross, and within less than three days found myself amidst a blooming vegetation, and under a bright blue sky, expanding itself over the favored country like a gigantic dome of *lapis lazuli*. And I felt towards London and England, as we all often feel towards good old relations, that I liked them all the better at a certain distance.

Is there any need to describe the journey to the foot of the Pyrenees? The night I left London was one of those nice British nights every one knows. The Channel was perfectly raging, and the wind so violent as to tear off with terrific noise the roof of one of the railway carriages, and to cause some other “damage to property.” At Dover, three steamers were supposed to start: the Belgian, running to Ostend, declined to leave before daybreak; the French mail steamer refused to go at all; while the captain of the “Maid of Kent” simply advised the passengers to take a stiff glass of brandy and soda to begin with, and then another to follow, as he had to detain them a little on account of

* The author has been sent out to Spain on behalf of the New York Herald, as the special correspondent of that journal. The pages he now submits to the public contain but little of what has been already published in the Herald.

the low tide. "The Calais harbor is a hell of a place in heavy weather," we were informed, "and more sea was required to land in anything like safety." In a few hours this "more sea" turned up, and all those who were not going on a mere pleasure trip were on board. We remained at the mercy of the furious element nearly all night, were all the time mercilessly tossed about, but still reached Calais long before the captain of the French mail had made up his mind to leave Dover harbor.

Of course, one could not possibly pass Paris without stopping there at least for a day. A few hours more must also be spent at Bordeaux, to sip with a friend a bottle of the sort of wine which never reaches London, and only after that can one conveniently afford to be hurried off to the sad and disheartening Landes. Should you ever have to go to Bayonne, take my advice, don't go that way unless you are in a great hurry. Find out rather some steamer at Bordeaux, for there is hardly any corner in France which leaves a more painful impression than the Landes. The North about Lille and the Belgian frontier is not picturesque, but at all events you see a sort of manufacturing animation there; while in the country south of Bordeaux, the eye meets nothing but pine forests, patches of sand, and grayish-looking fields, sometimes without a trace of any other vegetation than fern. Miles and miles are passed without the sight of a hill or a living being, except an occasional cow ringing her melancholy bell, or a grunting pig rushing out of a ditch on the approach of the train. Now and then you come across a lot of horses let loose; their shaggy coat, their awk-

ward, shy sort of look, make you forget that you are south of the French vineyards — you believe yourself in the steppes of Russia. Of human beings, you see literally nothing, except when the train stops at the station; and only by and by, when vaguely discerning on the distant horizon the blue clouded chain of the Pyrenees, do you feel relieved from the seediness that oppressed you, and begin to believe that you will really have something better to see presently.

The fresh smiling vales and hills around Bordeaux, the sprightly, enervating activity of the city itself, make you feel the sadness of the Landes still stronger; and when you reach Bayonne, you wonder by what sort of misunderstanding or forgetfulness, Nature allowed the large plot of land between the Gironde and the Adour to remain in that rough and unfinished condition.

Bayonne gains immensely if you enter it by the river. The bar of the Adour is in itself quite a sight for the stranger. First of all, it cannot be always passed; and that is already something. Very frequently ships have to remain several days outside, waiting till a favorable tide turns up. The sea may be like a mirror, but on the bar itself there is always a havoc; while, when the sea is rough, the mouth of the Adour assumes the aspect of some infernal caldron. A man fresh to the sea would never believe any vessel could pass through it. The white boiling waves dash up high in the air, with all the rage and cries of a thousand infuriated witches. Caught by one of these waves, the ship is immediately pitched up and down in such a way that no efforts will make anybody or

anything on board remain in its place. Every fresh wave coming from behind looks as if it would wash off funnel, paddle-boxes, and everything else; yet the steamer bounds up again, and in three or four minutes slips quietly down on the smooth surface of the river. But one can only get a chance to enjoy this sight when the naval bulletins, posted on the wall of the Custom House at Bayonne, announce, "Passage de la barre praticable." When they declare it "difficile," nobody makes even an attempt to enter the river, or to leave it; and it is quite a common thing to see English and Spanish crews knocking about at Bayonne, sometimes for a week, without being able to get out into the gulf.

In the spring of 1873, when the general flight from Madrid had set in, and the Northern Railway was cut, there remained no other road to France but that via Santander or Bilbao, and thence on by steamer to Bayonne. How many señoras had then to faint and cry on the mere approach of that bar! But the Adour speedily recomforted them. The large and handsome river, with its rich vegetation on either side, reminded them of their own Rio Nervion and the entrance to the capital of Biscaya. The sight here is even much more grand, for, though English mining industry and commercial activity have rendered the approaches to Bilbao much more animated, the approaches to Bayonne are more picturesque, the river is larger, and the groves and woods bordering it are incomparably more beautiful and profuse.

It is not an exaggeration to say that Spain begins at Bayonne and Biarritz. It is here that you first see

mantillas going to church; that you read sign-boards written in French and Spanish; that you hear the Castilian tongue — and often the purest. During the summer months you meet certainly more Spanish than French faces at Bayonne; and in the *Allées Marines*, the beautiful promenade along the river, you are first puzzled by the bullocks dragging the carts, being dressed in a kind of linen dressing-gowns, and having elaborate red nets on their heads. Lifting up their wet nostrils, they look at you as if anxious to ascertain whether you are not disposed to take them across to the country where their race has a so much more glorious and so much less laborious life. In the market-place and in the leading street you meet very frequently mules with their heavily-loaded *alforjas*; and the genuine muleteers, dressed in their picturesque costumes, leave you in no doubt of your being in close vicinity to the land of Don Quixote. The huge building which lodges the municipal council, the Mairie, the theatre, the custom house, and a good many other things, has large arcades through the basement, quite in the Spanish style, and one of the streets of Bayonne consists almost entirely of arcades.

On the whole, Bayonne would be a pleasant-looking town if it were not for a very mournful, since immemorable times, unfinished cathedral, and some very ugly-looking old fortifications. The Vauban bastions outside the town, being covered with grass, do not much offend the eye, but the old castle and the citadel have a ruined and mouldy look which affects the aspect of the town very unfavorably. Being a *place forte de première classe*, Bayonne garrisons a whole military division

and no end of siege and fortress artillery — a circumstance which also adds very little to the pleasantness of the town, except through the supply of some military bands, which play twice a week during the afternoon on the *Place d'Armes*, and assemble in that way the fashionable belles of Biarritz as well as the indigent Basque girls. The former come to make a show of their toilets in all imaginable carriages and pony chaises, while the latter walk quaintly about, to let people have a look at their graceful bearing, and at their plain but coquettish head-gear.

What is here to be seen of England is most venerable, and to a certain extent even glorious. In the first place there is a vast number of invalid and elderly ladies and gentlemen, naturally suggesting the idea of usefully-spent lives, of overwork, of large fortunes made by business-like habits and all that sort of thing. Then there is the English cemetery, which contains the bodies of the officers and soldiers of the 2d Life Guards, who fell under the walls of Bayonne in 1814. Then again there is the little frontier town of Hendaye within a few miles of Bayonne — a town which was intimately connected with Great Britain through the strong brandy it produced. Opposite that place, on the left bank of the Bidassoa, lies the old picturesque Spanish town of Fuentarabia, close to which the Duke of Wellington crossed the fords, and surprised and defeated Marshal Soult. In a word, wherever one looks, one finds something to remind one of "dear Old England." Almost throughout the whole of the Département des Basses-Pyrénées one finds a number of English families of limited means, who look pretty

much as if they had settled down there, and some of them, at Biarritz, even do a bit of business in addition to their living pleasantly, cheaply, and in a good climate. They take a house by the year, sublet it during the three months' season for the same rent they have to pay for twelve months, and retire meanwhile to places like Ascain, Béhobie, or Cambo, where provisions are at half the Biarritz season prices; while the loveliest walks, excellent fishing, and occasionally a good day's shooting, can be had for nothing.

Bayonne was always the great Carlist centre, but during these last years it has become so more than ever. Under the government of M. Thiers everything was done, if not to prevent, at all events to render the Carlist movement more difficult. The *gendarmerie* was re-enforced by some men specially sent from Versailles. Troops were echeloned all along the frontier, and the greatest watchfulness seemed to be exercised in Bayonne itself. Spaniards who were unable to prove their being leading members of the Alfonso or Isabella party were, without distinction of either sex or age, arrested and interned by the dozen. All this, however, did not much affect Carlism, for its chief support in the Basses Pyrénées comes not from the Spaniards, but from the French landed proprietors, who, in that province, are nearly all legitimists, and from the mass of the population, who make a good deal of money out of Carlism in every possible way: by smuggling arms across the frontier, by the supply of horses, uniforms,

and other war requisites, as well as through the general affluence of people this side of the Pyrenean frontier — an inevitable result of all Carlist risings on the other side of it. M. Thiers was too cautious to provoke any strong feeling against himself on the part of the French Basques, and still more so on the part of the rich nobility of the Province; but he did all he could in an underhand manner. Yet his best efforts proved a failure. He was legally unable either to arrest or to interne the wealthy southern landlords, nor could he invade their houses for the purpose of searching them. Consequently, though strangers of all nations were greatly molested by the gendarmes and the police, in the streets, on the high roads, and in the hotels, Carlism progressed all the same, for it was carried on much more within the quiet residences of the landed nobility and gentry than anywhere else. Even the much persecuted Spaniards managed, somehow or other, to establish a regular committee, which styled itself “*La Real Junta Auxiliar de la Frontera*,” delivered passes, concluded contracts, etc., and was holding its sittings in a Spanish hotel in the principal street of Bayonne. Another committee, consisting of Frenchmen, concealed its occupation still less than the Spaniards did.

When arrived at Bayonne, I was soon brought into contact with some of the leading representatives of these committees, and, as my duties implied, tried to ascertain in what way the Carlists had managed to organize themselves, and where they got money and arms from. I knew that there had been a committee in London, and another in Paris; but the London committee did not send out any money at all, while

the Paris Committee collected only a little over five thousand dollars, which could not go a long way. From all that I have learned subsequently, it appears that the present Carlist movement began with about twenty thousand dollars, which Don Carlos's uncle, the Duke of Modena, supplied to the young pretender. If, at the outset, the nobility and the population of the south of France had not assisted Don Carlos as they did, he would not have had any chance at all of arriving where he now is. A few instances will show by what practical contrivances they managed to help him.

Some three thousand uniforms of the Mobiles — a souvenir of the Franco-German war — were (for example) to be sold at Bordeaux, and at once a gentleman was instructed to buy them; while a couple of landed proprietors of Bayonne stored them until a party of reliable contrabandists could be secured to smuggle the stock across the frontier. In a few weeks, six or seven battalions of the Carlist army did not, except through their *Boïna* (Basque cap), differ in any way, in their outward appearance, from the *moblots* the Prussians used to capture and slaughter so freely. Another similar affair took place at Bayonne itself. The municipality possessed there another souvenir of the last war, in the shape of a stock of some ten thousand cartridge-pouches and sword-belts. One of the councillors, a gentleman of a Carlist turn of mind, suggested that time had arrived to realize the public money so unprofitably invested, and proposed that the stock should be sold by auction; but another member, of a more Republican shade, opposed the motion as likely to serve the insurgents of a country which was

on friendly terms with France. A rather sharp discussion ensued, without apparently leading to any result. But the Carlists found out a leather merchant from so distant a province as Burgundy, caused him to write and make a private offer to the municipality, and the whole stock was sold for about a franc per complete accoutrement. As a matter of course, neither the pouches nor the belts went to Burgundy, but were sent directly to Navarre, Guipuzcoa, and Biscaya, where they have been doing some capital service up to the present day. Perhaps a still better illustration of the manner in which Don Carlos was served by his faithful and ingenious allies, is furnished by the supply of two cannons which I happened to see myself first stored in a little *château* near Biarritz, and subsequently in full operation on the Carlist battle-fields. I shall have even to tell, by and by, how I was compelled to smuggle one of these cannons. At present, however, it will be enough to say that two brass four-pounders, cast at a foundery near Nantes, were, it seems, declared to be defective on inspection, and doomed to be turned into metal again. Of course that was but a *manœuvre* for getting them out of the French government's hands. In a few days they were packed, and a French priest booked them at the railway-station to some village close by Bayonne, as marble statues of a Virgin and some saint for his church. He travelled all the way himself with the awkward luggage, and recommended every railway guard to be most careful in dealing with his cases, containing, according to his story, very fine works of art.

In this and similar ways the whole of the existing

Carlist army was organized at the outset, and what we have since heard of the *Deerhound's* and other large landings of arms, began only when Don Carlos became sufficiently master of the North of Spain to impose contributions and to raise little local so-called loans, which enabled him to send out money to England in larger quantities than he had had at his disposal before.

During the last two years, the department of the Basses Pyrénées turned more Spanish than ever, for in addition to swarms of Carlists, and to all those Spanish families who came every year on pleasure trips to the Pyrenees, everybody whose financial position permitted an escape from places where there were disturbances — and disturbances were everywhere in that sad country — sought refuge on the French coast of the Gulf of Biscaya. Consequently, every place, down to the smallest village on that coast, was literally crammed with genuine blue-blooded *caballeros* and *señoras*. Now it was only natural that in so large a number of representatives of one country there should be all imaginable varieties, genera, and species: Carlists, Alfonsists, Isabellists, Amadeists, Serranists, Esparterists, Cabrerists, and no end of other “ists,” all conspiring, all gesticulating, all talking at the same time, though somewhat different nonsense; but almost all charming men, accompanied very often by still more charming women.

Biarritz, the fashionable Imperialist watering-place, differs greatly from anything that the traveller meets on his approaching the Spanish frontier. The little

town, or more correctly the little village, is built on an exceedingly ugly spot, almost without any vestige of gardens or shady grove. It is evidently a place predestined to serve as a resort for people rather fonder of parasols than of leafy canopies. The houses are small and irregularly-shaped, without any reference either to the comfortable or the picturesque; and the few large mansions which have been erected by Napoleon and some of his counsellors and friends are calculated only to exhibit still more strongly the general ugliness of the place. The largest building in that way, the Villa Eugénie, looks more like a reformatory or some cavalry barracks than like a villa. One wonders now what could have ever induced the late Emperor to select this spot for embellishment, except that it was near Spain — which he had all reasons for disliking — and that it offered excellent sea-bathing, which he seldom, if ever, indulged in. Sitting on the shore, and looking at what Napoleon contrived to call into existence at Biarritz, one feels more than ever inclined to give a sad smile at the memory of the Empire. What a vast amount of money spent to create a summer residence for the Empress “when she becomes a widow” (and not able to live in France)! What an amount of artifice conceived in preparing friendly arm-in-arm walks with Bismarck, during which, under the softening influence of the blue sea and the blue mountains, the fate of Europe was supposed to be decided, though in reality nothing was decided, except the catastrophe to the creator of Biarritz and to the nation which paid for this creation!

All this, however, does not prevent Biarritz from

being an excellent place to take a sea-bath, for the two establishments offer every comfort in that way, and the beach in front of the Casino is of a description which can hardly be found anywhere else, the bottom of the sea being as smooth as the best polished marble, and the rollers all that can be wished for. The coast itself is also capable of affording no end of enjoyment to people endowed with a little taste for the picturesque. Seldom do you find a place where, within the same limited space, the waves break in so great variety of beautiful modes. On one spot you see them rolling softly, harmoniously, as though kissing the shore, and whispering to it sweet words of love; while close by, they dash furiously, like so many gigantic, white-robed, mad women. Here they break abruptly against a cliff, and are thrown back in silver spray; there they quietly spread themselves in a rich carpet, whiter than snow itself.

The Spanish coast is seen from Biarritz to the best advantage, the sharp lines of the mountains being all softened down, and the perpetual play of light and shade, and the variety of color, giving the whole picture quite a fairy touch. If Biarritz had not been transformed into a country branch of "the vast café-restaurant called Paris," it would certainly have soon become a favorite resort of true lovers of good bathing and fine sea-side views. But it is a place at which you should never avert your eye from the sea. As soon as you cast your glance across the landscape, you are at once oppressed with the utter dreariness of the scene; the town itself is unbearable, and the neighboring country as near an approach to the Landes as can be found in the whole of that otherwise picturesque corner of France.

The yearly invasion of distinguished foreigners and of Paris fashionables has also given quite a peculiar character to the population of Biarritz. Men and beasts, women and children, seem all to look different from what they are in other parts of the Basses Pyrénées. The national Basque costume is almost given up, as is also the Basque language. The muleteer, though a thorough Spaniard, does not look any longer a genuine one, for he is mixed up here with sham Turks, sham Arabs, and sham everything else, as if it were in a masquerade. Instead of working all the year round, the population works only three months, the main feature of their work being that of cheating everybody in every way, and to an extent which secures them a most comfortable livelihood during the remaining nine months. As long as the Empire lasted, there was at least the guarantee of fashionable, if not always respectable, society offered to the rich traveller by the excessive prices of living; while at present even this advantage is gone, and the Casino of Biarritz, in which *baccarat* is now carried on all the year round, will probably soon transform Biarritz into about the worst place of that sort in the whole of Europe.

To the student of men and manners, St.-Jean-de-Luz is the place which offers most attractions in this neighborhood, for, although there still exists a large number of Basque villages in France, there is no really Basque town except St.-Jean-de-Luz. Everything is here as of old, the piety, the virtue of the people, their

quaint sharpness, their tongue, their costume, the agility of their movements, down even to their blue berets and white *alpargatas* (hempen sandals), and to the unbearable cries of their female street-hawkers. You feel at once you are far from the northern regions, where a man has to think of his dear fuel, his dear provisions, and the high rent he pays for his shelter. Of fuel the Basque requires next to none; the food is cheap, and he means it to be good too; as to the shelter, although he has always a good one, he does not concern himself much about it, as his whole life is passed outside the house, in the street, the field, and on the high road. His ancestors, who were always fighting, but never conquered, had all been ennobled by the princes to whom they swore allegiance, and the Basque has consequently up to our times preserved a kind of pride which gives boldness to his look, and makes him talk to you on terms of perfect equality. And in the majority of cases it is perfectly immaterial to him what tongue he talks — Basque, Spanish, or French; he knows them all equally well, though he immensely prefers his harsh-sounding native language. At the first glance you throw at the Basque peasant, you perceive by his quick and agile walk, his cleanly cotton costume, and his loud, harsh voice, that the man has not crept out of some black underground hole. The brownish, hard features of his face, quite open under the beret, tell of a life passed under cheerful sun rays; and the bright though somewhat dreamy expression of his eyes seems to be full of praise of the beauties of the sea and mountain scenery, which they have ever contemplated. You cannot intimidate a man of this

sort, for neither the majesty of the nature surrounding him, nor the violence of the enemy, has ever done so for centuries and centuries past. He is all blood and passion; and if you offend him, he dashes at you, however mighty or powerful you may be. When the Basque left his native place at the foot of the mountains and went to mix with the population north and east of him, he lost by and by his national character, and in the Béarn and in the Landes you meet beggars on every step, while you find none in the so-called Labourd and the Soule. However dull St.-Jean-de-Luz may seem to a stranger, the Basque won't give it up on any consideration. The usurping sea tried to get it from him, and was actually swallowing up the town, but — *à Gascon Gascon et demi* — the Basques stopped it, and are now managing to raise their decaying capital to its former state of prosperity.

The Basque likes even the gypsies he has so long harbored at considerable danger to himself, for it is probably thanks to gypsies that the inhabitants of St.-Jean-de-Luz were formerly accused of witchcraft and burned alive *en masse*. He made even these gypsies work as steadily as he does himself; at least if the male gypsies do not still work much, the female do. Known under the name of *cascarottes*, they are all engaged in the fish trade, and from six o'clock in the morning the whole town is resounding with the piercing, unbearable cries of "*Sardinas! Sardi-i-nas!*" Formerly, when the railway from Bayonne was not completed, the most valiant *cascarottes* used to start at five o'clock in the morning to Bayonne, some thirteen miles distant, and returning by noon were off again at

two P. M., and back at sunset, running thus — for they never walk, they trot — barefooted, something over fifty miles a day; and in the evening, after the completion of their laborious task, they were dancing on the beach of St.-Jean.

This dancing is another quite original affair here. The *cascarottes* dance almost the same *fandango* as the Basques, but they dance it without music, to the singing and the clapping of hands of the spectators. The more regular Basque *fandango* can, however, be always seen on Sundays, either at the special squares arranged in every village for the *pelota* (*jeu de paume*), or at St.-Jean, in front of the bathing establishment. The orchestra consists, as a rule, of a bad violin and still worse horn. Two big empty casks with two planks on them, two old chairs on these planks, and two bad musicians upon the chairs, are deemed sufficient to enliven the dance. The sounds they get out of their instruments are something horrible; nevertheless, you can sit for hours looking at the graceful movements of both men and women. Perpetual wars have developed in the Basque a taste for bodily exercise, and bodily exercise has produced agility and gracefulness. Every one knows what fierce and invincible fighting material was at all times found in these more or less direct descendants of the Iberian tribes which, as traditions report, used, when besieged and reduced to the extremity of hunger, to eat their wives and children, salting such parts of the flesh as they could not consume in a fresh condition. The Roman soldiers who went out to fight the Vascons were sure never to return; and the Moors, after having conquered the whole of the

Peninsula, could never enter the so-called Basque provinces of Spain, the population of which is absolutely the same as on this side of the Pyrenees. The only difference between the French and the Spanish Basques is, that the former looks much more civilized, much more tamed down — a circumstance which may be, perhaps, accounted for on the principle of that process to which M. Michelet alludes, when he says that the people of France are a nation of barbarians civilized by conscription. The Spanish Basque, who never knew what conscription was, and always fought for his privilege of not being compelled to fight, remains in a state of comparative savagery when put into juxtaposition with the peasant from the Basses Pyrénées. Yet, if the improved Vascon has all the merits which can be wished for in a citizen of an orderly community; if he is steady, hard-working, and intelligent; if his religious and moral character is irreproachable, — woe, nevertheless, to those who are dependent upon him; he will suck the last drop of blood out of them; and there is no greater misery to be seen in France than where the small Basque capitalist comes into contact with the laborer of a neighboring and poorer county.

Yet the Basque is good-natured, kind, and rather poetical in his aspirations. The Basque literature, which is almost all manuscript, or even oral, as preserved in the national ballads, is said to be rich, and to have many charms in its way. I give here a verse of a popular song, which may at least show how the language looks in print, and a French translation to it, borrowed from a local writer, as I have never been able to catch, myself, a single word of Basque except “Urre,” or “Urra,” which means, I think, water.

Tehorrittona, nourat houa,
 Bi hegalez, airian?
 Espagnalat jouaïteko,
 Elhurra duk bortian :
 Algarreki jouanengutuk
 Elhurra houtzen denian.

Petit oiseau, blanche nacelle,
 Qui fait en l'air voguer son aile,
 D'Espagne gagnes-tu les monts?
 Dans les ports que l'hiver assiège,
 Laisse, crois-moi, fondre la neige :
 Ensemble nous les passerons.

Although neighbors, as a rule, seldom live on friendly terms, on the Spanish frontier of France peace has never been disturbed. An explanation of this may be found in the fact that it is not actually Frenchmen and Spaniards who meet on that frontier, but the Basques of France and the Basques of Spain; and as all the Basques of Spain are Carlists, they turned the French Basques into Carlists too. At all events, the personal support which Carlism obtains in the frontier villages is quite as efficient as the material support which its leaders receive at Bayonne. Every Carlist that has, for some reason or other, to enter France, is sure to find a safe and hospitable home; and the curé Santa Cruz has lived at St.-Jean-de-Luz for months and months, both before entering Spain and after having fled thence, and though the police and the gendarmes were daily and nightly on foot to discover him, they had never any chance of success. Since the advent of Marshal McMahan, the importation of arms and other war materials had also been greatly facilitated.

There exist in the south of France two lines of custom-house: the first runs through Bayonne, along the Southern railroad; the other along the frontier itself. A decree of M. Thiers, of March, 1873, prohibited the transfer of arms and war material beyond the first of those lines, so that anything that the Carlists wished to bring into Spain could be stopped at Bayonne, and all along the road from Bayonne to the frontier. The chances of such materials being captured were thus greatly increased. But after Marshal McMahon had assumed power, the French Legitimists in Paris managed somehow or other to have that decree annulled, so that arms and war material could be brought close to the frontier without interruption by any one; and as there is nothing more easy than to smuggle them during the night through the endless mountain and forest paths, all those who wished to support the Spanish Pretender found useful and even profitable employment.

I begin to think, however, that we ought to progress more speedily towards those mountains. We touch already La Rhune, the first Pyrenean height in this part of the country, and the only one which Paris excursionists attempt to ascend, when anxious to have a look at the Spanish territory. But we have to go much farther than they go, and though in Spain things *se empiezan tarde, y se acaban nunca* (are commenced late and finished never), in this business-like country the same principle "would not answer." So let us get rid of Biarritz, Bayonne, and the Basques, and proceed at once to the sad but charming land *tras los montes*.

CHAPTER II.

FIRST VISIT TO THE CARLIST CAMPS.

NEVER would I have thought, on leaving London, that I should have to take to smuggling, and be transformed into a mysterious Spanish *contrabandista*. Yet such was the case. To be able to get on a sure footing among the partisans of Charles VII., one wanted, first of all, to get the necessary permission and safe-conduct from General Elio. He being, however, in the mountains, I had to depend upon Carlist representatives at Bayonne for finding out his whereabouts. One of them, a most accomplished gentleman, said he would do everything in his power, provided I would not object to going somewhat out of the usual way of travelling, and would for a few hours submit to certain restrictions of my free-will. It was impossible to go straight by the high road to the frontier, for M. Thiers' gendarmes and soldiers, posted at all the frontier custom-houses, had strict instructions to let no one pass into such portions of Spain as were occupied by the Carlists. Those who wished to go to the Peninsula had to go either *viâ* Irun, the only frontier town still in Republican hands, or take a steamer at Marseilles to Barcelona, or at Bayonne to San Sebastian, Bilbao, or Santander. But it was only in theory, not in actual

practice, that communication with Carlist territory was cut off, for both arms and men did cross the frontier, only they did not cross it by the high roads, on which watch was kept.

There are two railway lines from France to Spain ; the one runs *viâ* Bayonne, the other *viâ* Perpignan. Between these two lines, on the whole length of the Pyrenean chain, are several roads, with post coaches, old-fashioned inns, little custom-houses, stupid *douaniers*, most clever *contrabandistas*, and all the rest of it. These roads are excellent and most picturesque, and the horses and mules of the locality think nothing of eight or even ten miles an hour, notwithstanding the road running all the time sharply up and down hill. It was on these roads that the close watch on Carlists had been established by M. Thiers. Every cart was searched, every carriage examined, every rider and pedestrian asked to give a full account of his intentions and his destination. But right and left of every one of these high roads are forest and mountain paths trodden out by shepherds and smugglers since times immemorial, and, as to their number and directions, defying all calculation. A few of them are comfortable enough for a clever mule to pass with its burden ; but no gendarme or *douanier*, however valiant he may be, has ever ventured to enter them *ex officio*. He would be lost if he did not meet any smuggler to show him the way, and would be murdered if he attempted to interfere with the man's avocation. These rocky, lonely tracks were now the leading thoroughfares of Carlism.

On the day fixed for my starting, at about five o'clock in the afternoon, an elegant carriage and pair

drove to my hotel at Bayonne, and the waiter came to inform me that a gentleman was waiting for me. It was agreed beforehand that I should have nothing in the way of luggage except an umbrella, a plaid, and a pocket revolver, upon the carrying of which I insisted, and which proved perfectly useless. I took good care not to make my friend wait, and found him in the carriage, in company with something very similar to a coffin. It occupied the whole width of the front seat of the carriage, and was covered with a black cloth. Some passers-by began already to assemble as we drove away, and my companion said that he was not sure that inquiries would not be made at his house as to whether any of his children had died. "If I had not to fetch you, I would have avoided the leading street," said he; and on my inquiring what the coffin-like box contained, answered, with the heartiest laugh, "One of the two brass cannons you have seen the other day at L.'s country-house. But don't be uneasy about that. We shall get through all right. Besides, I told you you had to submit to my orders if you wished to pass." Of course, I answered I was not uneasy, though I had full reason to feel that, if the French authorities caught us, we should have no end of police troubles, while the Spanish would be almost justified in shooting us at sight. But, somehow or other, as soon as we were out of the walls of Bayonne, on the long and beautiful road of Donchari-nea, I forgot all about the uncomfortable article we were carrying, and the purpose for which we carried it.

The weather had speedily changed on that afternoon. Towards six o'clock the sky was quite covered,

and towards eight so heavy a rain and so perfect a darkness set in that we both began to slumber. All at once the carriage stopped, and a number of suspicious-looking persons appeared at both the doors. I was just about to ask my companion whether I would be permitted to get "uneasy" now, when I heard, "Ah, here are our men," and was asked to alight. I had still not made out what we were about, when the coffin-like box was taken out of the carriage and carried off into an apparently quite impracticable wood, as nimbly as if it were a bundle of bamboos. The operation was done in the twinkling of an eye, and the six men who carried away the heavy case looked, under the light which the carriage lanterns threw upon them, like so many gigantic highwaymen of some sensational novel.

"It is their business now to carry that piece across, and we have nothing more to care about," said my friend. "A couple of miles more drive and we shall have a good supper and a first-rate guide; I am only sorry that the night is so shockingly bad, else you would surely have enjoyed the trip."

About a mile this side of the Doncharinea bridge, in the middle of which passes the actual frontier line between France and Spain, and on which any person fond of majestic positions can easily have the treat of trampling with one foot anarchical Spain, and with the other disreputable France, is a little village of the name of Ainhoue, the last French village on that road. The large inn here is kept by four exceedingly tall, exceedingly dark, and exceedingly sharp sisters. The eldest, a spinster about forty-five, is the manageress

of the concern; and should I ever know a man in want of a heroine for a romance, I shall send him to the auberge of Marie Osacar, to study that remarkable specimen of womankind. French, Spanish, and Basque tongues are not only at her command, but are each used with something of a classical elegance. There is, besides, scarcely any *patois* in which she does not feel as comfortable as a fish in the water. On my expressing my astonishment at her versatility, she merely remarked that her line of business required it. And what this "line of business" is, would be by no means easy to describe in a word or two, as it is done when one speaks of commonplace human creatures. Besides being an inn-keeper, this worthy spinster is a money-lender, a political agent for Don Carlos, a police agent for the French prefect, a commission-merchant, the head of a band of smugglers, and a perfect master of all the gendarmes, custom-house officers, and every local authority, Spanish as well as French. When we arrived at her inn, she shook hands with my companion in a manner that showed that they were old and intimate friends. Some significant twinkles of the eye were exchanged, some unintelligible Basque sentences uttered in an undertone voice, and all seemed to have been settled immediately. An excellent rural supper was served to us, with a bottle of good Bordeaux, and as there were other people in the dining-room, we were officially informed by the amiable landlady, about ten o'clock, that our beds were ready. But that was simply a stroke of strategy calculated to make local customers retire, so as to enable her to put out the lights. The

gendarmes were getting very particular, she said, and would not give up watching the house as long as they saw lights. So my friend and I had to lie down in bed for a while, and at about midnight she gently knocked at the door, informing us that "everything was ready." This "everything" consisted of a mysterious and by no means attractive individual, wrapped in a nondescript rug, and armed with a heavy stick.

"Pray don't make the slightest noise, gentlemen," recommended the clever spinster. "Your very steps should not be heard, else the dogs are sure to raise an infernal barking all over the village, and you will at once have the gendarmes rushing at you. Don't open your umbrellas either, for the fall of rain upon them would certainly be heard."

Such and similar were the experienced female's advices, all of which we duly complied with, and passed the village as successfully as any escaping burglar ever did. Our guide, in his soundless sandals, was, while marching ahead of us, no more audible than our shadow would have been, and we really did all that was in our power to imitate him. We began to breathe freely only when quite out of the village, and away from the high road.

It would be perfectly idle on my part to attempt to describe this pedestrian night tour. We were thoroughly wet in a few minutes, and had some seven miles to scramble over forest and mountain paths, in themselves probably very picturesque; but I saw nothing but darkness, and felt nothing but rain and most slippery mud. Now and then our guide stopped and seemed to listen to something; nothing, however, was

to be heard except the heavy fall of rain on the trees and the distant roll of mountain streams. It took us two monotonous and tiresome hours to reach the actual frontier, and to bring ourselves out of the jurisdiction of the French gendarmes, and another hour's quite as fatiguing walk put us face to face with the first Carlist outpost.

Of course, there came the usual "Halt!" "Who are you?" "I will shoot you!" and similar exclamations, more or less justified by the profound darkness we were plunged in. By and by, however, everything was satisfactorily explained, and we were escorted to the old deserted monastery of the first Spanish village, called Urdax, where a couple of rooms were provisionally fitted up for General Elio, the actual commander-in-chief of the whole Carlist army, but nominally "the Minister of War and Head of the General Staff of His Majesty Charles VII., King of all Spains."

It was nearly four o'clock in the morning, and as one may imagine, the old gentleman we wanted was sound asleep. But a Carlist colonel, quite as old as the general himself, a companion in arms of his in the Seven Years' War, and now his temporary aide-de-camp, said that he had orders to awaken *El Excelentísimo Señor General* whenever any one arrived or any news was brought; and with a tallow candle, without even a substitute for a candlestick in his hand, he showed us the way to the general's bedroom. On an immense old-fashioned bed, with discolored chintz curtains, was lying an old man with a full gray beard, and a colored silk handkerchief tied on his head. There was not the slightest vestige of any

military attribute in the room, and looking at the old man in his night garment, one would have taken him for a retired lawyer, retired professor, retired tradesman — for anything retired, but never for a general in active service at the head of a incoherent mass of volunteers, bearing, to the common belief of the outside world, a very close similarity to brigands. The old gentleman gave me full leisure to examine him and his *entourage*, for he did not take the slightest notice of me till he had put on his spectacles, lighted a cigar, and looked through a large bundle of letters which my companion had brought him. Now and then he put him a question, or requested him to read something he could not make out himself, and it was only when he had gone through the whole correspondence, that he asked my fellow-traveller who I was, and what he brought me for. I was then introduced, handed him my credentials, and explained the object of my visit.

“O, I shall be very glad,” answered he, with the kindest smile, “to give you any information I can; and, if I were a quarter of a century younger, I should have at once got up and had a talk with you. But I am too old for that. Besides, I suppose you want something more than to have a mere talk. You want to see something. So we will arrange things differently. Your friend will return to Bayonne, while you had better stay here over night, and we shall see to-morrow what we have to do. Meanwhile, I advise you both to dry your clothes, and to have a glass of *aguardiente* with some hot water, if there is any to be had. That will answer for punch.” And thereupon the old *pro tempore* aide-de-camp was ordered to take

care of us, the general wishing all of us *buenas noches*.

In the next room a stout old priest, in a rather greasy cassock and a little black velvet cap, his housekeeper just as stout and greasy as himself, and wrapped in an old-fashioned shawl, and a couple of old Carlist officers, were already assembled. The news of the arrival of strangers had evidently spread amongst the inhabitants of the deserted cloister, and they all got up, anxious to hear whether there were any *noticias*. Some chocolate, *aguardiente*, sugar, water, and cigarettes were in readiness on the table, and a bright wood fire was pleasantly crackling in the huge, ancient-looking fire-grate. The reception was most friendly and homely. An apology was made for the absence of any fresh socks, but two pairs of new hempen sandals were brought forward, to enable us to get rid of our wet boots, while the curé insisted upon our rubbing our feet with some salt and vinegar, as upon a *cosa muy buena*. And while we were thus drying, cleaning, and restoring ourselves, all sorts of questions poured upon us like another shower. "Where was S. M. El Rey? What was said in Europe? Did many people in France, England, and America turn into Carlists? Were there any arms going to be sent? Was any money forthcoming in support of the great *causa*? Would Henri V. soon ascend the throne of France?" and so on. We were anxious to satisfy our hospitable hosts to the best of our ability, but still more anxious to ascertain whether there was any chance of procuring a rideable beast for my companion and a bed for myself. The old housekeeper was the first to perceive

our cravings, and, thanks to her, after about an hour and a half of gossip, I was lying in a hard but clean bed, and my friend carried off as far as the frontier by the old, yet still sure-footed, mule of the fat *Señor cura*.

My bed was in the same room where we were drying ourselves. It was looking very unattractive when we came in, but as I noticed that the sheets and pillow-cases were changed by the stout housekeeper, whilst our conversation was going on, I lay down in full confidence, and slept as sweetly as if I had been in some friend's country-house in Kent or Massachusetts. Early next morning, — or rather in a couple of hours, for I went to bed after five A. M., — I was awakened by some noise in the room, and saw, much to my astonishment, the old colonel busily engaged in instructing a *muchacho*, or volunteer lad, how, if not exactly to polish, at least to clean my boots. I jumped out of the bed as quickly as I could, and tried to persuade the colonel that there was no occasion for his taking any trouble of that sort; but my exhortation made the matter only worse, for he took the brush and boots out of the lad's hands, and began violently to brush them himself. A regular struggle ensued between us, and though I managed finally to get the boots out of his possession, things did not much improve on that account; for in a few minutes he appeared with a basin of water, wherewith I had to wash myself, and a little later with my coat, plaid, and umbrella perfectly dried and cleaned, and I learned also that the bed I had slept in was his bed. It was evident that he mistook me for some important person, and wishing to render himself generally useful, overdid the hospitality which one is

always sure to meet on the part of the simple-minded country folk in Spain. That our colonel was very simple-minded indeed, will probably be clear without my pointing it out. He entered the ranks of the Carlists as a private in 1833, and rose to a colonelcy through sheer courage. He retired to his native village when the war was over, and had now reappeared, again to take part in the struggle. His occupations at home were, perhaps, of a nature which caused him to look at boot-cleaning as quite a pleasant sort of work for a change, since boots are a thing almost unknown in the Basque provinces, scarcely anything being used but hempen sandals. Still I must avow that the sight of a boot-cleaning colonel, when one first visits a foreign army, produces a rather queer impression. Yet I saw that man frequently afterwards, tried to study him, and never found in his nature anything but profound self-esteem, unlimited courage, and quite an un-Spanish sense of duty. Only, good gracious! what a thick skull that old fellow had! It was truly a *dura cabeza Española*.

Scarcely had I time to dress when the colonel appeared again, saying that *El Excelentísimo Señor General* asked for me. I went into the next room, and found the old gentleman seated at a table, answering the letters brought to him during the night. He was dressed in private clothes, and a casual visitor, on seeing his venerable face and peaceful spectacles, would have probably taken him for a medical man writing prescriptions. Two little cups of thick chocolate, with bits of dry toast, and two glasses of water, were brought in by the old aide-de-camp, and the general invited me to take breakfast.

“I am glad you have arrived so timely,” said he to me; “I am going to have an inspection tour this morning, and, if you like, I can offer you a seat in a little carriage which they have provided for me. We may remain on the tour for several days, and may have sometimes hard fare, and perhaps hard lodging, certainly rain; but that, I suppose, will not frighten you, else you would not have come here.”

I thanked the general, and gladly accepted his invitation, but, being then fresh to Carlist work, wondered only how I should proceed on an expedition of several days, having not even a shirt or a tooth-brush with me. As he said, however, that he had some more letters to write, and that I had time to take a walk about the village, I thought I might get a chance of sending a note to Bayonne, and receive some of my things, if not the same day, at least before our journey was over.

Urdax is a miserable little village, situated in a kind of loophole, and within about a mile from the French frontier. It consists of scarcely a hundred houses, but the village must have been a prosperous one formerly, for some of the houses are of a very substantial appearance, with coats of arms on the entrance-doors, and with everything to denote that the proprietors were enjoying a comfortable income. As a matter of course, the chief occupation of its inhabitants was smuggling. But, at the time I was at Urdax, no business of any sort was transacted, nor was there any one to carry it on, the whole village being occupied by Carlist volunteers, only a few of whom were armed, the majority being all day long engaged in the village square either in being drilled with sticks in their hands as substitutes

for rifles, or else in playing ball. The upper floor of the deserted convent, in a room of which the general was lodged, served as barracks for those volunteers who could not find lodging elsewhere; while the basement, evidently containing formerly the monks' refectories and conversation-hall, was transferred into stables for the few horses and mules which the Urdax force had in its possession.

When I came down into the square, I found the old colonel engaged in looking after an old four-wheeler inscribed *Servicio Particular*, and which was probably a remnant of some postal establishment. Five mules were being harnessed to it, and three volunteers were to form the general's guard on the journey. I wondered in what way the colonel meant to make them escort us, but I soon found that the problem was very plainly solved. One volunteer got on the box by the side of the driver, and two inside the carriage together with us; and when the general was ready with his letters, away we rattled with a certain serious gayety, for there is always some sort of pleasurable excitement in getting off. Our cheerfulness was, however, justified by the fact that the cannon which had been left in the wood on the previous night, was now lying on the ground in the middle of the square, and some five hundred volunteers assembled around it were getting quite mad, crying, *Viva Carlos Setimo! Viva El General Elio! Viva el cañon!* and *viva* a good many things else. The six contrabandistas got two hundred and fifty francs, plenty of wine, plenty of cheers, and started back with fresh instructions to be carried out on another point on the next day. "The cannon has not

yet either a gun-carriage or any ammunition," said the general, "but still it is something that we have got this much. Don't they look happy, the *chicos?*" (little ones) added he, with a smile of satisfaction; and leaving them in their martial exhilaration, we entered the carriage, the old boot-cleaning colonel, who did not go with us, promising me to forward my note to Bayonne, and thus giving me the prospect that, at least on my return to Urdax, I should get a clean shirt.

General Elio is the oldest leading member of the Carlist party, and is, at the same time, regarded as their ablest man. Constant personal intercourse during our journey, and the frequent opportunities I had subsequently both of seeing the general at work and of talking to him, entitle me to say that I found him to be a most accomplished and able man, — I was almost going to say a genius in his way, — and, strange as it may sound, one of the most liberal Royalists I know either in France or Spain. He has lived many years an exile in various countries of Europe, and has thus acquired a thorough knowledge of their institutions. It is impossible for any one to look more like an old Englishman than the general does, when travelling with his English passport, and with his umbrella, gaiters, felt hat, and similar articles — all marked with the names of London makers.

This old soldier began life under Ferdinand VII., as an officer of the Royal Guards. He was a colonel at the time of the death of that king (1833), and was among

the first who formed the Carlist party upon the abrogation of the Salic law, by which abrogation Carlos V. was deprived of his rights to the inheritance of the throne of Spain after the death of his brother. During the war for the rights of the aspirant thus put aside,—known in Carlist history as the Seven Years' War,—Elio commanded a brigade; and driving now up and down the hills of Navarré, he constantly pointed to the villages and other places where there were combats in the old time, evidently regretting that he no longer possessed the physical vigor of forty years ago. When, in 1839, the Carlist struggle came to an end, Elio went abroad with Charles V., and had but few opportunities to take any part in politics until 1860, when he joined Ortega's attempt to bring upon the throne Count de Montemolin (Charles VI.). Ortega was Governor-General of the Balearic Islands, and conceived the idea of raising the garrison under his command in favor of Charles VI. He landed with his adherents on the Catalonian coast, near Tortosa; but the attempt proved a failure, and both Ortega and Elio were captured at San Carlos de la Rapita, and condemned to be shot. During his long residence in France, Elio had, however, formed many friendly relations in that country; his sister was married to the Count de Barranté, a wealthy land proprietor in the French Pyrenees, and there were, therefore, plenty of influential persons anxious to exert their best efforts to rescue the general. Means were also taken to enlist the sympathies of the Empress Eugénie in his favor; and her mother, the Countess of Montijo, though by no means a partisan of the Carlists, lost no time in

exerting all her influence in Madrid to save the life of one who both there and in Paris had gained the reputation of being one of the most charming and amiable of men. These efforts proved so successful that Queen Isabella proposed to pardon Elio on the condition that he should swear allegiance to her. But when the decision of the queen was announced to the general, he said he would not purchase his life at the price of an oath which his honor prevented him from keeping; and Isabella seems to have found the answer so honorable that she ordered the immediate release of Elio, but upon the condition of absolute banishment from Spain. Ortega, however, who was the chief leader of the whole rising, and against whom O'Donnell had many personal grievances, was not allowed to escape, and had to pay with his life for the unsuccessful attempt he had made.

General Elio still remembered warmly the clemency of Isabella, and spoke of her as a much better woman and a much better queen than Spaniards generally admit her to have been.

"She was ruined politically," he said, "by people like Louis Philippe, Montpensier, and Narvaez, and morally by Serrano. It is possible she would always have had a favorite; that is a question of temperament, and with her it was also a question of conjugal unhappiness; but in the hands of Serrano she became demoralized to the heart's core. And this despicable person had the effrontery not only to overthrow his mistress and his benefactress, but to sign a declaration in which it was stated that Spaniards were obliged to conceal from their wives and daughters what was going on in the royal palace."

Since the days of Ortega's attempt, the general had again nearly twelve years of exile to endure; and it is only now, when he is quite seventy years of age, that he has a new chance of serving the cause he had — rightly or wrongly — once embraced, and never since deserted. At the present moment he is the leading spirit of Carlism, for nothing is done either by Don Carlos, or by any of the Carlist leaders, except under the advice — sometimes under the very peremptory orders — of old Elio.

The civilian habits and manners of Elio had become quite proverbial on the staff of Don Carlos. He never wears either spurs, sabre, or any other military weapon or ornament. His costume consists of a dark-blue, rather long buttoned-up surtout, the few copper buttons of which are the only glittering appendage about him. His red trousers, always very large and without any vestige of riding-straps, get so rucked up, when he is on horseback, as to show the very tops of his soft, heelless half-Wellington boots. His white national beret has not even the customary golden tassel on it. When there were processions or other ceremonies at the time of the reception of Don Carlos in the various villages, and the general, much to his dislike, had to be present, he had always to borrow from some of his aides-de-camp, sabre, scarf, tassel, and everything that was necessary to make him assume an official and military appearance.

Under the enemy's fire, old Elio is inimitable. The greater the danger the more he smokes; and the more he smokes the more serene he becomes, quietly smiling as he looks over his spectacles, and slowly and dis-

tinctly, without the slightest hurry or appearance of excitement, giving his orders to the members of his staff. Invariably mounted on a little white pony, under which his legs would easily meet, he frequently exposes himself to quite an unnecessary amount of danger; and when his attention is called to such a fact, he gives a soft, spurless kick to his little beast, makes a demi-tour, and, as a rule, comes back to the same place again. By and by, as the Carlist war was progressing, the general received no end of applications from old friends who wished to send him their sons and nephews to be attached to his person; and in this way he has around himself, and, much to his displeasure, an endless staff of officers, some of whom are not particularly fond of going too much under fire. It happened several times that, out of something like twenty aides-de-camp and orderly officers, the general, when under fire, had by his side but three or four men. Yet he never made any reproach to those who were absent. Without ever turning his eyes from the battle-field, he calls out the name of the officer to whom he wishes to give an order; and if he is not there, he calls another; and, should he not be present, a third. If none answer, you are sure to hear "Juan!" which is the name of his son, invariably to be found by his side, and who, with a curé of the name of Don Ramon, serving him as a private secretary, is, I believe, the only person initiated into the plans of the general.

This Don Ramon is also a most curious sort of individual. Sharp as a needle, indefatigable at work, and thoroughly conversant with all the details of Carlist military administration, he is certainly more fit to be a

cabecilla than a priest. He rides on horseback quite as well as any Spanish cavalry officer; and if he is seldom visible in a cassock, he may, on the other hand, not unfrequently be seen officiating in the presence of Don Carlos and the whole staff in big top-boots and spurs, and despatching what is called a grand mass in the short time of twelve or fifteen minutes.

The military abilities of General Elio are, as far as I am able to judge, of a very high class, indeed. To do what he has done in less than six months, with the little means he had at his command, is something incredible. Small bands of fifty miserably-armed men, which I saw in April, 1873, were transformed by the beginning of September into well-armed battalions, about eight hundred men strong each. Out of a nucleus of a few thousand men, scattered in small bands over the country, something looking like an army of over thirty thousand men was formed and under the orders of the general a few months later. Although there was not much discipline, in the strictest sense of the word, there was unlimited obedience to the orders of the leaders; and although there was very little regular drill, volunteers were somehow or other brought to pretty fairly understand what the orders of their commanders implied. But the mere organization of the troops did not so much puzzle an observer as the manner in which they were provided for. When the raw fighting material was obtained, and arms for their use provided, it was not difficult to form battalions; but to feed them, in a country which, though rich, was already affected by a protracted war, was a problem of a very different sort. I believe that

no partisan warfare has ever presented facts like those which were to be seen amongst the Carlists. A column of six, seven, and sometimes upwards of ten thousand men, marches out in the morning without the general knowing where he will be compelled to spend the night, and yet his troops never miss their rations. How Elio managed his commissariat department is quite a charade to me. True, that the population of the country is very favorably disposed towards the Carlists; but there still remains the emergency of a general who, intending to move towards a certain point, has ordered his supplies accordingly, and is suddenly compelled by circumstances to change his march to an opposite direction, and to trust to chance and good fortune to find the necessary provisions for his men.

If the Carlists experienced any difficulty at all, it was only for cartridges, but that was not Elio's fault. The force was to be armed quickly and anyhow; consequently, it had rifles of all imaginable patterns, to which cartridges could not be made on the spot. Some occasional unpunctualities in the supply from abroad naturally arose, too. Besides, after the entry of Don Carlos into Spain, the affluence of the volunteers became so great that, the Carlist chiefs not being disposed to allow the popular enthusiasm to cool down, all moneys had to be invested in the purchase of guns, and but little was thus left for the purchase of cartridges. There can be no doubt that, with ten or fifteen thousand men well provided with ammunition, the Carlists would have made more progress than they made with thirty thousand men imperfectly appointed; and if Elio had been quite independent of Don Carlos,

he would probably not have allowed the force to rise so speedily in numbers, and would have more judiciously employed the money collected.

Though my excursion in the general's company was exclusively limited to the province of Navarre, it lasted for fully five days; for we had to stop in nearly every village where troops were to be inspected, the municipal authorities conferred with, and all sorts of orders and instructions issued, which hindered a more speedy progress. But when the business was transacted, and we were either driving on the high road or quietly sitting at the fireside of our night's lodging, the general would now and then willingly talk on Carlism, as well as on the general state of Spanish affairs; and I will always remember with pleasure the hours I spent with the old gentleman, and when slowly and in his low voice he gave vent to his thoughts, always moderate, always intelligent, and always full of that quaint sort of scepticism which is all the more attractive because the man himself is not conscious of it.

The organization of the Carlist forces was naturally the first subject touched upon. "Our great support," said he, "is smuggling, which, as you know, is not so very difficult on the French frontier; for the bordering population in both countries are smugglers by 'birth and education,' as the English phrase goes. In addition to the natural proclivity of all borderers towards unrestricted *libre échange*, some special causes are at work here to produce more smuggling than would be

apparently justifiable. There exists a considerable difference in the duties levied in Spain and France on certain articles. Since the last war was concluded, and France has had to pay a heavy indemnity, French duties have been raised, while on the northern frontier of Spain, where they were lower, we gave instructions to lower them still at all points where the custom-houses are in Carlist possession; for we do not make any secret that we want money, and I know that the lower the duties are, the more in the long run will they return. Consequently, many articles are now sent by foreign merchants to Spain by sea, or in transit across France, in which case they have nothing to pay in the latter country. On reaching Spanish soil, they pay the import duties either to the Republicans or to us, and then in a couple of days are smuggled back again into France. The differences between the French and Spanish duties having existed since time immemorial, and having even formed part of the Spanish fiscal policy, it is quite natural that the frontier population in both countries should have made a regular profession of smuggling. The same thing is, or was, though in a reverse form, going on about Gibraltar, where the English were playing with reference to Spain the same trick we play here with reference to France. To prevent this traffic is almost utterly impossible as long as the difference between the duties exists. Nothing short of a line of officers posted along the whole length of the frontier, and almost close enough to touch each other, could prevent smuggling. The goods marked 'transit' go into Spain by the high roads, and return to France by the innumerable mountain paths, of which you saw

one when you came. M. Thiers has done all in his power to stop our movement, but without any success whatever. What he has stopped, is the regular intercourse between the two countries. From the Atlantic across to the Mediterranean, all ordinary traffic between France and Spain has been paralyzed, yet you see that we pass freely, and when the weather is not so bad, even comfortably."

The general's allusion to France turned the conversation to what was said abroad about Carlism, and the reputation for cruelty, which had been gained by the Spanish Legitimists, caused the old gentleman to speak rather vehemently on that subject. He simply called "miserable lies" everything that has been said about the atrocities committed by the Carlists.

"Our policy," said he, "is just the reverse of this, and I have been already over and over again reproached by old Carlists for being too lenient towards the Republicans. What we want is to attract people, not to frighten them. I have given strict orders that whenever prisoners are taken they should be disarmed and released, as we neither want to keep them, nor desire to shoot them. The more Republicans we release, the more will their ranks get demoralized. A man fights quite differently when he knows that, if captured, he will be executed. He prefers then to die on the battle-field. While now, by releasing prisoners, I induce them to fight less steadily and to surrender more easily. What does it matter to me that the same man will appear three or four times in the ranks against my troops? The more times he appears, the more I am sure of his being a bad soldier."

These words of the general often came to my memory subsequently, when I saw Carlists fighting, and when I witnessed, as in the case of Estella, for instance, over six hundred prisoners disarmed and sent under escort to Pampelona, so as to protect them from an attack of the infuriated Navarre peasants on their journey. And the policy of, in this way, demoralizing the enemy's ranks has certainly been one of the most successful measures the general has adopted.

"Of course," continued he, coming to this subject over and over again, "I cannot be answerable for occasional accidents which may occur now and then. A chief of a *partida volante* might capture sometimes a few militiamen (*Miguelites*) against whom the Carlists are particularly angry because they are voluntary, not *per force* soldiers. Such men might be sometimes killed, without or with the sanction of the commander of the band. But these things cannot be helped in war. Then again, where is justice when people speak of us being murderers and assassins when we shoot a spy, while the Republicans, when they torture and massacre men whom they suspect of Carlism, are represented as merely using just measures of severity. My own brother, the Vicar of Pampelona, has now been for several months imprisoned in an underground cell of the citadel of that town, and as he is almost as old a man as myself, he is pretty sure to see his life's end there. Dorregaray's mother and sister are also in prison at Santander, and when in the skirmishes any Carlists are taken prisoners, they are not only shot, but their bodies are mutilated. People talk also about our enlisting men forcibly. Well, you will see yourself,

if you remain here some time, that we have more men than we can possibly make use of. Why should we take men by force when we have not arms enough to give to those who come willingly? All the miserable calunnies spread about us will cool down by and by; I am perfectly sure of that.

“There are one or two points more in which public opinion in Europe abuses us. One is our stopping the railway traffic in the North of Spain, and the other our alleged attacks upon and robbery of peaceful travellers. With reference to the railway traffic, I can tell you I am constantly in negotiation with the same M. Pollack whom you have seen at Bayonne, and if we have not arrived yet at any result, it is not our fault. I told him over and over again, and urged him to use Pereira’s influence, since he is the chief proprietor of the railway, for re-establishing the traffic upon the condition that no troops or war material should be carried by rail. If Pereira and his agents cannot arrange that matter with the Madrid government, we, on our part, cannot permit the enemy to turn against us the advantage which would be derived from railway communication. As to our attacking and robbing peaceful travellers, and especially women, that is pure nonsense. I don’t believe that any man, and certainly no woman, has ever been molested or robbed, except by bandits, who may, on a lonely road, attack a travelling party and give themselves out as Carlists. All I could do was to give orders to shoot off-hand every man who could be proved to have been guilty of anything of that sort. The curé Santa Cruz himself is now under sentence of death for having disobeyed the

commander of his province, General Lizarraga. Several reports had been circulating that Santa Cruz's men, who formed at the outbreak of the war a very useful flying party, had lately committed many acts of violence. How far this was correct, I have not yet been able to ascertain. I believe the reports to have been greatly exaggerated. However, I directed Lizarraga to incorporate Santa Cruz's men into his own force, and to put Santa Cruz himself under more stringent control. The curé refused to obey this order, and I have, without the slightest hesitation, confirmed Lizarraga's sentence, by which Santa Cruz is to be shot as soon as he is caught."

While we were thus talking about the now sadly celebrated curé, our carriage was driving nearer to Elizondo, and on the right hand side of the road, the general pointed out to me a little village high up in the mountains.

"Do you see those little white houses?" asked he. "Well, that village is called Lecaroz; I had often to stay there during the Seven Years' War, and for the fact of my having been there, and its inhabitants not having communicated to the Christinos information of my whereabouts, and of the number of men and the quantity of arms I possessed, the whole of the village was burned to the ground; and the male population were ranged in a line, and every tenth man of them shot by Mina. Now, we have never done anything of that sort. That was the work of the Liberals, supported by the English, the Portuguese, and the French."

Several times, also, did the conversation turn to-

wards the Pretender, and on my expressing some curiosity as to what sort of person "the king" was, General Elio spoke, as nearly as I can remember, something to this purpose:—

"He is intelligent, very kind-hearted, and of undoubted personal courage, but I am unable to say whether he will be distinguished as a statesman. Many intelligent men have failed as statesmen, while many persons of inferior intelligence have proved quite equal to the little statesmanship required in a sovereign. Several countries, we know," added he, with his good-natured smile, "could, I believe, supply illustrations of this."

I agreed with him, but remarked that he was not quite justified in referring to constitutional governments, when Don Carlos was commonly recognized as the representative of absolutist theories, and his answer was, —

"You are greatly mistaken if you think that the king ever dreamed of absolute power. He knows, and his counsellors know still better, that absolutism is impossible in our days. He understands also the bad policy of giving any secular power to the clergy. The legitimate monarchy in Spain will not only rule with the advice of the Cortes, but will restore all the ancient franchises — the *fueros*, as we call them — which have been violated in turn by all the progressive parties. It will support religion, of course, but will not go a step beyond what the religious feeling of the people requires in that respect. Our enemies say *we* will overrun the country with monks and priests. This is simply nonsense. If any person is disposed to

a monastic life, government, it seems to me, has as little business to oppose it as to encourage it. There is — or rather was — among our peasantry, and even among our educated classes, a religious fervor that may be deemed fanatical; and if our monks were fanatics, it was not because they were monks, but because they were Spaniards. If I should call a true, good Carlist in the next village, and tell him that one of our detachments had been beaten somewhere, he would not believe me. He would answer that God would not permit *Carlistas* to be beaten. You cannot make such people less fanatical or less religious by closing the monasteries, as the *Progresistas* did. A foolish and unjust measure like that could never have had any other consequence than what we see — that is, the increase of the very fanaticism it strove to stamp out. And, say what you may against the monks, if you studied the Basque provinces, where priests and monks have always been powerful, you would see much in their favor. There is not a single peasant in these provinces — man or woman — who does not write grammatically and in a clear hand the Basque language, and many write equally well the Spanish language too. Their good health is the result of their morality. Not only are there no beggars here, but distressing poverty is almost unknown. Much of this is due to the priesthood, and the remainder to what the priests help them to maintain — the ancient privileges of the Basque provinces and Navarre. We enjoyed here, up till Christina's time, the most perfect self-government, and never knew what conscription meant. Over and over again have I voted here as a landlord of Navarre on

a footing of perfect equality with the poorest of my farmers. You are surprised at the strength and courage of our young volunteers, some of whom, as you have seen, are scarcely sixteen years old. It is the result only of their pure lives, and the absence of that source of ruin to the young men of other countries — the conscription, with its barrack life and all the vices of large cities. It is not amidst the fresh air and rocky soil of these mountains that people can ever get demoralized. Some of these lads have never been even as far as Pamplona or Vitoria, and all they know of the world at large is what the *cura* and the muleteer tell them. I can assure you that every one who has lived here feels as certain as I do, that neither the intense religious feelings, nor loyalty to the ancient monarchical institutions, can ever be eradicated from the minds of the people in the Vasco-Navarre provinces, unless the very face of the country is changed, and these mountains are levelled to the ground. I believe that all the Republicans of Spain can be easily enough made Monarchists, but never will the mountaineers be made Republicans. And we have mountains and mountaineers everywhere over the Peninsula.”

As a matter of course, a journalist representing an American paper could not leave the question of Cuba untouched, and I had to bring the general on the subject.

“Well,” replied he, “it is difficult to say anything positive at present. Slavery, of course, will be abolished, and a special constitution will be granted to the colony. But you are probably anxious to know whether the

king could be induced to part with any portion of the Spanish dominion in the New World. To this I must say that no government could safely venture such a policy. Its declaration to that effect would be its own death-warrant, for it would appear to balance meaner considerations against national feeling. My own opinion is — and I believe that, to a certain extent, this is also the king's opinion — that colonial policy is simply a consideration of debtor and creditor accounts. If a colony pays, keep it; if it is a loss and a burden, cut it adrift. The English colonial disintegration party is rational. But the subject is tangled with sentiments of nationality and pride; and you see that even the English government, so strong and powerful, dare not declare plainly the colonial policy in which they seem to believe. How, then, can any Spanish government be asked to do so? If we could sell Cuba, we should, by a stroke of the pen, restore our national finances. But to make such a sale a most powerful hand is needed, and no hand can be powerful — and in Spain less than anywhere — unless it holds plenty of money. Thus there is a vicious circle; we could not sell Cuba, save in a condition that would make its sale superfluous. This is a vital topic with us. It will come up often, and we must only endeavor to prevent, by all proper good-will and courtesy towards the American government, the arising of any pretext for their occupying the island.”

Though when we started the general threatened me with the prospect of bad lodging and bad fare, we never

saw either on the whole of our journey. He was everywhere received with open arms by the population, and either at the houses of the curés, or at those of some leading inhabitant, comfortable meals were invariably waiting for us; so far comfortable, at least, as Spanish cooking allows. At the house of a rich proprietor at Elizondo, among others, we had a bottle of sherry, the taste of which I still remember, and which cannot be obtained anywhere except in those cathedral-like vaults called *Bodegas*, which are the great attraction of every traveller at Jerez.

At night we almost invariably returned to the little *palacio* of Bertiz, the property of General Elio's sister-in-law, which is situated on the junction of the San Estevan and Pamplona roads. The capital of Navarre was within a few miles of the place where we thus took our night's lodging, and half a dozen of German Uhlans would certainly have captured us there most easily. But, in the first place, there were no German Uhlans at Pamplona, and, in the second, the population around Bertiz would never have even inadvertently betrayed the temporary residence of the general.

"We are quite safe here," said the old gentleman to me, on the first evening we went there to bed; "I have drawn some curtains on the road from Pamplona. Two little flying parties, numbering about twenty-five men altogether, but commanded by two very old and experienced officers, are watching the road at a distance of a few miles from here, and should any suspicious move be made by the enemy, they are sure to awaken us in time. For the little risk run here we have the advantage of good beds, and of suppers without the oil and garlic, which you seem to dislike so much."

And really our beds were excellent, and garlic and oil were banished from the bill of fare, except in that kind of thick bread soup, which is quite a national supper dish in Spain, and which the old gentleman seemed to be exceedingly fond of. But it was quite easy for me to dispense with it, since the supper was always so copious and the vegetables so delicious, that the most capricious appetite might have been contented. Never shall I forget the little artichokes, not larger than a middle-sized fig, and melting in one's mouth, outer leaves, brush-like core, and all else included. One could scarcely believe it to be the same vegetable that gives so much trouble to cook and consumer in other countries.

During the day when the general was transacting business, I walked about the villages, watching the country life of Navarre people, and the first efforts of the Carlists to organize themselves into something like an army. I must confess that the pictures I saw in these and subsequent wanderings contained much of ugliness, dirt, ignorance, and superstition; but they contained also many elements of that sort of primitive virtue, self-denial, and courage, which always offer the most refreshing sight to a mind intoxicated and bewildered by the contemplation of all the blessings of our much extolled civilization.

CHAPTER III.

DIOS, PATRIA, Y REY.

THE heading of this chapter — *God, Fatherland, and King* — is the great Carlist motto, and the watchword to which every peasant of the northern provinces of Spain answers by rushing to take up arms. *Patria* plays, indeed, a much less important part in it than *Dios* and *Rey*, for, whenever joyous shoutings are heard among Carlists, Fatherland is seldom mentioned. It is always “*Viva Carlos Setimo*,” “*Viva la Religion*,” “*Viva los Carlistas*,” or *Viva* this or that special Carlist leader. *Patria* means, among the Carlist volunteers, as a rule, their own particular province, often even their village only. Of Spain, as a whole, they don't know much, and care less still about it. Half of these men, being pure Basques, do not even understand Spanish at all.

“*Carlos Setimo*” sounds well enough when cried out by the enthusiastic and strong-voiced lads, but it looks rather queer when represented by the Pretender's crest figuring on the buttons, arms, and colors. It assumes then more the aspect of some chemical formula than of anything else, for it is written in the plain way of C₇, not in the form of a C more or less picturesquely intertwined with a VII, as one would expect it to be.

Of the present Pretender the Navarre and Basque people know but very little. It is quite enough for them that he is *El Rey*, and that his name is Carlos. They venerate in him the old tradition. And I am almost sure that the great majority of them firmly believe him to be the son of Charles V., under whom their fathers—in some cases even themselves—fought forty years ago. Thus to general causes which make these mountain tribes rise against any government established in Madrid, is added the intense feeling of hatred against those who inflicted upon the Basque provinces the calamities which these provinces had to bear during the Seven Years' War. So strong, indeed, is this feeling, that I have constantly heard the Republicans called by the name of *Christinos*, which means soldiers of Queen Christina, a denomination evidently preserved from the former war. It is only the more civilized portion of the Carlist volunteers that understands that the present government of Madrid has nothing whatever to do with Christina, and accordingly calls the regulars by the nicknames of "Negros," "Liberales," "Progresistas," and the like. The mutual hatred and jealousy amongst all the Spanish provinces have assumed in the Vasco-Navarre parts of the Peninsula such an intense form, that nothing short of some Madrid dictator, accepting the American principle, "Good Indians are only dead Indians," can put a stop to Carlism. Zumalacarregui, whatever might be thought of his humanity, was certainly not very wrong when he made up his mind to give no quarter to the enemy, a resolution to which the "Eliot Convention" put a stop. He seemed to have accepted the rather plausible theory,

that the more enemies he killed, the fewer would remain. Such a principle, barbarous as it may look, was at all events sure, if acted upon on both sides, to lead to a speedy conclusion of the war, and probably to the final settlement of a pending question; while as long as the war is continued in the manner it has been carried on since Zumalacarregui's death, peace will, for a long time to come, remain an unknown thing in the unhappy Peninsula. The Carlists are perfect masters of the whole of the north. They are well organized into several distinct army corps. They have cartridge manufactories, and they are manufacturing arms at Eibar and Placencia, the two establishments being capable of supplying over six hundred rifles a week, a number more than sufficient for keeping them in a perfect state of readiness to meet any effort on the part of the authorities at Madrid.

The sufficiency of the natural resources of the country for the demands upon them presents a somewhat questionable point, since it is now two years that war has been carried on, with the products of a comparatively small district. But in the first place, agriculture has not suffered much as yet. Bread, wine, and cattle are still plentiful, both in Navarre and in Guipuzcoa, and the only difference is that, instead of selling what the peasant can spare from the quantity requisite for his own use, he is now compelled to give it to the Carlists. He has consequently become short of cash, but he is a man who does not want much of it, and who will endure without grumbling the privations which the want of ready money entails, when it is for a cause to which he is so much attached. He is, besides, con-

stantly encouraged in this sentiment by the priests, by the leaders of the Carlists, who are chiefly landed proprietors of his own province, and by all the lads of his village, who have entered the Carlist ranks, and who are now often coming on visits to their homes to tell long stories about the great battles they have fought, and the glorious progress the great *causa* has made.

But suppose, even, that the resources of Navarre and Guipuzcoa should soon get exhausted; Biscaya and the country along the Ebro can easily support the Carlist army for twice as long a time as the two other provinces. And the risings in Lower Aragon, Catalonia, and Valencia will always give to the Navarre and Basque forces the possibility of changing their field of operation whenever the want of supplies begins to make itself felt in the districts now supporting them.

No one could form anything like an exact idea of the extent to which Carlism is rampant all over the northern provinces, unless one has travelled through them both with the Carlist column, and by himself alone. When you pass with troops, a suspicion may always arise within you that fear makes the population welcome them. But during my long wanderings through the north of Spain, I had to pass over and over again through almost every village of the four provinces with no other escort than a little Navarre servant boy, and nowhere did I meet with anything but hospitality, to which all sorts of *vivas* were immediately added, when it became known that I had friends among Carlists, and could thus be fairly supposed to be a Carlist myself. Naturally enough, the innkeepers may have occasionally cheated me, or robbed the food out of the manger

of my horses. But this had nothing to do with hospitality—it was purely matter of business, transacted in a way which is not necessarily peculiar to Basques or Navarrese. It was not the innkeeper's fault that I had money, for if I had had none he would have given me the same fare without asking me a penny. It was also not his fault that maize and barley had risen in price, and that his mules' food was thus rendered almost dearer than his own. If I had been disposed to go to the *alcalde* to ask him for rations, and to draw for them upon Don Carlos's future exchequer, I should have had the horses' feed for nothing, and then the innkeeper would not have touched their food, for he would have considered it Carlist property, which is, of course, a more or less sacred thing.

The enthusiasm for the Carlist cause was still more emphatically shown by the women and children of these backward regions. Whenever a Republican corps passed through a village, scarcely a child was to be seen in the streets. They had all hidden themselves in the stables, in the garret, or in one of those uninhabited rooms of the first floor where Indian corn is habitually stored in these countries. It was evident that, somehow or other, these little things had been frightened away from the Republican soldiers; and they knew them, for sometimes the notice of the approach of such a column to the village was first brought by little boys and girls of six or seven years, out watching their pigs and sheep somewhere on the hills. But at the approach of the Carlists, all the children rushed out to the entrance of the village with cries of welcome, dancing and springing in their delight, and meeting

the column with all sorts of joyful manifestations. And when a band passed some isolated farm-house in the mountain, the whole of the family was sure to be found at the entrance-door ready with jugs of fresh water, or sometimes even glasses of wine, for the wearied soldiers.

The women, both in Navarre and the Basque provinces, do not possess much in the way of carpets, or colored tissues of any kind, but they have a good deal of linen, and whenever some popular Carlist chief is known to pass through a village, all the balconies and windows are decorated with sheets and fringed towels. If a woman has anything like chintz curtains, or such a luxury as light-red or blue woollen drapery of some sort, they are sure to be displayed on the balconies, and not unfrequently portraits of Don Carlos and pictures of various saints are hung out as additional embellishments. If the entry is made at night time, the whole village, old and young, rush out with torches, or, at least, with what serve as torches — bunches of lighted straw; and the village stock of candles is sure to be exhausted on that night, for in every window there are as many as the family's purse will admit the purchase of. If a *caballero* be thirsty and ask for a glass of water, it is never served in its pure and simple state. There is always in it an *azucarillo*, a kind of sweetmeat made of the white of eggs and sugar. It costs no more than a farthing perhaps, but a farthing is a consideration for people in these countries, and as every woman serves a good many *azucarillos* in a day, the whole must cost her quite a little fortune. Yet you feel at once you dare not propose to give her anything in return; you shake hands with her, and that is the only acknowledgment she will accept.

If you happen to be belated and cannot reach the *posada* (inn) you had in view, and are, for some reason or another, compelled to stop on your way, you can safely knock at the door of any house on your road, and explain to its owner your case, when you are certain to be made as welcome as if you were an old friend. The wife will be set at once to prepare whatever supper she may have provisions for; your bed, if often rough, is sure to have clean sheets and pillow-cases; and when, the next day, you ask what you owe, it is seldom more than six or seven reals, which is about thirty-five cents.

The hospitality which any Carlist *jefe* (officer), or any *caballero*, who can be fairly supposed to sympathize with Carlism, finds in the curé's house is quite a matter of course, for curés are greatly interested in the movement, and it is only natural that they should welcome the men who are avowedly supporting the church; but then there is a limit to everything. At the house of a Basque or a Navarre priest, Carlist officers find not only a cordial welcome, but a substantial meal, lodgings, food for their horses, and everything else they may want. If a Carlist column, or even a small band, passes, all the curés of the village are immediately on foot arranging with the *alcalde* for quarters, rations, stables, and all that is so anxiously looked for by men who have had a march of some twenty or thirty miles. Very frequently did it happen on my journeys that, within five or six minutes of my alighting at an inn, a curé, and sometimes three or four of them, informed that a stranger had come, would arrive at the inn, when they would seldom allow me to remain there.

I had to go to the house of the senior of them, if there were many, and give all the news I had to impart, receiving in return a dinner, including not unfrequently trout, spring chickens, ducklings, and even English biscuits, though, as a matter of course, the best provisions were invariably spoiled in cooking with rancid oil and garlic. A stout curé at Aranatz was particularly amiable, and he had greatly improved his *cuisine* under the influence of a French woman his brother had married. I think I had to pass that village about half a dozen times, and on each occasion he caught me, and would not let me go unless I not only had a dinner or a supper, but stopped over night with him. He had always some good reason why I should not proceed any farther on the day of my visit. And what struck me as particularly remarkable in the Navarre and Basque curés, and somewhat different from the customs of a good many other clergymen, was that, while giving you their best hospitality, they did not at all expect you to go to church with them. If you happened to turn up at a time when the priest had to officiate, he would do his best to make you comfortable, would beg you most eagerly to excuse his being compelled to leave you, and would hurry off to his church, where on such occasions he was pretty sure to despatch his mass or his vespers with a somewhat increased speed.

Twice, or three times, I may even say, these curés saved me from great unpleasantness. Preferring, as a rule, high roads to mountain paths, so utterly ruinous to the horses, I used to bring myself frequently within a short distance from a moving Republican column. I knew, of course, that, being a stranger, I had no par-

ticular danger to apprehend, except, perhaps, a few days' imprisonment until matters could be cleared up. But the curés in the village thought that on being captured I was certain to be shot like any Carlist, and each time when I fell into any danger of this sort, some curé was sure to turn up and give me instructions how to escape from the encounter. On one of such journeys I had to pass the Barranca by the high road from Pamplona to Vitoria, and fell between two columns which were in the course of operating to effect a junction. As I was not alone, but with three or four Carlist officers in full uniform, the position was not a particularly pleasant one. We turned off from the high road to the mountains, but were still under the dread that the skirmishers, or some cavalry patrol, might catch hold of us, and it was to old Don Juan Lopez, the curé of Zuaz, that we all owed on that day our escape. Watching from the top of a hill the movement of the columns, and seeing us turning off from the high road, he at once rushed down, and ran over a mile to catch us — a task which must have been all the more difficult to the old man, as we were already beginning to trot sharply. But still he managed, somehow or other, to join us, though in a state of indescribable perspiration, and quite out of breath. Without saying a word, he seized the bridle of the little luggage horse which was jogging behind us, jumped on it, took the lead of us all, and by paths which we would otherwise never have ventured to enter, not only carried us quite out of danger, but enabled us to reach the place at which we wished to arrive about a couple of hours earlier than we should have been able to reach it otherwise.

The organization of the Carlist army is very peculiar. Of discipline, as understood in regular armies, there is next to none. Soldiers and officers stand very much on a footing of perfect equality and familiarity. Volunteers, sitting in the inns, do not always rise even when a general enters. If a Carlist volunteer knows an officer, whatever his rank may be, he shakes hands with him, without any further salute. The three body-guards we had on our journey with old Elio talked and smoked their cigarettes all the time, not unfrequently asking the general for lights, or dozed as if they were returning from a pleasure trip.

When off duty the volunteers are very unmilitary-looking. For an hour or two during the day they are undergoing such little drill as their officers have knowledge enough to impart to them; while the rest of their time is, as a rule, divided between working in the field, chopping wood for their landladies, nursing children, or playing at ball.

The opinion of the outside world concerning the Carlist army was always very bad. Even now that their number has become so imposing, and their organization has so very much improved, there still exists an under-current of belief that they are simply bands of cowardly brigands; and as I do not wish to be suspected of undue sympathy with their cause, I will here leave other people to speak. Writing from Tolosa on November the 9th, 1873, the special correspondent of the London Daily News said, —

“This morning the general quietness of the town of San Sebastian was disturbed before daybreak by bugle sounds in all directions, and General Loma’s column

of three thousand men with four guns made ready to march to Tolosa, some sixteen miles distant, to convoy thirty bullock wagons of provisions to that beleaguered town. The route taken was by Hernani and Andoain, places but too well known to the British Legion, and where its heaviest losses were suffered during the Carlist and Christina war. At the latter place we found that the high road to Tolosa had been cut by the Carlists near Villabona. After breakfast the column left the convoy at Andoain, and marched up the mountains on our left, parallel with the main road, in order to reconnoitre the country, previous to bringing the convoy. First went the Miguelites, then several companies of the regiment of Leon, and then a company of that of Luchana, some three hundred and fifty men who formed the advanced guard. Owing to the steepness of the ground, their progress was slow; but on arriving at the top of a plateau, perfectly free from cover excepting a few tufts of uneven ground, a most terrible fire was opened upon them from the Carlist rifles, which caused severe loss. The Republicans, nevertheless, succeeded in advancing to the base of the position occupied by their adversaries, in which they had intrenched themselves by breastworks of turf hastily thrown up. Although somewhat less exposed for the moment than on the plateau, there was no choice between certain death from the storm of bullets or scrambling up the mountain to the earthworks. The latter alternative appeared the least hopeless, and up the brave fellows rushed. The Carlists, not a whit behindhand, leaped over the parapet to meet them, and for a moment the day was doubtful. A few of the Re-

publicans did not like the look of the affair, and began to turn back ; but their officers set them a good example by placing themselves in the most dangerous points, and even firing their rifles for them. A few opportune shells helped matters most considerably, causing the Carlists to return to their intrenchment. Encouraged by this, the officers shouted, '*Con la bayoneta!*' — words which appeared to operate with magical effect on both sides ; or perhaps the fact of the shells being very well aimed, and the Carlists being entirely without artillery, may have done more. At all events, the latter retired hastily. Inside the breastwork the ground was literally copper-colored by the number of exploded Berdan cartridges, showing only too plainly how severe the firing was and the number of the defending party. A sadder proof of it soon manifested itself in the number of killed and wounded Republicans ; six or seven hundred Carlists must have been in the earthworks. Both sides, as usual, behaved bravely ; but on passing over the ground next day it seemed marvellous that any troops could have succeeded in taking such a position. So strong, indeed, was it that, if its defenders had been better marksmen, I believe they would have succeeded in holding it against a much more numerous force. The artillery, no doubt, helped greatly, but it certainly did not fire quite as much as, having regard to the difficulty the advanced guard had to contend with, might have been the case. The breastwork was by no means the only position from which the Carlists were firing, for a smart shower of bullets was going on all the time from their right. After the rest of the column had passed up, destroying the intrenchment, it

ascended the mountains still higher, throwing out a strong rear-guard towards the Carlist right. Here, too, the firing was hot, but the artillery from the very crest of the mountain played heavily, and helped the rear-guard out of a position in which they were conducting themselves very gallantly. The descent towards Tolosa was so precipitous that only mountaineers would think of using the track by which we slipped and stumbled down. A blinding storm of rain, varied now and then by misty clouds, made the clayey path almost impassable and invisible, and, whilst compelled to proceed very slowly, evening came on, and the darkness increased our difficulties. The wounded, some of whom were on the horses of the cavalymen who had dismounted, must have suffered martyrdom, and those on stretchers hardly fared better. Thankful indeed was every one to find himself in Tolosa, beleaguered as it was."

The London Times correspondent, whose authority on military subjects (as that of a captain in the British Guards) will scarcely be questioned, gave the following account of the battle of Dicastillo, fought on August 25:—

"The Royalist troops consisted of three thousand two hundred infantry, a handful of cavalry, and two guns. The enemy's column at Sesma was five thousand strong, comprising six guns, two regiments of horse, besides foot soldiers. The advantage was on their side as far as numbers were concerned; but the ground leading to Dicastillo was very difficult to attack, and thickly planted with vines and olive-groves, utterly impossible for cavalry evolutions. At six A. M.

the enemy could be seen in the misty distance advancing through the defiles of the mountains in long columns, preceded by a thin line of cavalry, searching the country in their front. General Elio, who commanded the Carlist force, soon made his dispositions for defence. One battalion was posted in the little Plaza of the Cathedral, which commands a view for miles around, a second on some rising ground to the right front, the third in line with the second on a neighboring hill, while our extreme right was protected by another battalion in *échelon* with the third, and placed on a position so steep that at first sight the natural defences would have appeared to the non-military eye sufficient for its protection. But no; for it was the key of our formation, as some hours were destined to prove. Nearer and nearer the enemy came, until glasses were no longer necessary, and artillery, cavalry, and infantry could be plainly discerned traversing the plain towards us. . . . Suddenly the enemy's column appeared to detach behind a distant promontory on a new line. But this was only a feint to throw the Carlist general off his guard; and a little later a fresh change of position brought the Republican troops into their original line. Their artillery opened at an absurd range, the shells striking the ground at least a mile from the centre of our defence.—a spot where Don Carlos had stationed himself with his suite. Another five minutes and a second shot fell about two hundred yards from where the king was standing, and in a direct line with him. His staff entreated their sovereign to retire a little, as he was only exposing himself unnecessarily; but nothing would induce their

leader to remove until his presence was required at another point, on which the foe were advancing; for the Republican general, Santa Pau, was trying to turn our right. On his men came at the double, making every effort to gain the olive-groves and rises which formed a thick network in front of the ground where our fourth battalion stood. Ammunition was short. Many men had only ten rounds each in their pouches, and some even less. 'Attack with the bayonet,' was the word, and the battalion charged down hill at their Republican assailants, who were thoroughly out of breath from previous exertions. There was no collision. The enemy fled in disorder, and the two guns placed on the Carlist right played with great havoc upon the foe in his disordered flight. At the same time two companies of another battalion charged the Republicans from the centre of our position. The combatants were so mixed that it was hard to tell friend from foe, until at last a cheer told us that the Carlists had again succeeded. The government troops were utterly disorganized, and retiring as fast as their legs could carry them. However, the Republican cavalry then interposed, for at this point horsemen could act, and, unsupported as they were by guns, prevented any farther pursuit. But the day was over, and as I write, the discomfited government troops can be seen retiring to their original position at Sesma. If Don Carlos had as much cavalry as his opponents, would they have thus escaped? Experience teaches us otherwise, and until the Royalists are provided with guns and horsemen it will be difficult for them to convert a defeat into a rout."

I have only to add that I know the gentlemen who wrote these letters, that I was frequently with them in the field, saw how careful they were about their statements, and have not the slightest hesitation in indorsing every word they say here.

Since I have adduced other people's descriptions of Spanish fighting, I may as well have recourse to their opinion with reference to the moral condition and the state of organization of the Legitimist volunteers. The correspondent of the London Standard, with whom I had more than once the pleasure of sharing the fatigues and privations of campaigning, stated that, —

“Great things have been accomplished in the teeth of great difficulties; and I question if there is any instance on record of an insurrectionary force having been got together and trained to present a martial appearance and stand firm in a period so brief.”

The London Daily News correspondent, in a letter dated September 1, expressed the opinion that, —

“It is wonderful how such an army as the Carlist leaders have gathered together can present even such an appearance of discipline as it does in the face of every possible difficulty, and more especially how, now that it consists of such a formidable body, funds can be found for its payment. Possibly the men may be contented with rations, and live in hopes of receiving their pay all in a lump after the fall of some large town shall have yielded its coffers as a prize of war. A more cheerful or better behaved set of men I have never seen, and, *marvel of marvels, not a single instance of anything like drunkenness can I recall, notwithstand-*

ing that the victory at Dicastillo and the fall of Estella were double events which might well have led any member of Tattersall's to bet on the contrary."

While the distinguished officer who represented the leading English journal wrote, on August 19 and 28, —

"Undoubtedly the Royalists are each day becoming more formidable, and, if they had rifles enough, could arm fifty thousand men in a week. The latter seem plentiful enough, and each day the authorities are pestered by hundreds of volunteers, eagerly asking permission to enroll themselves. . . .

"The Carlist troops do not require much time to turn out in marching order. A man is considered equipped when he is provided with arms, sixty rounds of ball cartridge, his food for the day, and a spare shirt. As for marching, I have never seen their superiors, four miles an hour in six continuous hours being frequently accomplished by them, the men looking as fresh at the end of their journey as when they started. The rations are good and ample; in fact, a Carlist receives a quarter of a pound more meat than the British soldier. There is one great drawback, speaking of the Royalist soldiery; for although they are all volunteers, who love fighting for fighting's sake, and *are as brave and fine-looking a body of men as a general could wish to command*, they hate the idea of drill, and very little instruction is given them."

As to the Royalist officers he makes them the compliment of saying that they "are not the bears they are represented by their enemies to be; on the contrary, they studiously try to avoid giving offence, and

are as gentlemanly a set of men as it has ever been my good fortune to associate with."

Though the Basque and Navarre provinces are considered to present something homogeneous, there is a considerable difference in the temperament and character of the population of these provinces. I saw the Navarre, the Guipuzcoa, and the Alava men fighting on several occasions, and the opinion I formed of their respective merits as soldiers is this: All of them are men of unlimited courage, to all appearance perfectly indifferent to life, and amongst them the Alava men must have the palm given to them. The reputation which they acquired under Zumalacarreui, who always preferred them to any other men in the north of Spain, is certainly not unmerited. They will stand any amount of fire with the steadiness of the best regular troops of any country, while their dash would, I believe, exceed that of a good many of the latter, on account of the Alavese being, as a rule, very short and very light men. They came late into the field at the present rising, yet in about a fortnight after three of their battalions had been formed, I saw the men of one of them quietly sitting and smoking their cigarettes under a fire that would be considered, even by very experienced troops, as an unpleasantly heavy one. They are still more sober than the Guipuzcoa or the Navarre men, and remarkably obedient and true to their chiefs. Their province being comparatively a small and poor one, they have neither the haughtiness of the Navarrese, nor the exclusiveness of the Guipuzcoanos.

After the Alava men, the best soldiers seem to be the Guipuzcoa lads ; at least they stand fire better than the Navarre men, and are the most capable of enduring fatigue ; but they are not so plucky as their neighbors, and rather heavy for guerilla warfare. Besides, many of them have the disadvantage of not knowing one word of Spanish — a circumstance which estranges them to a certain extent from the rest of the Carlist army. Their exclusiveness is, in fact, so great, that up to the present day they still celebrate the annual anniversary of a battle in which they fought the Navarre men in 1321, and beat them with sticks. On the 24th of June, of every year, processions are accordingly organized in the Guipuzcoa, men, women, and children equally taking part in them, all armed with the homely weapon which served their ancestors nearly six centuries ago to beat a neighboring tribe with which they ought to be, to judge by the surface of things, on the best possible terms at present.

If the Guipuzcoanos could be taught to speak English, they would probably become most sympathetic to old-fashioned Englishmen, as there is scarcely any other people in the whole of Europe so inclined to stick to their national customs and usages as the Guipuzcoa men are. They are also remarkably hard-working people, thoroughly virtuous, and extravagantly bigoted. A great number of such of them as succeed in picking up Spanish, and feel the want of a larger field for their activity, emigrate to South America, make fortunes there, and return back to their native villages, with their Guipuzcoanism as intact as is the Scottism of the Scotchman who after having travelled twenty years all

over the world, returns to his native lochs and hills. Contrary to their neighbors, the Navarre men who have once gone to South America, if they return home at all, renounce all their old sentiments relating to "Dios, Patria, y Rey," and become the fiercest Liberals and Radicals. A considerable number of such enriched Navarrese peasants, known in their own country under the designation of "Americanos," are now living on the French side of the Pyrenees, on account of their opinions clashing with those of their armed landmen.

As far as military dash goes, the Navarre volunteers are inimitable. Their bayonet charge is something really worth looking at, and surpasses anything the Zouaves were ever capable of performing in the days of their greatest savagery and glory. Truly speaking, the Navarre men do not understand any fighting but that with the bayonet. The rifle seems to them quite a useless arm, and, being very careless, they frequently lose or forget their pouches, or tear them through neglect, and drop all the cartridges. There is even a belief that sometimes they purposely throw them away, as being too cumbersome an article to be carried. Whenever one has to take a mountain path by which a Navarre battalion has just passed, one is sure to pick up cartridges at almost every step; and when a Navarrese battalion is ordered to fire, it does it so hurriedly and with such an utter disregard to aim, that the spectator becomes convinced that all these lads wish is simply to get rid of their ammunition, and to hasten the moment of a bayonet attack. To stand fire they are utterly unable, and as soon as it becomes somewhat hot, no human force will retain them: they

must either go forward or run away. And this running away does not appear to them as anything objectionable. You cannot make them understand that it is a flight; in their eyes it is simply an escape, by means of which they get the best of their enemy: "for the enemy's evident intention was to slaughter a number of us," would argue the Navarrese, "and through our escape he got snubbed." This view seems to be implied in their very language, for the process of withdrawing from under the enemy's fire is described neither as *huir* (to fly), nor as *correr* (to run), but as *escaparse* (to escape).

The general brutality of the Navarre men is beyond anything that can be well imagined in more civilized countries, and the manner in which they treat their horses will be an eternal check upon any attempt to introduce cavalry service amongst them. But this brutality is by no means wicked; it is purely animal, and does not prevent them in any degree from being, upon the whole, a very good-natured, honest, and even exquisitely polite people, as long as you are polite with them.

The disgust which all the Vasco-Navarre men have for regular military service, from which their *fueros* (provincial charters) always kept them aloof, is so inveterate, that I doubt whether they will ever be induced, under any circumstances whatever, to form regular regiments. Anything like discipline is perfectly repugnant to them, and you would not be able to compel them to move a step in the name of military duty; but if you can manage to stimulate their pride, or to make them believe that their services are wanted for the defence of what they understand to be the

glory of their province, or for the security of their homes or of their local privileges, there is no amount of danger that these men would not undergo.

With all the good qualities of the raw Vasconavarre fighting material, one could not easily conceive a more unpleasant position than that of a subaltern officer of the Carlist army. Unless he is persistently ahead of his men, he is not only disregarded and insulted, but frequently shot at by them during a fight. While if he keeps ahead of them, he is often exposed to be killed or wounded through their careless and ignorant way of handling their arms. In almost every Carlist engagement one or two officers are killed from behind by the blunders of their own men, and at the battle of Udave the volunteers of a Navarre battalion shot in that unintentional way Carlos Caro, one of the bravest and most accomplished officers the Carlist army possessed.

One point more remains to be alluded to in connection with Spanish fighting, and that is Spanish cruelty. Though it may seem ridiculous to speak of humanity in butchery, yet unmistakable manifestations of the most sublime as well as of the most wicked sides of human nature may be noticed, even in a thoroughly desperate and savage fight. I had some field experience in Turkey, in the Crimea, in France, and in Spain, and I found the great mass of all soldiers, as a rule, to be wantonly cruel when excited. If, on the one side, instances are well known of officers and men having

been carried out of the midst of a fierce hand-to-hand struggle by some courageous and kind-hearted fellow, cases, on the other hand, of prisoners being butchered, and wounded, friends as well as enemies, finally and brutally despatched to a better world by soldiers unwilling to expose themselves to an additional danger by carrying them away, are just as well known to every one who has had to take part in or closely to watch actual fighting. To expect, therefore, that semi-savage mountaineers should be less cruel than well-disciplined armies are, would be unreasonable; but from what I have seen, I must confess I was astonished at the comparatively small amount of cruelty exhibited by them. As a matter of fact, the Republican soldiers were incomparably more brutal and violent than the Carlists, and the explanation of this is plain enough. While the former were bent on the extermination of their enemy, the latter had strict orders given to them by their leaders to exert every effort in treating the enemy as kindly as possible, with a view to gain his sympathy, and to make him desert his ranks. During the whole of my stay amongst them, I knew of only one instance of wholesale extermination, viz., a small detachment taken at Cirauqui. Some *Voluntarios de la Libertad* were defending that place. The Carlists took it after a couple of hours' fighting, and the garrison, reduced to something like thirty-five or forty men, had to surrender. They were all locked up in the village church, and a *partida volante* was left in the place to guard them, as the column which captured the fort had immediately to march. It would appear, however, that the prisoners, who were all ultra-Republicans, had been very

violent with the population of the place when it was in their hands; consequently, as soon as the first excitement of the fight was over, and the villagers began to return to their homes, they all congregated round the church, and demanded the death of the prisoners. Things went on so far that the peasant men and women assailed the doors of the church, and the commander of the *partida volante* lost all control over his force, who joined, of course, the villagers. Finally, the doors and windows were broken open, the church invaded, and all the prisoners slaughtered, except two or three who managed to escape more or less severely wounded.

But if such monstrosities are on the whole but rarely perpetrated by Carlists, they are of more frequent occurrence on the Republican side. In Catalonia, after the battle of Alpens, there took place a pillage, slaughter, and rapine of a nature to preclude description. Old men and women were tied by the hands and legs, their daughters violated by the Republicans under the parents' very eyes, and afterwards the whole family shot or pierced with bayonets, and their houses, with the dead bodies in them, burnt to the ground. But justice requires to add here that the regular Republican troops are not by any means so bad in this respect as the so-called *Miguelites*, *Voluntarios de la Libertad*, and similar militia bodies.

As a matter of course, a good deal of unnecessary suffering is inflicted here on both sides through ignorance and through want of material means; but that is not cruelty, properly speaking. I saw, for instance, both Republicans and Carlists, severely wounded, lying

more than twenty-four hours in the field without being attended to. But there were, then, neither ambulances nor surgeons, and when there were surgeons, some of them dressed the wounds, as it were, on the salad principle, with salt and vinegar.* The manner in which the bodies of the dead are buried is perfectly revolting to a man accustomed to see this duty performed with a certain amount of reverence; but it is well known that nothing is so much disregarded in Spain as a dead man; consequently the custom of a perfectly-naked body, being, without further ceremony, shot into a ditch out of coffin which has served the same purpose on a good many occasions, and will probably do so on many more, must be looked upon rather as a national custom than anything else.

A good deal has also been written about the objectionable use which the Carlists make of petroleum, but to set fire to the enemy's camps and intrenchments was at all times a customary practice. Had the Carlists possessed big guns, they would probably not have made use of the English garden pumps and the barrels of petroleum, of which they now sometimes avail themselves; for, after all, the use of petroleum, as a means of destruction, is neither particularly convenient nor efficacious. In the whole of my experience with the

* Last year matters have improved through the establishment of several large ambulances. The Legitimist members of the Paris Red Cross sent out a couple of gentlemen with about a £1,000 of money and some medical stores, while several rich Spanish ladies began to exert their efforts in organizing the interior service of the two or three hospitals which had thus been brought into existence.

Carlists, I had an opportunity of seeing the use of petroleum only once, at the siege of Viana. On the 30th of August, 1873, two battalions, with four cannons, under the command of General Ollo, entered the village situated about three miles north of the bridges across the Ebro near Logroño, and began the siege of two churches and an old tower, which were fortified and garrisoned by some thirty Hussars of Pavia, and about a hundred and twenty National Guards. For nearly thirty-six hours, four cannons and fifteen hundred rifles were desperately firing upon the thick walls of these ancient edifices, without producing any effect whatever. A Republican column at last showing itself from across the river, the Carlists saw that the loss of any more time or cartridges would be utterly fatal to them, and, consequently, brought up a little pump and a few barrels of petroleum, the squirting of which had scarcely begun when the garrison hoisted the white flag, and expressed its preference to surrender, to the prospect of being burnt alive.

Upon the whole, an unconcerned observer cannot exactly see in what way the use of petroleum is more objectionable in such a case than the use of mines or torpedoes, universally admitted to be a legitimate means of attack and defence. The result of the combat on that occasion was not the worse on account of the use of petroleum, for the garrison was, as usual, disarmed and sent across the Ebro to Logroño, all the fortifications of the churches and the tower destroyed, and the village of Viana transformed into a place garrisoned by a small flying column of Carlists, instead of a similar column of Republicans.

CHAPTER IV.

DON CARLOS, HIS WIFE, AND HIS VIEWS.

THE present pretender to the throne of Spain, styled by his followers Charles VII., and by the world at large Don Carlos de Bourbon, Duke of Madrid, is twenty-six years of age, having been born in Austria in March, 1848. He is a powerful-looking man, about six feet one, and in his frank but somewhat curt manner reminds one of the Emperor Alexander of Russia, when he was some twenty-five years younger. His face, since he began to wear a full beard, has become quite handsome, though a slightly slobbering aspect of his mouth, and the deficiency of teeth, hereditary in the Spanish Bourbon house, not being in harmony with his manly physical appearance, spoils the first pleasing impression. He is easy of access, and without any trace of haughtiness. When seen on horseback at some distance, especially when saluting people and frankly taking off his Basque cap, he has something picturesque about him. His bearing in private life resembles that of the younger sons of the English nobility who have entered the professions. Like them, he seems to have the capacity of enduring, for a while, any amount of hardship with great serenity of temper. Of the sovereign, the statesman, or the

warrior, there is absolutely nothing in him. But he is very fond of playing the part of a king—that is to say, of *thou-ing* everybody in the old fashion of Spanish kings, not excluding even his councillors, some of whom are thrice his age, and of surrounding himself with a large number of chamberlains, aides-de-camp, secretaries, and similar people,—all of whom have no other merit or duty than that of flattering his pride. I saw, myself, genuine Spanish noblemen carrying away slops after Don Carlos had washed himself, and busily engaged in seeing that his top-boots and spurs were properly polished. He is undoubtedly a religious man; but there is much less bigotry about him than is generally supposed, and, for all I could observe, the Spanish clergy do not seem to exercise any undue influence on his mind. In fact, I have seen him marching for weeks without having a single curé on his staff; but, in every village he comes to, he goes first of all to church, and pays a visit to the local priest. Like the majority of Spaniards, he is a bad horseman, and in about a month's time I saw him ruin three excellent horses. At the same time, he evidently imagines that he looks a fine cavalier with his glistening black beard, his dark-blue hussar uniform, his stars on the breast, his red trousers, his high circus boots, and his red cap with the gold tassel. His political notions seem to be of a very unsettled character. At all events, each time I happened to talk to him, or listen when he talked to some one else on political subjects, I was never able to make out what was the substance of his views. Sometimes he seemed quite a commonplace liberal of our own day; at other times his utterances appeared to be

the produce of the old-fashioned traditions of Spanish absolutism. On the whole, I think, he would make a pretty fair constitutional king, if properly restricted by law; for, having been educated in Europe, and having lived constantly under European influence, he has unconsciously imbibed the political ideas of our age. But, on the other hand, being in his private life under the influence of his family traditions, and basing his rights upon worn-out ideas, he has naturally, along with modern notions, others which would much better suit the seventeenth than the nineteenth century. In the etiquette he likes to observe at his wandering court, and in the titles and court appointments he distributes, these weaknesses come very clearly to light. As an individual, he is brave and kind-hearted; he is an excellent father, and is polite and amiable to everybody. He sleeps much, and smokes much, and is rather "hen-pecked" by Doña Margarita, Duchess of Parma, whom he married in February, 1867, and by whom he has two daughters and a son, the eldest, Infanta Blanca, being five years old, and the youngest, Infanta Elvira, two years. His son, Infante Jaime-Charles, who, according to his parents' belief, will have some day to play the rôle of Charles VIII., was born on the 27th of June, 1870.

Doña Margarita has the reputation of being a very clever woman. Handsome she is certainly not, although in her stature, fair hair, and blue eyes, there is, on the whole, something rather attractive. But surely no one would take her for a queen of Spain. She looks much more like a German or an English middle-class lady, of that slim and delicate appearance so often met

with in northern countries amongst women who marry at an early age, and have more children than they ought to have. Being a year older and much richer than her husband, and of a more decided cast of mind, she exercises, undoubtedly, great influence over Don Carlos; and, if she had not herself been at times under the influence of a number of Jesuits and petty courtiers, her counsels and views would probably have had upon Don Carlos a salutary influence. At all events, she reads much more than her husband, and is far more accomplished. Up to about a year ago, she was almost invariably living near Geneva, in the *château* called *Bocage*; but some of the over-zealous Carlists having compromised her by the storing of arms in her residence, she was ordered by the Swiss authorities to leave the country, and had to seek refuge in France. When Don Carlos entered into Spain, she took up her present residence at Bordeaux, and the reports as to her having crossed the frontier were utterly destitute of foundation. She tried lately to remove to Pau, and took a house there, but the French government intimated to her that she could not be allowed to reside in the vicinity of the Pyrenees.

It was in the isolated *château* of St. Lon, in the Landes, that I first saw Don Carlos in April, 1873. He was then hiding himself from the French police, and changing his abode almost every week, under the protection of the hospitable landed proprietors of the south of France. To get at Don Carlos was a very difficult task; for, if not alarmed himself, his councillors and courtiers were always afraid of some act of treachery; but the "interviewing" instructions of my paper were too stringent

for me to let him off without an ordeal of this sort; and I spent nearly a month at Bayonne and about the frontier trying to meet with people who could manage to procure me this interview. Yet all my efforts were vain until I became acquainted with General Elio, and proved lucky enough to inspire him with the confidence that I had no intention either to assassinate or even to betray Don Carlos.

On the Bayonne-Pau railway line is a station called Peyrehorade; and about two hours' drive from that station is situated the château of M. de Pontonx, where the interview was to take place on the 11th of April, at eleven o'clock at night. The arrangement was, that I should start from Bayonne by the last train to Peyrehorade, and call there upon the curé, who would serve me as a guide, the name of the residence not having been disclosed to me at that time. On my reaching Peyrehorade, I found the curé at church, it being Good Friday; but a comfortable carriage was in readiness to drive me to a place, of which I should not even now have known the name if the young M. de Pontonx had not told me, a few months later, that it was at his château that I paid the visit. The precautions were evidently well taken for my not betraying the residence of the prince; for I could not even see the road through which I drove, the carriage having no lanterns, the coachman having recommended me not to pull down the windows, and the night being so dark that I wondered all the time how he could find his way. In about two hours, we stopped before a gate, which

was opened only after some parleying, and then drove through a park to the entrance of the residence.

Brigadier Iparraguirre, military secretary of the prince, was waiting on the doorsteps when the carriage drew into the court-yard. He was evidently watching lest some police agent or any other unasked-for person should appear; but seeing the familiar carriage and coachman, and hearing that I was the person to whom the audience had been granted, he showed me at once through several rooms to the chamber occupied by Don Carlos. A cheerful fire burned in an old-fashioned grate, and the apartment was upholstered with quaint-looking antique furniture. Don Carlos entered the room almost immediately, accompanied by General Elio, shook my hand cordially, and paid some compliments to the journal I represented. Some preliminary conversation of a general character then ensued, but as soon as the prince sat down, and lighted a cigarette, offering me one, both Elio and Iparraguirre retired from the room.

“What impression has been made on you during your journey through the Carlist camps?” was his first question. I answered that my impressions were on the whole favorable, but referred to the imperfect armament of some of the *partidas* (bands), and the conversation at once assumed a practical relation to the Carlist prospects in general.

“Ah, you must keep in view the almost insuperable difficulties which we have had to contend with,” said the prince. “The movement began only in the month of December. General Ollo crossed the frontier to Spain about Christmas last with twenty-three unarmed

men. He disinterred three hundred old muskets, which had been buried in the neighborhood, and with these armed his first detachment. In Catalonia, the movement began earlier, and there the progress was more rapid. You have no conception of the obstacles which are put in the way of our transporting arms across the frontier. The cost of conveyance causes a great increase of expense, and but for the hearty assistance which was given to us by the nobility of the south of France, we could never have achieved what we have done. And then, what has not been said of us? We have been called 'brigands,' 'assassins,' 'plunderers of the peasantry,' 'kidnappers,' and what not; but you have yourself seen how false such reports are. You have seen how thoroughly the population of the villages is with us. If I had a hundred thousand rifles, I could have a hundred thousand men in a few days. It is bitter to me, personally, to be restrained as I am; compelled idly to sit here, while my followers are enduring so many hardships and risking their lives for my cause; but my advisers keep me like a prisoner of state. They say my entering Spain would do harm only, as they are not yet ready for active operations on my behalf."

The conversation then turning to politics, Don Carlos said, —

"The political feature of the case is as little known abroad as is the other, the military part of the Legitimist movement. No lawyer, Spanish or foreign, has ever disproved my right to the throne of Spain. The act by which the throne was given to Isabella, was simply a violation of the organic laws of the kingdom. My

grandfather defended his right, sword in hand. He was not vanquished, but was betrayed by the infamous Maroto. When the right to the throne devolved on me, I did all in my power to confine the contest within the walls of the Parliament house. I succeeded in obtaining the support of not less than eighty-three deputies, but during the last elections Carlist voters and Carlist deputies were shot at and stabbed, and nothing remained for us but a resort to arms. Any American or English party placed in the same position would have acted in the same way. I know that the Anglo-Saxon race in the New World as well as in the Old, is so great because it never hesitates to take up the sword when right is invaded. They do not fear civil war when they believe they are in the right. Why should we fear?"

On my observing that the cause of the hostile criticism of the world on Carlism was not because Carlism fought, but because people were afraid lest its victory should re-establish fading absolutist theories in government and ultramontaniam in religion.

"I have never given any reason to believe that after my accession to the throne," said Don Carlos, "religion would be permitted to interfere with politics, or politics with religion. I greatly value the influence of the priesthood; I admire many men who are priests; but I admire them in the church, and I would be the first to oppose their interference in matters out of their sphere. No country in the world is less susceptible of government by absolutism than Spain. It never was so governed; it will never be. The Basque provinces and Navarre have, from time immemorial, pos-

sessed the privileges of the most free countries. I have always emphatically declared that I will leave the framing of a Spanish constitution to the action of a freely elected Cortes. I wonder there can still exist a doubt of my intention in this respect. My programme of government can be set forth in a very few words. Everything shall be done through a free Cortes. There shall be complete decentralization in everything but general politics."

Here the prince spoke somewhat in detail of his several manifestoes addressed to the Spaniards, as well as to the foreign courts, appearing to assume that every man was bound to know these documents, a circumstance which made me feel rather uneasy, as I had no idea of them. Consequently, I took good care to change the conversation by reference to the interruption of travel in Spain and the Carlist action of firing on railway trains.

Don Carlos replied, "War is war. You cannot make an omelet without breaking some eggs. Interruption of travel, under such circumstances, is not peculiar to Spain. I did my utmost to prevent it. I proposed to the Northern Company to neutralize the rails and telegraph, and said that we would respect and protect the trains and wires if they were not used for military purposes. The directors said, in reply, that the government at Madrid would not allow them to treat with us, and that it would rather have public traffic stopped than do so. We cannot permit the Republican troops to advance and retreat by railway, whilst our men are on foot. Hence the destruction of the railroads. I am ready to renew negotiations on

the subject any time; but I am afraid we shall have to wait till the Madrid government comes to its senses."

The conversation then naturally turned to the government at Madrid.

"The republic is never possible in Spain without assuming the wildest socialist character," said Don Carlos, after he had spoken very highly of the members of the government individually. "I consider Castelar and Figueras men of great ability, but I am not sure that they are great statesmen. I believe them to be men of irreproachable integrity; but this very integrity blinds them to the dishonesty of their followers. There is no danger from these gentlemen if they are but firm; but it is in their supporters that peril lies. They will never be able to control them, being themselves unconsciously urged forward. Here is a copy of a Republican paper published in Madrid. Send it to your journal, and show what the republic means in Spain," and he handed me a copy of *Los Descamisados** (the Shirtless Ones), a Spanish term equivalent to the *Sans Culottes*.

The discussion of the chances of a Spanish republic brought us to the French commonwealth and to M. Thiers, whom the prince declared a great enemy to the Bourbon cause. "In the Seven Years' War," said he, "France, England, Portugal, and Madrid formed a quadruple alliance against my grandfather. M. Thiers,

* A miserable publication, which, as I afterwards learned in Madrid, was issued by some enemies of Republican institutions, for the sake, as usual, of frightening the mass of the people into monarchy of some form or other.

not satisfied with sending a foreign legion, which was cut to pieces, wished to send regular troops; but Louis Philippe opposed him. The little man, who was just as obstinate then as he is now, was put out of office, and has never ceased to hate us as the cause of his downfall on that occasion. Besides, we are Legitimists, and he hates Legitimacy. He has quite recently forwarded a despatch to the French minister at Madrid, of which our friends have sent me a copy. In this paper he exhibits his notorious disposition for intrigue. He says he regrets he cannot take more active measures against the Carlists without exciting the indignation of the French Royalists, who are already difficult to control; but he suggests that the French ambassador may do us a good deal of harm in discouraging our cause at Madrid. M. Thiers added that Germany was unfavorable to me, and that though Russia and England were not unwilling to support Carlism, if they became satisfied it was making progress, he exerted his best efforts to — as he called it — open the eyes of these governments. With all this, however, he dares not recognize the Spanish republic. But I have not much reason to fear the intrigues and hostility of M. Thiers.”

As a matter of course, here again the conversation could not pass without touching upon Cuba. But though the prince was apparently talking freely, his declaration of this point was not very definite. He said, “I know the American people take great interest in this topic. I understand you have spoken on it with General Elio. I cannot say more than he did. I must even say less, for although I believe the abolition

of slavery to be indispensable, I am of opinion that emancipation should not be at the expense of the proprietors; therefore it must be gradual. As to the alienation of the colony, I believe that no Spanish government, of whatever form or nature it may be, will ever dare to propose the subject in Spain."

It was now one o'clock in the morning, and the cigarette case was empty. I accepted this as a signal to retire, Don Carlos expressing his hope that we should soon meet again on Spanish soil.

In the ante-room, the gentlemen of the prince's personal staff once more carefully pointed out to me how great and exceptional was the favor accorded to me, owing to the strict seclusion which it was necessary for the prince to observe, and asked me to be on my guard, in case any police agent should present himself to me at Peyrehorade, where I had to spend the night. They suggested that, in case I should be asked what brought me to that little place, I should say I came to have some fishing in the Gave, as many *originiaux anglais* do come. And as I wished to do my best not to compromise either Don Carlos or any of his adherents, I made a great fuss the next morning, at the little auberge "*Aux Deux Sœurs*," about some fishing-rods, of which I finally got a couple, and after having spent several hours by the river side and caught nothing, took the afternoon train back to Bayonne.

To get at Don Carlos at that time was (by no means from my own, but) from a journalist's point of view what is called "a hit." The London bureau of the Herald had accordingly telegraphed to New York, at a considerable expense, something like four columns of

the report of this interview, and a couple of weeks later I had the satisfaction of seeing my work reproduced in several English papers. But, much to my astonishment, it was said to have been taken from the Cologne Gazette, the economical German paper having quietly copied the report, and given it out as the work of its own correspondent: "*Es bleibt so in der Familie.*"

Three months later Don Carlos entered the land he claims the right to reign over. What he did there shall be told by and by. At present, we have to go to Madrid, in the great square of which, styled *Puerta del Sol*, armed "gentlemen of the pavement" were said to be settling the so-called social problem, much in the same way as armed peasants of the Basque provinces were settling the question of Spanish legitimacy.

CHAPTER V.

FROM BAYONNE TO MADRID.

THE telegrams of Reuter's and Havas, whose business it seems to be to concoct sensational paragraphs when actual news is scarce, have made every one outside the romantic and unbusiness-like Peninsula believe that people were slaughtered daily in Spain by the hundred, if not by the thousand, and that peaceful citizens of well-regulated countries, who were not particularly anxious to get rid of their property or their lives, should not cross the Pyrenees under any consideration whatever. Thousands of Britons who had passed the winter season at Biarritz, Pau, and similar places, where

“The witchery of the soft blue sky”

could be experienced, and who would have gone for the carnival to Madrid, and for Good Friday and Easter Sunday to Seville, were now getting sour and mouldy in their winter abodes through sheer exaggeration of the dangers to which they would expose themselves on entering the land of the Cid. But the more I saw of Spain, the more comical appeared to me all these apprehensions.

Having heard that a serious movement of the *In-*

transigentes was being prepared at Madrid, I hurriedly left Bayonne at midday on the 21st of April, 1873, by express to Irun. Friends strongly advised me to get my papers in order; to burn all Carlist safe-conducts, which, if found on me by Republicans, would be taken as proofs of my being a Carlist in disguise; to take as little money as possible, for I was sure to be robbed; and so on — a lot of comforting advice. On reaching Irun, however, it turned out that I was not even asked for my passport, and that no one cared to know who I was, and why I was going into Spain. My luggage was the only thing that seemed to interest the local authorities. Custom-house officials of the republic began to ransack it in the most unceremonious manner, and, not finding anything prohibited, proceeded to impose a heavy duty on a Scotch plaid, which had served me for the last ten or twelve years. I had great difficulty in demonstrating that although Scotch, and therefore *extranjero*, the plaid was not new, and, consequently, not subject to taxation, and that it was also intended for my own use, and not as a present for any señora, for I had no señora to make presents to.

The rails were of course cut, and no train to be expected before Vitoria, which was some eighty miles distant. But there were plenty of little omnibuses, with four mules each, in readiness to convey us to San Sebastian, whence a Señor Marcelino Ugalde, it was said, had established regular diligence communications to Zumarraga, and thence to Vitoria. Of the degree of safety of the road no one could tell us anything, except that there were Carlists in several places, and that diligences were often stopped, but that no passen-

ger had been killed for some time past. For the luggage, however, the diligence administration would not take any responsibility whatever, except that of putting it, in return for a certain (very heavy) charge, on the top of the conveyance. It was for the travellers to look after it subsequently, and to negotiate about it with the Carlists, should any difficulty arise during the journey.

Irun itself was fortified, or supposed to be so. A palisade surrounded each of the leading buildings, including the abandoned railway station. But these palisades were of such a description that a runaway donkey would have easily upset them, and any pocket revolver ball get through them just as easily. All the balconies and windows were also "fortified," the former by means of similar palisades, and the latter by being half walled up with a kind of antediluvian stone-masonry, in which some peep-holes were pierced. But the Carlists not having shown any desire to pay a visit to Irun, even these inoffensive fortifications were falling into desuetude.

Our travelling party consisted of about a dozen persons, including a couple of women with very noisy babies, a shabby-looking priest in a permanent state of perspiration, several peasants in picturesque costumes, very brigand-looking, and strongly smelling of garlic, and two French Jews, commercial travellers from Bayonne. The little omnibuses for four persons each were just as bad as London four-wheelers are, and differed from them only by the door being behind, and the seats disposed accordingly. But the speed of conveyance was quite different in the two cases. Instead of a wretched

horse, we had four fresh mules, which carried us at the rate of at least ten miles an hour through the picturesque mountain country, with the Bay of Biscaya brilliantly unfolding itself to our eyes every now and then. The road itself was all that could be wished for, and in less than two hours we reached San Sebastian, the capital of the province of Guipuzcoa, and formerly the Gibraltar of Northern Spain.

San Sebastian is, according to Ford, "memorable for its sieges, lies, and libels." It was captured by the Duke of Wellington in 1813, and burnt down to the ground, yet — according to the same authority — not by the English, but by the French, and "for the express purpose of annoying the English." Whether the inhabitants of San Sebastian were at that time pleased by the proceedings of the English and the French thus "annoying" each other within their walls, I am unable to tell. But sure it is that the town looks now all the better for it, being thoroughly rebuilt in the modern style, though of course it does not look as picturesque as it probably looked formerly, and has no longer any ramparts, not even such curious ones as Irun possesses. It is now simply a fashionable watering-place, and a great resort for smuggling business, in which, it would seem, representatives of British commerce are interested to a very considerable extent. It serves also as a safe and not altogether unpleasant residence for British subjects who get into "trouble," and prefer a quiet life on the shores of the Bay of Biscaya to legal proceedings in England. All these circumstances make of San Sebastian quite an English colony. English faces are to be seen, and the English tongue to be

heard, at almost every step. But the well-regulated habits of the Anglo-Saxon race do not seem to influence much the indolent and unbusiness-like nature of the Spanish portion of the population. At all events, it would not appear from the way in which "the regular diligence communication" of the aforesaid Señor Marcelino Ugalde was carried on. We arrived at four P. M., and were advised to secure our tickets at once, but could not make out until midnight what time we were to start. At midnight we were told we had better go to bed, as care would be taken to call upon each of us at our respective hotels when the diligence was to start. So we did go to bed, and at three in the morning, some violent knocks at my door gave me to understand that I was "wanted," either for the purpose of having my throat cut, or for that of being conveyed to Zumarraga. To my satisfaction, it turned out that it was for the latter purpose.

Homer's or Dante's would be the only pen fit to describe our nocturnal pilgrimage. Fancy a pitch-dark night in a place you have never been in before, among people who talk Basque to you and are supposed to be a set of brigands, with the prospect, in addition to all that, of ferocious Carlists falling upon you as soon as you are on the high road. A wretched lantern stuck up on the top of what seemed at first sight to be a little mountain, did not contribute much light for the discernment of things. By and by, however, I perceived that this mountain was the diligence, an old nondescript vehicle of an immensurable height, with a monstrous heap of luggage on it, and with seven mules to it. My first impression was that the

mules would never be able to set it in motion at all, and that, should they manage to do so, the monster would, no doubt, immediately upset. Mr. Plimsoll and his overloaded ships immediately crossed my mind, but I soon felt that there was not the slightest use in meditating about legislative projects or drawing foreign analogies, and that I had better secure a seat, and looked for my luggage.

The seats were, of course, not numbered, and I was told I could take whichever I liked best; as to my luggage, it was already loaded, and all I had to do was to pay another seventy reals for it, in addition to the eighty reals already paid for my ticket. The man who told me that, assumed that I ought to have been quite delighted, and that no more satisfactory position than mine could be well imagined. Giving up, therefore, all hopes of being permitted to inquire whether my portmanteaux, instead of being loaded, were not stolen, I proceeded to secure a seat, and found the atmosphere inside the immense vehicle so full of garlic and other attractive perfumes, and the vehicle itself so thickly packed with objects and subjects of which I was unable to discern the nature, that I did not hesitate a moment to decide that I would rather run all the way alongside the mules than go in such a pandemonium. But the perspiring priest, with whom we had become friends on the previous evening, was already on the lookout for me, to say he had secured me a seat outside. Great were my thanks for his attention; but if I escaped asphyxia inside the diligence, I certainly did not escape mediæval torture. A little portable bench had been placed on the top of the

vehicle in front of the mountain of luggage, and a couple of square inches of space on it were allotted to each of us. The bench was thus made to accommodate four persons, my two other companions being the French Jews from Bayonne, and as I had on the previous day had some clerical conversation with the reverend father, and did not quite meet his views, I began to think now he had purposely put me and the Jews to this trial. All the horrors of the Inquisition crept one by one into my head under the influence of the physical pain I was subjected to, and by and by the priest became to my mind thoroughly identified with the image of a Torquemada on a small scale.

The journey lasted over fourteen hours, and all the time our legs were hanging down without any vestige of a support of any sort, quite as if we were sitting on the edge of a roof. The coachman, whose box was down below us, was all the way howling horribly, and whipping us right across the face with the interminable whip, the reaction of which he said he was unable to control. Each stroke he gave to one of his seven mules was a stroke to some one of us too. The mountain of luggage behind us pushed us violently down, together with our bench, each time the diligence was going down hill, and superhuman efforts were required on our part not to fall on the mules, and thence under the wheels. To improve our position in any way whatever was utterly impossible. To argue with the coachman was perfectly useless; he knew his business, and would not risk the peril of the heavy *coche publico* crushing his mules, for a few lashes he might spare us. The only moments of rest we had from

these tortures were at the villages where mules were changed, or when too rapid ascents presented themselves, and several pairs of oxen had to be substituted for mules. We could then get down and walk for a while alongside the coach, thus restoring vitality to our benumbed limbs.

In this comfortable way did we travel from four in the morning till eleven, when an hour's time was granted to us at Zumarraga for lunch and payment of another eighty reals to Vitoria. Of danger, properly so called, there was yet not the slightest trace. Much to our astonishment, we had not even been upset. And except the torture inflicted upon us, and the infamous Spanish cooking, we had to complain of absolutely nothing.

It was at Zumarraga that we were for the first time positively told we should meet Carlist bands within a few miles. But at the same time we were assured that if we had neither official despatches nor escort, we had nothing to fear. We should have a slight toll to pay, and would perhaps be searched for arms—that was all. I need scarcely say that, as we were still travelling through the provinces of Guipuzcoa and Alava, every town and village was thoroughly Carlist in its sympathies, and although all had “fortified” balconies and windows, the population obviously never intended to defend itself, these fortifications having been constructed by Republican orders and for Republican troops.

Our coachman, a Carlist to the back-bone, gave us by his mere presence among us the best imaginable protection. When we entered the first village occu-

ped by the champions of *Dios, Patria, y Rey*, the leading street was of course full of people, attracted by the noise of our heavy vehicle, and of endless numbers of little bells hanging and ringing on the mules' necks. Women, children, Carlists in arms, rushing pigs, barking dogs flocked around us; but we did not seem to call forth any feeling, except sheer curiosity, even in the fiercest-looking Carlist. The diligence stopped at the *fonda*. The coachman alighted, went into the inn with the head of the Carlist band, handed him several newspapers and letters he had for him, talked about five or ten minutes, and after payment of fifty cents a head on every traveller, once more took the reins, and we were off again without having been asked a single question. Of course, we all had an intense consciousness that we were practically at the mercy of a band of armed ruffians, and this by no means made us feel comfortable. But as I have to record here facts, and not individual feelings, I have no reason to dwell on the various manifestations of nervousness shown by our fellow-travellers.

Three times were we stopped in that way before we reached Vitoria, and each time we had to undergo the same undangerous process of paying head-money, and of waiting till the coachman had delivered his secret correspondence and given all the information the Carlist *jefe* may have wanted. That murders were committed on the high roads of Spain years and years ago, can be little doubted, for one can scarcely travel a few miles without seeing by the roadside a lonely stone with a cross on it, and an inscription telling one that on this place Don So-and-so had found his life's

end. But it can be as little doubted that nowadays, even in districts where Carlist war is supposed to rage, an unarmed man can travel quite safely, notwithstanding all the dreadful stories spread abroad about this curious and good-natured nation.

The high road to Vitoria offered also an excellent illustration of the manner in which the Spaniards were carrying on their civil war at the outset. On leaving a village occupied by Carlists, we invariably reached, after a few miles' drive, one occupied by Republican troops. This alternate, or rather intermittent, position of the respective forces puzzled me very much, and I made several inquiries of the men themselves what was the reason of this strange state of affairs, and why—since they were so near each other and almost intermixed—they did not fight it out some day, so that either the one or the other party might become master of the ground now divided into queer little bits among them. And the answer to such inquiries was invariably the same. The Carlists said they could not attack the Republicans, because they were in small numbers here, and had no artillery; while the Republicans asserted they could never get at the Carlists, for they always occupied villages situated high on the mountains, watched every movement of the Republican columns down in the valley, and set off as soon as they saw that an attack on them was intended.

As a matter of fact, the manner in which our coach was received in villages occupied by Republican troops, differed in no way from its reception in villages occupied by the Carlists. There was the same idle crowd in the leading street gazing at us, the same stoppage at

the inn, and the same mysterious talk between the coachman and the commanding officers. In front of the municipal council house, a number of Republican soldiers were playing ball, just as lustily as in the other village Carlists were. The only difference was, that we had no head-money to pay to the Republicans, and that some of the Carlists had guns in their hands, while none of the Republican soldiers had any sort of arms at all about them. If it had not been for the fortified balconies and windows invariably reappearing in every village, we should never have had reason to believe that we were really in a country where war was going on. The apparent carelessness of regular Spanish troops is, indeed, something quite puzzling. The Carlists had, at least, a couple of sentries posted outside the village on the road; but the Republicans did not seem to think even that precaution necessary. On approaching Vitoria we met a Republican column, some seven or eight hundred men strong, marching out in search of Carlists, and the manner in which that column was proceeding on its way, headed by a handsome colonel dozing on horseback, would throw deep melancholy into the bosom of any English or German disciplinarian. The column had neither vanguard nor rearguard, and a few dozen determined men springing out of an ambuscade could have dispersed it at any given moment. Every man was walking as he pleased, smoking his cigarette, and except by his being dressed in uniform, differed in his general attitude in no way from British radicals or Irish patriots forming Hyde Park processions.

On arriving at Vitoria and alighting at the Hôtel de Pallares, I learned that there was little prospect of any

train starting to Madrid, as the curé of Alaya was burning several stations near Miranda. It looked as if some more Torquemada diligence torture were in store for us. But our hunger and fatigue were so intense that all thought about the morrow was abandoned, and immediate dinner became the only thing cared for. We rushed into the *comedor*, or dining-room, without even waiting till our luggage mountain was unloaded, or our beds secured. But nothing was lost through that attack of voracity on our part. The luggage turned up all right, and every passenger had something to lie upon at night.

Next morning, while restoring myself from the tortures of the diligence, I heard a great martial movement going on in the street. Bands were playing, horses galloping, regiments marching. I got up, and learned that a "great victory" had been achieved by the Republicans, and that a large number of prisoners would be presently brought into town. The military governor of the province, Brigadier Gonzalez, rode out to meet them, followed by a numerous suite dressed in glittering uniforms, while he was himself in a light-gray overcoat, and with a chimney-pot hat on his head. It was the Republican column we had met on the previous day that was now returning, after a "brilliant" engagement it had had early in the morning. Considerable importance was evidently attached to the event, and the ceremony of meeting the victorious column looked quite a grand affair. But Brigadier Gonzalez still did not think it necessary to put on a uniform, though he was considered by the Madrid government as a great disciplinarian, and on the strength of this

reputation was subsequently appointed minister of war.

The disarmed but quite merry-looking prisoners were marched in with a numerous escort; quite as strong a force was escorting the cart carrying the rifles taken from them. The prisoners were lodged in the town jail, and their arms in some other safe place; but as soon as the ceremonial part of the business was over, and the soldiers had retired to their barracks, the jail was surrounded by a mass of people, and there was no end of greeting and cheering, the fellows looking quite as jolly through the railings of the prison windows as if they were attending a wedding party.

To start from Vitoria was almost as difficult as it had been from San Sebastian. Up till four P. M. no one knew at the station, or anywhere else, whether there would be a train at all. Some said all the rails were taken off near Miranda; others that all the stations were on fire; the telegraph was cut, and no exact information could be received unless a train from Madrid should turn up. The platform of the station was all day long crowded with people looking out for such an event, and after several hours' waiting, they were gratified with the sight of a locomotive at a distance, and with the sound of its whistle. The joy became exceedingly demonstrative, and the news of a Madrid train having arrived safe spread over the town with electric celerity. Much to our astonishment, when the train reached the platform, the doors of several luggage-vans at both ends of it opened of themselves, and poured out no end of *cazadores* (riflemen) and *carabineros* (fusiliers). It was the escort. The Carlists having declared over

and over again that they would fire at and upset any train that carried troops, the escort was now almost hermetically shut up in the luggage-vans. But, notwithstanding the safe arrival of the train at Vitoria, it took the railway authorities a good deal of time to decide whether a return-train could be started, after all the rumors which were current in the town. It was only under the heavy pressure of the travellers, and on the reiterated assurance of the officers commanding the escort that there were no Carlists on the road, and on their official request to send the escort back to Miranda, that the railway authorities made up their mind to order the engine to be placed the other way, and began to distribute tickets. In another half hour we were off amidst the blessings and good wishes of a crowded platform. The escort was, of course, again thickly packed, and locked up in the luggage-vans, while the few travellers had each a whole first-class carriage to himself. The majority, on entering the carriages, began at once to barricade the windows with cushions and hand luggage, so as to lessen the chance of any Carlist balls reaching them. The train went forward with great caution, and an additional couple of men were placed on the engine to look out for places where rails might have been cut. We did not progress more than at the rate of ten miles an hour; but neither received Carlist balls, nor underwent any smash. Still, I must avow that such slow travelling, with the constant idea of the possibility of an immediate accident in your mind, is by no means a pleasant thing. After a while, one gets positively desirous that something should happen, and thus put an end to the uncertainty.

On arriving at Miranda, about ten o'clock at night, the escort left us; but it turned out that, to all appearance, the really dangerous portion of the line was beyond that town. The Carlists were at the second station from Miranda on the previous day, and had set it on fire, consequent on some "misunderstanding" between the leader of a Carlist *partida* (the priest Alaya) and the station master; but the band — we were informed — was now being pursued by the troops in the mountains, and the line clear. So off we were to Burgos, and when we had passed the still-burning station, — which, by the way, presented a very fine sight amidst the darkness of a southern night, — and the engine-driver felt quite out of danger, he made the train run at a rate which was by no means comforting to those who know the carelessness of Spanish guards and pointsmen. But we were too tired and sleepy to concern ourselves with either the behavior of the engine-driver and the guards, or the night aspects of glorious cities like Burgos and Valladolid, through which we had to pass. Early next morning, we awoke with the sight of the snow-covered heights of Sierra Guadarrama on our right, and that of the monkish and mournful giant, Escorial, on our left. The guard entered the carriage to say we had reached the Escorial station, and had to wait there, as a telegram was expected from Madrid to say whether we could proceed farther; for the capital was, according to the news received during the night, in full revolution. The *Intransigentes* had taken possession of all the important public buildings, including the railway station, and general fighting was expected to begin at daybreak. Al-

though I had already some idea of the Spanish tendency to exaggeration, I thought this news looked serious. But in an hour's time "permission" to proceed arrived, and about ten A. M. we reached the northern station of Madrid, which was really in full possession of an armed and ragged mob, but not a drop of blood seemed to have been shed. Gendarmes and soldiers of the late monarchy were noisily fraternizing with armed "gentlemen of the pavement." It was clear that there might have been a conflict, but that it had been settled by the very peaceful process of one of the conflicting parties retiring from the struggle.

There is no need to repeat here all the rumors which comforted us at Escorial. The *Intransigentes* were shooting everybody who did not join them; the army had partly mutinied, partly fled; Serrano had fought a duel with Pi y Margall, and so on. But on reaching the unlucky capital, we were satisfied that, though the streets were crowded with a vociferous and gesticulating mob, the greater portion of which bore arms, there were no shots to be heard, nor anything to be seen suggestive of the probability of any at that moment. The omnibuses and carriages which took up the passengers at the station had considerable difficulty in passing through the streets, but managed to deposit all of us safely at our respective hotels; and the absence of any custom-house officers, and the consequent non-ransacking of our luggage, rather predisposed some of us in favor of the *régime* of mob-rule.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FEDERALIST COUP D'ETAT.

THE events which will be described in Spanish history as the Federalist *coup d'état* of April 23, were very simple in their nature. When King Amadeo abdicated and retired from Spain, he left behind him a "National Assembly," which, amalgamated from two houses of parliament elected under a monarchy, was of course composed mainly of Monarchists, though of a liberal shade, known in Spanish political nomenclature as *radicals*. They constituted a majority of nearly three fourths. But some of the seats on the opposition benches were occupied by gentlemen of great attainments and very high reputation for integrity, yet strongly inclined towards ultra-republican theories. Among them Señor Estanislao Figueras and Señor Emilio Castelar were the best known abroad, especially the latter, who used, without knowing a word of English, to write a good deal in the Fortnightly Review, and in Harpers' Magazine, chiefly on questions connected with the Republican movement in Europe. The Monarchists of this assembly were, as they invariably are in Spain, very much out of tune with each other; every one of them wanted something different from what his next neighbor wanted, and so

no sort of agreement or common action could ever have been expected from them in a critical moment. When Amadeo, annoyed by the open hostility shown to him, by violent party struggles, and by the heavy expenses of royalty, deposited his crown, the sundry factions of Monarchists were utterly unable to agree as to any line of action. They were, as usual, hesitating and quarelling, and thus gave the Republican fraction ample opportunity to jump at the tribune, and proclaim the republic, which, as it turned out, did not find any actual opposition in the mass of the people outside the assembly, and was therefore considered as established. A Republican ministry was at once formed, and Señor Figueras appointed president of the executive power.

The new Spanish republic had a luck which few republics ever had — that of being able, after one or two readjustments during the month of February, to compose a government, against the members of which absolutely nothing detrimental could be said. Every one of the men called to power was known as a man of high integrity and irreproachable morals, and some were, besides, known as very able men, especially so Señor Figueras (the president), Señor Nicolas Salmeron (minister of justice), Señor Francisco Pi y Margall (home minister), and Señor Eduardo Chao (minister of the fomento, or progress, which includes commerce, public instruction, &c.). The remainder were men who had still to show whether they had the abilities of statesmen, but who had, one way or the other, obtained considerable popularity. Señor Emilio Castelar (foreign affairs) was a fine writer and poet,

and Señor Juan Tutau (finances) was supposed to be an excellent authority in political economy. The war and marine ministers were the only ones still objected to by the majority of the Republicans on account of their Monarchical connection. But it was impossible to find all at once experienced officers beyond the sphere of those who had served under the monarchy. In this way, whatever success the Spanish republic has had at the outset, was entirely due to the personal character of the men composing the new cabinet, and I have never heard in Madrid, or in the provinces, any person, however hostile to the republic, say anything detrimental against any of these ministers as individuals. The high reputation of these gentlemen was a fact of almost incalculable importance in a country where governmental circles are most corrupt, where scandalous gossip is very much liked, and personal life very much inquired into. The new ministry had also another and rare advantage—that of being very homogeneous. The ministers seemed never to quarrel with each other, and on the whole, I believe, seldom had any members of a cabinet been more united in their views than those who had to work under Señor Figueras.

The old Assembly was of course dissolved, and new elections were to take place for a Constituent Assembly, which was to frame a new constitution for the country. But a permanent committee, with rather indistinctly limited powers, was left sitting until the new elections were over. Its duties were supposed to consist of a general superintendence over the affairs of the country and the dealings of the ministers.

This committee turned out to be thoroughly hostile to the republic, and consequently no harmony between it and the ministry could have been expected from the outset. They interfered with every measure of the executive power, made several attempts to postpone the elections, and to reconvoke the old Assembly, and their quarrels grew more and more threatening every day. At the same time, rumors began to circulate that the committee had come to an agreement with Marshal Serrano and several other generals, to upset the government by means of a military *coup d'état*, and to bring the marshal once more to power. On the other hand, Señor Figueras' wife having died, the president expressed his desire to retire for a short time from office, and the ministry appointed Señor Pi y Margall as president *pro tempore*. The committee at once protested, saying it was not the minister's but the committee's business to select a president in such a case. In a word, an open war was going on for several days between the two governing bodies, and on the 23d of April, some eleven battalions of the old Monarchical National Guards (about four thousand men strong), mustered by General Letona and the Marquis of Sardeal, were ordered to assemble at the Plaza de Toros, under pretence of a review. The civil governor of Madrid, Señor Estevanez, a very shrewd Republican, knowing what this review meant, and aware that Marshal Serrano's house was day and night full of generals holding commands in the regular army, ordered in the first place all the Republican battalions to assemble, also for a review; and in the second rushed to Señor Pi y Margall, and induced him

to dismiss at once all the conspiring generals and to appoint others. At the same time he hurriedly published the following proclamation:—

“Madrileños!— When I took charge of the Civil Governorship of the Province, I promised you I would watch over the public interests, the security, and the rights of all the citizens. If I have complied with this up to now, I must in equal manner comply with it in the future, however critical the circumstances may be. The Monarchical demagogism has placed itself in rebellion against the legitimate Government, but the latter counts on the support of the forces of the army, Civil Guards, and Volunteers of the Republic. I promise you I shall re-establish order, however painful it may be for me to fight against those who were also Volunteers of the Republic, but who to-day have assumed a traitorous attitude.

“Health and fraternity.

“NICOLAS ESTEVANEZ, Civil Governor.

“MADRID, April 23.”

He had overtures made to him by the Conservatives, showed a disposition to listen to them, and when he had grasped the nature of the arrangement, attacked it with all the unscrupulousness of a stanch ultra-Radical. The army, under its new officers, was practically neutralized, and, for still greater safety, part of it sent out of town. As to the artillery, Señor Estevanez had fully secured its assistance. In that way, at noon on the memorable Wednesday, Madrid found itself divided between two armed forces, of which one

was incomparably less strong than the other. The eleven Monarchical battalions took refuge in the vast building of the bull-ring, and were disarmed there by the Republican forces without one shot having been fired, except the few with which the appearance of the Republican commander, General Contreras, had been greeted, and which resulted in the death of a poor unconcerned cabman. The Republican victory was as complete as it could possibly be, and, taking full advantage of it, Señor Pi y Margall went, on the same night, a little beyond the strictly legal limits of his position: he issued a decree dissolving both the Permanent Committee and the refractory battalions, adding that he would justify these acts before the new Assembly when it met on the 1st of June.

Theoretically, the young minister of the interior, and *pro tempore* president of the republic, was now as fully a master of Spain as any dictator ever was in any country; but practically he had over him the will of an armed and victorious mob, and Allah alone knows what would have happened under similar circumstances in any other country. Here, however, everything passed off in a curiously quiet manner. All the ringleaders of the reactionary movement took to flight, including Marshal Serrano and the members of the permanent committee, and those who had managed to win the day were left to do what they pleased. When I reached Madrid early on the 24th, the whole town was in arms. The Puerta del Sol, that celebrated centre of all Spanish revolutions, was covered with noisy and demonstrative human beings, most of whom had loaded guns in their hands. I purposely secured

an apartment looking on the Puerta, but in vain did I wait all day long on my balcony for the sight of a fight. The only objectionable thing a portion of this mob did, was to go to the houses of the ringleaders of the reactionary party, and to make a search there for their proprietors, none of whom could be found, of course. But during these domiciliary visits, the armed mob nowhere committed any robbery or caused any destruction of property. The searches were made in the most orderly way, and except arms, of which some of the disaffected generals had rather large and valuable collections, nothing was carried away from the houses. On looking at the proceedings of that ragged mass of what seemed really to be most ferocious-looking ruffians, I remembered, unwillingly, the days of the Paris Commune. A comparison naturally suggested itself to my mind, and I felt a deep respect for the unlucky and much abused Spanish people.

While I was thus engaged in a process of retrospective and international comparison, my landlord, who, like all shop and hotel keepers in Madrid, was an obstinate Monarchist, rushed into my room quite pale and nervous, saying I had better pack my luggage again, as we were at the full mercy of the mob, and were sure to have "dogs dining upon our bowels" (*tripas*) to-morrow morning. Yet that to-morrow morning brought no increase of danger either. All seemed to go on still quite harmlessly, though the crowd covering the celebrated square in front of the Palace of the *Gobernacion* seemed to be still larger. Yet not a quarrel was to be seen, no violence was committed; and an order of the day censuring the inva-

sion of private houses was placarded everywhere, warning the National Guards against any new attempt of the sort, which would bring the culprits before the tribunals.

The young Spanish republic was about two months old when I reached Madrid. The hardships the newly-born baby was now exposed to, and the trials it had to undergo, were something quite desperate. In several large towns the working classes proved utterly unable to comprehend Republican institutions, except in the shape of an anarchy tempered by grape shot, and had, according to circumstances, either to be bamboozled or to be fought. A fanatical civil war was raging all over the north of the country. Justice, administrative machinery, army, navy, everything that constitutes government, was in a state of perfect disorganization and ruin. The treasury was literally penniless, and foreign iron-clads were sternly cruising along the coast. But a circumstance threatening still more immediate danger, was the open hostility between the executive power and the permanent committee. It became evident that they could not get along together, and that one of the two would have to submit. The contest was decided in favor of the executive power; and, truly speaking, it is only from the 23d of April that the establishment of the now fallen republic ought to be reckoned; for as long as the Monarchical factions were still in the field, and at liberty not only to conspire, but to bring an armed force into the streets of Madrid, the Spanish republic stood on a most shaky basis.

Thus, as far as the Republicans were then concerned,

I could easily make out both the meaning of the memorable Wednesday and the manner in which they carried the day. But I was anxious to ascertain what were the exact intentions of their opponents, and whose guilt it was that the Conservative attempt proved a failure. The officers had then not yet lost all control over the army, and a great feeling of discontent seemed to prevail in the regular troops, consequent on the indiscriminate armament of the National Guards. It seemed rather strange that the opponents of the government had not taken advantage of it, mustered the regiments, and upset so eminently an unmilitary lot of men as Señor Figueras, Señor Castelar, and Señor Pi y Margall. Marshal Serrano was the most likely man to know everything, and I soon made off in search of him.

On the eve of my starting for Madrid I had the pleasure of presenting my compliments to the Duchess de la Torre — for such is the title by which both the marshal and his lady prefer to be called — at her villa Rue Silhouette, Biarritz. “I should like very much your calling upon my husband if you have time,” said the duchess, about whom so many wicked rumors had been spread, and who is still one of the most fascinating and amiable ladies I know. “He would be so glad to know that both the children and I are getting well, and to see some one that has so recently seen us! I will just drop you a line for him;” and slowly, in a supine and lazy sort of way, the duchess began to scrawl something on a miniature bit of Marion paper, still talking, without lifting her eyes from the lines her little hand was tracing. But I was unable to listen to

her; she gave me too good a chance, unnoticed, to enjoy the charming features against which both age and the anxieties of revolutions seem to have proved equally powerless. "I am, however, afraid," said she, folding her little epistle, "that my poor duke will not be of any use to you at Madrid. What is he now? Nothing. And he has done so much for Spain! Quite recently, he tried again to render the country a service by settling the artillery question. The gentlemen who call themselves ministers at Madrid gave him full powers, saying that they accepted beforehand all his stipulations. Yet yesterday I received a letter from him showing that all his efforts had been in vain, and that these gentlemen behaved towards him like men without honor. You know how moderate the duke is in his language, and therefore you will believe that the case must have been a very hard one, indeed, if he speaks in that way. At the same time, every one feels that he is the only man that could help our poor country out of the chaos. I have received from Monsieur Thiers several telegrams within these last days. He not only offers, with his usual courtesy, to place himself at my and my husband's disposal, but assures me that, should the duke come to power, the republic would be immediately acknowledged by France, and he believed by other powers, too." And while narrating me this underhand escapade of the shrewd little ruler of France, she handed me her almost microscopical note bearing the address, "*Excelentísimo Señor Duque de la Torre,*" written in the fine and small handwriting which only a Spanish lady is capable of. Yet notwithstanding my being armed with this highly effective pass, I had to

give up all hopes of discovering the whereabouts of the marshal when I reached Madrid. His most intimate friends seemed to have no idea where he could be.

“If any one knows anything positive,” said one of them, “it can only be the old Countess de Montijo. But he is not with her, for her house was ransacked yesterday by an armed band.” A few days later every one knew that, with the aid of the English minister, Mr. Layard, and of an English razor that shaved off the marshal’s moustachios, he had safely escaped to France. But in the first turmoil the fact was not generally known, and as the Countess de Montijo had favored me with an invitation to come and see her when I visited Madrid, I resolved to call without any further delay at the well-known mansion of the Plaza del Angel, so plain-looking from the outside and so intensely comfortable within.

CHAPTER VII.

THE COUNTESS OF MONTIJO ON SPANISH MOB-RULE.

THE mother of the Ex-Empress of the French is almost blind now, but her mind is as fresh and bright as ever, and her house remains still the centre where all notabilities congregate in Madrid. I called on the countess early in the afternoon, and found her alone, seated in her favorite artificially darkened corner of a vast hall, transformed into a winter garden. The conversation fell quite naturally on the events of the day, and the old lady, at all times a capital talker, was more animated than ever.

“Serrano was not here,” said she, “and I sincerely regret that he did not ask for my hospitality. I should have been most happy to be of any assistance to him. He is a man of eminent capacities and great energy, though I don’t believe him to be fit for an actual leader. He must work under some one — or at least in the name of some one — then he is worth any price. But when he is to be *the* man he is inclined to hesitate, and I know that this time my estimate of him has perfectly justified itself. If they did not succeed on Wednesday, it was his fault. Every one came to him for positive orders, and he did not give any. He permitted himself to be outdone by Estevanez. That is a man! a brigand! but really

a man. Without him, the literati ruling to-day over our destinies would have lost a day or two more, and Serrano might perhaps have taken some resolution. But Estevanez spied out everything, caused all the commanding officers to be changed at a few minutes' notice, and not only defeated Serrano, but nearly cut off all his chances of escape. If we were a revengeful people, the poor marshal might have been shot already. But happily enough, we are not so; we always help each other out of difficulties, and I am sure that Serrano was protected by the very men against whom he fought, and that every one of the vanquished party has escaped with the full knowledge of the government. I know that Señor Castelar did his best to place every leader of the movement under the protection of some foreign embassy. We are, don't you see, so accustomed to revolutions, and are so little sure of not wanting some one's help to-morrow, that we instinctively protect everybody to-day. This personal kindness, combined with apparently great political harshness, is quite characteristic of the Spaniards of all classes. It has got into their blood. You may be sure that in a fortnight — unless something new happens — Serrano may drive daily on the Prado as comfortably as if nothing had happened. But what do I say — a fortnight? To-morrow every danger will be over, especially if there is a bull-fight. You will see it yourself. Yet you might see also many new rows, and perhaps actual bloodshed, should the weather get hot, and our blood begin to boil a little. As long as the weather remains so cold, I do not apprehend any serious disturbances."

I could not help laughing at the picture the countess drew here of the temperament and peculiarities of her countrymen.

“You laugh,” said she, “but I am really telling you the truth, although I may seem as if I was joking. We are a strange people, not like everybody else. Look at the mob, for instance, that is now complete master of every one of us. Do they do any harm to any one? Personal safety was never greater in Madrid than it is now. All the ruffians get a gun, suppose themselves to be something, and are quite satisfied. They watch over that very property they might have otherwise destroyed, and protect those lives they might have otherwise taken. I begin to like Republican arrangements. Turn all the thieves and brigands into guardians of peace and order, and all the difficulties of the so-called large agglomerations of modern cities are got over. Is it not nice? But all *plaisanteries* aside, I must avow I am amazed at the conduct of what we call our *canaille*. I begin deeply to respect this semi-savage mob. They behave themselves really wonderfully, and I believe nowhere could a similar sight be seen — certainly not in our beloved France. Mind you, that they are absolute masters to do what they please; and what have they done? I will give you one instance. On an estate of mine in the province of Valladolid, the peasants got the notion that the ‘republic’ meant the breaking up of large estates and the distribution of land among them. And so they came to my steward to inquire when and how the partition was to be affected. They said they knew for certain that the

republic meant such a partition. The steward, who is a clever old man, and knows his people well, did not make any noise, and did not contradict them, but said he was quite sure they were right, and was very glad their position would be so much better now; but added that, before proceeding with any new arrangement, both himself and the peasants ought to receive orders from Madrid, so as to avoid any chance of getting into legal troubles. They quite agreed with him that such was the wisest course to take, and though the explanation was given them three months ago, they have never raised the question again since that time.

“Even here in Madrid, where the mob is supposed to be much more dangerous than in the provinces, it seems to be just as good-natured. You know that a band invaded my house yesterday in search of Serano. I was at dinner with a few friends, and on the footman’s announcement of the unexpected visit, I ordered him to say to the man in command of the band, that as I had no material force to oppose him, he was at liberty to do what he pleased, but I would not disturb myself from my dinner. And I gave orders to throw everything open. Well, what was the result? Five men only came up stairs, the body of them remaining outside. They searched every corner of the house, but in a manner as proper and orderly as the best police would have done. And when they reached the dining-room, and I invited them, according to our national custom, to partake of my meal, they all blushed like school-girls, and were only anxious to get away as quickly as possible.”

The countess spoke often and much on the inoffensiveness of the Spanish character, and I purposely give here her opinion, as that of a person whom none will accuse of being a partisan of mob-rule or democratic theories, and who, being now quite aloof from any political party, has lived long enough to form a just estimate of the peculiarities of her countrymen. Even in the worst days of the revolutionary outbreaks, the countess never left Spain if she happened to be there, and never showed anything like distrust towards any class of her fellow-countrymen. Her reward is the profound consideration in which she is held by all her countrymen, without distinction of party.

Every day at half past seven some half a dozen friends sit down at the countess's table, from which the national *pochero* is never missing, and which is always so delicious that it compensates one for all the miserable Spanish dishes which one may have been compelled to swallow in the most out of the way corners of Estremadura or La Mancha. A little after nine the doors of her drawing-room are opened, and some more guests, belonging to all shades of political opinions, come to salute the old lady, to listen to what she has to say on the topics of the day, and now and then to afford her the opportunity of having a talk of the olden times when her eldest daughter, the Duchess of Alba, before whose beautiful full-sized portrait she is always sitting, was still alive; or of those nearer days when her other daughter had not to

mourn the loss either of a husband or an imperial crown.

The countess watches with great interest the state of English popular opinion with reference to Spain. Her English lady's companion reads to her every day some London newspaper, and next to such paragraphs as may happen to be in it from Chiselhurst, comes invariably the Spanish special correspondence column.

"I am glad to see," said she once to me, when I found her at one of these daily readings, "that the English journalists have given up describing us as brigands and assassins. They still sneer at us, and sometimes in a very nasty way, but that we forgive them; we know that all Englishmen want is to carry on trade with this country, and that, whenever there is any disturbance in the regular business traffic, England becomes at once discontented. But I hope the day will come when they will know us better and like us better. At all events, those Englishmen I see here, and who are residents in our country, have often repeated to me that, whatever may have been the political disturbances, they always found that both property and life were quite as secure in Spain as in England, and that in Madrid they were even more so than in London." I did, of course, my best to persuade the old lady that the notions about Spanish savagery and brigandage had almost disappeared in England, and that, even in so old a book about Spain as that of Mr. Ford, complaints were already made that, notwithstanding the constant demand for brigand adventures in the home market, great ingenuity must now be evinced by travellers to get up *bonâ fide* ma-

terials for anything in the shape of a story of a nice Spanish murder, or robbery.

On the Sunday which followed the Federalist *coup d'état*, I took advantage of the old lady's advice, and went to the bull-ring to see whether really the population of Madrid would have forgotten all that had passed during the week. The ring is said to be capable of accommodating about thirteen thousand people, and it was crowded to excess on that day. Even all the approaches to the Plaza de Toros were thronged with a gayly-dressed crowd. The National Guards, having apparently forgotten that they were now guardians of peace and order, left their guns at home, and were the first to create a perfectly indescribable noise. Royalists and Federalists were joining in the common excitement, and the young Duchess of Alba, by her anxious watching of the bull-fight from her box, evidently showed that she was just as sure that peace and order were not threatened in Madrid, as her old grandmother. When I next saw the countess, and complimented her on the perspicacity she had evinced in foretelling that everything would be settled by Sunday afternoon, when the fight was to take place, she answered me with a quiet sort of smile, which is scarcely ever absent from her lips, —

“I should have been very sorry if I had not been right, for it would have proved that I had lived for about seventy years among the people of my country without ever learning to know them. I can give you, however, another proof that I know my Spaniards well. I told you the other day that Serrano was most likely to escape by the aid of the very men who

are now in power, and who, to judge by the surface of things, must be most angry against him. And it turns out that he did really escape quite safely, and not only with the knowledge, but by the direct aid, of the members of the Republican government, and more especially by that of Castelar. The eloquent orator had a debt of honor to pay, for Serrano once facilitated his escape; and it was only fair that he should return the service. As I told you, we live in this country on the principle of a mutual escape insurance. Besides, what would the government have done, had all the leaders of the Plaza de Toros movement been captured! Why, it would have been the greatest calamity that could have happened to the ministry. The 'sovereign people' would have at once demanded the life of those men, while Castelar and company have all their life long written and speechified against capital punishment. The European governments would also have risen against the wholesale execution of men of such high position, and the Republican cabinet is above all other things anxious to appear as a respectable body in the eyes of European powers, so as to get some chance of being officially recognized abroad. All this most naturally have led to their helping the escape of every one of their opponents and enemies. Castelar and Figueras were for two days conferring with the foreign ambassadors in Madrid on the subject of how better to protect the valuable lives of the very men who had conspired to upset them. They were all distributed among the sundry legations; and it was Mr. and Mrs. Layard who undertook to protect the leading spirit of the abortive attempt. After hav-

ing for about twenty-four hours rushed in disguise about the residences of some of his most intimate friends, the man who had so often ruled Spain was safely brought to the Calle Torija, where his mustaches were shaved off, some English looking whiskers pasted on his cheeks, and an old travelling suit of Mr. Layard's put on him, a big and ugly felt hat serving as a complement to the whole. Being shown in this masquerade attire to some of his friends, and they having declared him to be utterly *méconnaissable*, he was despatched under the kind escort of Mr. and Mrs. Layard to the railway station, and thence to Santander. The English ambassador and his lady were travelling all the way down, and taking advantage of their position prevented any search in their carriage, or the identification of any persons therein, though on many stations the National Guards showed a great desire to ascertain the personality of the passengers. At Santander, a little steam-tug has been hired by the British legation to proceed on a special mission to St.-Jean-de-Luz, and unless the boat be very bad and the Gulf of Biscaya in a particularly violent fit of temper, our amiable duke is pretty sure to be now in the arms of his still more amiable duchess. I am heartily glad if it be so, and I hope it is. But I still pity the mustaches which have always so powerfully aided the handsome Serrano in his career. There is always something humiliating for a man in his position, and especially for a soldier, to be compelled to disguise himself in that way. I fancy I could never have done so had I been he, or I should have felt myself more like an adventurer than a duke and general-

issimo. However —” and the old countess shut her suffering eyes, as she always does after having spoken for some time, and when they have become fatigued by light, and seemed quite absorbed by endless reminiscences — probably not Spanish only — which the story of Serrano’s escape must naturally have suggested to her.

CHAPTER VIII.

FEDERALIST ELECTIONS AND FEDERALIST
FESTIVITIES.

THE last week of April and the first fortnight of May promised no end of interesting events in Madrid. In the first instance, general elections were forthcoming, and the *Intransigentes* — or the Irreconcilables, the ultra-Federalists, the Communists (call them as you like) — were carrying on an apparently sufficiently serious agitation to absorb all other interests. Then there was also coming the celebrated anniversary known as the *Dos de Mayo* (2d of May), at which thousands and thousands of armed men were expected to assemble, and some sort of row seemed to be quite a natural anticipation. And last, though not least, the anniversary of San Isidro, the rustic patron of Madrid, was speedily approaching, and might also have given a good opportunity for the working classes to turn their gatherings on the hill beyond the dried-out Manzanares into more or less mischievous demonstrations. All those who do not know Spaniards anticipated great bloodshed on all these occasions, and I knew even of many Spanish families having spent their last *onzas* to be able to escape from the capital on the approach of these threatening days. Yet it is doubtful

whether to unbiassed students of Spanish character the population of Madrid has ever presented a more interesting sight — a more wonderful manifestation of a mixture of impulsiveness and self-command by which they are distinguished; of verbal violence and moderation of action; of apparent bloodthirstiness and actual aversion for bloodshed; of intense party hatred and almost unlimited respect for the individuality of their opponents.

For fully a fortnight after the Federalist *coup d'état* became an accomplished fact, and the government of Figueras and Castelar were perfect masters of Spain, the *Intransigentes* got up in various parts of Madrid daily meetings of the adherents of their party for the purpose of duly preparing public opinion for the forthcoming elections. Not only were these elections to be general elections, but they were to take place for the purpose of giving the country a Constituent Assembly, which was to remodel the whole governmental machinery, to abolish everything that reminded Spain of centralized monarchies, and to present her with a chalice overflowing with those liberties and franchises which have been dreamed of by the theoreticians of all the Republican schools since the great days of Athens and Rome, and which they have as yet labored in vain to achieve.

For weeks past the walls of Madrid had been placarded with all sorts of manifestoes and declarations of the various committees; and in all of them the government, which had scarcely established itself, was attacked as not being sufficiently Republican, and suggestions were thrown out that, unless certain reforms

indispensable from the point of view of the *Intransigentes*, were carried, the government should be immediately overthrown. Among these reforms, the most prominent were the immediate proclamation of a federal republic; the abolition of the council of state, and the reduction of the number of ministries and boards forming the central government, and incompatible with the Federal principle; the separation of church and state; the readjustment of the budget (what was to be the nature of this readjustment was not explained); and the abolition of lotteries and of the penalty of death. Such were the starting-points of the *Intransigentes*, and the topics upon which they dwelt in all *cafés*, *tertulias*, and popular meetings, the largest of which was that of the 4th of May. At two o'clock, some three thousand representatives of Spanish radicalism assembled in the vast court-yard between the ex-royal palace and the ex-royal stables. The very fact of the *Intransigentes* selecting a retired spot of that sort showed that they did not wish to produce any excitement in town, in which case they would certainly have selected the Puerta del Sol or the Prado, where revolutions were, as a rule, begun, carried on, and ended. It may be also that the government of Señor Figueras and Castelar had suggested to the *Intransigentes* the advisability of their retiring to the palace court-yard; for it is another of the many things peculiar to Spain — *cosas de España* — to make political (though by no means personal) enemies as comfortable as possible, and often to agree with them beforehand about the general arrangements of the contest.

A man accustomed to meetings of representatives of the radical party in other countries would certainly have expected to see on that day a great number of working men and rough-looking fellows belonging to that nondescript class which detests prosperous artisans still more, perhaps, than capitalists or nobles. But in Spain, where everything is different from all that is to be seen in any other country, the very word "radical" has a meaning different from that which it has in the rest of Europe. The Spanish Radicals are Monarchists, about one shade only in advance of the Spanish Conservatives. In fact, they would represent something similar to the party in England supporting the government of Mr. Gladstone, and their organs might be all most efficiently edited by any of the Daily Telegraph lions; while the *Intransigentes* party is that which is radical in England — that is to say, which is led by men like Mr. Bradlaugh and Mr. Odger.

Nearly all of those present belonged — at least, to judge by their appearance and address — to that class of society from which government clerks, teachers, journalists, lawyers, commission merchants, and similar professions are recruited. The speeches delivered were, of course, of a very fierce nature, though a good deal of this fierceness ought to be put to the account of the Spanish language, and the natural violence of Spanish gesticulation. They resembled, in many features, the speeches of French Communards and of Russian Nihilists, but were incomparably less sanguinary than either, and pleasantly differed from both through the absence of any personal squabbles between the speakers. The orators explained their views

as to what federalism meant, and what, in their opinion, a good governmental system should be. They indicated some suspicion they entertained that the cabinet was not sufficiently converted to the Federalist theories; they argued that the best way to improve the existing state of affairs was to send to the new Assembly none but *Intransigentes*, the speakers evidently meaning that they were about the fittest men to send, although they did not make any positive statement to that effect. In a couple of hours of this sort of speechifying, the audience, knowing that the bull-fight hour was speedily approaching, — for it was a Sunday, and consequently again a bull-fight day, — brought the meeting to a close, and the whole company went straightforward to the Plaza de Toros. There was no procession, no noise of any kind, the whole gathering breaking up into small groups, merging, in the Puerta del Sol and the Calle de Alcalá, into the immense and motley stream of quite a Derby-like excited multitude, and in a quarter of an hour's time no one in the whole city thought any more of Federalist or any other political theories, the whole of them being to all appearance entirely drowned in the enjoyment of the innumerable niceties of the *tauromachia*.

Two days previous to the meeting, the proceedings and result of which were so remarkably peaceful and innocent, an opportunity of a totally-different kind was offered to the mob of Madrid of making a disturbance, if they had been disposed to do so. It was on the 2d

of May, which is supposed to be the anniversary of the liberation of Spain from the French invaders — a day which is always observed with great festivity.

The reader will probably remember that Murat entered Madrid in March, 1808, and began to treat the population of the capital in the way in which the generals of Bonaparte treated the inhabitants of all conquered cities. The Spaniards rose against him, and a pretty general massacre took place on the second day of May of the same year. As is usually the case, the memory of the more serious sufferings inflicted upon the unhappy people vanished from the national mind; but one scene of the struggle was seized, magnified, and embellished by the popular imagination, and transformed into one of the most brilliant episodes contained in the chronicle of national Spanish heroism. Hundreds of people were slaughtered on that horribly memorable day; but three men only survived in national recollection — three officers of artillery, who, when the French came to seize the cannons under their command, refused to surrender them, and were cut to pieces at their posts. Their names were Luis Daoiz, Pedro Velarde, and Jacinto Ruiz; and in their honor an obelisk, with cypress trees planted round it, was erected in the centre of the Prado, and forms now the Campo de la Lealtad (Field of Loyalty), where every year the anniversary of El Dos de Mayo is celebrated. In itself, Murat's massacre at Madrid was neither more barbarous nor more significant than numerous similar deeds performed by the French in other parts of the Peninsula; but it became important because it took place in the capital of Spain, was consequently more

spoken of, and seemed to have furnished the final motive for English intervention, and for the embarkation of the Duke of Wellington's expedition. It became also memorable on account of the various retaliative massacres made by the Spaniards on the French in different provinces, as soon as the news of the Madrid events reached them. Thus in Valencia alone nearly four hundred French residents seem to have been slaughtered in the bull-ring; and the Spanish hatred for the French, which has now greatly cooled down, but which raged with great fury during the whole of the reign of Ferdinand VII., had its root planted in the heart of the Spanish nation on the 2d of May, 1808.

The population of Madrid, which is even more given to sight-seeing than the population of Paris, will certainly never cease to celebrate this *Dos de Mayo*, for it is most jealous even about the observance of the endless small processions and festivities of which nearly the whole of the Spanish year consists. When there is a crowned head at Madrid, the sovereign is always bound to be present on the 2d of May at the Campo de la Lealtad; and Amadeo, who had nothing Spanish in himself, was compelled to share the Spanish views on the subject, and to join on that day in the demonstrations by which French usurpation and savagery were stigmatized.

Although the actors taking part in this pageant change every year, since there is nearly every year some radical change in the government of Spain, the ceremony itself remains substantially the same. On each of the four sides of the obelisk, temporary altars

are erected, and handsomely decorated. Masses are uninterruptedly served at each of these altars, from six in the morning till two in the afternoon, when the military procession begins, and every one entitled to wear anything like an official garment is compelled to appear in the *cortége*, and to march past the memorial. The Spanish uniforms, the dresses of the Spanish women, and the color of the Spanish sky, are all brilliant enough to make the sight one of the most attractive that can be seen in Spain. Even in 1873, when there was no royalty, no gilded carriages and gold-embroidered courtiers, this popular manifestation had still something very imposing about it. But with all that, the procession was not only thoroughly harmless, from a political point of view, but had lost even all the dangers which it some time ago presented to such French lookers-on as may have ventured into the street. I saw myself very many of them on the Prado the last time that ceremony took place; I heard them talking French; I talked French myself, and there was not a single instance of any hostile demonstration on the part either of the people at large, or of the soldiers taking part in the proceedings.

The Republican authorities did not seem much disposed to join the procession. At all events, except Señor Castelar, I did not see any member of the government. Señor Figueras was still mourning the death of his wife, while Señor Pi y Margall and Señor Salmeron had intimated that their philosophical views and principles did not permit them to take part in any religious ceremony. But there were quite enough of all sorts of municipal authorities and generals to form a

tolerably-brilliant head to the procession. Another feature which gave it a rather impressive character was the presence of a large number of invalids, children, and old men and women—all of them relatives or representatives of those massacred by Murat, and now ranged in marching order at the head of the troops. The regiments attending were not numerous, as the garrison of Madrid consisted just then of very few troops; but the National Guards turned out in strong battalions, all the more characteristic as every man in them was dressed according to his personal taste, the *uniform* consisting exclusively of a little red cap. Being arranged in position alternately with the regular battalions, they greatly enlivened the picture as the procession marched from the Plaza Mayor through the Puerta del Sol and the Calle de Alcalá to the Salon del Prado. The Salon, which is but little shorter than the popular part of Rotten Row, and rather wider, was covered with one gigantic awning, which, so to speak, concentrated the various elements of the immense picture, and made it really grand to look at. The numerous bands playing funeral marches added solemnity to the spectacle. The majority of the bands of the regular regiments restricted themselves to the Riego march, but one or two of them seemed to know something about Chopin's and Beethoven's funeral marches; and if the musical part of the ceremony had been limited to bands of the regulars only, the effect would have been very imposing indeed, especially to those who preserved the consciousness that these thousands and thousands of ragged volunteers had the power to do any mischief they pleased. But a smile unwillingly

appeared on the faces of a good many of the unconcerned observers, when volunteer battalions passed with their bands furiously blustering the *Marseillaise*. And as the volunteers were incomparably more numerous represented than the regular troops, the *Marseillaise*—apparently the only march their bands were capable of playing—became quite predominant throughout the proceedings of the day, and the Spaniards did not seem to be cognizant of the incongruity of their thus conducting such an essentially anti-French ceremony to the tune of that immortal song of Rouget de L'Isle, to which, to a great extent, was owing everything they had to complain of on the part of France, including Murat himself.

The ceremony did not last long. Some sort of short religious service having been celebrated, the regiments and the National Guards marched past, and in about a couple of hours Madrid assumed again its usual aspect, without the occurrence of the slightest disturbance. The more I saw of Spanish popular meetings, the more I became convinced that, as a mass, they are possessed of a self-command that would make it quite unnatural for them to depart, in any degree, from the object for which they had assembled. If they join in a religious or national procession, they do so in the same stern and serious manner in which they would attend an execution. The bull-fight is the only festivity to which, since time immemorial, they have been accustomed to proceed in a joyous, noisy sort of way. With that exception, all their processions have always had a religious, frequently a mournful character, which they still invariably retain. I have been told over and

over again of instances in which people, having decided upon the advisability of putting an end to some one's life, have marched quietly and solemnly to the house of the man, murdered him in perfectly cold blood, and returned just as quietly and solemnly to their respective homes, without any of the excitement which is to be seen on the occurrence of much less sanguinary popular proceedings in other countries.

In this way people who apprehended great dangers in Madrid, both from the *Intransigentes* and from the gathering of the National Guards, had to transfer their apprehensions to the general elections, which were to last during four days, beginning on the 10th of May, and which, I am perfectly certain, will remain among the dullest experiences of my life.

Madrid was divided into ten electoral districts, each of them containing some ten or twelve polling-places, and in every one of them the same monotonous proceedings were going on during all the four days. In some large building — a concert-room, or an empty shop, behind a table covered with red or green cloth, with a wooden urn placed on it — sat a returning officer with two secretaries, two civil guards posted at the door completing the official arrangement. Lazily, one by one, dropped in the electors, apparently quite disgusted at the bother imposed upon them. There were polling-places in which during the whole day not more than a dozen electors appeared, and the returning officer, his secretaries and his sentries, were reduced to

passing the time by dozing at their posts during the whole of the four days. Of election struggles, as carried on in England or America, Spaniards seem to have no idea, and elections could hardly ever take in that country the character they have assumed with the Anglo-Saxon race. Of electioneering bribery and corruption there is not the slightest trace in the whole of the Peninsula, except when the government interferes. But, on the other hand, Spanish elections present peculiarities of their own. First of all, in a good many cases, the party which feels itself to be in the minority abstains from voting altogether; and this abstention, with the Spaniard, is meant to convey a kind of silent protest against the order of things which may be subsequently established by the newly-elected body. They seem to have arrived at the conclusion that it is both dangerous and useless to carry on political struggles by means of elections — useless, because the overthrow of their opponents might be made much more easy by out-of-door movements than by parliamentary struggles, and dangerous because election struggles in Spain, when a reality, have been, as a rule, carried on at the point of the knife. Consequently, the Spaniard much more prefers sitting in his café, smoking his cigarette, and talking politics with his friends until his opponents are in power, when he can combine with all those out of power, and who have, therefore, in the nature of things, chronic cause for discontent.

On the 14th of May, at six P. M., these unbearably dull elections throughout Spain were closed, and their result was another victory for the Republican government. Out of three hundred and eighty-seven newly-

elected deputies, fully three hundred were in favor of the state of things established by the Republican leaders on the morrow of Amadeo's abdication. The Conservatives abstained from voting almost everywhere, and in Madrid itself only one fourth of the electors exercised their right. In many of these cases, where the electors did not take advantage of their right, the returning officers, annoyed at having sat for several days for no better purpose than that of seeing one or two dozen men throw their bulletins into the urn, invented a rather curious way of making the thing look more decent. They put into the urns several hundred bulletins of their own, without, however, affecting in any way the result of the election, the supplementary bulletins being equally divided between the various candidates.

Since the great bulk of the Monarchists of all shades had resolved to abstain from voting, it was evident that none but Republicans could be elected: out of the three hundred and eighty-seven deputies, there were returned only thirty-five Conservatives sent by distant rural localities, not sufficiently influenced by the party-leaders of Madrid, and some fifty *Intransigentes*, elected chiefly in the large towns where the workingman element was predominant. This last point was very important in many respects. It was, in the first place, a defeat of the *Intransigentes*, and, in the second, it partly reconciled the politicians of Europe with the idea of a federal republic. When the word *federalism* was first uttered in Spain, all the foreign dealers in politics were greatly alarmed. They did not quite understand the meaning of the term, but it did not

suit them. They did not wish even to listen to the argument, that Spanish federalism is founded upon exactly the same principle as that on which the Swiss and American republics are based. It simply appeared to them as a new *ism*, and they thought they had had quite enough of *isms* already. But when the elections were concluded, and they clearly saw that very respectable men were amongst the federalist deputies, the British and Continental politicians concluded that the devil must, after all, not be so black as he is painted. In this way, the idea of a federal republic began to rise in credit in the European political market.

The *Intransigentes*, defeated in these elections, and apparently conscious of their inability to manage anything in Madrid, got up small provincial risings, every one of which ended in more or less sanguinary fights (Alcoy, Malaga, Cartagena, &c.) ; but the Republican government of Madrid, though recasting itself almost every month, managed still to subsist, notwithstanding a perfect national bankruptcy, the utter break-down of the whole administrative machinery, the constantly increasing progress of the Carlist rising, and little comfortable incidents like that of the "Virginius."

The last chance left to me of discovering any actual disturbance at Madrid, could evidently present itself only in connection with the popular festival of San Isidro, which was to take place on the morrow of the conclusion of the election, the 15th of May. But even this gathering turned out to be a failure. Formerly,

when religious feeling was more intense in Spain, and superstition more generally rampant, San Isidro was a very much revered individual. A vast number of Madrileños and Madrileñas of all classes used to turn out to the hill beyond the Manzanares River, where his hermitage is situated. But, nowadays, when the male population of Madrid has become more atheistic than that of any other capital, only a very small gathering could be expected on the occasion of such an exclusively religious festivity. True that the electoral urns were not yet closed when a considerable number of vehicles, thickly packed with representatives of the fairer sex, drove along the Calle Mayor to the Toledo bridge to attend what is called the *Vispera*, and that early next morning there were also a number of carriages driving that way; but this movement was made by the female population chiefly with a view to indulge in mutual contemplation of their costumes and head-gears. They returned to Madrid without alighting from their carriages, and the festivity does not seem to have presented even the usual attraction to artists and sight-seeking foreigners, who formerly flocked to it in numbers, to look at the costumes and dances of the peasantry, and to listen to their songs. All that I saw this year was a number of booths, in which clumsy clay images of the saints were sold at high prices, and a number of eating-houses, which spread pestilential smells for a mile around. The commemorative service going on all day long in the hermitage was almost unattended, and the beggars exhibiting their deformities at the entrance of the chapel seemed to do very little business.

The story of San Isidro is pretty much like all the stories of Spanish saints, with the only difference, perhaps, that he was not a general dealer in divine and miraculous things, but restricted his activity chiefly to the sphere of agriculture and medicine. He was a laborer by profession, and used, instead of working at his plough, to remain sitting in the fields, in contemplative ecstasy. The angels seemed to appreciate very much such a highly intellectual disposition in a laborer, and so they came down to him, conversed with him, and did his work for him. It was in this way that the environs of Madrid were made fertile, notwithstanding their otherwise very inconvenient character. He used also, with the aid of the same angels, to render a good many services to his fellow-laborers. He caused, for instance, springs of water to rise wherever there was need of them, like Sir Richard Wallace in Paris, and the Cattle Trough Association in London. He also managed to restore dead animals to life, avert plagues, and render all sorts of such acceptable services. On one occasion he seems even to have most beneficially interfered with the military affairs of his country; but that was about two hundred years after his death, when Alonzo VIII. was very much annoyed by an arrangement the Moors had made somewhere near Toledo, to prevent his passing with his army by a road he wished to take. San Isidro, noticing the state of affairs from above, came down and showed Alonzo a by-path by which he was enabled to proceed, and, subsequently, to slaughter a vast number of the infidels. All this, taken together, has naturally elevated the lazy plough-boy to the capacity of a great saint, and to the

responsible position of patron of Madrid. Since then he has given up agricultural pursuits, and having taken to medicine, has now for something like eight hundred years been performing all sorts of most remarkable cures, having had among his patients a large number of the highest nobility and several royal persons. Upon the whole, San Isidro seems to be a very accommodating and useful kind of saint; but it appears that occasionally he shows a disposition to get rather angry. For instance, a lady-in-waiting of one of the Queens of Spain, in an access of kissing ecstacy, bit off one of his toes, and was immediately deprived of the natural use of her tongue. I thought the punishment a rather hard one, since it was more than a tooth for a tooth; but the English friend who told me this story seemed to have taken another view of the matter, saying it was a great pity the body of San Isidro could not be brought over to London, where it could be turned to great advantage by making some of the English statesmen and M. P.'s lunch upon suitably disguised toes of the saint.

CHAPTER IX.

ON THE TOP OF THE SILVER MOUNTAIN.

MEDITATING on the uncertainty of all human arrangements, I often thought that, should people at large ever give up fighting and making revolutions, and generally begin to behave themselves as citizens of orderly communities, the first result of such a change would be the abolition of that beautiful institution known under the name of "our special." These indefatigable animals would then become quite as useless as post-horses are now in countries well provided with railways. I am afraid that an improvement in the general condition of the world's political affairs would even greatly reduce the large size of English and American newspapers. For what on earth would then fill up the columns which are now occupied by reports of terrific slaughters, upsetting of governments, wholesale executions, and kindred matters? Except the prices of various articles of commerce, and the rise and fall of public funds, there would be absolutely nothing to communicate from a well-regulated country. Fancy, for instance, an Italian or a Spanish correspondent writing from Edinburgh or Glasgow. Why, he would not have material for half a column in a whole year. Even in London the correspondents for conti-

mental journals seldom find oftener than once a month a subject which is likely to have any interest at all in a distant foreign land. So intense indeed is the consciousness of the correspondent of the present day that his place is exclusively where people are cutting each other's throats, that whenever he happens to have a fortnight's quiet time he feels at once that he is out of his element, and begins to expect a telegram ordering him to find out some less monotonous place, or else to return to the London office to be placed on the half-pay list.

I had scarcely spent a few weeks at Madrid when I began to have an uneasy consciousness that it was not the proper place to stop at. The bull-fights, the *Dos de Mayo*, San Isidro, and especially the utterly peaceful character of the elections, suggested that the *Intransigentes* were losing ground, and that until at least a couple of months were over nothing particularly "interesting" could be expected. At the same time news arrived from the north that the Carlists under Dorregaray had achieved a great victory at Eraoul, and that Don Carlos himself was about to enter the land he claims the right to reign over. It became at once clear that I should soon have to bid farewell to the Prado, and to all the other attractions of Madrid, and to go back again to the mountains. And my apprehensions were fully justified, for within a few hours a telegram to that purpose was placed in my hands.

Carlist bands, however, had advanced so far into the country since I left them, that to return *viâ* Vitoria was a thing no more to be thought of, all communication that way being completely cut off. The next near-

est route was to go to Santander, and thence by steamer to Bayonne. This journey, though a longer one, could at all events be made without any interruption, except that caused by the scarcity of steamers running between the Spanish and French ports. At Santander, for instance, I had to wait for two days to go by a tug, loaded with gunpowder for the Spanish troops, and with a quantity of petroleum for some Bilbao merchants. And after a journey of many hours, in company with a volcano of that description, I had to wait another three days before I could get at Bilbao a steamboat bound to Bayonne. This time the ship had, much to the satisfaction of the passengers, neither petroleum nor gunpowder in its cargo; but it had a captain and a crew with a great proclivity for sleeping, and as the journey was to be made at night, all of them naturally went to bed, with the exception of the man at the wheel, who dozed at his post, and was only kept awake by the rather clever expedient resorted to by two Andalusian *caballeros*, who were all the way either talking or singing Andalusian ballads to him, or else treating him to cigarettes. But as the night was a beautiful one, our journey was performed in a way sufficiently pleasant to leave behind nothing but very bright reminiscences.

Arriving at Bayonne, I learned that the battle of Eraoul was a real fight, not an invention of the oversanguine Carlists. I learned also that Don Carlos really intended to enter Spain, and that his horses were all in readiness at Bayonne, and his ordnance officers gathered around him. The day of his entry was, however, not yet determined. All that I could ascertain

from the best-informed persons was, that "the great event" would take place very soon, and that I should keep myself in readiness to witness it. I was also informed that the staff would be a very brilliant one, and the horses magnificent. Knowing a Spaniard's weakness for what is called keeping up appearances, I took every care to ascertain what was the proper way to fit one's self out for the occasion, and was made to understand that a gentleman on the staff of *Su Magestad*, the King of all the Spains, should have at least two horses. One should be a strong and showy animal, fit for hard marches and triumphal entries. The other should be a light horse, no matter of what appearance, but thoroughly fit for securing the escape of its master when necessary. The faster such a horse is, the more invaluable may it prove under special circumstances. Grasping the hint, I set out at once in search of a couple of animals of that description, and during four or five days frequently lamented the absence at Bayonne of anything like those useful columns of advertisements in which one can make known to the world any want one may have — to begin with, that of obtaining a kind-hearted wife, and to end with anything within the range of ascertained objects. Ultimately I found, however, what I wanted, notwithstanding the scarcity of ridable animals at that time in Bayonne. The fact is, that the Carlists had bought up everything, and wretched hacks for which eight or ten pounds at some village fair would have been thought a high price, were now impudently valued at five times that amount.

Happily enough, a remnant of the old Moro-Iberian love for ostentation causes Spaniards greatly to prefer

stallions to either horses or mares for riding. They ride a horse only when a stallion is not to be obtained, and seem to prefer riding a donkey to riding a mare. Consequently, mares were to be had more easily at Tarbes and in the Landes markets, and I discovered two which answered the requirements of the case in a very fair way.

Having harnessed them in the best way I could at a place like Bayonne, and equipped myself as comfortably as my purse allowed, I started once more for the little village of Urdax, where preparations for the reception of Don Carlos were going on.

Somehow or other, the police watch on the frontier was considerably slackened during my absence, and, if not Spaniards, at all events Frenchmen and foreigners, were allowed to cross the frontier pretty freely on the simple exhibition of their passes, and a categorical declaration that they did not wish to make any *détour* either by the Atlantic or the Mediterranean. So no obstacle was put to my crossing the Doncharinea bridge, and the French patrol on it, wishing me *bon voyage*, looked quite jocularly at me as I stepped on to Spanish soil, and the Carlist outposts surrounded me and carried me off to a little inn occupied by their commander.

The officer, on seeing the Carlist passport I had once more secured, received me in a most friendly manner, and on reading my name, exclaimed, "O, I have a parcel for you!"

"A parcel?" said I. "Where from?"

"I don't know," he answered. And from a heap of all sorts of luggage and odds and ends, lying in a

corner of his room, he picked up a little leather bag, with a couple of shirts, some other articles of toilet, and lots of London letters and newspapers, which had been sent out to me some six weeks previous, when I gave the old boot-cleaning colonel a note for Bayonne. The bag was not locked, and as a good many of the Carlists who were around us had scarcely any shirts at all on them, I was very agreeably astonished to find that neither of mine was missing, and expressed my satisfaction to the officer.

“Do you find anything to surprise you in that?” was his retort. “I hope, *caballero*, you never believed that any property, however valuable, could be lost if it was intrusted to good Carlists?”

It was clear that a stern denial of any thought of this sort was, on my part, the only possible answer under such circumstances.

Urdax looked now quite different from what it was when I first visited it. It was still the same little loop-hole, so surrounded on all sides by mountains as to be almost hidden from the eyes of any traveller who enters the picturesque valley of Bastan. But it was peopled now with no end of fashionable Carlist warriors awaiting the entry of “the king” into his dominions. From a military point of view, Urdax is quite an impossible place, for no force could defend itself there from the attack of an enemy holding the surrounding heights. But the Carlists, always relying upon their good legs and sharp eyes, have from the

outset selected that little village as one of their favorite resorts. It was within easy reach of the smugglers carrying arms and ammunition across the frontier, and this alone was quite sufficient to render the otherwise unsuitable village one of the most important starting-points of Carlist operations. Whenever the enemy approached, the *Voluntarios de Carlos VII.* stationed at the village climbed the hills, and took up their position on them, if they felt strong enough; otherwise they ran away along the French frontier to Peña de Plata and other inaccessible mountain refuges.

Towards the end of May, some Legitimists at Paris got up a party of about a dozen young noblemen to form the nucleus of a squadron of body-guards for Don Carlos. The squadron was to be formed on the spot, and the organization and command of it were placed in the hands of Count d'Alcantara, a Belgian gentleman of Spanish extraction, as amiable and valiant a man as one could wish to meet. There was scarcely any officer under his orders who did not bear some sort of title, from Chevalier to Marquis inclusive, and every one of them was dressed and equipped with all the luxury Parisian outfitters were capable of suggesting. But it was impossible for these gentlemen to remain waiting for Don Carlos at Bayonne, as even if they concealed their uniforms and arms, splendid chargers would soon betray their intentions to the French police. Consequently they were as quickly as possible despatched, with arms and baggage, over the frontier to Urdax, where they were to await the "great event." Their dark green Hussar uniform, richly trimmed with gold lace, their white Bedouin bour-

nouses, their Astrakhan shakos with a kind of Hungarian plume on them, were all very attractive, and would have been probably very imposing at the headquarters of some well-organized and victorious army. But, amid the wilderness of the Navarre mountains and the rags of Navarre volunteers, they had something very incongruous about them, and suggested, I don't know why, the idea of Paris or Boulevard cavalry lost in these wild regions. Still they relieved the dullness and loneliness of Urdax, as did also the presence of a number of other Carlist officers, both Spanish and foreign, assembled here on the occasion of the consecration of the fort Peña de Plata.

Just in front of the French village Sare rises a steep mountain, some two thousand five hundred feet high, called Peña de Plata (Silver Mountain), on account of the silvery reflection produced by its rocky top under the play of the rays of the sun. The line of the Franco-Spanish frontier passes through the very summit of that height, cutting it, like a pear, into two equal parts, and giving one moiety of it to each of the neighbors. The Carlists conceived the plan of erecting a fort right on the top of the Peña, and to build it close to the very line of demarcation between the two countries, so that no attack on the fort would be possible without projectiles being thrown on French soil. At the same time the garrison of the fort could, of course, fire into Spain as much as it pleased, without exposing itself to any breach of international law. The scheme, as far as it went, was carried out with full success. A strong fort has been built, armed with several cannons, and provided with plenty of ammunition. It is capable

of holding a garrison of three hundred men, and of sheltering, in case of necessity, certainly twice that number; and, unless the supply of provisions were to be cut off from the French side, the fort could hold out for an indefinite period of time. It was natural that a stronghold of this description should be made a great fuss about, and that some sort of festivity should take place at the conclusion of the works. And so it occurred. The ceremony of the consecration of the fort, and of hoisting the flag on their first fortress, was quite an event among the Carlists at Urdax, Zugarramurdy, and the environs. High mass was celebrated, speeches were delivered, cannons fired all day long, and a banquet given, for which wine and provisions were brought over from Bayonne and St.-Jean-de-Luz; and so freely did the officers indulge in these luxuries, that traces of the festivity were to be seen, even on the next day, in the features of some of them.

But another day passed, and all joy had vanished, a heavy gloom being now visible on every face. Some bad news reached Urdax on that day. In the first place, several thousand English-made cartridges had somehow been seized on the frontier, and in the second, the Republican Colonel Tejada had fortified San Estevan, and showing the apparent intention of marching on Urdax, had already reached Elizondo, with fifteen hundred men and two cannons, and could easily begin to shell our miserable loop-hole in two or three hours. "What shall we do?" was a question that might be read on every one's face, for the five hundred raw recruits, who were to protect us under the orders of the Marquis de Las Hormazas, nephew of General Elio,

had in all only three hundred cartridges. Very few questioned the bravery of the marquis, but the position was too critical to admit of any solution by means of mere courage. Right down flight was evidently the only means of escape left. "I have no fear for my men," said the marquis. "They will all find room within the walls of our fortress; but what I am afraid of is the safety of the brilliant staff we have with us, and of their beautiful horses. They will all come to grief climbing the mountain, or break down for want of food on Peña de Plata." Count d'Alcantara drew a very long face when flight was decided upon, and he saw his brilliant officers doomed to behold the ruin of their chargers, to obstruct the movements of volunteers, and to increase the general confusion.

Nor did the old Marquis of Valdespina, head of General Dorregaray's staff, look much brighter. The marquis led the cavalry charge at Eraoul, got a bayonet wound in the arm, and had since been laid up at a little house at Zugarramurdy. A decree of the king, his master, appointing him grand marshal and grand cross, seemed to have quite restored the health of the old gentleman, and to have given him strength enough to join in the ceremony of the consecration of the new fortress, after which he came to Urdax, where he was to wait, as we did. He had consequently to fly, too, with us, having for escort only his two sons and his aide-de-camp. In that way, as far as Carlist notabilities were concerned, the capture of the Urdax detachment would have been quite a treat to the Republican column. But the Republican colonel, not being sufficiently well informed about the position we were in,

did not attack us, when he could have caught all of us, and thus gave us ample time for flight. At daybreak on the 5th of June, off we marched to Zugarramurdy, and a few hours later were safe on the top of Peña de Plata, fully a thousand feet above any spot that the Republicans could be expected to reach. What the road was like I am utterly unable to describe. Kids, I fancy, would be the only animals likely to find it comfortable. It was all an incoherent mass of stones, big and small, rolling under foot; and where it was not stone it was slippery mud. The path was nowhere wider than a yard, and about the top of the height ceased to be a path at all. Every one climbed the rocks as best he could, and out of a couple of dozen horses of the staff fifteen were lamed, the beautiful chargers of the Paris cavalry being of course the first to break down. Over six hours did the march last, and when we reached the fort we had only one prospect—that of being locked up in it without rations until some other and better provided for band came to our rescue. That band every one expected to be that of the curé Santa Cruz, who was within a couple of hours' march at Echalar, on the opposite side of the mountain. As a matter of course, neither the Marquis Valdespina, nor the Marquis de Las Hormazas, commanding the cartridgeless force, intimated what their plans or expectations were, and this rendered the position still less pleasant.

Towards the evening only did we learn that the curé had refused all help, and threatened to shoot young Valdespina if his father sent him down again to Echalar with either commands or propositions. Being already

under sentence of death, the curé imagined that our expedition to the top of Peña de Plata was simply a manœuvre invented for the purpose of capturing him and his force. He declared his resolution not to go into the trap, and added that if the Urdax detachment had no cartridges, it was the fault of Señor Dorronsoro, late Carlist deputy in the Cortes, and now governor of the fort Peña de Plata, who had the management of the stores, and who got, it seems, an endless supply of money from Don Carlos' cash-box. To that gentleman the curé sent word to say that, both for his spending money for inauguration banquets, like that of a couple of days back, and for his threatening to fire at Santa Cruz whenever he passed within the range of his cannons, he would administer to him a heavy bastinado as soon as he caught him. With all these communications the young Marquis of Valdespina returned to us, and for a couple of hours a regular war-council was held on the top of the height, with a view to decide what was to be done, when, all at once, a spy arrived with information that the enemy, instead of advancing on Urdax, had retreated to San Estevan. We could, consequently, come down again from our eagle's nest and get something to eat. Great was the general joy. *Marchar!* was to be heard on all sides, and we had time, before it became quite dark, to reach Zugarramurdy again, where wine, bread, and forage could be found without particular difficulty for the whole of the force.

The cause of this Republican retreat from Elizondo, when by marching on Urdax their success was so certain, was the very famous curé who refused to help us.

Early in the morning on the previous day he attacked a fortified post of some forty carbineros near the bridge of Enderlaza, on the high road from Irun to Vera. The little cannon he had soon smashed the palisades, calculated to protect the Republicans only from rifle-shots, and the carbineros, after having lost several men, hoisted a white flag. The Carlists began then to descend from the heights down into the valley, and when they were close to the bridge a volley of musketry greeted them.

Santa Cruz's band became quite furious; they threw themselves forward to a man, and slaughtered every one of the carbineros they could lay their hands on. The Republicans said afterwards that the curé executed prisoners who had hoisted a white flag, while the curé said he simply killed treacherous enemies who had tried to get him into an ambush. Whatever side may have been right, for us the wholesale butchery of these carbineros had a very favorable result. The news of the Enderlaza bridge affair spread with an electric rapidity, and compelled Colonel Tejada to retreat from Elizondo. We were thus saved from partial starvation, and perhaps from capture, and the five hundred men of the Marquis Las Hormazas had now a fair chance to get cartridges in a day or two, and to be able to defend both themselves and the distinguished and brilliant Paris cavalry they protected.

But in a place like Urdax, even with plenty of cartridges and a good deal of fashionable society, life does still not appear *couleur de rose*. The everlasting

mutton, stale bread, and pig's skin smelling wine, began to disgust the elegant Paris cavalry. Of work there was nothing to be anticipated beyond that which we had seen during our flight to Peña de Plata. To undertake excursions to Bayonne, or St.-Jean-de-Luz, became impossible, for the names of the gentlemen composing the squadron were quickly made known to the authorities on the French frontier, and an order had been issued to arrest them as soon as they appeared on French soil. The only recreation to them was, therefore, to take, now and then, a ride along such bits of the Pamplona high road as were free from Republican posts, or down to the bridge of Doucharinea, half of which is Spanish, the other half French. Every afternoon members of this elegant corps could be seen talking to the French gendarmes on the bridge, joking at their being not able to arrest them, although they were quite close enough, and passing letters which the gendarmes and custom-house officers posted to the friends of those very men whom they had the order to capture.

A life of that sort could, of course, present no attraction to men, some of whom had left Paris because, as they said, it turned dull to them, and they wanted amusement and good living before everything. From what I learned subsequently, I think that to many of them legitimacy was quite a secondary, if any, consideration. But, be that as it may, here they were, and could not, apparently, make up their minds to wait till Don Carlos came over, and the movements of the royalist forces had taken a more decisive turn. Yet, as Dorregaray and Elio were operating much farther

down in the country, and as I did not see the fun of sharing the Paris cavalry's idle and tiresome captivity in a miserable village, I resolved, if possible, to make a move, explaining to the amiable Count d'Alcantara and his followers that though, as military men, they were subjected to the Marquis of Valdespina, as senior officer in the place, and to the Marquis Las Hormazas, as commander of the Urdax force, they were not officially placed under the orders of either, and had, if they chose, the right to go to Elio's headquarters, which were then in Las Amescos. I pointed out also that a little excursion in that direction would probably present the attraction of novelty, and, to say the least, of a very pleasant military picnic. The Count d'Alcantara seemed at first to have some objections to my plan, knowing, as he did, that the old Marquis of Valdespina was anxious to keep around himself the fashionable escort; but, the officers of the squadron having sided with me, he resolved to announce to the marquis our intention of leaving Urdax. Yet as, in a little village like that, everything is speedily known, old Valdespina learned of our plan, and of my having proposed it, long before Count d'Alcantara had made up his mind to submit the question to him.

"Go and fetch me that journalist with the curtain on his hat," cried out the infuriated old man to his aide-de-camp, meaning me and the puggaree I wore. In a very few minutes I was caught and brought into the presence of the gallant and excitable marquis, and a really thunder-like scolding fell upon my poor head. I was rendering him ridiculous; I was taking away his troops; I was showing an example of insubordination,

and I don't know what else. I had the greatest difficulty in making the brave but perfectly deaf marquis understand, through the aid of his gutta percha tube, that if any one rendered him ridiculous, it was himself, in making all that noise about a foreign journalist having wished to go on a trip to the headquarters, and having asked a few foreign officers, who had absolutely nothing to do, whether they would not join him, — that I never meant to take away any of his troops at all, and that, if he was discontented either with my presence or with my conduct, the only thing he had to do was to order me to be escorted to the frontier. I added, at the same time, that, as I had nothing to do at Urdax, and was now not permitted to go forward, I had nothing left to me but to go back to France, and wait until Don Carlos, who had invited me to follow the operations of his army, should come across himself.

About a fortnight later, when I again met the good old man, he had of course forgotten all about our comical squabble, and treated me quite as an old friend; but at the moment of the first explosion of his Castilian fury, he seemed so angry, that I considered my retirement from under his jurisdiction as the only course left. But where shall I go now? was my next thought. I must find something to write upon, as they won't stand in New York any falling off of communication from a quarter where blood is supposed to be daily poured out in streams. Yet, in reality, weeks and weeks passed without a single drop of human blood being shed, except in the barber's shops of the Peninsula. There were, indeed, some rows going on in a few towns on the southern and eastern coasts.

But by going so far away I was pretty sure to miss the entry of the Pretender, and the beginning of what was spoken of as the "Great Campaign." On a ride of nearly six hours from Urdax to Bayonne, I was the whole time turning the matter over in my mind, till all at once the genius of "enterprise" whispered to me, "And how about Santa Cruz?" Every one then spoke of the man as about the worst brigand and assassin that ever existed. Every newspaper had daily some new exploit of his to relate. Yet, even among the Carlists, few knew him personally, or had ever seen him. To find out a man of this description, and to "interview" him, appeared to me as the very thing to be done to please the Herald; and, without any further delay, off was I to St.-Jean-de-Luz, and thence to Vera, the famous curé's head-quarters.

CHAPTER X.

SANTA CRUZ.

AS often happens in cases of an unpleasant nature, the man wanted was not to be found. He was neither at Vera, nor at Echalar, where I was told at St.-Jean-de-Luz I was sure to find him. He had already marched off towards Hernani with some six hundred of his crack men and two cannons. I had consequently to present myself to a rough-looking chap of barely twenty years, armed to the teeth, and bearing the sonorous name of Don Estevan Indart, and the important rank of the commander of the place and forces of Vera. He was asleep when, after having been taken by the patrols at the outskirts of the town, I was brought into his room. Lying across the bed, with a whole arsenal of arms upon him, his head hanging down and his legs up on the wall, he was snoring most formidably. But after a few calls, accompanied by some pokes from the sergeant, the worthy warrior woke up and began to examine my papers without changing in the least his picturesque topsy-turvy attitude. From the tone of his voice, if not from the words he uttered, I perceived at once that he swore at the documents, being just as unable to understand them as his patrols were. Not only

were the foreign documents unintelligible to him, but even the Carlist passport, by which the ministers of Don Carlos granted me free circulation amid the armies of "S. M. El Rey, Nuestro Señor," and which was worded in Spanish, was a dead letter to Don Estevan Indart. Being a pure Basque of Guipuzcoa, as well as the majority of his soldiers, he did not know Spanish, and did not seem to care for it. Without even looking at me, or attempting to arrive at any sort of understanding, he gave some orders to the sergeant, and I was marched out of the room. A crowd of armed men and of ragged children had already assembled about my horse.

To all my inquiries whether I could see Señor Santa Cruz, I had only the short and abrupt answer of "*Salida*" (apparently the only Spanish word these men knew, and which meant that the curé had gone). And here I stood without knowing what was to become of me, when presently the patrol sergeant appeared with a cleanly-dressed young girl, who, after addressing to me a few questions in intelligible French and excellent Spanish, went up to the commander's room with my papers. Within a few minutes she was back again, and said that Don Estevan had ordered her to take me to her house, where I should have to wait till the return of Señor Santa Cruz. To my inquiry whether I should have to wait long, she said no one knew, or was able to tell me anything; while to the question whether I could proceed farther should the curé not return soon, I got the short but explicit answer of "No." In this way I found myself practically the prisoner of Don Estevan Indart and of my little interpreter.

Happily enough, my hostess was, or rather my hostesses were quite charming persons. Their father, the only and consequently the leading tailor of the town, seemed to have saved money enough to send his two girls to Bayonne to study millinery. Together with this trade, the girls had learned there French and Spanish, and had now nothing of the peculiar Basque look about them. They did not wear even the usual Basquese costume, and considered themselves, and were considered by everybody, as very distinguished "ladies." The eldest girl was humpbacked, and consequently less admired; but the second was evidently a general attraction to the town.

Santa Cruz, known to be full of hate to the fair sex, and of never having kept a female servant, or even allowed his sister to live at his house, seemed to have made an exception in favor of the young Vera milliners, being in frequent intercourse with them, and having appointed them to superintend the manufacture of clothing for his soldiers. There had been for the last two years no millinery work of any kind to be done at Vera, and so the girls were quite glad to become military tailors, and seemed to discharge their duties to the full satisfaction of the ferocious Cura. And while the two American sewing-machines were going their full speed, the girls talked to me all day long, and told me about the inner life of their little and unlucky town, more than I could ever have learned by personal observation during the forty-eight hours I was their captive.

The town of Vera was, as a matter of course, thoroughly Carlist. The Republicans had taken pos-

session of it five times since the Carlist war broke out, and the utterly ruined population spoke of these Republican occupations as the worst moments they had endured. Besides the usual contributions, the town had additional burdens to bear for being a Carlist centre. When I visited Vera, no man was to be seen in it except those armed, the civil portion of the population apparently consisting of women and children only. Half of the houses were deserted or shut up, and, except in the evening, scarcely any one was to be seen in the street, the women being anxious to accomplish such little field-work as they possibly could. They toiled hard all day long, and the Carlists eagerly assisted them, whenever they got a day's rest from perpetual marching. The soldiers of Don Estevan Indart, who were in possession of the place when I reached it, were to the last man at work in the fields, except the men on duty. The misery and wretchedness of the place were nevertheless quite shocking. Of cows, oxen, horses, or pigs, there was no longer any trace. A few sheep, a few fowls, and a couple of donkeys, seemed to be all the inhabitants of Vera still possessed in the way of live-stock. Their own number had also decreased to barely two thousand, and this small community, consisting almost exclusively of women and children, had to pay every month over twenty thousand francs in rations of bread, wine, and meat only, without reckoning either lodgings, or such extras as are always likely to be required, especially when the Republicans came in and retaliated upon Vera for its well-known Carlist proclivities. My two hostesses and their father had had over thirty francs

a month to pay for nearly two years past, and they said they could not make out where families with less resources got the money required. Seeing that the flocks of the place were quite exhausted, Santa Cruz invented a rather ingenious mode of supplying the wants of his bands. He requisitioned sheep and oxen in other places, or on the high road, or captured them from the Republicans, and sold them to the municipality of Vera for ready cash, which he invested in arms and ammunition, while the town, having bought from him the beasts, delivered them back again in the form of rations. Notwithstanding all this misery, however, the inhabitants seem to be on the best possible terms with the Carlists. They were evidently tired of the war, but not a word of reproach was to be heard against the Carlists or their chiefs, and Santa Cruz himself was almost an object of worship among the population. Now and then only they would whisper that he was too severe; but this was meant with reference to his own men only, and not to what he was doing in the field. And it must be said that the discipline of Santa Cruz's bands was kept up with a stern hand. Within the week he spent at Vera, previous to the Enderlaza fight, he shot two of his men for attempting to rob some travellers who turned out to be Carlists, and gave the bastinado to three more who failed in the performance of their duties. What terrified his men above all was, that he never spoke of what he intended doing or uttered any reproach. He was really a man of few words, and one of the best characteristics of his nature is exemplified by the manner in which he treated one

of his former friends — an old man, sixty-five years of age, of the name of Amilibia.

Two brothers Amilibia, and a man of the name of Recondo, were commanding some Carlist troops in May, 1872, when Don Carlos was surprised at Oroquieta by Moriones, and Serrano was thus enabled to compel some of the Carlist chiefs to capitulate. Santa Cruz was then chaplain of Recondo's battalion, which operated in conjunction with that of the brothers Amilibia, and seemed to have urged these officers not to lay down arms or sign a convention. They did not listen, however, to his advice, and Santa Cruz has felt since that time an invincible hatred to these men, and has never called them otherwise than traitors. During the present year, when the Carlist war had been resumed, and Santa Cruz was no more a chaplain, but a *cabecilla*, he arrived one morning at Echarlar, where one of the brothers Amilibia had also arrived on his way towards the headquarters, intending to resume service.

“What are you doing here, traitor!” exclaimed Santa Cruz, on seeing Amilibia looking out of the inn window as he was passing by with his troops. “You had better leave Spain at once if you care for your life.”

But as Santa Cruz's band remained for dinner in the village, Amilibia, probably anxious to whitewash himself in their eyes, asked some of the volunteers he knew to the inn, gave them some wine, and began to talk over the previous year's business. It would seem that his language, with reference to Santa Cruz, was not particularly respectful, and that he made some allusions

to his being a despot and a rebel, not obeying either his superiors, or even his lord the king. The conversation was soon reported to Santa Cruz, and Señor Amilibia had not finished his hostile remarks when several armed men appeared, ordering him, as well as his guests, to follow them. All were marched to Santa Cruz's house, in front of which a company of his crack men was ranged, and a heap of *bastones* prepared.

"I gave you an advice which you did not consider it worth listening to," said Santa Cruz to his old friend. "You even considered yourself justified in trying to excite my men against me. I will therefore give you a lesson in another way now; and the first time I meet you or your brother, or Recondo, again on Spanish soil, I'll shoot you like dogs."

After this short preface, the very same men whom Amilibia had been treating were ordered to take the prepared sticks and to give a *bastinado* to the old man. Santa Cruz himself reckoned the strokes, and cried out his "*Bastante*" after the fortieth had been inflicted. A few days later, when I had to pass through Echalar, I alighted at the same inn, saw an old man lying, as I thought, hopelessly ill, but no one told me the sad narrative of his illness. It was only at Vera that I learned his story, when I saw the poor man carried on a stretcher towards the French frontier, on the other side of which he hoped to find the necessary care and medical assistance. Santa Cruz left Echalar the same afternoon, and, from the whispering tone in which the affair was spoken of, I must conclude that its effect was all the wild curé could have desired.

No one, either at Echalar or at Vera, has ever since attempted to betray the Carlist cause, or speak against the brutal authority of the curé.

Another fact characteristic of the nature of this man is his dealing with the only prisoner he had taken at Enderlaza. The whole number of *carabineros* which took part in that affair amounted to forty-one men. Five of them got off in safety, two were drowned in attempting to escape by swimming across the Bidasoa, nine were killed during the action, twenty-three were massacred because they had fired after they had hoisted the white flag, and one was, somehow or other, taken prisoner. Santa Cruz carried that man for several days with him, but when he learned that, notwithstanding the letters he had sent to the Bayonne papers giving the particulars of the affair, public opinion in Spain and France still persisted in accusing him of having shot prisoners, he sent word to his captive, saying he thought it his duty to justify the accusations of the Liberals, and therefore to shoot him. Ten minutes were allowed the poor man for confession, and four balls put an end to his life.

It may be mentioned here, by the by, that this economical plan of shooting with four balls, instead of the customary twelve, is an established rule in the Carlist army. They say they cannot afford the luxury of twelve cartridges for one man. And the fact that the twenty-three *carabineros* who were found lying in one heap near the Enderlaza bridge were all shot with one ball, not with four, and mostly through the head, was adduced by Santa Cruz and his men as additional proof that they were not shot after being

taken prisoners, but killed in a hand-to-hand fight by the Carlists, enraged by the treachery to which they had been exposed. Yet it must be said that, however savage the fighting may have been, it could not have lasted long; for of the two dead bodies I saw picked out of the Bidassoa, the one had twenty-two cartridges in his pouch, the other fifty. Keeping in view that a cartridge-pouch contains sixty cartridges, and that it is seldom quite full, it becomes evident that the two men who threw themselves into the Bidassoa had scarcely fought more than a few minutes.

There is no need to say that the famous curé is a man of a quite peculiar type. His organizing faculties seemed to be just as considerable as his despotism was violent. He has never received a penny or a cartridge from the ministers of Don Carlos. Notwithstanding that, he armed and equipped nearly a thousand men, established a cartridge manufactory, and was about to open in a secure spot of the mountains, called "The Three Crowns," a regular gun and cannon manufactory when he had to fly to France. He had also managed to make a few hundred rifles with the means he found at Vera, Echalar, and Arachulegui. One became perfectly puzzled when one saw all that man had done almost without any means whatever, and certainly without anything like scientific notions as to how such things should be done.

The drill of Santa Cruz's band was just as peculiar as all the rest of his arrangements. There was something quite strange and perfectly original in the kind of dancing movements of his men; but they marched remarkably well, with marvellous speed, and for an

unusual number of miles in a single journey. All the men wearing soft Basque sandals, one scarcely heard when they passed, and, for a considerable period of time, both Santa Cruz and his officers went always on foot with the men. It was only when his force was provided in every other respect that he took to riding, and gave a horse to every commander of a company.

Still more primitive, perhaps, was the care Santa Cruz took of the bodily cleanliness of his men. Whenever he got to a stream with a sufficient quantity of water in it (which is not often the case in Spain), he ordered all his men to take a bath; and regularly twice a week they had all to change their shirts. As they were not allowed to carry any luggage, and hardly had any shirt beyond that which they wore, the curé invented the simple mode of requisitioning clean shirts against the dirty ones, which he left to the inhabitants of such villages as he had to pass. As the practice had been continued for several months, quite a regular stock of this kind of garment was ready in every village of the province of Guipuzcoa, which was his great centre of operations. The men arrived, received the clean shirts from the *alcalde* of the village, returned him the dirty ones, and the next day all the village women were engaged in washing for the next arrival of the band. Santa Cruz seemed to be quite proud of this arrangement. At all events, I saw a letter written by him to his friend and ammunition agent in France, in which he boasted of having brought his men to such a state of cleanliness that he was prepared to pay a real (five cents) for every louse that would be found on any of them.

But if the curé thus showed great ability and energy in organizing his own force, he was far from showing the same care about the general progress of Carlist affairs. I have mentioned already what was his answer to a demand for assistance sent to him from Fort Peña de Plata. The conditions which he put to his "lord and king's" request to submit to the military authorities was not much better. He said he would do so when his sentence of death was revoked, his enemy and immediate superior, General Lizarraga, removed, and full liberty left to him to operate with the bands he had organized. None of these conditions having been fulfilled, Santa Cruz did not yield an iota. Don Carlos, enraged at such conduct on the part of an obscure *cura*, wrote to him, through his secretary, ordering Santa Cruz to come at once to France, to which Santa Cruz answered in most respectful terms that he would not do so. If the king chose to come himself to the frontier, or to send any one, Santa Cruz said he would find a secure spot where he would give verbally every explanation that might be wanted; but he thought it most injurious to the king's cause that he should leave his command; for he was sure he should never be able to return to his post, the French gendarmes knowing him now too well from the portraits published everywhere, and being most likely to arrest him as soon as he had put his foot on French soil.

When I had spent fully two days in the custody of the two young milliners and the old tailor, and was

just beginning to speculate how long my detention at Vera might last, my little humpbacked custodian rushed into my room, and announced that Señor Santa Cruz was coming, hurriedly lisping, "Here, here," and pushing me into the front room, which served the family as a workshop. Within a few yards of the house I saw, through the window, the ferocious *cura* marching in with a band of his best men. His orderly was walking by his side, leading his mountain hack. Santa Cruz had no arms about him except a revolver stuck in his *faja*, and a long stick, similar to those used in the Alps by foreign tourists of climbing dispositions. He was dressed in a rough grayish jacket with green pipings, something like the Bavarian Jäger coat, and rather short light cotton trousers of the same color as the jacket; a pair of hempen sandals and a dark-blue *beret* completed the costume. There was not a brass button or anything military-like about him; but nothing either denoted the priest. He marched with long steps, now and then muttering the usual "*adios*" to people bowing to him, and went straight to his house, some twenty doors higher than that I was lodged in. My hostesses advised me not to go to him until called, as Don Estevan was sure to report to him my presence in the place. More than an hour passed without my hearing any news from the man in whose power I was. Presently I noticed, however, some movement round his residence, and by and by the *cabecilla* appeared at his door. He walked down the street with eight men of his body-guard, armed *à la* Don Estevan to their very teeth.

"Is it to me that he is coming? Is it to shoot me

that those men are with him? Thank Heaven they do not seem to have any sticks, so that there is at all events little probability of my getting a *bastinado*." These and similar thoughts crossed my mind with the rapidity of lightning. But the master of my destiny passed our door, and turned round the corner.

"There must be something going on in the town square," said the old tailor; and all four of us, as by common accord, went down stairs with the intention of following Santa Cruz, but a sentry posted at the corner stopped us, saying that we had better wait a bit if we had any business that way. Soon some vague noise reached our ears, and by and by very distinct cries of a suffering man.

"Some one is being punished again," whispered my humpbacked friend, and made a sign to all of us to return home. A few moments later, we learned that the gunsmith of the band, to whom Santa Cruz had given some work to do, had not fulfilled his task, went away during the curé's absence for a couple of days to a neighboring village, and got drunk. His reward was fifty *bastones*, and very hard must they have been; for, passing by his house more than twenty-four hours after the punishment was inflicted, I heard the poor man still groaning. It did not take, however, much time for Santa Cruz to give this new "lesson." In less than a quarter of an hour he was walking back again from the town square with the same body-guards, and as he reached our house, I saw Don Estevan receiving some order, and rushing up our staircase. There was no longer any mistake that my turn had come to be attended to. "Come along" would be the literal trans-

lation of the short but expressive speech Don Estevan delivered to me on entering the room. Down we went at once, and found the curé waiting with his staff at the door, and talking to a short and stoutish man in the costume of a private. I learned subsequently that the man was Don Cruz Ochoa, late Carlist deputy in the Cortes, and now a private soldier in Santa Cruz's bands, and a secretary to his leader. Don Cruz Ochoa is a well-educated man, speaking very fair French, of which he was anxious to make a show each time an occasion presented itself. But he had not much opportunity that way, for the meeting, besides lasting a very short time, was by no means a verbose one. In fact, I do not remember of having had so business-like an interview for a long time past with any man, big or little. The greater portion of it was occupied by the curé examining my papers. Of the Carlist passport and my letters of introduction, he did not seem to take any notice at all. But he examined very closely my other papers, which, being worded in French, gave him, it seemed, a good deal of trouble, but he went through them without the help of his French-speaking secretary; and becoming apparently persuaded that I was not an agent of the Republicans, or of his enemies at headquarters, he put to me the simple and short question, "*Que quiere usted?*" (What do you want?)

I answered that a great deal having been written and told of his and his troops' activity in the present war, it was my duty, as a journalist sent out to the Carlists, to ascertain what was really true in the reports circulated, and what were the operations of the various Carlist corps; that I had been sent not to him alone,

but to the whole of the Carlist army, as my Carlist passport showed, and that my account would not have been complete if I had not visited his corps and witnessed its operations.

“Of my corps you can see but a small portion now,” answered the curé. “Our men are all gone in different directions, and I myself am starting at once for a place to which I cannot take you. But on some future occasion I would not mind your being present at any engagement we may have, provided you can stand fire and great fatigue. But before allowing you to join us, I must make some inquiries about you and the paper you represent. If we are treated by *El Herald* de *Nueva York* as the miserable French and Spanish papers treat us, I shall never allow you to come here again; and if you are not prepared to serve the cause of monarchy and the Catholic religion, you had better not come at all.”

I don't know why the gloomy, bearded head of the curé, deeply sunken in his shoulders, appeared to me at this moment as the head of some big bull that was going to charge me.

“With whom are you acquainted of our Carlist people?” continued Santa Cruz, walking at a slow pace abreast with me towards his house, the guards following us. I named several persons.

“Very well; I will make inquiries, and will let you know when you may come here again, if you wish it. I must start now, but I hope I shall be soon back to Vera. If you like, you can wait here.”

Instead of waiting in the miserable village till the savage *cura* had received the information he wanted

concerning my person, I started back for St.-Jean-de-Luz, where I knew a South American gentleman who had become quite mad in his admiration of Santa Cruz's genius, was his most fervent protector and friend, and had supplied him, to a great extent at his own and the vicar of Tolosa's expense, with nearly everything the fierce *cabecilla* wanted when he first started. This gentleman was not in town when I set out to Vera, and I thought now to avail myself of his assistance for further studies of the curious type I had just seen.

Don Isidoro, — for such was the name of the enthusiastic South American, who is not to be confounded with San Isidro, — on hearing the record of my visit to his protégé, began to laugh, saying that he was sure the rather rude impression Santa Cruz had produced upon me would vanish the next time I saw him. "He is a most charming man," assured Don Isidoro. "You shall see yourself. I have just got a note from him, saying that he will be back at Vera on Sunday next, and we shall go and have dinner with him." And so we went and had dinner, and a pretty good one; for there was salmon fresh out of the Bidassoa, and chicken, and a bottle of sherry, and even some dessert. Don Isidoro was too well known by Santa Cruz's men for us to be in any way molested on our journey. We went straight to the town square, and met the curé returning from mass with his usual escort of eight crack men. Whether it was that he had put on a clean shirt, or that he had cut his hair, I cannot say; but there was certainly a great improvement in his appearance. He looked much younger, and when he smiled on seeing

Don Isidoro, and kissed him, his face brightened up considerably, and he looked almost handsome.

By the way, none of the portraits published of Santa Cruz have the slightest likeness to him. He is everywhere represented as a very dark man, while in reality he is quite fair; certainly not fair in the sense of Scotch or German fairness, but what is called *blond* in France, which is equally as far from dark brown or black as from *blond cendré*. His blue eyes are rather deeply seated, but that does not prevent them from looking quite bright when the face becomes otherwise enlivened. His teeth are irreproachable, and though the full beard he wears greatly conceals the expression of his mouth, what is to be seen of it when he smiles is rather attractive than otherwise. He is under the middle height, but built like an athlete. I remember him sitting cross-legged and arranging his stockings (he wears long stockings, not socks, and ties them with a garter). I was puzzled at the strength and form of his calves. He is now thirty-two years of age, and it would seem that it is within the last three years, since he has been leading the mountain guerilla life, that he has so improved in health. But though he might have been thinner formerly, he must always have been strong, for even as a student of the seminary of Tolosa he was reputed for his agility and his taste for bodily exercise. When Don Isidoro told him that he brought me for the purpose of showing me that, when Santa Cruz knew people and could rely upon them, he was not so fierce-looking as he appeared at first sight, the curé laughed, shook hands with me, and asked me at once to come to his house.

During nearly the whole of our visit the conversation ran upon the illegality of the behavior of Lizarraga and other generals of Don Carlos towards Santa Cruz. The curé was evidently quite furious against them. He said all the accusations of cruelty brought against him were false; he never shot any one except spies, and in this case he did not make any difference whether they were women or men. He also never shot prisoners, but his men were sufficiently good soldiers not to allow themselves to be taken prisoners, and seldom captured any. When they fought they fought. As a matter of course, there was no end of talk about the hidden reasons which, in Santa Cruz's opinion, caused the Carlist generals to oppose him. He was not a military man, and he had accomplished more than all of them put together. He armed nearly a thousand men without having a penny, while they squandered the Carlist money right and left. They pretended to be, or aimed at being at some future day, grandees of Spain, while he was a poor curé. And so on, with a repetition of the petty and uninteresting details which characterize every personal squabble. The real facts are, however, that Santa Cruz, having been one of the first to enter into Spain when the movement began, and having rendered great services to the cause, made somewhat unreasonable demands, which the generals of Don Carlos were not disposed to accede to, simply because they knew that a leader capable of commanding a guerilla party of a couple of hundred men was not on that account necessarily fit for the command of large forces. Santa Cruz being, however, the sort of man who thinks himself capable of every-

thing, wanted not only to be made commander-in-chief of the province of Guipuzcoa, but to have also the whole of the civil administration of it in his own hands, and the counsellors of Don Carlos, knowing the temper of the man, thought that, notwithstanding his popularity in certain districts, he was sure in the long run to spread discontent, and to estrange the whole province through the stubbornness and savagery of his proceedings. Santa Cruz, on the other hand, thought himself inspired by the "great models" which he desired to imitate. Soldiering was never considered incompatible with theology in Spain. Not to speak of more olden times, Loyola was a soldier before he became a monk. Espartero was preparing himself to become a monk when the War of Independence made him a soldier instead. During the Seven Years' War, an obscure curé of Villaviado, of the name of Geronimo Merino, began like Santa Cruz, and soon became quite a legendary figure among the Carlists. Cabrera, though he never managed to become a curé, was a student in a seminary, and became a soldier only when expelled from it. He rose to the celebrity he possesses now among the Carlists, chiefly through his violence. Santa Cruz wished to imitate all of these, and to unite in himself a combination of the most salient traits of each of them, with a strong addition of the terrorist tendencies of Mina and Zumalacargeni. The clumsy and wild manner in which he set to work was simply the result of his utter ignorance. And this was so great that — to give only one instance — he delivered once *one* pound of common gunpowder to a mining engineer he had captured some-

where among the numerous mines of the neighborhood, and ordered him to blow up with it the big iron bridge of Endelaza. And when the man told him it was impossible, he threatened to shoot him.

But notwithstanding all that, I firmly believe, from what I have seen of that man, that had he had the leisure to devote a couple of years to reading something besides his prayer-book, he would certainly have acquired a very different notoriety from that he possesses now. His life is in itself a little epic, sufficiently interesting to warrant my giving the principal incidents of it here, as they were narrated to me by Cruz Ochoa in the presence of Santa Cruz himself, during the dinner. Señor Cruz Ochoa, always anxious to extol the merits of his chief, thought it very convenient to make the curé's life the subject of dinner talk with a man he supposed likely to put a good deal of what he heard into print, and Santa Cruz did not seem to object to it, for he listened the whole time, and frequently corrected his secretary.

Don Manuel Santa Cruz was born in 1842, at Elduayen, an obscure mountain village in Guipuzcoa. Having early lost his parents, he was, together with his only sister, brought up in the almshouse of Tolosa. A curé, who afterwards became the vicar of that town, and one of the chief supporters of Santa Cruz, discovered some intelligence in the almshouse boy, and placed him in the seminary. On the conclusion of his studies, Santa Cruz was appointed parish priest of Hernialde,

a village within a gun-shot of Tolosa, and a place he has often frequented since in his new capacity of a *cabecilla*. The young curé quickly made himself a high reputation for the purity of his life, and for the indomitable zeal with which he performed his duty among the peasants scattered in the isolated farms around his village. In 1870 a small Carlist rising broke out, and was soon suppressed; but one of its leaders managed to save some arms from capture, and intrusted them to the care of Santa Cruz. The government became aware of it in about a year's time, and sent some Civil Guards to arrest the curé just as he was leaving the church after having celebrated mass. On the guards showing to him the order they had, he answered that he was perfectly ready to give himself up, — though he did not know the reason for which he was arrested, — but asked a few minutes to take his meal and change his clothes; and while the men were waiting for him at the entrance of his house, he slipped out in disguise, and was never seen more. That was his first trick, and since then begins the epic of his life. After having wandered for several months in Spain, constantly chased by the troops, he escaped to France; but as he had neither papers nor any knowledge of the French language, he was soon tracked by the gendarmes, and had once a regular run with them through the whole town of St.-Jean-de-Luz, yet managed to get off, and to escape across the frontier. This was not long before the Carlist rising of 1872, and Santa Cruz had consequently no great difficulty in soon finding a safe abode in his native land. On having entered in April of that year as chaplain into the band

of Recondo, he became the favorite of the volunteers, and even a dangerous rival of his commander, if not in any official capacity, at all events through the influence he exercised over the men. When Don Carlos was surprised at Oroquieta, and when afterwards the Amorovieta Convention was signed, and Recondo surrendered his arms, Santa Cruz treated him in the way I have already mentioned when speaking of Amilibia, and declared that at all events *he* would not surrender, and with eleven men, upon whom he could firmly rely, he took to the mountains. A few days later, a party of Amadeo's soldiers was passing from Mondragon to Oñate. They were about forty in number, and had a small quantity of arms which they were carrying to the latter town. Santa Cruz, having learned this, attacked them in a narrow gorge, took all the arms away, buried them in a secure spot, and I found them all doing service when I was at Vera.

During this skirmish he had a man wounded, and while he was carrying him one day to some isolated farm, a detachment sent in pursuit captured him, together with the wounded man. Santa Cruz was now to be shot as soon as he should be brought to Tolosa. But during the march to that town the escorting party had to pass a night in some village on the road. Santa Cruz, with his hands and legs tied, was, for greater security, locked up on the third floor of the house. Yet, on the next morning, when the party was to start, no Santa Cruz was to be seen; at the back window were only to be found two sheets tied together, by means of which he had descended from his temporary prison. The Carlists having everywhere surrendered and been

dispersed, he could not remain long in Spain, and had again to fly to France. But the government of Amadeo had communicated with the French authorities about the presence of the man, who began already to become a notoriety, and the police of St.-Jean-de-Luz captured him once more, and sent him for internment to Nantes. Yet the city of plums did not seem to have taken his fancy, for he disappeared about six hours after his internment, and returned again to St.-Jean-de-Luz, where, with the aid of Don Isidoro, who enjoys certain consular privileges, he safely resided up till the winter of 1872, when the Vicar of Tolosa and the hospitable host of Santa Cruz supplied him not only with money, but with arms, ammunition, and everything necessary for the new attempt to raise the Carlist banner in the Guipuzcoa. On the 1st of December of that year, when Don Carlos had not yet quite made up his mind whether he should embark upon a new campaign, Santa Cruz crossed at Bariatou with thirty-seven men, marched straight off towards St. Sebastian, upset a mail train bound to Madrid, and began thus both his now famous career, and at the same time gave the signal for the present Carlist rising.

Up till last spring everything went right enough. Santa Cruz spread terror all along the French frontier and throughout the province of Guipuzcoa. Whenever he encountered large Republican forces, which were more than a match for him, he took to flight; but whenever he saw himself strong enough, he fought desperately, and, as a rule, came out victorious, and slaughtered every enemy who did not escape in quick time. But in the spring, when Lizarraga was ap-

pointed commander-general of Guipuzcoa, a quarrel broke out between him and Santa Cruz, and both had then, practically, two wars to carry on, the one with the enemy, and the other between themselves. When Lizarraga issued the sentence of death against Santa Cruz, the *cura* answered by a similar sentence against Lizarraga, and for a considerable time got the best of the struggle, for, being nearer to the frontier and to the sea, it was always in his power to capture the arms and ammunition which were intended for his general.

Don Carlos, Elio, Valdespina, everybody, tried in every way to settle the quarrel; but all the efforts failed, Santa Cruz not being disposed to listen to anything before Lizarraga was removed, and the whole of Guipuzcoa given into his hands. This state of affairs lasted for about two months; till Elio, seeing that the matter caused quite a split in the party, ordered Valdespina to march with something like fifteen hundred men against Santa Cruz, to capture him, to carry out the sentence, if it was necessary, or to release him, on the condition that he should leave for France, if the marquis thought that the former services he rendered to the cause justified such a course of clemency. Old Valdespina opened this campaign on the 24th of June, and had to work for fully a fortnight before he was capable of surprising Santa Cruz at Vera, surrounding his house, and making him surrender. On the 9th of July a convention was signed between the marquis and the curé, according to which Santa Cruz was to give up all his men, ammunition, arms, and provisions, to be himself escorted to France, and never to

return more unless called by the king. His men were taken down to the Bastan valley, where they were distributed between the various other battalions, and Santa Cruz, with three or four of his followers, passed the Pyrenees. Yet, notwithstanding the convention, he managed to surrender only one cannon out of the two he had, concealing the other somewhere in the mountains, together with a considerable number of rifles, both of which he expects some day to serve him again. But, in consequence of the reckless way in which everything is done in Spain, the fact of his having still retained some arms was discovered only when he was beyond the frontier.

Santa Cruz was now sufficiently experienced in the manner in which things are managed in France not to fall again into the hands of the French police. Himself, his secretary, Cruz Ochoa, his lieutenant, Estevan Indart, whom we saw lying on his bed in a topsy-turvy position, the fierce Francisco, commander of Arachulegui, and the personal servants of Santa Cruz, were the men who passed with him into France, lived for some time in a small village near Bordeaux, and subsequently, when the sensation caused by Santa Cruz's exploits had a little cooled down, returned again to St.-Jean-de-Luz.

It might, perhaps, be worth mentioning here, as a curious characteristic of the fierce *cura*, that the whole time of his residence in France he entirely devoted to military studies. He surrounded himself with various military works, and with French-Spanish dictionaries, and when I saw him again in September, 1873, at Don Isidoro's house, he spoke a very fair French, and his

reading of military books has also evidently influenced his mind, for he no longer criticised the chiefs from any personal point of view, but from the consideration of their strategic operations, which of course he did not approve. In talking on these matters he used military terms, of the meaning of which, I am perfectly sure, he had no idea of three or four months previous.

But while he was thus storing military knowledge, the adherents he had with him, and who were regular Basques, incapable of anything except hard fighting or hard field work, got sick of their idle leisure in France, and wanted to get back at any price into Spain again. According to the terms of the convention, none of them had the right to return. But this was disregarded; and they soon passed the frontier, and were attempting once more to reunite the dispersed men of Santa Cruz's band. The Marquis of Las Hormazas, on learning of their being near Vera, marched out one day with a couple of dozen reliable men, captured the three Santa Cruz's fellows, disarmed them, tied their hands and legs, carried them to Lizarraga's headquarters, where they were shot off-hand for the breach of the convention, upon the strength of which they were released. Cruz Ochoa was not among them, and disappeared from the stage altogether, while Santa Cruz is still in France, waiting for a chance to resume his activity. He is not a man who would withhold from any attempt of that sort on account of being afraid to provoke internal discords in the party he pretends to serve. The fellow is decidedly bent on mischief, and is endowed with all the capacities necessary

for doing a good deal of it. No one could be astonished at hearing of his being actively at work again, and one may safely predict that, unless he be captured and shot at the very outset, his next onslaught will be fiercer than ever.

CHAPTER XI.

CAMPO DEL HONOR.

THE Field of Honor is nowhere in particular. It may sometimes be on the bald top of a hill, sometimes in a wayside hut, sometimes at the bottom of a God-forsaken valley, or rather of a loop-hole amidst the mountains. It always reminded me of those Continental hats, watches, and umbrellas upon which the rather vague stamp of "London" is marked, but a mere look at which tells you at once that they have issued from the back workshop of some half-starved German working man. The Carlists invented this Campo del Honor, in the first place, because they thought they were really doing an honorable work; and, in the second, because they had reasons for not wishing to give their exact address. Orders or manifestoes issued by Don Carlos or any of his generals being dated from the "Field of Honor," no clew is given the enemy as to the whereabouts of the Carlist forces.

Up till July last there was no end of *Campos del Honor*, for every small *cabecilla* had the right of dating his communications from that indefinite locality. But when Don Carlos entered Spain, the Field of Honor, *par excellence*, became his headquarters.

The Carlist generals were greatly opposed to the

entry of the Pretender into Spain, before they had quite organized the troops with which they intended to carry on the struggle. But Don Carlos seems to have become sick of his retreat, and acting upon his own responsibility, entered Spain without informing any of his generals; and it must be said that the moment he selected for his entry denoted, on his part, a larger amount of intelligence than is usually attributed to him.

On the 9th of July, 1873, his partisans obtained a very important victory over the Republican troops near Ripoll, in Catalonia. They captured something over six hundred prisoners, killed Brigadier Cabrinetty, took a couple of cannons and a large quantity of arms and ammunition. A partial Carlist rising broke out about the same time in the province of Leon and in Galicia; while, on the other hand, the news was spread that Malaga, Murcia, Seville, Alcoy, Granada, and Cadiz were in the hands of the *Intransigentes*, and that a sort of commune had been established at Carthageua. Don Carlos received also information that Valdespina had captured Santa Cruz, and signed a convention, according to which all internal Carlist differences seemed to have been settled. At the same time a considerable landing of arms and ammunition for the Carlists had taken place at Lequeitio, and enabled the Carlist chiefs to arm at least six or seven thousand fresh volunteers. The moment really seemed most favorable to the Pretender for the commencement of his campaign; and without saying a word to even his most intimate counsellors, Don Carlos left the chateau of St. Lon on the 15th of July for Bayonne, on his way through which

town to the village of Ustariz, he gave orders for his horses and equipment to be forwarded to Zugaramurdy.

The next morning, at five o'clock, the gates of a château, situated within a mile of Ustariz, were opened in order to allow a riding party of five gentlemen in private clothes to pass out, apparently for the purpose of enjoying the fresh morning air of the mountains. Three of the five gentlemen were Frenchmen, well known in the neighborhood, and the two others were guests of theirs. They took the direction of the hills and forests of St. Pée and Sare, and soon disappeared in the mountain paths. The morning was most lovely, and the company seemed greatly to enjoy their ride. Neither gendarmes nor custom-house officers were encountered; but, even had the case been otherwise, the three French gentlemen could not have been stopped, while their foreign guests were provided with all the papers necessary for proving that they were neither Carlists, nor even Spaniards.*

* How far Don Carlos and his French friends set M. Thiers and his police at defiance, may be seen from the subjoined decree issued on the 27th of October, 1872:—

“ Le ministre de l'intérieur,

“ Vu l'article 7 de la loi des 13 et 21 novembre et 3 décembre 1849, ainsi conçu :

.

“ Vu l'article 8 de la même loi, ainsi conçu :

.

“ Vu les rapports de MM. les préfets des Basses-Pyrénées et de la Gironde, établissant que le prince don Carlos de Bourbon, duc de Madrid, se serait livré dans ces deux départements à des

As soon as the party turned off the high road, and entered the forest paths, every chance of annoyance was gone, and one of the two foreign-looking gentlemen, riding an excellent bay Irish hunter, urged his horse ahead of the party, who evidently treated him with the respect due to a personage of some importance. The other foreigner (a young and fair-looking man) followed close behind him. The former was Don Carlos de Bourbon; the latter his orderly officer, Ponce de Leon, grandee of Spain.

After having ridden for a couple of hours, the party reached the frontier, crossed it at the foot of Peña de Plata, and alighted at a small smuggler's inn close by

manœuvres ayant pour but de fomenter la guerre civile dans un pays allié de la France;

“ Considérant que la présence de l'étranger sus-désigné sur le territoire français est de nature à compromettre la sûreté publique :

“ Arrête :

“ Art. 1^{er}. Il est enjoint à S. A. R. le prince don Carlos de Bourbon, duc de Madrid, de sortir du territoire français.

“ Art. 2. M. Goullez, commissaire général de police, attache à la direction de la sûreté générale, est chargé de l'exécution du présent arrêté.

“ A Versailles, le 27 octobre 1872.

“ *Le ministre de l'intérieur,*

“ VICTOR LEFRANC.

“ Pour ampliation :

“ *Le directeur de la sûreté générale,*

“ DE NERVAUX.”

The Spanish Pretender resided and carried on his affairs on the French soil till the 16th of July, 1873; that is to say, for fully nine months after his expulsion was thus ordered.

the border line. Marquis de Valdespina and General Lizarraga, to whom word had been sent during the night, were already waiting with the members of their staff and an escort. These officers having saluted Don Carlos as their king, and kissed his hand, the prince proceeded to change his travelling costume for a brilliant uniform that had been brought over beforehand, and then continued his journey to Zugarramurdy, where some three thousand volunteers were assembled to greet him. A *Te Deum* was sung in the village church, after which the villagers and the volunteers pressed forward to kiss the hand of him whom they acknowledged as their sovereign; and, whatever might have been the political opinions of the spectator, he could hardly fail to be impressed by the spontaneous enthusiasm which prevailed in the mass of the people assembled. For fully an hour Don Carlos stood on the doorstep of the church, unable to proceed forward. The cries were really deafening, and overpowered the sound of the cannons firing at Peña de Plata, and the desperate ringing of the church bells.

As soon as the Pretender was able to liberate himself from the crowd of his over-enthusiastic adherents, he went to the village prison and released some sixty Republicans confined in it, gave each of them ten francs, and ordered them to be escorted to France. Afterwards, he visited the few wounded who were in the village, and went to lunch at the house of the village priest, whilst the volunteers outside the house were entertained with the reading of the following proclamation:—

“*Voluntarios!* Invoking the God of armies, and listening to the voice of agonized Spain, I present myself amongst you fully confident of your courage and your loyalty.

“Poor in resources, but rich in faith and heroism, you have gloriously maintained an almost incredible, fabulous campaign, and in the midst of unceasing privations and fatigues you have asked only for one thing — arms.

“My efforts for satisfying this want will not have been quite fruitless. And having, as far as it was in my power, fulfilled that duty, I come now to perform another, and one much more pleasant to my heart. I come to combat, like yourselves, for our fatherland, and for our God. No sort of political consideration shall compel me longer to look on, my arms folded, at this heroic struggle.

“I deplore the blindness of the army which fights against us, because it does not know you, and does not know me. Both you and myself would have received it with open arms if in an hour of inspiration it could have perceived that the Monarchical flag had been for fifteen centuries the flag of all the glories and honors of the Spanish army, and if it had understood that the only true Monarchical flag is my banner — the banner of Legitimacy and Right.

“But as, unhappily, this is not yet clear to them, we are compelled to subdue by force a ruinous and impious revolution which maintains itself only by violence.

“It is with irrepressible emotion that I receive the sincere homage of your enthusiastic loyalty, and that I put my feet on the noble Vasco-Navarre soil, whence

I address now the expression of my gratitude to the generous defenders of the just cause, and speak my friendly welcome to all the Spaniards.

“Spain asks us with loud cries to come to her rescue!

“Volunteers! forward!

“Volunteers, Spain says that she is dying!

“Volunteers, let us save her!

“CARLOS.

“ZUGARRAMURDY, 16th July, 1873.”

Then followed a review of troops, a visit to Peña de Plata, receptions of officers, who began immediately to pour in from all sides, until at last Don Carlos started with some two thousand five hundred men and two cannons for the celebrated Bastan valley. Here began for me a kind of life I shall not soon forget.

Marching, reviews, popular demonstrations, and hunting for quarters and food, took me during six weeks fully eighteen hours daily, leaving barely six hours a day for writing, rest, and refreshment.

As every one expected that Don Carlos would be anxious to begin his new campaign by some brilliant engagement, and as we knew that Elizondo, the first large place on the road we took, had been fortified by the Republicans, and was guarded by a garrison of some six hundred men under Colonel Tejada, we all hoped to have a nice little fight in a couple of days. The village of Arizcun was the place at which we were to pass the night of the 18th, and whence, as we supposed, we were to move on the next morning for an attack. But it turned out that, except some manœuvres upon the surrounding heights, we had to witness

no military spectacle of any sort. The troops commanded by General Lizarraga manœuvred very well, satisfied Don Carlos thoroughly, and showed the column of Tejada that the Carlists were already in sufficient numbers to protect their master. That was apparently all the Carlist generals wanted for the moment. They did not care about attacking Elizondo, for they were sure to lose a great number of men, and to be unable to hold the place should the forces of Pamplona attempt to take it back again; for no support could be expected, Elio's troops being then far away in the Amezcoas. But the general himself, leaving his command to Dorregaray, came to salute his king as soon as he heard of his having entered Spain. The old gentleman rode on horseback, with two aides-de-camp and a small escort, through nearly the whole of Navarre to meet the prince at Arizcun.

It was probably owing to Elio's advice that we had no fight at Elizondo, and marched next morning off the high road to those abominable rocky paths which I had never been able to reconcile myself with. Narvarte, Labaen, Erasun, and Leisa were the little mountain villages which had successively to provide with food and night shelter some two thousand five hundred soldiers, a king, his brilliant staff of marquises and counts, and two or three hundred horses and mules. How they managed it one would be puzzled to say, but everybody had some shelter, and every stomach some sort of nourishment. That both were abominably bad can be easily imagined; but in nearly all cases the bad quality of the supply was fully compensated by the heartiness with which it was offered.

Of the manner in which Don Carlos was received by the simple-minded villagers, no one can make one's self an idea, unless one knows the temperament and notions of the Basque people. It was not only that houses were decorated in every village he passed through, that green stuff and flowers covered the streets, that cries of "*Viva el Rey!*" "*Viva Doña Margarita!*" and "*Viva la Religion!*" gave everybody a headache, and that every man, woman, and child got perfectly mad in attempting to kiss anything belonging to Carlos Setimo, from his hand down to the tail of his horse. The real degree of devotion of these people was best to be seen in the manner in which the wants of the Carlist columns were attended to. When the Republicans passed, all that still existed in the way of horses, cattle, sheep, and pigs were high up in the mountains, and no rations could be got by any human force under several hours' time; while when the Carlists passed everything was at hand. When the Republicans passed, the men were all away from the villages; so were the alcalde and the priest, too; and the democratic commander had to get his information about the enemy from old women and children; while the smallest Royalist band was informed in every possible way by the members of the *ayuntamiento* (municipal council), who were the first to welcome it, and every man of the village was quite ready to risk his life for the sake of getting the band out of danger. Don Carlos had already been four days in Spain before the commander of the Pamplona troops learned it, and was enabled to make a move; while we learned at Narvarte of this commander's intention to move within about three or four hours after his trumpet had called out the regiments.

Don Carlos was quietly taking an afternoon walk through the village of Narvarte, when a *confidente*, or spy, came with the news that four thousand men with six cannons were leaving Pamplona, some six hours' march distant from our village. A council of war was at once called, consisting of Elio, Lizarraga, and the Marquis Valdespina, and the question whether a battle was to be accepted or not was brought before them. Don Carlos appears to have been in favor of a fight, but as the Carlist forces were considerably smaller than those of their enemy, the generals insisted upon not accepting a battle, and continuing the march for a junction with Dorregaray. Consequently, in a couple of hours, off we marched, very much as if we were flying, for we scarcely stopped anywhere for more than a couple of hours, from Sunday the 20th, to Tuesday the 22d; and this our first march may be considered a very fair specimen of Carlist marches.

To begin with, we left Narvarte about six P. M., and had to march all night. The rocky footpath we had to follow passed within a gun-shot of San Estevan, another strongly-fortified and well-guarded Republican place. A company of good shooters could have completely routed our column, spread in an endless line on a most impracticable mountain track. Nothing was, however, attempted by the Republican troops shut up behind their fortifications, and apparently only too glad that we did not attack them. But the consciousness that one is marching under such unfavorable conditions is by no means comforting. Fancy a pitch-dark night, a most horrible Abyssinian causeway, which makes man and horse stumble on every step, and is constantly and

most abruptly going up and down hill; add to that the effect produced on one's nervous system by orders of a general *desmontadura* (or getting off the horses) and *silencio*, a strict prohibition of anything like a cigarette or a match being lighted, and you will have a fair idea of this little promenade. We knew, of course, that the Pamplona column was unable to reach us, but the proximity of the San Estevan garrison, actually full masters of our lives, was by no means refreshing. Our apprehensions of danger calmed down only after midnight, when the village of Labaen was reached, where at all events some rest was allowed to our exhausted limbs and nerves. It should be added here, however, that Don Carlos and his generals fully shared the fatigue of the men. All of them walked throughout at the head of the column, leading their horses by the bridles, and having but a small vanguard before them.

At Labaen a rather original sight presented itself. The place, which is so small that it could not even be called a village, was all at once crammed as it has certainly never been before. It was utterly impossible even for Don Carlos and his staff to move a single step forward before the vanguard was marched to its quarters, consisting of a couple of little huts outside the village. The loud talk of some two thousand men, for several hours kept silent and now set at liberty, the neighing of horses, the roar of donkeys and mules, the barking of dogs — everything had its place in this picture of indescribable confusion, lit by means of straw torches and such bits of wax candle as could be found in the village church. It took us two hours before every one of the officers, men, and horses had shelter.

Of food there could, of course, be no question at such an hour; but a sound sleep and a little cup of everlasting chocolate, which you find when nothing else can be found, rendered us quite fresh and bright next morning.

Don Carlos, who is invariably entertained at the priests' houses, which, as a rule, are the best in the villages, had here an opportunity quite unexpectedly to show his courtesy to the fair sex. The Marchioness of Vinialet, whose son had been severely wounded at the battle of Udave, and for a time left as dead on the field, came to see him at the ambulance of Lecumberri, and was on her way back to Biarritz when we met her at Labaen. The brave lady had travelled on horseback, with a couple of guides, all the way from the fashionable sea-side place to the frontier of Guipuzcoa, and the best bed in the priest's house was, of course, given to her. On the next morning, when the troops marched off again and passed her window, she was made the object of an ovation which, I am sure, few women have ever received.

But no fatigues or privations seemed to influence in any way the Carlists volunteers. Whenever there was no prohibition, singing and laughing were going on all day long, and when there was an hour to spare after dinner, or before nightfall, the fandango was sure to be seen danced somewhere in the village square, and ball-playing everywhere. At Erasun, half way between Labaen and Leisa, where we dined, or at least were supposed to dine, the mounted body-guards of Don Carlos gave us quite a performance in that way. A brass band, which usually played not only on entering

and leaving the villages, but took advantage of every halt, began to play a national dancing tune, and nearly the whole of the horsemen of the escort set at once to dance the fandango, with tumblers half full of wine on their heads. The great thing is to dance so as not to lose a drop out of the tumbler, which result was attained with full success on this occasion, to the perfect delight of the population of Erasan, and to the apparent satisfaction of the Pretender himself, who was looking out of the window, throwing now and then a duro (five-franc piece) to the most clever of the dancers. To march twenty miles over mountains, and to dance and sing as soon as an hour's rest is given, seem quite natural to the Carlist volunteers; and the regular Spanish army, recruited chiefly outside of the Vasco-Navarre provinces, will have a long time to wait before it equals the Carlist volunteers in agility, endurance, and gayety.

On reaching Leisa, the largest of the villages on our way, we had a regular triumphal entry. The place was brightly decorated, and the village square being a rather large one, a march past had been got up of all the troops we possessed, with the band playing, church bell ringing, and all the rest of it. The impression produced on the inhabitants of Leisa must have been very strong indeed, for the landlady at whose house I had my quarters cut the throats of two spring chickens, and presented me with them, supposing, probably, that I had something to do with the grand sight she had just witnessed. But, alas! though I had for several days not tasted anything beyond miserable rations, I was too exhausted to be able even to look at the chickens. They went straight into my saddle-bags,

and were on the next morning regularly devoured by a number of my companions in misfortune, staff officers of the Pretender. All I saw of them (I mean of the chickens, not of the officers) was a rather dried up leg.

But these triumphal entries and marches past occupied rather more time than we could safely afford, for when we reached Lecumberri the Pamplona column turned out to be only two hours behind us, "chastising" the Leisa inhabitants for the reception they gave us. Matters began to look quite unpleasant, and we pushed off more smartly than ever towards the quarters of Dorregaray.

It was only on the 24th of July, fully six days after his entry into Spain, that Don Carlos was out of danger of capture. There was an expression of relief to be seen on every one's face when, on approaching Salinas de Oro, Dorregaray's forces, some four thousand five hundred strong, with two additional cannon, appeared drawn up in order of battle on the surrounding hills. The Republican commander-in-chief, General Sanchez Bregua, having missed his chance, had nothing left but quietly to retire, ordering a general concentration of troops to be made at Vitoria, in the direction of which Don Carlos had evidently to move. Knowing, however, how slow the Republicans were in effecting all their movements, General Elio did not seem to take much notice of the enemy's prospective arrangements. The Carlists marched now as quietly forward as if there was no enemy at all, enjoying anew no end of enthusiastic receptions in every village and town, and having solemn military masses and *Te Deums* whenever a suitable occasion presented itself, that is to say, wher-

ever any miracle has been formerly performed or some hermitage still preserved. In this manner it was only on the 29th that we reached the neighborhood of Vitoria, leaving thus the enemy fully five days to effectuate his concentration. But no enemy was to be seen outside that city, in sight of which we then passed with all the smartness of an invincible army. Only at a place called Tres Puentes did we see some traces of the Republican cavalry; but as no attack was made upon us, we pushed on, cut the railroad between Vitoria and Miranda, stopped a train, took out of it eleven officers going to re-enforce the garrison of Vitoria, had them sent as prisoners to Las Amezcoas, and marched off to Orduña, the ancient Basque city, from which our journey through Biscay was to begin.

If Don Carlos could have had any doubts about his popularity in the Basque provinces, his journey through the rich province extending from the plains of Vitoria to the walls of Bilbao would have finally dissipated them. British loyalty itself has never produced anything similar to the receptions Don Carlos, his staff, and the several thousand men marching with him had to enjoy at Orduña, Durango, and Zornoza, not to speak of the numberless little villages situated between these towns. Besides the province being throughout Carlist, the "Biscayinos" knew that "His Majesty Charles VII.'s" object was to revive the old custom of the Kings of Spains giving their oath to the *fueros* under the traditional oak tree at Guernica. True that the old oak under which Ferdinand and Isabella swore, in 1476, to uphold the Basque *fueros*, had been long ago cut down and burned by the French, and that

another planted in its place underwent the same treatment from the hands of Queen Christina's generals. But, somehow or other, there is still a big oak on the traditional spot, with two young reserve trees by its side. On the 2d of August an altar was dressed with the image of Nuestra Señora de la Antigua on it, and Don Carlos de Bourbon, in full uniform and surrounded by a numerous staff, rode down from Zornoza, not exactly to swear loyalty to the *fueros*, but to swear that he would come again and give his oath to uphold them when he had succeeded in conquering the throne of his ancestors, and when his coronation as King of Spains will have actually made him "Señor" of Biscaya. The ceremony was in every way a success, and the road from Zornoza to Guernica, a distance of several miles, was almost as thronged with people as Fleet Street on a Lord Mayor's show. Peasants and gentry from all parts of the country assembled to witness the ceremony; but, as only a few thousand people could possibly find access to Guernica itself, the great majority had to content themselves with a mere glance at the passing king, his staff and escort, only the most lucky of them succeeding in kissing the hand or the leg of Don Carlos, or perhaps even not more than the tail of his horse. Some of the old women got quite mad, cried bitterly, and one of them, in screaming out her "*Llorando hablo!*" fell senseless under his white Andalusian stallion.

Purposeless and unbusiness-like as all these military promenades of the Pretender may look, I must confess my belief that Don Carlos has done more for his cause by this tiresome journey through Navarre, Alava, and

Biscaya, than he could have done by half a dozen of those mountain "battles" in which several thousand cartridges were used on both sides for the purpose of killing two and wounding three men. By showing himself to the Vasco-Navarre population, he stimulated their enthusiasm, and revived the courage with which they have to bear the burden of the war.* He also put a stop to the very unfavorable stories which began to circulate with reference to the reasons of his absence. I was asked myself, by some of the peasants, whether it was true that Don Carlos was dead, and an Italian cobbler substituted in his place, and by others whether it was true that he was living in Paris in debauchery. It was the least Don Carlos could have done, to come over and give the simple-minded highlanders at least the satisfaction of having a steady look at him for whom they sacrificed so readily their lives and their hard-earned *pesetas*.

There was another point also in which his appearance on the Spanish soil and his promenade through the provinces had a favorable effect. On the news of his arrival, Velasco was not only able to bring his Biscaya bands to eight strong battalions, but to get up a couple of Castilian battalions in addition to them. These two battalions formed immediately the nucleus

* As far as a Spanish alcalde's statistics can be relied upon, over seventy per cent. of the yearly produce of the country was, in less than a year, swallowed up by the rations alone, both Carlist and Republican. At all events such was the statement made to me by the alcalde of Leisa; and he added, that that was nothing when compared with the hardships imposed upon the peasants by heavy money contributions.

of a separate Castilian force, and before such a force has been got up there can be little thought of crossing the Ebro, for the provinces of Castile would not stand an invasion of Vasco-Navarre men. They will rise only in so far as Carlism shall be represented to them by their own volunteers, not by those of other provinces. The English press was constantly urging upon Don Carlos to cross the Ebro if he desired to be regarded with proper deference by London leader writers; but in this the press showed an utter ignorance of Spanish affairs and Spanish character. In the first place, very few of the Vasco-Navarre volunteers would care to march beyond the Ebro. They fight well and willingly at home, but they are neither fit nor disposed to carry on war in the plain. In the second, if Don Carlos entered Castile with three or four Castilian battalions and plenty of fire-arms, he could, within a few days, have quite an army there, which his Navarre and Basque troops would re-enforce, and serve as a reserve to. But if he attempted to enter the provinces of Castile only with the troops he has now, he would appear as a conqueror entering by the help of strangers, and would be received accordingly. By forming the two Castilian battalions, Velasco has built the first arch of the bridge by which Don Carlos may some day cross the Ebro.

But if the entry of Don Carlos presented some real advantages, it had also a good many most comical sides. First of all, the attention which the Pretender and his courtiers paid to all the popular demonstrations of the peasants, which, after all, ought to be greatly attributed to the delight with which the simple-

mindful highlanders witnessed pageants, which they have, as a rule, so few chances of seeing, was perfectly ridiculous. Over and over again Don Carlos and his courtiers called my attention to petty demonstrations of loyalty, and to the patriotic acclamations with which he was received by the population of the little mountain villages. There can be no doubt whatever that these villagers are Carlists at heart, and the best proof of it is in the willingness with which they sacrifice their life and property for the cause. But having had occasion to talk to the peasants after witnessing the shows, I became perfectly satisfied, from the rather pessimist view which they took of things in general, that as far as the processions were concerned, they would be just as much interested in a circus cortége, with camel and elephant, passing through their provinces. They wanted simply a spectacle, and that is what Don Carlos presented to them — mounted as he was on a handsome horse, and surrounded by a brilliant staff, upon the formation and arrangements of which he has, I believe, bestowed more thought than on any other subject in the whole of his life. The *Times* correspondent, in a letter from the Royalist headquarters, September 15, sketches Don Carlos in the following terms: —

“The Republican journals of Madrid have described Don Carlos as being a mere tool in the hands of designing agents. This is an absurd fabrication. There are few men less easily led, either in politics or military matters, for, to sound common sense, and a keen knowledge of character, he adds a certain amount of Teutonic obstinacy and perseverance, qualities which make

him either a friend to be admired, or a foe who cannot be trifled with. Very liberal in his opinions, and far from being a bigot in religious matters, his favorite maxim is, that with Spaniards 'two and two do not make four,' and he says the nation must be taught its mistakes by degrees, and not be pulled up too soon."

The impression which the Pretender produced upon myself, and which I tried to describe in another chapter, somewhat differs from that produced on the able representative of the great journal; and I am almost sure that had he seen the Pretender for a longer period, and not when he was addressing the *Times*, but while he stood "at ease," or was exhibiting himself in his military promenades, he would perhaps have looked at him from a different point of view. But whatever may be the correct opinion on the individual character of Don Carlos, he seems to have in himself some stuff of which a fair constitutional sovereign could be made, but he requires to be taught a good many serious lessons before he gets to power; for, in the present condition of his ideas and views, he is no more fit to govern a people than the author of these pages is fit to be Archbishop of Canterbury.

There is no need to speak here of the military operations which took place in the north of Spain since Don Carlos appeared among his volunteers. The student of contemporary Spanish history will find them fully recorded in the files of his newspapers; while to the general public they present no interest. It will

be sufficient to say here that with his army nearly fifty thousand strong, the Pretender has fought a good many battles, almost invariably got the best of the Republicans, and has shown quite a creditable amount of personal courage. What we have to talk about in this chapter is the life in the *Campo del Honor*, which is really original enough to deserve a few minutes' attention.

To purposelessly march day and night, often as much as thirty or forty miles a day; never to know where you will have to stop, or at what time you will have to start; frequently without a shelter till very late at night, and still more frequently devoured by vermin when under a shelter; exposed all day to a burning sun, with little to eat except stale ammunition bread, and a piece of mutton which your servant chars under the pretence of cooking; all that, and a good many things besides, do not constitute exactly a pleasant sort of life. For men of good health the experiment might have proved very hurtful; at all events, I saw a good many who, although they came in perfectly good health, became sickly in a fortnight. But to used-up individuals of the journalistic and literary class, locked up, as a rule, the greater part of their life in their rooms, at tiresome and dull work, sometimes for twelve and fourteen hours a day, with an accompaniment of sleepless nights and all the rest of it, a Carlist campaign may prove quite a beneficial change. At all events, such was my experience. Through my not having seen anything like a book during six months, the improvement in my sight alone was quite a blessing, not to speak of the influence which the fresh air

of the mountains and the constant riding produced on an exhausted frame. I often thought that with reference to health Carlist campaigning very much resembled gambling. Those who entered into it with anything to lose, were pretty sure to be the worse off for the venture, while those who risked but little might possibly be gainers.

An element of which our Campo del Honor life was perfectly devoid, was dullness. Idleness was, of course, quite an unknown thing amidst a state of affairs in which five or six consecutive hours' rest was all a man could have a chance of getting. If it happened now and then that a whole day's repose from marching was given, there were plenty of things to be attended to. Saddles and bags arranged; bits, stirrups, and spurs polished (a work of which your Navarre servant would obstinately refuse to see the necessity); horses shod, or their sore backs dressed; some old woman to be hunted up sufficiently indifferent to gossiping with the *voluntarios* to undertake the washing of your linen; perhaps a bath to be taken in some dried-up stream, or a shave at the shop of a village Figaro. But the getting up of "fine dinners" was the prevailing occupation on such occasion, and took always the greater portion of the day. If the halt happened to be in a town, various delicacies in the shape of fruit, vegetables, or eggs could be sometimes discovered; while if it was, as usual, at some miserable but pretty safe mountain village, excursions into the valley had to be made to get something more inviting than the ordinary rations. The details of one or two of such excursions will be sufficiently characteristic to give a general idea of the rest.

I messed with Baron Barbier, one of the officers of the Paris squadron. The wretched diet we were living upon made us at times quite desponding; we, however, managed to improve things by buying, for the considerable sum of twenty-two dollars, a little Navarre animal, which was neither a horse, nor a mule, nor an ass, but something of each of them—to harness it with *alforjas*, and to load it with our luggage and such provisions as we could occasionally get from France. As a rule, the latter consisted of a few pots of “Liebig’s Extract,” a few boxes of sardines, a ball of Dutch cheese, and similar not very perishable articles. The great chemist’s meat extract proved quite invaluable. About half a spoonful of it put into the liquid of boiled potatoes and onions, with a good deal of salt and pepper, gave always an excellent soup, and thus with the aid of our perambulating pantry, we sometimes managed to get up quite comfortable meals. One day, however, when we were at a village about three or four miles from Lecumberri, our provisions became exhausted, and nothing was to be obtained except some goat’s milk, which Barbier’s servant succeeded in extorting from the supplies of our landlady by making desperate love to her. The important question arose now in what shape the milk should be served, and, after due consideration, we decided to convert it, with the aid of some *fideos* (vermicelli), or some rice, into milk soup. Neither of these ingredients was, however, to be found nearer than Lecumberri, and so off we started at once. It was late in the afternoon; rain and darkness set in before we reached the place. My com-

panion had, into the bargain, a savage stallion, always walking on his hind legs, as if objecting to his being considered a quadruped. The beast was altogether a match to my unbroken mare, so that there was between them, as usual, a series of violent attempts to fight during the journey. But on arriving at Le-cumberri we were fully repaid for our trouble, for after a couple of hours' search we found not only vermicelli, but potatoes, coffee, sugar, a couple of bottles of Muscat wine, and a pound or so of *manteca*, a semi-liquid lard, sold in sausage-skins about a yard long, and serving as a substitute for butter, which is almost unknown in Spain.

While we were thus loading our saddle-bags and our top-coat pockets, Barbier was all the time repeating Milher's celebrated *n'oublions pas que nous sons à chival*. But the good luck we had in finding all these delicacies was esteemed too great for us to intrust our booty to any messenger. So off we set with the precious load, and the usual galloping, rearing, kicking, and neighing began, of course, immediately; the bottles were broken, the wine saturating the coffee and sugar; the sausage-skin of the *manteca* burst, imbedding our supplies in its greasy contents; the potatoes were jerked out upon the road by the gambols of our steeds, and only the vermicelli, which had been carried in our hands, was, though wetted by rain, yet saved from utter destruction. We had thus not much left to boast of, yet it was more than the majority of our comrades had, and we set immediately to work to prepare the soup. Unhappily, we were none of us good cooks, and our servants

still worse ones; so the much-expected dish turned out awfully thick and lumpy, and the wine-saturated sugar gave it quite a novel flavor. Still we partook pretty heartily of it, and, much to our astonishment, were both taken ill in a couple of hours. "There must have been something wrong with that blessed vermicelli," grumbled my friend several times during the night when colic seized him, and I thanked Providence that I had taken scarcely half the quantity of the soup in which he had indulged. On the next day he felt worse, symptoms of dysentery soon manifested themselves, and he had to be carried to France. Fully two months later I called upon my unlucky companion at Biarritz, and found him still in bed. "It is still that *sacré vermicelle*," exclaimed he, on seeing me; "but, thank God, I am getting better now!" *

On another excursion of the same sort, a Spanish friend and myself were on the lookout for a fowl. There was in the whole village but one house in possession of a few of them, and an old paralyzed woman, the landlady, and apparently the only inhabitant of the house, at first refused to part with one of them. But as we increased, step by step, our offer from two to five francs, she ultimately consented to let us have one upon the understanding that we should catch it ourselves, as she was unable to move.

* Provisions of a conservable nature were not only frequently very bad, but were sometimes ascertained to have been purposely poisoned. Such was, at all events, the case with some cigars manufactured at Vitoria and Pamplona, and sent out to the Carlist camps.

And if we had needed any proof that acts apparently most simple require experience, we could not have had a better lesson than the catching of that fowl. The five or six clucking bipeds, which were perambulating and flying about the vast desolate barn, made us rush about, dodging and cursing them for nearly an hour without being able to catch any of them, till at last my companion took out his revolver, and resolved to solve the problem by a shot. Unhappily, instead of killing a hen he brought down the cock, and — a still greater misfortune — the bullet finished its career by lodging itself in the leg of an old pig domiciled in the same barn. The result of this little sport was an endless explanation with the old woman, the alcalde, and half of the villagers, and a disbursement of a rather round sum for the wounded pig, which was immediately transformed into Carlist rations. But justice requires me to add that we were presented with a larger quantity of that useful animal than we could ever consume, and that the roasted cock — whose death the old landlady lamented more than that of the pig — travelled with us for several days, being much too hard to be disposed of at one meal.

Such and similar episodes were almost of daily occurrence, and the whole of our life in the Campo del Honor, with its eccentric adventures, its various encounters with strange characters in the most astounding costumes, and its serio-comic background of religious crusades, and daily masses celebrated by priests in top-boots and spurs, had something about it which reminded one immensely of Offenbach's and Hervé's operas. In fact, when Don Carlos and his generals

were not present, we — the foreigners and the Frenchified Spanish officers — used to salute each other with the well-known chorus of “Little Faust:” —

“Vaillants guerriers, sur la terre étrangere,
 Combattre est un plaisir !
 Les ennemis y mordront la poussière,
 Et ça les f’ra mourir !”

Occasionally, indeed, it seemed to me, from a good many analogies, as if this chant had been specially written for us; and, as if to complete the joke, it turned out that the popular song of the two gendarmes in “Geneviève de Brabant” was sung by every volunteer in the force, it being — so I was told — a national melody of Guipuzcoa, Maestro Offenbach having apparently borrowed it, changing only the few last bars corresponding to the words, “We’ll run ’em in.”

Even the royal household itself did not present an aspect of much solemnity or seriousness. Though it comprised a bishop, a military secretary to the king, two chamberlains, a dozen orderly officers, and a number of old generals, all of them, including the king himself, were too frequently seen in *deshabillé* to preserve, even in the eyes of Spanish Royalists, the prestige they might have otherwise secured. Truly speaking, the majority of staff-officers disliked to follow Don Carlos, for they were much better lodged, and had more opportunities of procuring provisions when they were following some less brilliant detachment. It frequently happened during our marches, that, for the sake of placing the Pretender in a position of safety, our headquarters were established somewhere on the

top of a mountain, in a village consisting, perhaps, of only a couple of dozen houses, in which accommodation had to be found for a staff of some fifty or sixty persons, with several horses each, and two or three thousand rank and file. And as Don Carlos is a man who does not particularly interest himself in the comfort of others, provided his own wants are attended to, the members of the staff had frequently to content themselves with accommodation at the best only fit for pigs. Yet it must be admitted at the same time, that the Pretender's own comfort was not always of a high class. I frequently found, when calling on him, that he had to sleep on the floor on account of the *chinchés* (an annoying insect known to the Margate lodging-house keepers, under the musical demomination of B flat). Nor was his table always luxuriantly supplied, for, except in large towns, where a wealthy curé, a merchant, or landed proprietor offered his hospitality, it was conducted on the mess principle. The members of the royal household had their usual officers' rations *

* Carlist rations consisted of one and a half pounds of bread, three quarters of a pound of meat, and a pint of wine. Officers of all ranks received double rations, and a quantity (very insufficient) of grain for *one* horse. The officers' allowance was also granted to newspaper correspondents, who would have starved otherwise; but of course they had to pay for their rations. Here is a copy of a pass and ration order, which I still preserve as a *souvenir* of my past tribulations:—

“*Secretaria de Campana de S. M.*

“Permitase circular libremente en el territorio ocupado por las fuerzas del Rey N. S. al S^r D^a N. L. T—, corresponsal especial del ‘Heraldo de Nueva York,’ facilitandole las autori-

served out to them, Don Carlos' cook and the *posentador*, or quarter-master, who were always sent on in advance, securing what additional provisions could be found. But, in many cases, the resources of the villages were so poor that not much could be obtained even for El Rey, Nuestro Señor. Don Carlos, however, very frequently enjoyed preserves and pastry, which were amply supplied to him from the nunneries we had to pass, and which he was most generous in sharing with the staff *attachés*. Justice requires me to state here that the amiable Spanish nuns excel in these preparations, and more especially in the confection of a kind of thick quince marmalade, which excels in delicacy anything I have ever tasted before.

In a life of this sort, entertainment or change is seldom looked for, as every hour is a change in some way, and every minute is entertainment, though by no means always of a pleasant nature. But even those who might have looked for entertainment in the usual sense of the word, could not feel disappointed. In the first place, if battles were not to be witnessed every

dádes alojamiento y raciones que el Sr D^a N. L. T— satisfará al precio de contrata.

“ Cuartel Real de Zubiri. Doce de Agosto de 1873.

“ El Brigadier, Secretario de S. M.

“ I. DE IPARRAGUIRRE.”

Stamp of the Real Junta Gubernativa del Reyno de Navarra.

day, skirmishes were never wanting, and one could always, if he felt disposed, get up a little expedition on his own account. One of Elio's aides-de-camp and nephews, Captain Tristan Barraute, frequently made an opportunity for some such pastime when he began to feel dull at headquarters. On one occasion he crossed the Ebro, and pushed towards Logroño with a handful of crack infantry and cavalry, equally smart in attack and in flight; and the dash with which they crossed the river was equalled only by the celerity with which they recrossed it on the next day. Very frequently that gallant officer disappeared from headquarters, no one knowing whither he had gone, and in a few days it would turn out that he had had news of an enemy's column about to pass through some gorge, where he at once proceeded to arrest its progress. Two mounted men, armed, like himself, with sixteen shot carabines, which he kept for this special purpose, were quite enough for him. They would start at night, gallop like madmen to the top of some rocky hill, where they place themselves in ambush, and open a "deadly" fire, at daybreak, on the approaching column. The enemy, bewildered at the unexpected encounter, not knowing the strength of the concealed force, and having lost several men, frequently retraced his steps, while Don Tristan would then return to headquarters, and after reporting to his uncle the strength of the column, describe to his friend the enjoyment he had had on his sporting expedition.

There was also no lack of musical entertainments, as there are several bands in the Carlist army, and every volunteer sings almost all day long. But if the

music of the bands was very fair, the same can by no means be said of the vocal part of the daily concerts. Basque, and especially Navarre, songs and singing are something to which it is terrible to listen. In the majority of cases they are of a lamenting character, and both in composition and execution are incomparably worse than such songs as "We've got no work to do;" while the Navarrese throat is at times capable of giving utterance to sounds so hoarse and horrible as to baffle all attempts at description.

Now and then, however, we had good singing too, though it seldom came from the rank and file, as it does in Italy. The best things I have heard in that way were serenades which the staff officers gave to Don Carlos; and one of them I still remember as about the most charming to which it has ever been my good fortune to listen. It was at Durango, in Biscaya. We had organized a large dinner party. The idea of giving a dinner party sounds strange amidst such a life as that we were then leading; but with the Carlists a dinner party does not necessarily mean a good dinner. The meal on that occasion was the best that the landlady of the *Fonda Olmedal* could provide, and it was, as usual, shockingly bad; but there was plenty of wine, and still more good fellowship.

One of the guests, a freshly-arrived Andalusian officer, took up a guitar as soon as the coffee was served, and for more than two hours ballad succeeded ballad, triste or gay, warlike or loving, chatty or dreamy — he equally excelled in all. By midnight, every one of the party was raised to the highest pitch of gayety, and had discovered singing capacities in himself.

Choruses were struck up, and off marched the company to the town square in which Don Carlos' house was situated. A popular chant, with a kind of thundering *refrain*, "Viva el Rey," awoke everybody in the neighborhood. Don Carlos, who was occupied with some of his generals, came out on the balcony, and the windows of every house on the *plaza* soon showed a numberless array of human beings in the most varied night garments, illumined by a splendid moonshine. In a few minutes every one of these spectators joined in the chorus. The effect of this mass of voices resounding amidst the soft calm of a southern summer night, and alternating with the solo melody and the guitar notes of our Andalusian minstrel, really baffles all attempts at description: Don Carlos seemed so charmed that, anxious to prolong the pleasure as long as he could, he allowed a considerable time to pass before he sent the serenaders the usual invitation. to step up to his house, where liqueurs, sweets, and cigars were prepared for them, and the whole of the royal household assembled. As there was a piano in the drawing-room, and one of the chamberlains appeared to be an excellent musician, not only was the singing continued, but dancing was added to it, and it was not without interest to see that the palm for national Spanish dancing was on that night carried off by an Englishman. A stout, powerful man, of fully forty years of age, my worthy colleague of the Illustrated London News, had succeeded in mastering the *fandango* as few Spaniards ever did. This was, however, not the only point which rendered him quite a notoriety among the Carlists. As soon as

he arrived in their camp, he entered so thoroughly into their ways and manners as to dress, live, and march like the common volunteers. He was frequently to be seen on foot, marching with the columns, in hempen sandals, Carlist cap, and a red woollen scarf, worn as a waist-band (*faja*). Twenty and thirty miles a day, under a burning sun, were nothing to him, and garlic and rancid oil seemed to have become his greatest luxuries. His natural serenity never abandoned him in the midst of all these fatigues and privations, except, perhaps, when he was disturbed in the enjoyment of a sound sleep by the constant ringing of the church bells. His invariable remark, on being awakened on such occasions, was, "I wish people were not so d—d religious in this country."

Sometimes we had also entertainments of a somewhat different nature, as, for instance, a wholesale communion of the Carlist army at the Convent of Loyola. A visit to the *Casa Solar*, where the founder of the Jesuits was born, and to the splendid cathedral which has been built on the spot, is by itself interesting. To see the old Marquis Valdespina rushing about the convent to show every one the place where himself and a few other Carlist leaders were educated, the dormitory they slept in, the garden in which they took their recreation, and the room where they were punished by the holy brothers of the Order of Jesus, is very curious. But to witness battalion after battalion, headed by a numerous staff, kneeling down to partake of the Holy Sacrament, is a sight to which the spectator's conviction of the profound religious devotion with which every one of these men was animated, gives a touch of real solemnity.

Now and then we had also festivities like those by which the arrival in camp of Don Juan, father of the Pretender, and of Don Alphonso and Doña Maria de las Nieves, was celebrated. The reception of Don Carlos' father, who has the reputation of being an old Liberal, could not, of course, be compared for heartiness with the welcome given to the brother of the Pretender, and especially to his sister-in-law. And sure it is that Doña Maria, who has shared for nearly two years her husband's camp life in Catalonia, has fully earned the rather violent demonstrations of sympathy with which she was greeted on her arrival at Estella. How far her campaigning in the mountains is advantageous or desirable, is another question. But the fact that the princess has shared all the hardships of her husband, in winter as in summer, and that even in the most critical moments she was always cheering and encouraging the volunteers by a smile or a kind word, was quite enough to render her the idol of every Carlist, young or old, soldier or general. By her appearance alone she would produce a sensation in any large popular gathering. About twenty-one years of age, a fair little *blonde* with slightly curled hair, dressed in a kind of hussar blue and black riding habit, trimmed with fur, and a gold tasselled white Carlist cap, which she coquettishly wears on one side — she looked on her coal-black charger like one of those little fancy amazons printed on sweatmeat-boxes. And the sight of a little picture of that sort riding out of its frame into real life is of a nature to make any one stop to look at it. So it is not to be wondered at that not only the Carlist volunteers, but all the inhabitants of Estella and

its neighborhood, poured out *en masse* on the road to Abarzuza to meet the princess and prince, whose presence at the Royalist headquarters was for two or three days the cause of the wildest excitement. Masses, music, dancing, fireworks, did not cease until everybody was perfectly exhausted. Yet what seemed on all such occasions really quite surprising to any man with British notions of popular festivities, was the unnatural absence of policemen, drunken people, and fights. This peculiarity did not even escape the attention of the Times correspondent, who, describing similar rejoicings, which took place on the occasion of the Carlist victory at Dicastillo, wrote on the 28th of August to his journal, —

“Our last day at Estella was a gala one for the inhabitants. Carlist bands played national tunes in the squares until a late hour, fireworks were let off in honor of the occasion, and every available spot was occupied by hundreds of men and women, slowly gyrating to provincial airs, *jotas*, and other popular Basque dances. A very good-humored crowd it was, too. Nowhere could I hear any sounds of discord; and, notwithstanding the unlimited supply of wine freely lavished by the good folks of Dicastillo on the soldiery, not a symptom of drunkenness displayed itself.”

Another kind of amusement at the Campo del Honor consisted in the opening of the mails — not of ours, of course, for we had never any regular communication with the outer world, but of those of the Republicans. To capture these mails and forward them to the Carlist headquarters was the duty of flying parties. Sometimes two or three large trunks were seized on their

way to Pamplona or France, and while the official correspondence was gone through by some of the generals, the private letters were distributed among the officers of the staff. The reading of these missives on a long, tiresome march was quite a treat in its way; some of the letters being so comical as to raise roars of laughter as they passed from hand to hand through the whole of the staff. As a matter of course, the Carlists had frequently to read very unpleasant things about themselves. Military communications forwarded by the government of Madrid, for safety's sake, in ladies' handwriting and in fashionable little envelopes, were also often discovered.

Sometimes gentlemen on the staff received in that way tradesmen's bills, which, having been sent for payment to their residences at Madrid, were thence forwarded to Bayonne, and captured on their way. The handing of such bills to their proper recipient was always a treat to the whole company, who were intensely amused at the bewildered look with which the bill-running officers contemplated the trick which fate had played on them. More than once, I believe, the secrets of ladies, friends and relatives of one or other of the officers, were thus disclosed to the very persons from whom the ladies were probably most anxious to conceal them. Traces of such reading entertainments were always to be seen for several days on the road we passed, by the bits of torn papers scattered along the ground for two or three miles.

The staff and suite of Don Carlos was the most motley and peculiar assemblage that could possibly be imagined. Not only was the variety of costumes and

faces perfectly bewildering, but the extent to which foreign countries were represented in this purely local Spanish struggle was amazing. Every European country had several representatives fighting for the defence of Spanish Legitimacy. The United States, too, had at different times at least half a dozen of their citizens in the Carlist ranks. What sort of interest all these strangers could possibly have felt in supporting Don Carlos, no one was ever able to explain, except on the hypothesis of their having almost all been petty military adventurers. As a matter of course, I exclude from these my *confrères*, the journalists, who were present independent of their own wish, and all those whom I have to mention here by name.

The most promising body of foreigners, who entered the service of Don Carlos, seemed undoubtedly to be the already-mentioned squadron of Paris cavalry; but unhappily it lived but the short life of a rose. It made its brilliant appearance towards the beginning of June, and in a month's time nothing more was to be seen of it, and what was to be heard was not pleasant to listen to. Count d'Alcantara became ill, and had to go back to France, while the majority of his officers discovered, it seems, at the battle of Udave (Lecumberry) that to take actual part in Carlist fighting was not a particularly jolly pastime. In fact, Count d'Alcantara and Baron Barbier were the only two officers of the little squadron that went bravely into fire on that occasion, the remainder having retired to the village in the rear of the force, and retreated to France the very next day. The brilliant escort came thus to grief before Don Carlos had ever seen it, and the horses, saddles,

and the rest of its splendid equipment were sold by retail to the highest bidder.

The Germans were less numerous but more happily and much more romantically represented in the Carlist army. An Austrian and a Prussian officer, whom I knew there, were amongst the most valiant men. They managed also to pick up Spanish very promptly, and to make friends with everybody. The Prussian, a lieutenant in the German army, had had a duel with his captain, shot him dead, and was to have been judged by a court-martial. To escape this, he went into Spain, entered the ranks of the Carlists, and when I last saw him he was on the point of being made aide-de-camp to Lizarraga. The Austrian was a member of a very high and wealthy family, and had been connected for years with the diplomatic service. He had been secretary to the embassy in Paris, and for some time, I believe, *chargé d'affaires* in Portugal. He seems to have fallen into a love affair which did not quite answer his wishes, and took to Carlism out of despair. With plenty of money at his command, and with no end of courage, that man became at once one of the most distinguished Carlist officers. At Eraoul, at Udave, at Cirauqui, at Dicastillo, he was always in the hottest of the fight; and the rank of major, the star of the order of "Military Merit," and the position of ordnance officer to the king were the rewards bestowed upon him. When I last saw him at Durango, he spoke Spanish like a Spaniard, and every one of the volunteers, none of whom would even attempt to pronounce the name of Baron Karl Von Walterskirchen, and who seldom cared to know the

name of even their own officers, knew perfectly well, and were always anxious to salute, "Don Carlos, el Austriaco."

The Anglo-Saxon and the Celtic races were almost as numerous represented as the Gauls. Not to speak of the gentlemen connected with the Carlist Committee of London, the various other bodies of Irish and English Catholics which were working at home for the cause of Don Carlos at the risk of legal prosecution, and those gentlemen who, on board the *Deerhound* and other vessels, exposed themselves to be captured and dealt with as pirates, England, and especially Ireland, have, from the very outbreak of the movement, supplied the Carlist army with a number of gentlemen anxious to get a bit of fighting, and to win some military rank or order they had no chance of obtaining in their own country. Some of them had already tried to do so in the Papal army and in the French army. They came, as a rule, with more or less considerable pretensions; and as none of them knew the language of the country, and but few had sufficient means to purchase a horse or equipment, I do not believe they had any great success in Spain. One of these gentlemen, however, left an excellent name behind him. Mr. John Scannel Taylor (an Irish law-student, I believe) entered a battalion as a private, never asked for any favor, and was the first to fall under the walls of Fort Ibero, near Pamplona. It was the first and last action that young gentleman ever took part in.

America had at my time several representatives in the Spanish camp. Among them was Colonel Butler, the late United States consul-general in Egypt, and his

secretary, Major Wadleigh. They were both attached, in the capacity of military amateurs, to the staff of Dorregaray, and stood a good deal of fire at the battle of Eraoul. At Peñacerrada they narrowly escaped being captured by Republicans when the Carlist forces were surprised, lost every bit of their luggage, but did not seem to be discouraged by their first experiment, and went home, promising soon to return again. Several young American doctors came to Bayonne, and were trying to join the army; but the knowledge of Spanish being quite indispensable to a surgeon, and the Carlist medical arrangements being so poor that the surgeons were not able to obtain the barest requisites of an ambulance service, the doctors did not seem disposed to cross the frontier. The nephew of a well-known South American general (a smart and military-looking young gentleman) was also about to enter the ranks of the Carlists at the time I left Spain, and — let us hope — will have fared better than the majority of foreigners.

Italy sent, as far as I know, two persons — a captain of engineers, who was doing some actual service with the Navarre battalions, and a priest (supposed to be a Jesuit father), one of the most curious specimens of priesthood I ever met with. He spoke very bad Italian and quite unintelligible French, a mixture of which imperfectly-spoken languages with some Latin — which I suppose must have been better — was intended to do service as Spanish. No one knew where he came from, and what he came for. He was attached to no military body or person, constantly changed his abode, and had consequently no regular corps to draw his rations from.

Of money he had, apparently, none at all, and lived upon anything he could find. But, wherever there was fire, the father was sure to be in the field with a gigantic silver crucifix in his hands, administering the last consolations to the wounded, some of whom I am perfectly sure he frightened to death by the abrupt and hurried way in which he jumped at them with the heavy crucifix in his hands. One of the wounded actually complained to me that the black eye the worthy priest had given him with the crucifix was much more painful than the wound caused by the enemy's bullet entering his calf. The behavior of the reverend father on the battle-field, his attire, which was by no means attractive or clean, and the general mystery as to his personality, made him soon known everywhere, and the kindness of the various officers in inviting him to share their meals more than once, I believe, saved him from the danger of starvation. On learning one day that I was a newspaper correspondent, the worthy priest got hold of me, saying that, being very well acquainted with everything concerning Carlism, he was anxious to place in my hands some notes he had, and that, although he knew my journal was published in the English language, he thought I could easily translate them from the Latin, the language in which he preferred to write. As such exercises in translation frightened me very much, I thanked him off-hand, saying that I thought my position as a mere looker-on much better fitted for the observation of facts and details, and that his incessant and beneficial activity would make it very difficult for me to get these notes from him in proper time for the couriers.

“But,” retorted the mysterious father, “that is exactly what I want to keep you aloof from — the communication of what is called news. I want you to speak of those eternal truths and principles to which so little attention is paid nowadays, and which it should be the duty of every honest paper to revive amongst the erring masses of the people.”

I need not say that, after a suggestion of this sort, I did my best to avoid meeting the reverend gentleman again; and as the Carlist forces soon after divided into three distinct corps, operating in different provinces, my object was very easily attained.

The foreign journalists were, almost exclusively, all representatives of English and American papers: Times, Standard, Daily News, New York World, Illustrated London News. The Paris Figaro had sent out M. Farcy, but he remained only a short time in the camp, and returned to Paris. As to my English colleagues, they fared as they always do in such cases — that is to say, worked much harder than soldiers; for they underwent the same privations, and exposed themselves to the same danger during the day, and wrote at night, when soldiers were at rest. For some months I was quite alone with the Carlism, the English papers not having “gone in” yet for Carlism, and for all that time I was more or less exposed to “inspirations” on the part of the Carlist leaders. They all wanted to explain to me, as they said, the philosophical and political importance of the movement. Some of the curés were particularly zealous in that way, and a good many of them did not much differ from my Italian friend, except that they talked in intelligible Spanish, and did

not propose to favor me with any Latin notes to translate. But when Don Carlos had crossed the frontier, several more correspondents arrived, and the burden of those Carlist "inspirations," which I had previously to bear alone, was, of course, henceforth divided between us. The London Times representative, whose sympathies the Carlists were particularly anxious to secure, was naturally the most courted man, and there was no sort of compliment that Don Carlos and his generals did not pay to the correspondent of the leading English journal, in the vain hope to make him and his paper serve their cause. The arrival of that gentleman produced quite a sensation in the Carlist camp. He came with several horses and a couple of English servants. That was already something to astonish the Carlists. But the pink envelopes, with the printed address of the Times on them, produced a still stronger impression upon Don Carlos, when one of that journal's letters happened to be handed to him for the purpose of sending it over to France with his courier. It seemed as if the pink envelope, containing the record of his deeds, made him appear greater in his own eyes.

By and by, however, as the campaign went on, and the Carlists got accustomed to the presence of the "gentlemen of the press," much less fuss was made about us. In fact, the Carlist chiefs began to take so little notice of us as to leave us sometimes without a shelter at night. But during the whole time we were present in their corps, none of us had the slightest unpleasantness or difficulty with the authorities, the population, or the volunteers. And this strikingly contrasted with the experiences of some of us during the

Franco-German war, when every correspondent, however devoted to the French cause, was several times locked up by the French military commanders, and some very narrowly escaped being shot.

To describe the leading Spanish supporters of Don Carlos would be to write another volume. But a few portraits will give an idea of the whole lot, and seem sufficiently original to warrant the allotment of space they will occupy. We have already made the acquaintance of Don Carlos himself, and his prime minister — old Elio. Next to them in importance of position stands General Don Antonio Dorregaray, commander of the forces in the Basque provinces and Navarre. In the beginning of the movement he had some real business to do, and seems to have accomplished a pretty fair amount of work; but the farther the Carlist movement progressed, the more did Dorregaray lose both prestige and power. His nickname amongst the staff officers became "General Boom," on account of his fierce appearance, and his being rather fond of hanging about the balconies with such ladies as could be found willing to have a chat on non-political matters. As the forces of each of the provinces increased, the various commanders became more independent in their action; they often received orders direct from Elio, and the post of Dorregaray became quite a sinecure. In fact, for the last three or four months I saw him, he was doing nothing but riding with his staff behind Don Carlos, and looking at battles and skirmishes from a

more or less safe point of view. His previous career, however, indicates that he was an officer of some merit. He is a Navarre man by origin, but he was born in Africa, and enlisted as a cadet in the troops of Charles V. at the early age of twelve. In 1839, at the conclusion of the Seven Years' War, he was a lieutenant, and passed, on the strength of the Vergara Convention, into the regular army of Isabella. He was a colonel during the Morocco campaign, and left the queen's service at the time of her fall. In the spring of 1872, when the new Carlist movement first began, he was commanding some bands in Valencia, and the beginning of 1873 was appointed commander of the Basque provinces and Navarre. He is a rather handsome man, and his powerful appearance, his full beard, carefully parted in the middle, and his left arm suspended in a sling, give him, when mounted on his white charger, on the whole, a very martial appearance. As the general's wound seemed to be serious, and the doctors constantly told him that the arm must either be amputated or he must submit to undergo a careful medical treatment, Don Carlos wrote to Dorregaray, proposing that he should take leave of absence for the benefit of his health; but he did not seem disposed to take advantage of this permission, generally considered as a suggestion to retire from the post he now occupies.

The chief of Dorregaray's staff is the Marquis of Valdespina, one of the most charming and curious types in the Carlist army. He is a man about fifty-five, deaf as a post, as recklessly brave as can be well imagined, and as nervous and excitable as an old maid. He is to be seen everywhere in the war-councils, as

well as on the battle-field; and when he happens to have no command, he takes a gun out of a volunteer's hand, and rushes on at the head of a charging battalion, or, brandishing his sabre, dashes at the head of a cavalry charge, as he did at Eraoul. It is impossible to speak to Valdespina except through the gutta-percha tube which is invariably hanging around his neck; and like a good many deaf people, he thinks everybody else is deaf, too, and is constantly shouting. At the battle of Dicastillo, he was for more than an hour under a heavy artillery fire, and was apparently so unconscious of where he was, that he exclaimed to his aide-de-camp, "I wonder why those fools of Republicans don't fire at us!" and was quite surprised when the aide-de-camp called his attention to the exploded shells lying about. In private life, the marquis is one of the most amiable and charming men, and is every inch of him a true Castilian caballero.

The commander of the districts of Navarre, General Ollo, is much less of an aristocrat, and before the outbreak of this war his name was little known even among Carlists, except through his having married a very remarkable woman, the widow of one of the heroes of the Seven Years' War. When her first husband was killed, Doña Ramona never ceased to serve the Carlists, and Zumalacarregui acknowledged that he owed to this lady, on several occasions, his life. He was once on the point of being captured with the whole of his force, when Doña Ramona saved him by smuggling several thousand flints concealed in a cart-load of cabbage, which she conveyed from Pamplona into Zumalacarregui's camp disguised as a mule-driver.

By this dashing act, she gave the Carlist commander the opportunity of defeating the enemy instead of being captured, as he would have been without the flints. On another occasion she entered Pamplona at the risk of her life, and carried on with the Christino General Saarsfield the negotiation for the surrender of the town and citadel with all the forces and ammunition in it. On the eve of the day when the surrender was to have taken place, Saarsfield was dismissed, and this was the only cause — say the Carlists — why Pamplona did not become their capital.

One could make quite a three-volume novel out of the adventures of that extraordinary woman. When the Seven Years' War was over, and Doña Ramona was released from prison, she married a Señor Zubiri, and kept a hotel at Pamplona, where the defeated and banished Carlists always found a refuge, and where all the petty risings were organized after 1840. Her second husband does not appear to have lived long; at all events a few years back we find her keeping a large ironmonger's shop in the same town of Pamplona, and married to Don Nicolas Ollo, the present commander of Navarre. Although Doña Ramona worked very hard, she does not seem to have ever made a fortune, perhaps on account of her constantly spending money for the Carlist cause. At all events, when Don Nicolas received his appointment as commander of the districts of Navarre, he was in Paris on a visit to a step-son of his, and could not accept the post for want of the small sum necessary for the journey from Paris to Bayonne. It was only after obtaining from a friend a loan of one hundred and fifty francs that he was enabled to start

for the frontier. He entered Spain on the 17th of December, with Argonz, Perula, and twenty-three volunteers. They disinterred some three hundred rifles which had been concealed somewhere in the forest at the close of the previous year's rising, and in less than ten months Ollo managed to raise, arm, and organize eight battalions, each of which, whatever may be said of the external appearance of the men composing it, consists of as good a raw fighting material as any general could wish to possess.

Since the time of his entry into Spain, Ollo has not left his troops for a single hour, not even when the news reached him that his wife was dying in a small village near Pamplona. He is always at work; and I never saw the serious serenity of his demeanor desert him for a moment. He is quite destitute of that agility and verbosity with which we are so familiar in Spaniards, and in character very much resembles General Elio, with the advantage that he is some twenty-five years younger. His only shortcoming seems to be that he has a little too much of Navarrese conceitedness, which often prevents him from co-operating with the generals commanding in other provinces. And as the Navarre volunteers are all possessed of the same defect, there occur differences between the various corps, which give some trouble to old Elio, and seem often to disconcert his plans.

General Ollo has under his orders a few superior officers too popular in the Vasco-Navarre provinces not to be mentioned here. First of all, there is the interminable General Argonz, the head of his staff. I mean interminable in the sense of length. He is a regular

telegraph-post. It is almost an ocular feat to raise your eyes to the man's shoulders; and when you have accomplished this much, you find that it is only to see a neck to which there is apparently again no end. The general's stature strikes you all the more because he seems to have a fancy for little aides-de-camp. He has two of them, and both are so short that they could as easily pass under him as the Lilliputians passed under the giant Gulliver in the familiar tale. Argonz is an invaluable man in his way. He knows the country better than any one. Even the smallest mountain paths are indelibly impressed upon his mind, and he is known far and wide under the nickname of the "perambulating map." Formerly, during the Seven Years' War, he is said to have been very brave, but, now that he is getting old, he rather dislikes to be under fire, and in the war-councils advocates, as a rule, marches and counter-marches for the purpose of tiring, rather than fighting, the enemy. But in cases of unexpected retreat or attack, there is no man like him to direct the troops, especially if he can do so without being obliged to expose himself too much. In the beginning of the outbreak, when Ollo had but a few hundred badly-armed men, and was pursued by several strong columns of the Republicans, he would probably never have escaped if he had not had Argonz by his side.

Next to him, as a character, stands the celebrated Perula, the commander and organizer of the Carlist cavalry. He is a lawyer by profession, and was never a military man; but he looks a real *sabreur*. His thick and big mustache, and his fierce general aspect, at once suggest the idea of a man destined to lead cavalry

charges; and I believe that it was through looking at himself in the mirror that he came to the conclusion that such was his true vocation. At all events, nothing else warranted him to undertake the task of organizing the Carlist cavalry when he first came across with Ollo. In a couple of months he had nearly a thousand mounted men. Where he got the horses, saddles, and other equipments for them, I am unable to tell; but what I know is, that, in a few weeks after the corps had been formed, there remained but two hundred horses — all the rest of them having been so miserably fed and badly cared for that they had either to be shot or let loose. During the present Carlist war, there has been only one cavalry charge worth mentioning—the charge of Eraoul. It was a very thorough one, and decided the victory; but few horses were lost then. Perula's cavalry came to grief almost without fighting.

The commander-in-chief of the province of Guipuzcoa is a man of quite a different type from any of the Navarre chiefs. Don Antonio Lizarraga was lieutenant-colonel in the Spanish army, a comrade of his present enemy, the well-known General Loma, and had always the reputation of being an excellent officer. When I saw him in April, 1873, at Lesaca, he had scarcely four hundred men; in September of the same year he had nearly five thousand, and his task both of forming the battalion and of organizing the general management of the provinces was a much more difficult one than that of Ollo; for Guipuzcoa, or, at least, a certain portion of it, is much less Carlist than Navarre. The population of that part of the province which borders on the sea and on France lives chiefly

by means of trade and smuggling, and does not care much about *Dios, Patria, y Rey*. This caused a good deal of trouble to Lizarraga. At the very outbreak of the war he was also much impeded by Santa Cruz, the ferocious curé not only refusing to obey his commander, but declaring open war against him, and seizing all ammunition and provisions whenever he could lay hands upon them. Lizarraga managed, however, in less than six months, to settle all these matters, and with the exception of the towns of San Sebastian and Irun, the whole of the province is in his hands; the troops are well armed, and well provided for, and the gun factories of Placencia and Eibar are in a position to deliver daily about a hundred good rifles.

Lizarraga's personal courage is beyond any question, but there is rather more of the fanatic than of the warrior in him. He is intensely religious. When under fire he exposes himself frequently to unnecessary danger, and if his attention is called to the fact, he invariably answers that he is under the protection of the "Divina Providencia." His nickname is the "Saint," for he goes to confession every week, and to mass and vespers every day, and there is a general belief that he has never spoken to a woman, except *ex officio*, although he is already a man of fully fifty years of age, so that he has a fair chance of dying like Giacomo Leopardi — in a state of irreproachable chastity. But commendable as may be the moral and religious feelings of Lizarraga, they have a drawback, for he is exactly the sort of man to assume that any idea which strikes him when in church, or during prayers, is an inspiration from heaven, and, however absurd it may

be, he carries it out. In this way he was prompted to lead his troops into two or three engagements which were by no means successful. He might also be reproached with being a little too verbose for a general in command, but that is the result of his natural frankness and simplicity, both of which qualities, however, do not prevent him from mercilessly shooting his volunteers for any serious breach of discipline, and especially for anything that has the aspect of theft. He has shot several men, even for such small matters as the "unlawful requisitioning" of a fowl. Nothing is ever taken by the Guipuzcoa volunteers without being paid for. Lizarraga imposes heavy contributions in money, especially on villages and towns which show any opposition to Carlism, but everything that is taken for the troops, whether in the way of food or other requisites, is always paid for.

Of Generals Velasco, Larramendi, Llorente, and the Carlist chieftain in Catalonia, I am unable to say much, since, though I saw almost all of them, I had but little personal intercourse with any, and have seen none of them at work. What struck me, however, very strongly, in the case of Velasco and Larramendi, was the great despatch and efficiency with which they have organized their forces. In the beginning of August there was nothing to be heard of the Alava Carlism, yet towards the beginning of September, Larramendi appeared at the siege of Tolosa with several battalions, rather indifferently dressed, but well armed, and sufficiently drilled to be brought at once into action with considerable success. As to Velasco, his troops had always been the most smart-looking of any among the

Carlists, and, being thoroughly Parisian by his habits, the general evidently paid more attention than his fellow-commanders to the external aspect of his men.

But if all the chief leaders of Carlism seemed to be men against whom no unprejudiced observer could say anything detrimental, the same can by no means be said of the personal staff of Don Carlos. Like a good many other staffs, it was composed of real *chevaliers* and *chevaliers d'industrie*. By the side of representatives of the most ancient families of Spanish nobility, you saw men who had passed through all imaginable professions without having obtained a standing in any. One of the officials nearest to the person of Don Carlos, his military secretary, was, if I have been rightly informed, for a long time a commercial traveller in Spanish wines, and a most disagreeable person he was too. Another leading member of the Pretender's staff was an engineer out of employ. Having lived abroad, he had acquired some knowledge of languages, and was perhaps a little more business-like than Spaniards generally are; but, on the other hand, he had lost every vestige of that gentlemanliness which is so characteristic of his countrymen, even of the lowest class. Happily enough, all serious matters were transacted without any particularly strong influence on the part of the personal staff of the Pretender, General Elio not being a man inclined to yield to any sort of *camarilla*.

The clerical element was, as we have already seen, not particularly strongly represented on the staff of the prince, who is supposed to be the chief supporter of the Spanish priesthood. Only three or four priests were more or less intimately connected with it, and

only one of them formed, so to say, an integral part of the royal staff, and that was probably on account of his being a person of very high standing among the clergy. Monseigneur José Taixal, Bishop of the Seo de Urgel, and Prince (!) of the Republic (!) of Andorre, was in some way or other officially commissioned by the pope to proceed to Don Carlos' army as head of the church in the state which may some day be established. The earnestness of the Roman Catholic tendencies of that prelate must be of course beyond any doubt, and are, perhaps, most strikingly illustrated by the fact that he assured both the correspondent of the Times and myself, that Queen Victoria had long ago passed over to Catholicism, but was afraid of making it known to her people.

- Two other curés having free access to Don Carlos were Don Ramon, the private secretary of Elio, whom I have already had occasion to mention, and Don Francisco Aspiroz, chaplain of Dorregaray's staff, the man to whom Don Carlos owes his life, since it was he who assisted the Pretender to escape in May, 1872, after the defeat at Oroquieta. Besides that, Don Francisco and Don Ramon are about the cleverest representatives of the Spanish clergy I have met with, excepting only a little priest, Don Manuel Barrena, late professor of philosophy in the seminary of Pamplona; a young man of barely thirty years of age, of quite an un-Spanish amount of knowledge, and an unpriestly liberalism of mind.

Don Manuel is a kind of diplomatic courier of Don Carlos. He is constantly on the move between the headquarters and Bayonne, Bordeaux, Paris, or any

place where something important is to be transacted. At the outbreak of the war he put his clerical garment aside, took to private clothes; and scarcely any one would take him now for what he really is, a man of the most rigid habits, of indefatigable energy in the cause he serves, of really remarkable attainments in every department of knowledge, and, above all, of most pleasant and charming presence. I had travelled several times with Don Manuel in the mountains before I knew that he was a priest; but it happened that, on the day I learned it, we had to make together a little journey in France, and he asked me not to call him by his real name as long as we were on that journey, as he had some suspicion that the police were watching him. Chaffingly I said to him, "Then I will call you Don Alonso, maestro di musica."

"O," answered Don Manuel, "that is very kind on your part. Why not Don Basilio, then? Though I don't believe either Don Alonso or Don Basilio to be prototypes of mine, I don't mind your calling me by either of these names. It won't be the first calumny Spaniards, and especially Spanish priests, have had to put up with, nor will it be the last."

The most curious person on the Pretender's staff was, however, a squint-eyed captain of the regular army, who had deserted the Republican ranks, joined the Carlists, and was, on the strength of a literary reputation he had somewhere and somehow acquired; appointed *Cronista de S. M. El Rey*, or chronicler of the royal staff. I think I never saw in my life a man less capable of putting two sensible thoughts together. What he wrote, he wrote always in the most bombas-

tic style, and frequently in verse. On one occasion, when I left Don Carlos' staff for a short time to go to witness the siege of Tolosa, the Pretender, on my return, told me that, being anxious that I should have a systematic account of every day's proceedings of his army, orders had been given to the chronicler to communicate to me the notes he had taken during my absence. The captain accordingly came to my quarters, and began reading the chronicle of the ten or twelve days during which I was absent, and as I soon perceived that there was very little except quite unbearable "poetry," I said to him that what I wanted was merely a record of facts — that is to say, where the headquarters had been, and what they had been doing while I was away.

"O," answered the captain, "I have nothing of that sort; I don't put it down. What chiefly occupies me is to take note of the sentiments and feelings which the events provoke within me."

And it would seem that the expression of those sentiments and feelings must be very attractive in some cases, for not unfrequently on our marches I have noticed Don Carlos call that captain, make him ride by his side, and read what he had written down. And in this manner the Carlist troubadour enlivened the monotonous hours his Spanish would-be majesty had to spend on the endless marches.

The greatest relief from, and reward for, the fatigues and privations to which the Campo del Honor's life

thus exposed us was — for me, at all events. — in the grandeur and beauty of the scenery we were living amidst. The rugged landscapes, the wild charms of which vary every moment, are here the source of endless enjoyments. At noon, at night, at dawn, at sunset — at any minute of the day, every spot of this magnificent country has some new savage witchery to unveil. Take the wildest parts of the Tyrol, of the Black Forest, of the Scotch Highlands, and of Northern (Gletscherless) Switzerland, put them together, taking every drop of water out of the landscape, and you will have some faint idea of the scenery prevailing throughout the Vasco-Navarre provinces. Except during heavy storms, large expanses of water, like those of Switzerland and Scotland, considerably soften the harsh grandeur of mountain scenery. But in the northern provinces of Spain water is nowhere to be seen, except when you come across one of those rare streamlets which rush hurriedly away between the incoherent heaps of stones, as if afraid of being pursued as intruders. This absence of water makes the Vasco-Navarre scenery indescribably wild and severe-looking. Everything here is brutal and refractory as the wind that blows you down, as the rocky soil that will not yield to any amount of your efforts, and as the gigantic phantoms which seem to arise at every step before you. In these uninhabitable regions things seem to look as wild as on the first day of the creation, and amidst the grandly rude solitude you realize, perhaps, for the first time in your life, how great is the delusion of men when they call themselves Masters of the World. When, on my first entering Navarre, I reached the top

of one of these wild mountains, and, wishing to say once more good-bye to France, turned my eyes towards that fair land, the civilized and carefully cultivated low country was lying spread out beneath, with its towns, villages, fields, meadows, and woods looking like those little bits of variegated cloth pasted by tailors on their pattern card. I understood then all the contempt with which the hovering eagle looks down on the pitiful ants busily swarming in their nests below.

How often — finding myself early in the morning on the summit of one of these denuded heights, from which absolutely nothing was to be seen around, except an interminable ocean of clouds spreading itself at my feet — did I enjoy on a small scale the same glorious spectacle Noah must have contemplated from the window of his ark! How often the mountain sylphs, playing tricks upon me, made me mistake trees for monsters, stones for sheep, horses for dogs, and black goats for men! Once, I am sorry to confess, I actually wished *buenas tardes* (good afternoon) to a representative of these bearded quadrupeds, who, having sheltered himself from the burning sun in the cavity of a rock, was peeping out from his cool retreat, and looked exactly like a wandering monk, or a hermit. How often, on reaching some large plateau scattered all over with big, loose stones, did I recollect the nursery stories of giants fighting their battles with these ponderous projectiles, which no one could ever since remove from the battle-fields! On the walls of the narrow gorges you see quite plainly the work of the axe with which they opened a way for their infernal course. A bitter, piercing wind howls in these passes ever since they raised it in their furious

career. There is not a wild flower to be seen, or a singing bird to be heard anywhere in these regions.* They seem all to have been frightened away, and nothing but birds of prey, and now and then a few stunted, contorted trees have ventured to show themselves since the time when the Cyclopes concluded the gigantic masonry-work of these mountains.

In the heights of the summer, the sun's rays fall all day long almost vertically, so that there is not a vestige of shadow to be seen. At midday, the country seems perfectly blazing; your brains are stewed in your skull, and your blood is drying in your veins. You are no longer evaporating in perspiration, but reduced to the condition of an Egyptian mummy. What is called evening in the north is almost unknown here. Night overtakes you all at once, without the intervening couple of hours of that twilight men seem always so to delight in. There is scarcely any interval here between the blazing day and the pitch-black night. In the harvest season you frequently see the slopes of the hills and the valleys illuminated: work is going on under torchlight. The heat of the day renders field labor slow, and sometimes quite impracticable. Besides, the apprehension of a change in the weather, or a raid of the enemy, — of a column of *los Negros*, *los Liberales*, — compels the Navarre and Basque men to hurry with their harvest. In common with all Spaniards, they are considered by the world outside to be a wretched, lazy set of people. But if you go among them, you

* The absence of singing birds is quite striking almost throughout Spain.

will see what effort they make to recover from the brutal sway of desolation every available piece of soil. Patches of gold yellow and strips of emerald green are sometimes to be traced to the very top of the gray, mournful rocks; and as they cannot make animals work on those often upright slopes, the whole labor is literally accomplished by men's own hands, and its returns, tied up in large sheets of coarse linen, are carried on the heads of the peasants, their wives and children, sometimes from heights of a couple of thousand feet down into the valley.

But, however attractive may be Spanish mountain scenery, the civilized northern man does not like nature *au naturel*: he prefers it *à la maître-d'hôtel*, and so he rather goes to mountains where, by the side of a wild landscape, a good cook can be found, with an amply-supplied pantry at his disposal. And, after all, he is not so very wrong in his predilections on this point, for I must confess that hunger and thirst have more than once poisoned the enjoyment which Vasco-Navarre scenery would have otherwise given me. Over and over again did I catch myself in the act of unconsciously humming the *refrain* of Gil Blas's serenade:—

“ Sous le beau ciel de l'Espagne,
 Sans boire ni manger,
 Voyager.
 Tra la la la la.
 N'avoir, hélas, pour compagne
 Que la soif ou la faim,
 C'est malsain.
 Tra la la la la la.”

And you must by no means think that humming, or

even actual singing, under pressure of hunger or thirst, is unnatural. It stifles both. "*Quien canta sus males espanta,*" singing frightens one's ills away, say Spaniards; and, together with the ringing of little bells, acts also as a powerful preventive against the approach of the devil. That is why you seldom meet a genuine Spaniard on the high road who is not singing, and whose mules' bells are not ringing. And the more hungry they both are, the more loudly the man sings and the mule rings.

CHAPTER XII.

SPANISH CLERICAL MATTERS.

IN the course of this narrative, the present position of the Spanish clergy has been already touched upon. Old Elio told us what part the priests played in the Vasco-Navarre provinces, while some half a dozen *curas*, whom I had occasion to introduce, showed what sort of men the average contemporary representatives of the Spanish church are. There can be no doubt whatever, that had they still possessed the power and wealth they held but a comparatively short time back, they would have been a very different set of men, and would have shown quite different proclivities. But we all know that any body of men, — Protestant parsons certainly included, — when invested with undue power and wealth, are about as naturally apt to turn voracious, wicked, and violent as any set of unsociable animals whose teeth have not yet been sawn and claws not cut. As we are, however, engaged here chiefly in ascertaining how things stand in the unhappy Peninsula, not how they *might have* stood, it is no business of ours to dwell upon topics which various reverend persons never miss an occasion for more than amply discussing. I will even leave to one of them the task of describing the physical appearance of the Spanish priests, being

perfectly conscious that I should never have been able to approach him on this subject either in smartness of writing or in truly Christian pity for the deformities of our fellow-creatures. The reverend gentleman — an LL. D., and author of several books on the subject of Popery — depicts in the following manner the priests he saw at Burgos some four years ago:—

“They seemed to be of the sons of Anak. Their long robes had no patches; their limbs were not thrust into untanned cowhide, nor did they in features or form bear any marks of pinching hunger, or vigils unduly prolonged. Portly their form, tall their stature, slow and majestic their gait; conscious they seemed that they were the priests of ‘the grand old town’ of Burgos, and ministered in a temple than which are few grander on earth. Their legs were as massy and round almost as the pillars of their own church, and yet, strong as they were, they seemed to bend and totter under the superincumbent edifice of bone, and muscle, and fat which they had to carry. Their neck was of a girth which would have done no dishonor to the trunk of one of their own chestnut trees. Their head it would have delighted a phrenologist to contemplate; it was bulky and vast, like some of those which, chiselled out of granite, lie embedded in the sands of Egypt. Their face was about as stony; and then what a magnificent sombrero! It ran out in front in a long line of glossy beaver; behind it extended in a line of equal length, and it gracefully curled up at the sides. It was truly worthy of the majestic figure which it topped and crowned.”

Now that the Spanish *cura's* sombrero (hat) is very

ridiculous, is perfectly true. It is frequently more extravagant than that we see on Don Basilio's head in the Barber of Seville. That many *curas* are fat is also correct, though I have seen some who looked — if it be possible — more angular and bony than Signor Tagliafico ever did in the days when his impersonation of Don Basilio was most successful. Whether the Spanish priest's legs are always "as massy and round" as the pillars of the Cathedral of Burgos, I am unable to tell, having never unrobed any of them either at Burgos or elsewhere. But what I know for certain is, that, in olden as well as in modern days, in the Catholic as well as in the Protestant church, the most dangerous and objectionable representatives of clericalism seldom were the fat, but rather the slim ones. Stout people are, as a rule, more or less good-natured, or, at all events, easily bamboozled. They are too fond of eating, drinking, and sleeping to take much trouble about the consciences and thoughts of other men. The great masters in all branches of art have often embodied in mastodon-like representatives of humanity all kinds of roguery and brutality, but seldom any of those qualities which are emblematically represented by the serpent and the witch. The real plagues society has not yet discovered the means to get finally rid of, are not the priests or parsons with legs as massy and round as the pillars of their own churches, but those with tooth-pick-like legs, the thin, bilious, nervous, restless guardians of "ecclesiastical rubbish," individuals in whom and from whom, in the proper as well as in the figurative sense, one never hears anything but what Mr. Bright so graphically describes as "the rattle of the dry bones of

theology." Contrary to the views of the distinguished aforesaid LL. D., one would be led to think that a universal law prohibiting admission to ordination of any person under twenty stone weight, would, perhaps, present the best guarantee for the tranquillity of the world at large as well as of the individual conscience.

However, whether the reader's sympathies may lie with the fat or the flat representative of the clergy, the fact remains nevertheless undeniable, that the power of both fat and flat priests is gone in Spain, and gone forever. And future historians will speak of the change which has been effected in this respect in the bigoted and superstitious Peninsula as one of the greatest revolutions that has taken place in our century of great revolutions.

Spaniards have been at all times greatly abused by other nations for their religious fanaticism. But any people similarly situated would have developed itself exactly as the Spaniards have done, and acted in precisely the same way. To begin with, their soil and climate are of such a nature as to lead men in an early phase of civilization to be on the lookout for the help of supernatural agencies, rather than try to take care of themselves. With earthquakes, with high mountains, with almost no water, — consequently with frequent famines and pestilences, — and with tropical heat charring the soil, notions of "self-help" and "go-aheadism" do not easily occur to the human mind. All forms of superstition had, therefore, more opportunity to take root here than in other, more commonplace countries. The sixth and seventh centuries the inhabitants of the Peninsula spent in religious wars with

the Franks; Latinism, in its tendency to spread itself, invaded Spain and fought Arianism. In the next century the Moors came across, soon conquered almost the whole of the country, and the contest had to be maintained with them for nearly eight hundred years (invasion 711, recapture of Granada 1492). In this way, for fully ten centuries, the defence of the native soil was at the same time a religious war. The crusades, which were for the rest of Europe a mere incident, became here the permanent, all-absorbing work of body, soul, and mind of the nation, the more so as it was carried on in their own country, not in a distant land called Palestine. The warrior and the priest had to go hand in hand, the latter frequently assuming both functions. That he should thus have immensely grown in importance was only legitimate; that he should have taken advantage of his position was quite natural. Kings bowed and kneeled to the monk, and the common man threw himself prostrate at his feet. Proud though we may be to the mighty grasp of our intelligence and understanding, we cannot realize anything like a faint approach to the idea of what it really means for a people to spend some thirty-five or forty generations in the defence of their faith and their soil.

That a nation who had passed through such a trial may have been brought to the sincere belief that every man differing from their religious opinions was a mere piece of combustible can be easily imagined, and that, on the other hand, the flames of some thirty odd thousand burning heretics warmed up the Spaniards — as indeed they would have any mortal — to the highest pitch of devotion and submission to their priests is

perfectly intelligible too. It was in Aragon, in the middle of the thirteenth century, that these national Spanish spectacles of the destruction of heretics by fire are said to have been first introduced. By and by, as the Spaniards advanced southwards, the *auto-de fé* went with them, and it became a very easy thing for the priesthood to persuade the people that it was not the Inquisition that took advantage of the retreat of the Moors, but the Moors that took to flight at the mere approach of the Holy Tribunal. And so the historian assures us that the very moment the new light — obtained from the combustion of the heretics — shone over the country, Spain had new forces infused into her, which rendered her capable of routing the Moors.

But this conquest of the gallant and ingenious African invaders had results which neither the Spanish clergy nor the Spanish people could have ever anticipated. Up till the present day, the traveller in Spain can easily distinguish the places where the Moors ruled and the Christians obeyed, from those where the Christians ruled and the Moors obeyed. Without going any deeper into these matters, it will be quite sufficient to point out the presence or absence of arrangements for irrigation, and the preponderance of Gothic over Moresque, or of Moresque over Gothic ornamentations in architecture. The fact is, that along with those Moors who invaded Spain for the sake of fighting and conquest, a large number of sunburnt sons of Africa come over for business purposes. A good many of these, seeing that the country “answered very well,” and that the Spanish women were very “nice-

looking," did not take much notice of the defeat of their countrymen. They formed connections in the country, and had no desire to leave it. And it was their continued presence in the Peninsula that enabled Ferdinand, Isabella, Charles V., and Philip II. to accomplish all they did. Intelligent and skilful though these sovereigns may have been, they would have been utterly unable to achieve what they did, had the Moorish colonists not worked properly, and produced the means required for the important operations undertaken by these Most Catholic Majesties. The conquest by and annexation to Spain of a considerable portion of Europe and America were thus more the work of the Moors than of these sovereigns, still less of the Spaniards themselves. But the clergy, who were then, just as they are now, intent only on their own interests, could not endure these Moorish settlers, for, though they had been all baptized, and were thus supposed to have turned Christians, the wolf was, to the priest's mental eye, still visible under the sheep's skin. The baptized Moors — or Moriscoes — did not seem willing to give up their fortunes to the monks; they washed themselves frequently, as all Eastern infidels do; they read Moorish books, and showed a general disposition to do a good many other just as objectionable things, as it would be considered nowadays — in Scotland, for instance — to whistle or to smile on a Sabbath day. The sharp scent which characterizes all clergy, caused the Spanish monks and priests to discover that the converted Moors bore within themselves the seeds of a kind of progress which might prove very antagonistic to the power of the church, and they watched with

great anxiety for an opportunity of getting rid of them. As early as the reign of Charles V. the clergy succeeded in subjecting the Moorish settlers to persecution all over the country, without, however, any more substantial result than that of provoking a desperate revolt on the part of that valiant population. It was reserved to the idiotic Philip III. and his servile and priest-ridden minister Lerma to bring to a final close the period of Moorish-Iberian glory and greatness. In 1609 a decree commanding the merciless banishment of all the Moorish settlers was issued; and about a million of men, forming the most useful part of the population of the Peninsula, were driven by means of sword and fire towards the shores of Africa. Nearly the whole of them perished on their way; the priesthood was triumphant; but they soon perceived that the banishment of the Moors was the first blow they inflicted upon their own power and wealth.

In a very few years after the departure of the African colonists, the king, as well as his ministers, discovered that there was no more money to be got out of the nation. Everything had gone to ruin, the monks alone remaining in a flourishing condition. There were at that time about nine thousand convents for monks alone in Spain, without reckoning the nunneries for females, and all of them were immensely rich. Whatever might have been then the abstract views concerning the sacredness of ecclesiastical property, they proved powerless against the action of the natural law, according to which, in periods of distress, those who have something are invariably made to pay for those who have nothing; and it was in 1626 that

the Cortes of Madrid, for the first time, timorously suggested that there existed some available resources in the hands of the clergy. The hint was not of a nature to be easily taken advantage of, but the first blow was given, and some eighty years later a "loan" was obtained from the clergy, while under Alberoni we see them paying regular taxes, and a hundred years later everything that was still left in the convents and churches after the French plunder, was, without further ceremony, confiscated. Along with the ecclesiastical wealth disappeared also the Jesuits (1767), and the Inquisition (1808). True that attempts were subsequently made to return to the old state of affairs. Ferdinand VII. tried to re-establish the monstrous tribunal of the Inquisition; Isabella "the Innocent" decreed twice or three times the return of ecclesiastical property; but such incidents were the last dying flames of a burned-out torch. The best proof that the old hold of the clergy upon the popular mind was gone was in the fact that Protestants were allowed to be buried, to establish cemeteries and churches of their own, while Scotch and English missionaries began to perambulate the country without any particular molestation.

The progress which anti clerical and anti-religious tendencies have made in Spain within the last ten years is something amazing. The reverend author whom I mentioned above states that there were still no fewer than three thousand priests in Burgos in 1869. I suppose he must have added a 0 too much by mistake, or taken his information from a very ancient guide-book. Reduced to a merely nominal pay, which is, into the

bargain, nearly all over Spain two years in arrears, utterly disregarded by the government, frequently insulted by the people they have so long oppressed, and with nearly no congregation to attend to, the Spanish priests decrease in numbers every day. Where they disappear I am unable to tell; some of them have taken to trade and professions in the country — if what exists in that line in the provinces of Spain can be so denominated. A large number took refuge on the territory occupied by the Carlists. Churches in large towns which had, perhaps, fifty priests each under Isabella, have three or four now. There are first-rate *Casas de Misericordia* (almshouses) with not a single priest residing in them, and when sacrament is to be administered to a dying person it must be fetched from the neighboring church. Even the largest cathedrals are seldom frequented. Over and over again, and at all hours, did I enter churches in Madrid as well as in the provinces, without ever seeing in them more than half a dozen old women, weeping out their grief in the dark corners of the temples, formerly so overcrowded, and now quite deserted. Except in the Carlist regions, the scarcity of men attending mass even on Sundays and Feast Days is striking. The women flock still in numbers, but it is quite perceptible that the majority of them come rather through habit — many, perhaps, only to show themselves and to see other people — than from any religious motive. The incomparably larger attendance at out-door religious processions is the best proof in support of this supposition: women and men congregate there equally readily. But the devotion

shown in former days on such occasions is speedily vanishing. A writer, publishing in Macmillan's Magazine some notes on his residence in the interior of Spain, during the summer of 1873, tells, in the January issue of 1874, a fact very much to this point:—

“A few nights since I stood with raised hat as the ‘host’ passed by, heralded by its many lamps of many colors; the viaticum was being carried to some Christian dying treat. Suddenly a drove of pigs came squeaking down a street close by; women in mute adoration were on their knees on the pavement, sightly and devoutly enough; men were divided into hats-on and hats-off, but the majority was of the latter class. The pigs charged the procession, and, to my horror, a loud and audible titter ran through the lantern-bearers, which became a hoarse laugh in the mouths of the pig-drivers.”

A short time back, the poor unconcerned pigs would have been beaten to death, and the pig-drivers and lantern-bearers (who, be it remembered, are amateur members of such processions) would not only have forborne from laughing, but would have paid an extra visit to church to repent their having been witnesses of such an occurrence. The same writer says, that but a few years ago, in the reign of Isabella, —

“An Englishman who, ignorantly, merely took off his hat, and did not dismount also from his horse as the ‘host’ passed him in the street, was in this town dragged from his horse by order of the priests, and fined or imprisoned, for the offence.”

But when I venture to state that bigotry and even a good deal of sensible religious feeling are departing

from Spain, I by no means mean to assert that superstition is seriously decreasing. Among the Latin race especially, bigotry and superstition are perfectly distinct things. There are plenty of people all over the world who never believed in anything, but would not enter a business on Monday, start on a journey on Friday, or cut their nails on Sunday. It would, therefore, be quite absurd to expect that ancient, deeply inveterate superstitions should be soon abandoned by the utterly ignorant mass of a people living in a country so much predisposing the mind to superstitions, and preserving such an immense stock of miracles and saints in its national memory, as well as in its national monuments. A good many earnest Protestants may exclaim, on reading this, "But what is, then, to become of a country where religion is gone and superstition remains? It must finally collapse into a horrible chaos!" Nothing of the kind. The same thing has been going on for a long time past in France and Italy, and the business of life runs on in its usual way. Superstitions will disappear, *poco á poco*, under pressure of the spread of knowledge; while indifferentism in religious matters does not necessarily turn men into savages — at least it did not produce any such effect on that portion of the Latin race which has already fallen off from the church. The *régime* of *civil baptisms* and *civil burials*, in which the ultra-Republicans in Spain delight just now, and under which a man is welcomed into the world or ushered out of it by a band of local volunteers blustering the *Marseillaise* under his windows, or on his way to the cemetery, will probably soon be abandoned. As long as baptism, religious burial, and reli-

gious marriage are regarded with respect by any considerable portion of society, every sensible man, however indifferent to religion he may be himself, will always submit to them. What does it matter to him that a *cura* reads some prayers over his body when he is dead, and when he knows that any objection on his part to such a harmless ceremony would cause grief to people who may be dear to him, and whom he leaves behind? Upon what sort of ground can he withhold his child from baptism, when he does not know whether, when grown up, the child will not become so religious as to feel quite unhappy because he has not been christened in the usual manner? What sort of justification can he plead for withholding from the marriage ceremony, as long as he is not quite sure that some fool may not turn up some day and insult his wife by calling her a mere concubine, or a law may not be passed depriving her children from inheriting their father's property? For a long time past, in Catholic countries, this way of dealing with the practical side of religion has been, and is, daily acted upon by thousands of men; only not all of them are disposed to avow it.

It may be naturally asked, How do such families manage to live where the wife is bigoted, or even simply religious, while the husband becomes, by and by, an indifferent? To this I am not able to answer. All I know is, that they do manage it, and that, in the majority of cases, they never think of quarrelling about any religious question, except when the religious zeal of the wife begins to interfere with the home comfort of the family; when through her too long and frequent

visits to church children break their noses, or dinner is neglected, or anything similar occurs. Many men prefer a religious wife, as offering a greater guarantee of conjugal fidelity, and as being less likely to be fond of expensive pleasures. Others see in religion a check against a woman's becoming dull in doing nothing when they are engaged. I knew some medical men and professors of natural sciences, who said that a wife constantly soaring into ideals was a relief to them when they come home after a hard day's dealing in organic matters. But the great majority, I believe, think nothing, except that it is quite a matter of course that women should be religious, while men should be left to think as they please.

For a good many people in Protestant countries such a state of affairs may seem quite impossible, and they may perhaps be inclined to suspect the veracity of my statements. I feel, therefore, almost delighted to be able to adduce here an authority which they will probably be less disposed to question. Just as I was writing these pages, a copy of the London *Times* containing a letter from that journal's special correspondent at Rome, on the subject of "Religious Apathy in Italy," was laid upon my table. The letter is so outspoken, and contains so few commonplace remarks, that I am surprised how the *Times* printed it at all. Some hesitation must, however, have arisen in Printing-house Square, for the letter was dated Rome, January 5th, and appeared only on the 12th. This is what the able correspondent said on the subject we have been considering here:—

"The religious movement which is now convulsing

Germany and Switzerland, and which is followed with eager attention by England and America, is looked upon with the most perfect indifference in Italy. . . . They will, as they say, not only have no religious squabbles, but even no religious differences among themselves ; no heresy, no schism. They aspire to that religious liberty which is, in their opinion, perfectly compatible with religious unity. There may be in their country unlimited dissent, but it must be individual ; as many persuasions as there are heads, but no distinct confessions or denominations ; no Babel of churches or sects. It must be quite possible, as it has indeed always been, even under the most uncompromising Papal tyranny, for husband and wife, for brother and sister, to live together in love and unity under the same roof, though the male members of the 'happy family,' are, or think themselves, thorough atheists or materialists, while those of the other sex are plunged into the most abject and silly superstition. . . . What the Italians did in the days of Luther and Calvin they do now in those of Döllinger and Loyson ; they receive the news of a religious squabble with curiosity, but dismiss it with a sneer. . . . The Italian will carry superstition to any extent, but there is no bigotry in his composition. It was only against the Dominican inquisitors in Milan and Naples that the populace frequently rose in open rebellion, and it is only against their Jesuit teachers that the Italian youths throughout the country always harbored and evinced violent hatred, because they imagined that both those monastic orders, each in its way, attempted to interfere with the right of private judgment in religious matters. So

long as a man confessed and took the Sacrament, cherished his children, and paid his marriage fees, what business was it of priest, monk, or pope to pry into his thought or probe his heart? . . . For those who want a church there should be a church of some sort or other. What matters it how many new dogmas are proclaimed, or how many new saints are canonized, if no one compels you to believe in them? Why should you distress yourself about the Pope's Infallibility, if you are allowed to laugh at it in your sleeve? There have been prelates, and there have been cardinals, and even popes, whose religion, if inquired into, would have been as complete a blank as your own; but these went through life, and rose from rank to rank in the hierarchy, with a mere semblance and mockery of belief. Why should it not be so? Let it be free to every man to be a Christian, a sceptic, and even a hypocrite. '*Dieu connaît ceux qui sont à lui.*' Let there be peace on earth, and let every man go to heaven, or elsewhere, his own way."

This is exactly the state of affairs speedily becoming prevalent all through Spain, and which has been reigning throughout the educated classes in France during the whole of the present century. It will only assume a more rough form in the Peninsula, for the Spanish character is more frank than either the Italian or the French. In Italy the presence of the pope, the existence of the convents, and the wealth still held by some of the ecclesiastical corporations necessarily mitigate the aspect of things on the surface. Still more so is this the case with France, which but a short time ago supported the Holy Father by means of

“thinking bayonets” and “Chassepots,” which never cared a brass farthing for His Holiness. The worship of political, religious, and every other form of *decorum* in the great mass of the population of the latter country will probably considerably retard there the progress of *avowed* religious indifferentism; but any one who knows these countries can entertain no doubt that ultimately, Spain, Italy, and France will stand on the footing of perfect equality in this respect. One must be brought up within the pale of the Latin church to be able fully to realize how natural and unavoidable all this is, and how thoroughly sincere and conscientious men can be brought to feel perfectly indifferent with regard to religion, yet be deeply convinced that on that account they are neither savages nor criminals. If the most zealous and intolerant of the Protestants knew only a few stories of the internal struggles, the hesitation, the grief, and the despair through which a man brought up as a Catholic — unless he becomes a student of natural sciences, and consequently be turned at once into a pure materialist — has to pass in his transition from bigotry to indifferentism, they would not have one word of censure to utter against such men.

But I feel afraid that in saying all this I may cause some Protestant readers to suppose that, since matters had come to such a pass in Catholic countries, the best thing would be to introduce some form of Protestant worship among them. Nothing could be more erroneous than such a conclusion. Protestant missionaries have not been wanting in any of those countries, and the result of their efforts has invariably been zero, or

little better. Bibles printed in the languages of the natives have been distributed; chapels and preachers established as soon as the civil code of the countries permitted them. But if the Frenchman, the Spaniard, and the Italian entered these chapels, it was by sheer curiosity; if he read the Bible it was (even in the happiest cases) merely as a sublime and new book, but never as one calculated to make him accept the religious views of the nation which has "only one sauce, and a thousand religions." The cold form of Protestant worship, with its long discourses, will never suit the Latin race, especially the more southern representatives of it. I again quote the above Times letter in support of my assertions.

"A religion all of pomp, and ceremony, and groveling asceticism, suited the southern temperament, and down almost to the present day the opera and ballet in Rome were always worse than third rate, and poorly attended, because the theatre could not compete with the church in the pomp and circumstance of mere scenic effects. . . . Italians do not see the advantage of raising many churches on the ruins of one. It would be, in their opinion, like 'marrying the pope, and begetting a whole brood of Infallibles.' . . . There are now Waldensian, Methodist, and other Evangelical churches and schools in Rome, as in other Italian cities, but their success is not very encouraging even in the opinion of their candid promoters."

The same is the case with Spain. There are chapels in Madrid, Seville, Alicante, and a few other towns, but they never had and never will have any more influence upon the general state of religion in these

countries than a chapel got up somewhere near Wolverhampton by, if I rightly remember, some twenty-three gentlemen anxious to introduce the rite of the Greek church in England, will have in the United Kingdom.

True that should one be disposed to give one's self some trouble, one may find in Madrid and in a few of the southern towns a copy of the Bible. But it is always sure to be a very dusty one; and for my part I have never seen any either in circulation or even in the show-windows of the booksellers. All the efforts of the "British and Foreign Bible Society," of the "National Bible Society of Scotland," of the "Edinburgh Evangelization Society," and what not, have never obtained any greater result than that which crowned the efforts of the "London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews," which spends, I believe, about thirty thousand pounds a year for converting on the average about thirty Jews, at the expense of something like one thousand pounds apiece to the people of England. But what struck me above all in these matters is the correctness of a remark once made by some one — that if one happens to meet a Spanish, Italian, or French Protestant, one is almost sure to find him in the long run either a fanatic or an idiot, or both, though, as a rule, he looks at first sight a very respectable and intelligent man.

I feel it a duty, however, to qualify my assertion that all the English and Scotch efforts to spread the Scripture in the Peninsula have had no result whatever. They had, at all events, one I know of. They gave an opportunity to Mr. George Borrow to write his de-

lightful "Bible in Spain." It speaks of the *cosas de España* as they stood nearly forty years ago; yet the work remains still an inimitable one — the more so as it is evident that the author set out to labor in perfect earnest, and wrote one of the most amusing volumes that has ever been produced in connection with a subject of this sort.

CHAPTER XIII.

PRIM AND AMADEO.

HAVING thus far investigated the Carlist and clerical — or retrograde — elements of Spanish national life, let us now throw a glance at the liberal elements of the country, as represented by its various party governments.

There is a Spanish story which tells us that when Ferdinand III. — who turned out to be a saint — reached Paradise, and was introduced to the Virgin Mary, she proposed to him to demand any favor he liked for his country. The good sovereign, always anxious about the welfare of his loyal subjects, asked for oil, garlic, wine, and corn. “Granted,” said the Virgin; “what else?” “Handsome women, valiant men, and strong mules.” “Certainly; what more?” “Bright skies, bulls, relics, and cigarritos.” “By all means; anything else?” “A good government.” “O, no!” exclaimed the Virgin, “never! For were it granted to Spain, no angel would any longer remain with us in heaven.”

The Spaniard’s boast of his country as well as his complaint of his government, embodied in this story, are only too well justified. If the first monarchs of the Austrian dynasty were cruel, they had at all events

the merit of being intelligent; but since the days of Felipe II. Spain has never seen on her throne anything but idiotism, bigotry, prostitution, and corruption. When Isabella started off for Hendaye and Pau with Father Claret, Marfori, and a heavy load of treasures, including jewels and pictures, which were generally considered as belonging to the crown, the nation breathed freely. The men who came then to power were all popular; they were all supposed to have more or less suffered for the cause of national liberty; they had certainly fought against oppression. Prim, who was virtually, though not nominally, at the head of them, was a self-made man of obscure extraction, and could therefore be fairly supposed to know the real wants of the people. He was, besides, a native of Catalonia, and Catalans are, as a rule, supposed to be at least as shrewd and business-like a set of men as the Scotch or the Gascons. But the chief merit of Don Juan Prim seemed to be that he was an excellent political soldier, exactly the thing wanted just then for the reconstruction of the Spanish government, and for the defence of Spain from the attack of any Pretender. The revolution had been carried with the watchword of "Down with the Bourbons!" And for the mass of the people who cared anything at all about politics, this watchword meant simply "Down with the monarchy!" For the Spaniard's national pride, his *Españoles sobre todos*, would never have admitted the idea of any foreign monarch being resorted to. Besides, there was a proclamation circulated with Prim's signature attached to it, which said, among other beautiful things, "Let our cry be the

republic. Let us get rid of the monarchs who have always brought misfortune upon us. Let us show ourselves worthy descendants of the Cid and Riego."

On the 28th of September, 1868, the troops of the revolution, under Serrano, met those of the monarchy under Novaliches at Alcolea, and on the next day the Provisional Junta of Madrid received a congratulatory address from the British residents of the city on the subject of the birth of a new nation, and on the splendid manner in which the revolution had been accomplished. The Junta answered that they were stretching out their hands to the British people, who gained their liberties two centuries ago, and offering their heartiest thanks to the noble sons of Albion. Serrano and Prim, after a triumphal entry into Madrid, publicly embraced each other, all party differences seemed to have been drowned in that kiss, and an apparently prodigious, bewildering enthusiasm was ignited, as by magic, in something like seventeen millions of Spanish hearts and heads. True, that about a fortnight later Prim was shot at in the street; but that was considered a meaningless case of some personal rancor — in fact, so trifling a matter that Prim himself ordered the intended assassin to go free. Early in November, however, some rather disquieting symptoms began to show themselves. The fact that not one member of the Republican party had been admitted into the cabinet formed by the provisional government naturally provoked suspicion. Republican demonstrations took place at Madrid, and were followed by actual insurrections at Cadiz and Malaga, of so formidable a nature as to compel the ministry to

send out the "pacifying" Generals Pavia and Caballero de Rodas with a large number of troops. It became evident that Prim's promises of establishing a republic had been thrown overboard, and that the leaders of the various monarchical parties had used the Democrats and Republicans for the purpose of overthrowing Isabella, Gonzalez Bravo, and the camarilla, and taking the power into their own hands, but by no means for the purpose of carrying out the views of their temporary allies. Señor Olozaga soon drew up a programme in the sense of constitutional monarchy, and in the first days of the new year (1869), the provisional government addressed the nation in the same sense, the manifesto being signed by all the members of the cabinet, including Prim himself. This manifesto was answered by one from the National Republican Committee, and being signed by men like Orense, Figueras, Castelar, Chao, &c., showed that there was a complete breach between even the most moderate members of the Republican party and the government, and that more blood was to be shed before any definite arrangement could be arrived at.

The subsequent events are, probably, still fresh in the reader's memory. The Constituent Cortes, elected under the strong influence of the leaders of the various anti-Republican parties, declared themselves in favor of the monarchical form of government, appointing Serrano to the regency until a suitable person was found to be seated upon the throne, while Prim became President of the Council of Ministers and Generalissimo of the Army. The two influences and ambitions were thus pretty fairly balanced. And though

it has been said that Serrano was thus "locked up in a golden cage," the fact is nevertheless undeniable that Prim with his whole army could do nothing against Serrano with the union of nearly all the monarchical parties to back him. If the finances of Spain had not been in such a desperate condition, and if the spread of knowledge in political science was in any way approaching the spread of the art of political intrigues in the country, Prim might have been brought, perhaps, to finally embrace the cause of the republic, and would have probably become a great man. He had no lack of energy, he was brave, and devoured by ambition. He was offered a crown, and would have been readily invested with a dictatorship. But he was aware of his utter ignorance of all that constitutes statesmanship, and was under the impression that the Republican party was not in a position to furnish him the necessary assistance in this respect. He knew also that all financial help was sure to be refused to him by the monetary classes, at home as well as abroad, the very moment he established a republic; and the foreign diplomatists, by constantly pointing out to him the isolation in which Spain would be placed in monarchical Europe, finally discouraged any attempt being made by him in that direction. However, it would not be fair to suppose that he abandoned the Republican cause without undergoing a series of struggles with himself. If he was not a Republican or a Democrat at heart, — as his craving for the titles of Conde de Reus and Marques de Castillejos show — he was good-natured enough to be always on the side of what could be represented to him as the cause of jus-

tice and progress, and gentlemanly enough to keep his word when he once gave it. Even his love for fighting, which he enjoyed so much at home, and in Turkey and Morocco, did not prevent him from breaking up the Mexican campaign as soon as he understood what it really meant. "We are sent here to establish a monarchy in a country where there is not a single monarchist," wrote he to Madrid, and gave up the business.* We have, therefore, ample reason for believing that if Prim did not keep the promises he gave the Republicans, it was solely because he found himself utterly unable to overpower the influence of Serrano, Topete, Zorrilla, Sagasta, Rivero, and their followers.

Who does not remember what the spectacle was which Spain presented to Europe in 1869-1870? The Monarchical Constitution was adopted by something like two hundred and fifteen votes against seventy. In a month's time martial law was proclaimed consequent on Republican risings. Jerez, Zaragoza, Barcelona, Gracia, Murcia, Valencia were deluged with blood. And when so much had been done, Prim thought he might as well go a step farther; and in October he publicly declared in favor of monarchy. The crown of Spain was now being offered, much as a piece of forged ancient plate, on all the European

* This phrase was subsequently adapted to Spain in the form of, "One cannot establish a republic in a country where there are no Republicans," and of course attributed to Prim. But he never said anything of the sort, for he knew that, notwithstanding all the manœuvres of the Monarchists during the elections for the Constituent Cortes, there were over three hundred thousand Republican votes recorded.

markets. Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, Prince George of Saxony, the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Archduke Victor of Austria were about the first thought of, but soon given up as unobtainable. Then came Dom Fernando and Dom Luis of Portugal, and the young Duke of Genoa—all of whom refused. Then a prince, whose very name no Spaniard could either pronounce or spell, the Hohenzollern, with the Franco-German War as the only result of the proposal. And this long catalogue does not include the candidates got up at home—Alfonso, Montpensier, Espartero, Prim, and even some children of Prim and Serrano, whom it was proposed to wed first, and to crown afterwards.

After a couple of years' search, the Monarchists found at last a prince amiable enough to consent to come to Spain, and to give a trial to the principle of really Constitutional Monarchy in that misgoverned country. But Prim had to pay with his life the apparent success of his long and sad efforts to satisfy the Monarchists of Spain and the diplomatists of Europe. And it will always remain the glory of the Republican party of Spain that Prim's assassination was not the work of any fanatic belonging to their ranks, but the fruit of the corruption and villany of the very same men for whose sake he threw the Republicans overboard. His death has thus assumed something of the character of a punishment from the hand of inexorable fate.

The declaration that the Duke d'Aosta had consented to ascend the Spanish throne did not in the least set matters right. The Republicans, the Alfonsists, the Montpensierists, the Carlists, all were equally dissatisfied; and the deputation which was to fetch the new sovereign from Florence had to start under the shelter of night lest it should be captured and prevented from going. On Amadeo and his family leaving Genoa, a fearful storm — a bad presage for any man that might be superstitious — caught him, and the first news which reached him on the Spanish coast was that Prim, the man who made a king of him, was just assassinated. Those who knew the prince, who were aware of his having been an admirer of patriots like Garibaldi and Mazzini, could never make out how the Duke d'Aosta could have ever accepted a crown so uncomfortably shaped, and so heavily stained with blood and mud. But the principle of "I do not understand the conduct of that man; show me his woman," holds equally good in the analysis of a prince's actions as well as of those of a pickpocket. At the bottom of the Duke d'Aosta's apparent inconsistency was his spouse, Maria-Victoria. When quite a child at the Convent of the *Sacré Cœur*, her dreams were a crown; and when a nun told her one day that Mademoiselle de Montijo had "*la plus belle couronne du monde*" put on her head as a reward for her having been always a devout worshipper of our Lady the Virgin, the young Princess Pozzo della Cisterna adorned her breast with a little medal in honor of Notre Dame des Victoires, and began daily and nightly praying her holy patroness to give a crown to the little Maria-Victoria. There can be little doubt

that when the Duke d'Aosta found himself the husband of the namesake of Notre Dame des Victoires, he must have become aware of the aspiration of his young wife, and, a chance to obtain a crown having presented itself, Maria-Victoria probably used all her influence that it should not be lost.

The proposal once accepted, Amadeo was too noble and brave to retreat. He saw well that in the reception the land of *Figaros* and *Don Basilio*s was supposed to have prepared for him, nothing but official faces came to salute him—nothing but freezing congratulations came to greet him. The country he passed through, the capital he came to live in, looked dumb and stony, and he must have felt at once that the best he could say of himself was, that he was going to be the king of only that portion of Madrid which he might assist in making money, either in trade or in office; but by no means of the whole of Madrid, still less of Spain, and less still of *todas las Españas*. In the eyes of the religious-minded folk of the country, he was not only an intruder, but the son of the blasphemous and excommunicated Italian who trampled under foot the dazzling crown of the holy Peter. He thought a journey through his new dominions would, perhaps, improve his position. The peasantry would, perhaps, like him after having seen him; and so he started on a kind of exhibition tour, spending a lot of his private money, and followed by Spanish and English journalists, who were to tell the world that everything was getting right in Spain, and that the Carlists, Isabelinos, Republicans, and Internationalists, would be all turning by and by into steady, business-like subjects of a Con-

stitutional Monarchy. He returned to Madrid perfectly conscious that he had not achieved much by his journey, but still he did not finally lose his hopes, and was willing to do his best to win the sympathies of the population of Madrid. He was a capital horseman, and he showed himself every day on horseback. His wife and himself drove daily on the Prado. His box at the opera was seldom empty, and he did all that was in his power to laugh at the national *zarzuela* as heartily as any true Castilian. Once a week, at least, there were also a banquet and a ball at the palace. But, notwithstanding all these efforts of being and looking amiable, the young king did not see, except his ministers, any Spaniard of political influence showing a desire to approach him, and a dull, bitter isolation seemed still to remain the only appanage of the thorny crown. The royal banquets and balls were never attended by any one except diplomatists, present *ex officio*, some Spanish liberals ennobled by himself, a few politicians looking out for employment, and a few bankers anxious to decide whether they should tie or loosen the strings of their purses.

The queen fared even worse. In the first place, she did not always share the political views of her husband; she was often ill, and the scandalous gossip of the palace coulisses said that the Duke d'Aosta, having inherited certain proclivities of his father, was fond of enjoying ladies' society outside of his house. Besides all that, there was no humiliation which the female representatives of Spanish nobility did not inflict upon the young queen. One day at the Prado, the Parisian bonnets, which had for a considerable time past found

their way to Madrid, suddenly disappeared, and the ancient big tortoise-shell comb and the national mantilla of olden days were revived as by magic order. The noble ladies wanted to show the queen that they were genuine blue-blooded *Españolas*, and that she was not. On another occasion the insult was still more pointed. The queen had a baby, and asked the wife of Marshal Serrano, as the highest functionary of the kingdom, to hold the child at the baptismal font, but met with a refusal under the pretence of the lady's illness; yet the Duchess de la Torre showed herself in the theatres, and good care was taken that Amadeo should know that the duchess refused the invitation because, as a Creole, she felt unable to give her support to a sovereign whose views were obviously calculated to ruin all the Creoles of Cuba.

Amadeo got sick and tired of all that. He felt also that his life was not safe. He was not only shot at by street ruffians, but learned — as he subsequently publicly declared at Lisbon — that extensive home and foreign conspiracies were plotted against his life. He saw, on the other hand, from the accounts presented to him by Dragonetti (his private secretary and friend, whose influence as an Italian was so much objected to by the Spaniards), that in the short period of his reign he had spent a portion of his own and his wife's fortune, the civil list not being very large, and never regularly remitted. In a word, the king's business did not pay. He got out of it neither money, nor honor, nor pleasure, nor the satisfaction of honestly performing the duties imposed upon him by his constitutional oath; and he resolved to abdicate. But to carry out this

resolution was not so easy. His wife would not take off the crown, which had been the object of her dreams since her childhood. Domestic troubles came thus in addition to the rest, and the young monarch was anxiously watching the moment when he could carry out his intention in such a manner as not to be stopped half way. When in November and December of the previous year insurrectionary movements broke out in Valencia, in Malaga, in Murcia, and several other places, *à propos* of the vote of a new levy, and when the Carlists began to make progress in Catalonia and the Basque provinces, he allowed himself to be again persuaded that it was for him a question of duty and honor to remain now in the breach. But seeing that even the spending of his private money to facilitate the expedition against the insurgents and the Carlists did not in any way improve his position, he took the first occasion which presented itself for carrying out his former intention. Opposition was by and by brought quite home to him; for his very councillors and ministers plotted measures to which they knew the king objected. They wished to impose upon him, amongst other things, the nomination of General Hidalgo to a high military post. That general was held in abhorrence by the best officers of the army, especially so by the artillery corps. The king objected to this nomination just as much as his officers did; and as they gave in their resignations, so he gave in his, though of course he was personally much less concerned in the appointment of one more objectionable individual to a responsible position. But Amadeo was anxious to take advantage of the moment when his

wife, who had been just confined, was unable to interfere in political matters, and on the 10th of February, 1873, at eight o'clock at night, he declared to Señor Ruiz Zorrilla his final resolution to abdicate. On the 12th, early in the morning, much before the most pious señoras had dressed for early mass, several plain carriages were driving the royal family from the palace of Madrid to the railway station. The queen had to be borne on a litter, and the king lifted her himself into the carriage. A few deputies and a regiment of infantry escorted their majesties and their three children to the frontier of Portugal, and the vast majority of the so-called respectable classes throughout Europe read with feelings of sincere sorrow the declaration of the young monarch: "My good wishes have deceived me, for Spain lives in the midst of a perpetual conflict. If my enemies had been foreigners, I would not abandon the task, but they are Spaniards. I wish neither to be king of a party, nor to act illegally; but, believing all my efforts to be sterile, I renounce the crown for myself, my sons, and heirs." On the 13th the royal family reached Lisbon, where they remained till the complete restoration of the queen's health, and proceeded then quietly home, and nothing more was ever heard of them in Spain. They had not yet left the palace ere a republic was proclaimed, the Senate and the Congress amalgamated under the title of "National Assembly," presided over by Señor Martos, and a new ministry was seated on the blue velvet bench of the *Congreso de los Diputados*.

In fact, abroad the abdication of the king of Spain produced by far a stronger impression than in the

country itself. In England, every old maid was lamenting the dangers to which the wretched Spaniards had exposed the young queen "in such a position" — although Spaniards had of course nothing to do either with the "position" or the exposure. The newspapers and politicians could not find words strong enough to express their indignation at a nation that had proved unable to appreciate the merits of a truly liberal and chivalrous sovereign, and the chances it had of enjoying the blessing of constitutional government. In Germany there was no end of nebulous speculations about the old bugbear of a Latin Republican federation as opposed to the Imperial Teutonic and Slavonic federations. The king of Italy began to be courted still more, "a Hohenzollern prince" began again to be talked of, and a couple of men-of-war had secret instructions sent to them. In Paris, where I happened to be at that time, the excitement was still greater. M. Thiers repeated several times that he "deplored" Amadeo's abdication as one of the greatest calamities that could have occurred. He predicted even grave European complications. When the news of the abdication reached the Assembly at Versailles, the effect it produced upon that excitable body was so great that French business with its Committee of Thirty seemed to be quite forgotten for the moment. The Right seemed just as delighted as the Left; for the former saw at once a chance of making the old Legitimist agitation common to both countries, while the latter saw another field open for the propagation of the theories of "liberty, equality, and fraternity." Every French Communist residing in London or Geneva, and

having a chance to borrow somewhere a few sovereigns, every Polish emigrant residing at Paris, rushed at once to Madrid in the anticipation of a new arena of activity being soon open to them in the country where violence of opinion is surpassed only by ignorance. On the other hand, French priests and old-fashioned French noblemen, usually creeping out of their houses hardly oftener than once a week, were for several days rushing about Paris and Versailles as if they had shaken a quarter of a century off their shoulders. The re-establishment of the old Catholic and Legitimist Monarchy was now for them a question to be simultaneously worked out in both countries, and with greater energy than ever. Funds began at once to be subscribed, if not actually collected, to improve the organization of Don Carlos' army, and the *incognito* members of the Brotherhood of Jesus were joyously rubbing their hands in anticipation of the time when politics, education, and finances would be in both countries under their care, and when Franco-Spanish money, Franco-Spanish diplomacy, and Franco-Spanish arms would be set at work to restore the temporal power of the pope at Rome, and to overthrow the father of that young prince who had just abdicated. The opponents of these clerical desperadoes seemed, on the other hand, to be quite as confident in the results of the Spanish events. I could not better formulate their views than by repeating the words said to me by a Radical deputy, in whose company I was on that day returning from Versailles. "Well, it is the greatest triumph the Republican cause could ever have had just now. The only thing we want to complete it is, that Don Carlos,

Montpensier, Alfonso, and all that lot should try and get into Amadeo's empty bed for a few nights each. They would be sure to have their throats cut, and our own Bourbon and Orleans questions would be thus settled at once in the most comfortable and the most speedy way, and that forever, I can assure you."

But to unconcerned observers, who have no business either to lament political events, or to embark in risky political speculations, the abdication of Amadeo appeared in a somewhat different light. In the first place, it was clear that it could not do any harm to Spain. The reign of "Macaroni I." (as Amadeo was popularly called) was simply impossible. He was, perhaps, the best stranger that could be found for the unhappy throne; but he was a stranger, and that was *bastante*. The mass of the Spanish people cannot stand even a shopkeeping foreigner on their soil. What force on earth could, then, make them stand *the rule* of a foreigner? His call to the throne was an absurd experiment, and the sooner it ended the better it was. A few months later he might, perhaps, not have been able to retire into private life as safely as he did then. In the second place, the statement made both by himself and by his admirers, about his having been frustrated in all his attempts to reign in accordance with the constitution, is not quite correct. There was a strong opposition against him — that is true; but is not opposition one of the elements of constitutional government? The queen of England had, for a good many years, to approve measures which were certainly not in accordance with her personal tastes. Yet she does not abdicate on account of that. She feels a sat-

isfaction in reigning; she sees loyalty and affection; she earns honor and wealth. Amadeo had nothing of that; he had to stand insults, to spend his own and his wife's fortune, and to run the risk of being murdered some day into the bargain. It is, therefore, fair to conclude that personal considerations had much more influenced his decision than his reluctance "to be the king of a party," or "to act illegally." The believer in hereditary transmission of human and animal peculiarities might also have discovered in the representatives of the Savoy House a rather general proclivity to get soon tired of the exercise of royal prerogative, a considerable number of princes of that house having abdicated their power, and some of them on very slight provocation. Amadeo VIII., Emmanuel-Philibert, Victor Emmanuel I., and the grandfather of Amadeo, Charles-Albert, have rendered themselves quite celebrated in this respect. But be it the result of personal or political considerations, be it the manifestation of an inherited tendency or a purely spontaneous act, Amadeo's abdication had, at all events, one most valuable element in it — the element of progress. Without speaking of times more distant from us, when massacres and bloodshed were the first conditions of every change of dynasty or form of government, in our own times, — in 1830, for instance, — France had to fight for three days to overthrow a rotten dynasty. In 1848 a great improvement is already to be noticed; a few hours' fighting of a few hundred men is quite enough to make a king abdicate and run away. In 1870 the thing is still more conveniently done by a single jump of a gentleman into the tribune, and a vociferous declaration that

the dynasty was no longer reigning. In Spain, in 1868, several thousand people had to be killed before the country could get rid of an unsuitable queen, while four years later a few minutes' conversation with his minister is sufficient to make a king put on his travelling costume, lock and book his portmanteau, and take the train as quietly as if he were a recalled newspaper correspondent. Thanks to the peaceful nature of the arrangement, there were neither conquerors nor conquered in Spain in February, 1873. Not a single barricade had been erected; not a single pane of glass or lamp smashed. Everything went on incomparably more quietly than an election meeting in England. Yet the question was not one between sending a Conservative Liberal or a Liberal Conservative to St. Stephen's, but one of upsetting the whole governmental fabric, established with such difficulty a couple of years previous. Is it not an improvement — a progress truly characteristic of the beautiful times we are living in?

The example which the young King Amadeo has given to his brother-sovereigns is not one likely to be imitated. But the fact that the king of Spain has abdicated instead of sending out troops on the intimation that people did not require him, ought to be a subject for serious meditation to some of his colleagues. It was certainly an act characteristic of a thorough, well-bred gentleman, almost a chivalrous act, and as such fairly deserving imitation.

The best proof how short were the roots the young Italian prince planted into Spanish soil and Spanish hearts during his twenty-five months' reign, can be seen from the fact that a few days after his departure

his very name seemed to have been forgotten. Madrid, the city where everybody seems to talk at the same time, and to do nothing but talk, had neither a word of gratitude nor a word of blame for Amadeo. If you attempted to bring the conversation on him, his reign and his abdication, you heard invariably an abrupt sentence like this: "He was a stranger, and could not even properly speak Spanish;" "He brought a lot of Italians with him;" "He was a pretty good fellow, but had no business to come here;" and so on, according to the individual disposition of the person you talked to. During the first days immediately following his departure, the always pleasure-thirsty Madrileñas seemed to get shy and to apprehend street rows. At all events, the most fashionable *habituées* of the afternoon *paseos* and the theatres were not to be seen. But in about a week's time Madrid life took its habitual course, and the Carnival following close upon the pacific revolution was as jolly as ever. The land which had taught Europe so many excellent lessons in olden times, and which stood once at the head of civilization, seemed to revive once more, to try and do again something that was worth while imitating. Smoothly, gently, without shedding a drop of blood, it changed the whole of its governmental system, and people who had never heard speak of Spain otherwise than as a land of brigands and assassins stood amazed at the sight offered to them. Yet two governments only — the United States and the Swiss — recognized the new republic, and encouraged the efforts of its leaders and of its people. All the others remained sulky, and sent out men-of-war to the coast of the enchanted land, of the ruin of which they alone had been guilty.

CHAPTER XIV.

ALFONSISM VERSUS CARLISM.

THE abdication of Amadeo, whatever may have been the view of European politicians upon it, had one great advantage for Spain, besides that of freeing the throne from a sovereign about whom people did not care; it reduced the number of persons who thought themselves entitled to govern Spain, and consequently destroyed a corresponding number of political parties. As long as Amadeo was king, there were, besides him, Don Alfonso, the Duke of Montpensier, and Don Carlos, each of them having a party, and entertaining the hope of coming some day to power. When he abdicated, Montpensier, whose claims were never based upon any legal right to the throne, saw too clearly how little chance there was for a foreigner to govern Spain, and he wisely gave up all further idea of changing his position of a wealthy Seville *naranjero* (orange-merchant, as he is called), for that of a crowned target for Republican marksmen. In February, 1873, Spain got thus at the same time rid of Amadeo and of Montpensier, of the Amadeists and the Montpensierists, and has now to deal only with the young Alfonso and Don Carlos. Let us see here what are the respective rights of the two remaining pretenders to the throne.

In ancient times, the legislation upon the succession to the throne in Spain was as confused as all legislation in an early stage of civilization must necessarily be, and such laws as existed then remained in the glorious state of non-codification prevailing up to the present time in the otherwise beautiful and well-regulated British isles. In this way anything like a serious reference to the Spanish law of succession must be out of the question; but some points in connection with this subject can be stated easily enough.

The ancient monarchy of the Goths, to which the invasion of the Moors put an end, was an elective one, both male and female sovereigns being admitted to the throne. While the Moors retained still in their possession the brightest and richest parts of the Peninsula, in its northern and less accessible regions, several independent kingdoms sprang up, and were known as Asturias, Navarre, Aragon, Catalonia, &c. In all these kingdoms there appears never to have been any settled theory as to succession; but sure it is that women were not excluded from the inheritance to the throne for we see them frequently occupying it. But as sovereigns were then rather proprietors than managers of their kingdoms, it often happened that two distinct kingdoms were united by the marriage of their sovereigns. So, for instance, the queen of Castile, Doña Elvira, was married to the king of Navarre, Don Sancho, and the two kingdoms seem to have been amalgamated. Bermudo III, king of Leon, dying without male heirs, his daughter Doña Sancha inherited his throne, and having married Ferdinand I., king of Castile, those two kingdoms were also united, and so on. The Cortes, the magnates, and

the people of the various kingdoms seldom presented any objection to swearing allegiance to female sovereigns. They at all events accepted Isabel the Catholic, and subsequently her two daughters. In 1475 the Cortes of Castile had even the question of succession under direct discussion, and declared that according to the law and usages immemorial, the female heirs had the right of inheritance to the throne in the absence of male heirs. Their declaration concluded with the proclamation that *La Infanta Doña Isabel era la verdadera heredera del trono y que á ella sola correspondia gobernar el Estado.*

The Cortes of Aragon seems to have been the only one which has occasionally refused to be governed by a woman; at all events, when Doña Isabel, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabel the Catholic, was proposed as heir-apparent, they declined to accept her, but on her death they accepted a son of hers, Don Miguel. Yet even this refusal of the Aragon Cortes seems to have been the result of mere inconsistency, for they were undoubtedly governed by a female, Doña Petronila, who had, by her marriage with the reigning Count of Barcelona, united the thrones of Catalonia and Aragon. The Aragon Cortes subsequently recognized also Doña Juana la Loca (the Mad), daughter of Ferdinand and Isabel. As to Navarre, it is well known that female sovereigns were admitted to that throne, for it was through the marriage of Doña Juana, daughter of Don Enrique, to Philippe the Handsome, that the crowns of France and Navarre became for a while united.

Thus the Carlist assertion that the Salic law is a

fundamental law of ancient Spain is thoroughly false, and even the denomination of that law in Spanish history as *Ley Nueva*, proves that there was formally another law, which was neither Nueva nor Salic. In fact, the Salic law was first introduced in Spain by Felipe V. in 1713, and under the following circumstances:—

The throne of Spain passed, after the death of Ferdinand and Isabel, to their second daughter, Doña Juana, married to the Ezherzog Philip of Austria. The succession of Carlos I. (or, according to the German reckoning, V.), Felipe II., III., and IV., and of Carlos II., presented no difficulties, as there was always a son to take the place of the father. But Carlos II. had no children, and with him terminated the so-called Asturian dynasty in Spain, the throne passing, after all sorts of home as well as of foreign disputes, to the second grandson of Maria Theresa, sister of Carlos II., married to Louis XIV. The young prince, bearing in France the title of the Duke of Anjou, ascended the Spanish throne under the name of Felipe V. That was about the greatest curse that could have befallen the unhappy Peninsula, for the accession of the French prince to the Spanish throne aroused the jealousy of England, while, at the same time, it armed against Spain the Austrian House and the House of Savoy, both of which considered themselves entitled to that throne through marriage alliances concluded two or three generations back. This quarrel culminated in what is known as the War of Succession, so much celebrated for a general ruin and slaughter, lasting over twelve years, and concluded by the Treaty of Utrecht, and the final establishment of Felipe V. as the founder

of the dynasty of Spanish Bourbons. At the same time the new king renounced, by that treaty, for himself and his descendants, all rights to the throne of France.

Felipe V., who by that time had become very popular in Spain, was anxious — since he had lost all prospects of the French throne — at least firmly to preserve the possession of the Spanish one in the hands of his dynasty, conceived the plan of changing the law of succession, by, if not wholly excluding women from the inheritance, at all events restricting their rights.* In this way the brothers of the king had preference given to them over his daughters. Everybody in Europe, and especially in England, expressed great delight at this arrangement, as it considerably lessened the chances of the Spanish throne falling under the influence of some foreign power through the marriage of a female heir. There were still apprehensions among European politicians that in two or three generations France might conclude a marriage with a queen of Spain, and the outside world's ears be once more shocked by the exclamation, *Il n'y a plus de Pyrénées!* (which, after all, was but a snobbish boast). But one of the most curious points in the whole affair is, that while England exerted all her efforts to have the Salic law established in Spain in 1713, some hundred and twenty years later (1833) no end of English lives and

* The new law seems to have been remarkably badly composed. An able Spanish lawyer, Señor Montoliu, shows that while some provisions of it give preference to male over female heirs in the direct line of descent, others increased the rights and chances of distant female relatives in lateral lines.

English money was wasted for the sake of having it abolished again, and a female baby two years old put upon the throne in preference to a grown-up man. Another not less amusing circumstance was that Felipe V., by the introduction of the new order of inheritance, abolished those very laws in accordance with which he himself had become king at all; for it was from his grandmother, a female heir to Carlos II., that he inherited the crown. For our present purpose, however, three other points of this mischievous alteration of the law of succession are of importance.

First. That the *Nuevo Reglamento*, or *Ley Nueva*, was made in a French, not in the usual Spanish manner. It was first issued and then notified to the Cortes. It was a mere *auto acordado*, a decree *octroyé à la Française*, not a law proposed to, and discussed and passed by, the Cortes in the way usual in Spain.

Second. That since the right of thus changing the fundamental law of succession is recognized to Felipe V., there is no reason for not recognizing it to Carlos IV. and Ferdinand VII., who subsequently rechanged it again for the old one; and

Third. That if the *Nuevo Reglamento* be accepted, its distinct provision that the heir to the throne should be born and educated in Spain or in Spanish dominions should be strictly agreed to.

These three points completely invalidate all the claims of the present Pretender, Don Carlos. He declares that his rights are based on the fundamental laws of the country, while they are based in reality upon a mere decree of Felipe V. He declares the pragmatic sanction of Carlos IV. (of 1789), made public

by Ferdinand VII. in 1830, to be illegal, while in fact it was much more legally issued than the *Nuevo Reglamento*. And finally, if the law of Felipe V. be accepted, its provision that the heir to the throne should be born and educated in Spain excludes Don Carlos from succession, for he was born and educated in Austria.

But these are not all the reasons invalidating the rights of Don Carlos. There are some more. The Pretender, known as Charles V., after the close of the Seven Years' War was interned in Bourges, and abdicated his rights in favor of his son, Count de Montemolin (Charles VI.). He had two sons besides that, Don Juan and Don Fernando. When the Carlist attempt took place, in 1860, at San Carlos de la Rapita, Don Carlos and Don Fernando were captured, and were about to be shot; but their lives were spared upon the understanding that they should sign the abdication of their pretensions, which they did on the 23d of April of the same year at Tortosa, though they afterwards disavowed this abdication. The third brother, Don Juan, who did not take part in that attempt, and who might therefore have some semblance of right to the claims of his father and his eldest brother, first seemed disposed to assert it, but subsequently, in 1863, renounced his rights in favor of Isabella. In this way the claims of every one of the Pretenders ought to be considered as having been finally settled, and so matters stood till 1868, when Isabella fled, and Don Juan all at once launched another abdication of the claims he had renounced already. This time it was in favor of Don Carlos, his son, a young

man of twenty years of age, and now the Pretender. From whatever point, therefore, we look upon the new Don Carlos, he cannot make good anything like a semblance of rights to the throne. And if there is any person at all entitled to it, it is undoubtedly the eldest son of Isabella, in whose favor she formally abdicated, in Paris, on the 27th of June, 1870. The only objection to the rights of the young Don Alfonso, which the Carlists and the Republicans were at all capable of ever bringing forward, was that the legitimacy of his birth was doubtful. But this is evidently no argument, since Isabella's husband never repudiated him, and since, after all, it was she, and not Don Francisco d'Assise, that was the sovereign; and the fact of the young prince being *her* son has never been questioned.*

But if it is thus easy enough to express one's opinion as to the respective rights of the two Pretenders, it is by no means equally easy to say which of them (if any) is more likely to more or less permanently establish his dynasty on the Spanish throne. And the reasons for hesitating to give a definite answer on this point are manifold.

To begin with, Don Alfonso, the Prince of Asturias, is barely eighteen years old, having been born in No-

* Truly speaking, however, none of the living Spanish princes have any right whatever to the throne of that country, if the succession law of Felipe V., who was the head of the whole of this dynasty, were in any way complied with; for Charles IV. was born and educated in Naples, and consequently had no right to reign in Spain; and if he had no right to reign, so neither Ferdinand VII., nor any of his brothers, nor Isabella, nor the young Alfonso, have ever had any right either.

vember, 1857. His mother is not a woman likely to let him go to Spain without trying to go there herself; and her arrival would be a signal for a new revolution. She persisted in not surrendering her crown for nearly two years after she had been overthrown, and events, as well as friends or foes, were equally clearly demonstrating to her every day that her reign was no longer possible. She yielded only to the advice and remonstrances of Napoleon, and this not before she had seen that Spaniards had made up their minds rather to have a foreign prince than to run the risk of seeing her and her *camarilla* back again at Madrid. It will be almost impossible to tear away a young prince of eighteen years of age from his mother. Since he has been called to the country, his family will have to be admitted too, and in a few months Madrid will have the king and his friends; Doña Isabel and her party; Doña Christina and her party; the Duke of Montpensier and his party; and so on, with the Republicans and Carlists of various shades in the background. And we know only too well what that would have meant.

When Montpensier, a deadly enemy of Isabella, saw, a few years ago, that he had not only no chance of seizing the crown, but that he could not get even as a deputy into the Cortes, having been beaten at the elections in Asturias, he began to try a reconciliation with Isabella with a view to a prospective regency. The negotiations were painful and difficult. Had they been carried out more successfully, and peace between the two parties concluded sooner, Don Alfonso might have been proclaimed in 1873. Keeping in view that money can do anything in Spanish politics, and that

the Conservatives are the only party that have plenty of it, the occasion may be considered as having been a very favorable one at that moment, and if it was missed, it was so on account of personal difficulties between Montpensier and Isabella. It was only just before Amadeo's departure from Spain that they concluded an alliance on the basis of a prospective marriage between Don Alfonso and the youngest daughter of Montpensier. The ex-queen was to give up all political interference, and the duke to become the regent till the majority of his nephew. Measures were at once taken to work the country in this direction; large amounts of money were prepared for emergencies; the foreign courts were influenced through the Orleans princes and their party, many of the members of which were among the French ambassadors in various countries. M. Thiers was worked in the same direction, and apparently secured to the Alfonso cause, while Duke d'Aumale and the Count of Paris showed their disposition to accomplish in the London money-market what their credit was able to do. The postponement of the recognition of the Spanish republic by the European powers was to a considerable extent credited by the members of the party to the work they had been doing.

But presently new difficulties arose between Isabella and her brother-in-law. It was understood, it appears, in the original arrangement, that Marfori and all the rest of the *entourage* of the ex-queen would be put aside. Christina was quite on Montpensier's side in this case; but the bed-chamber *camarilla* of Isabella had so influenced her within a few weeks, that this con-

dition was completely disregarded. And as Montpensier greatly insisted upon it, and showed a disposition to inquire closely into the private life of his sister-in-law, the compact was broken before it had time to bear any fruit whatsoever.

While these negotiations went on, I happened to be in Paris, and to have now and then some information of what was going on in the Bazilefsky Hôtel, and from what I heard then, I must conclude that notwithstanding all the accusations that had been always brought against Queen Christina, she is, upon the whole, a much more reasonable and probably a better woman than her daughter. She undoubtedly liked power and money. But who does not? She was at all events sufficiently affectionate to sometimes sacrifice ambition to love, and whenever something was demonstrated to her, she proved capable of understanding it and of acting accordingly. In Isabella little was to be seen of anything of the sort. While she was said to change her lovers as frequently as she changed ministers, and during the whole of her reign certainly never thought of anything but her purse and her confessor, Christina, even in the worst days of her despotism, was sometimes able to forget everything except the feelings of her woman's heart. When the revolt of La Granja broke out, she valiantly resisted all the insults and violence of her own body-guards, when, breaking into her bedroom, with arms in their hands, they asked her to sign the constitution. It was only when Sergeant Garcia dragged her out in a chemise into the court-yard, and showed her the man she-loved kneeling close to the wall and about to be shot, that she cried out, "Stop! I sign."

At home as well as abroad, Christina was constantly abused for her private life, and "*puta*" was the abominable name by which she was called by her own soldiers. But what did she in reality? She was married at twenty-three to a disgusting man of forty-five, who had already had three wives.* She lived friendly with him, bore him two children, and was left a widow at twenty-seven. She was a Neapolitan woman, with the blood of her country in her veins, and fell in love with Ferdinand Muñoz, one of the most handsome of her guardsmen. It has not been proved that she ever committed adultery, and her husband would probably not have left her in possession of power after his death if he had had reason to believe that she had done so. A couple of months after Ferdinand's death Christina secretly married Muñoz, and the shortness of the interval between the death of the first husband and the second marriage is the only thing that can be objected to. Some ten years later the marriage was publicly sanctioned by a royal decree, Muñoz became Duke of Rianzarès; the couple had several children, and lived as friendly as any married people do. The old lady is now seventy years of age, and is certainly as active, intelligent, and energetic as her daughter, who is not

* The three former wives of Ferdinand VII. were a Princess of Sicily, a Princess of Portugal, and a Princess of Saxony. The latter died under circumstances which created some sensation. He had children by none of them, and married Princess Maria Christina, daughter of the King of the Two Sicilies, without ever having seen her, simply because the Neapolitan house was reputed to be very prolific. The marriage took place in November, 1829, and eleven months later Isabella was born.

yet fifty; and the mother is surely less priest-ridden. It would be absurd to say that Christina made a proper use of power when she held it; but sure it is that had Isabella better listened to her advice after she attained maturity, she might have still preserved her crown.

But to return to our subject. The difficulties standing in the way of Don Alfonso are not restricted to his family affairs only. His chief drawback is, that he has no popular party to support him, though he undoubtedly possesses a powerful political party. Among the people, properly speaking, he has partisans only in the shopkeeping class of some of the large cities, people who will not either move for him, or sacrifice a *peseta*. The country folks at large are either Republicans or Carlists, or perfect indifferents. There is no end to small boroughs of ten and twenty thousand inhabitants, chiefly of the agricultural class, in which all your efforts to ascertain the political color of the place are met with the invariable reply, "*In esta poblacion no tenemos opinion ninguna*;" that is to say, that the people there don't care about anybody or any form of government, provided they are left in peace, and taxes—especially the *contribucion de sangre*, the blood-tax or conscription—are not increased. In this way Don Alfonso can really reckon only upon the army, upon a group of politicians (some of them, it must be said, very influential and experienced), and upon a floating mass of *empleados*. And it remains to be seen whether the progress which Republican ideas have made all throughout the peninsula will not prove by far to exceed all the influence his party possess.

Don Carlos, on the other hand, while he has undoubt-

edly the popular support of at least one million of men in the various provinces, has no political party to back him. He has also neither the support of the European courts, nor the money which Alfonso can command; and the men who surround him are not at all likely to possess the statesman-like abilities the Alfonso party is credited with. The political and religious theories Don Carlos is supposed to represent — though they are somewhat exaggerated — are certainly not of a nature to win the sympathies either of the majority of the Spaniards or of the world outside. There must, therefore, evidently be a deadly struggle between Alfonsism and Carlism before anything is settled in Spain. The most likely result of this struggle is, in my opinion, that both parties will ultimately succumb, making room for a firmly-established republic. But I prefer giving on this point the opinion of more competent judges than myself. Here is, as nearly as possible, what Señor Figueras — undoubtedly one of the most acute and enlightened judges of Spanish politics — told me during one of the conversations I had with him at Madrid.

“For me,” said Señor Figueras, “there is only one Conservative party in Spain — that of Don Alfonso. It is the only one which has some real root in the country, and which counts in its ranks really able men. The Carlists look, of course, more active and more dangerous; and so they are, perhaps. But we know, if strangers do not, that Carlism means in reality Don Alfonso much more than it does Don Carlos. Old Elio, for instance, knows better than any one how far Don Carlos is unfit for the throne, and if he still serves

the Carlist cause, it is simply out of chivalry and old-fashioned loyalty. He served Ferdinand VII. and Charles V., and he considers himself bound to serve Charles VII. But had you asked him frankly to say whom he preferred to see on the throne of Spain, from the point of view of the country's welfare, he would certainly say Don Alfonso. About the same thing could be said of Dorregaray, Lizarraga, Ollo, and other Carlist leaders. All of them were officers in Doña Isabella's army. All of them joined the Carlist party, not because they objected to her as their queen, but because they did not wish either to serve the republic or the stranger, Amadeo. They would never have fought against Isabella, and would gladly accept her son. In fact, Carlism of our days is strong with the populations of the northern provinces, but by no means with its leaders, who know only too well how little the weak-minded Don Carlos is fit to rule Spain, or even likely to be accepted by any portion of the population as soon as he becomes more known. You said Don Carlos spoke kindly of me and my colleagues when you saw him. I am, therefore, sorry to say such rude things of him, but I believe I am saying only what is true."

"So that, practically, you admit the possibility of the republic being overthrown?" asked I.

"As things are going on now,"* answered Señor Figueras, "I must say that I would not deny the possibility of such a thing, though I hope it will not happen. At all events there is this much achieved already,

* The conversation took place in May, 1873.

that only two forms of government have henceforth become possible in this country — either a federal republic or a constitutional monarchy with Don Alfonso. This is a great gain. A short time ago we had about a dozen combinations considered as equally possible. Yet Don Alfonso, though his chances of coming to power are great, cannot last long. His reign will be merely a short adjournment of the republic. In holding this opinion, I do not lay stress alone on the progress which Republican ideas are daily making in this country, but also on some of the unavoidable consequences of the prince's coming to the throne."

The late *Presidente del Poder Ejecutivo* began here to explain to me the various combinations of political parties which would necessarily take place in such a case — combinations the description of which here would, I am afraid, unnecessarily tire the reader, sufficiently perplexed by the doings of his own parties not to take interest in those of foreign countries.

As a counterpoise to this thoroughly Republican view of the subject, I may be allowed to give here the opinion of another gentleman — perhaps the ablest and most experienced member of the Alfonso party, Señor Comyn, the Spanish minister in London. In a conversation I had lately with his excellency he said, —

"The republic is impossible with us. Our people are not educated for it, and that is the chief reason why I always sided with Don Alfonso. Castelar and Carvajal, who sent me to represent Spain at the court of Queen Victoria, know my views. I never made any secret of them, and I firmly believe that, whatever may be our immediate future, a day will come when

Don Alfonso will as freely enter the palace of Madrid, and be as heartily welcomed there, as my son will be in this house when he returns home after having finished his studies. But Don Alfonso must have a mustache when he comes to Spain. Before that his entry would be very undesirable, and if our party begin to hurry they will spoil everything."

Since then Don Alfonso has been proclaimed king; but he has still no mustache, and the future of Spain is as uncertain as ever.

CHAPTER XV.

SPANISH REPUBLICANISM.

THOUGH everybody knows the proverb, "There's nothing new under the sun," people are still inclined to take very old things for quite new ones. When the European public heard of the federal republic having been proclaimed in Spain, they considered it as quite a new calamity brought upon the political world, immediately declared it to be subversive of every vestige of order, and attributed its origin to the propaganda of the International Society. The truth was, however, that Spanish federalism was neither a new thing, nor had it any connection whatever with the International.

First of all, the International Society is essentially a working man's association, and there are hardly any working men at all in Spain, Catalonia excepted. Spain is totally an agricultural country, and it is well known that the International has never had any influence on the agricultural laborers, having been strictly confined to the manufacturing and working classes. On the other hand, any one that knows anything about Spanish history is well aware that what the Federalists now call the "saving formula of little republics within a great nation" was the original form of government

which prevailed all over the Peninsula, up to the time when foreign kings, adventurers, and armies came, under various pretexts, to invade the Peninsula, to rob it of its treasures, and its people of their liberties.

If the various kingdoms which constituted ancient Spain became united, it was chiefly because the country was in need of leaders, and of great unity of effort for getting rid of the invaders. The intermarriage between the sovereigns, and the nominal union of various kingdoms, did in no way affect their constitution and privileges, and as soon as the Moors were expelled, the separate provinces began at once to claim their ancient rights and the privilege of independent existence.

Early in the sixteenth century, the provincial procuradores, or representatives of the people, rose all over the country to oppose the foreign yoke of the young Charles V. and his Flemish councillors, and refused to swear allegiance to him until he himself had sworn to maintain the liberties and privileges of the Spanish provinces and municipalities. The researches which had been made by the late Mr. Bergenroth, in the Simancas Archives, are sure soon to revive the interest in the sanguinary civil war known as the war of *Comunidades*, which offers quite an inexhaustible material for romances, dramas, and tragedies, though at present the great struggle and its heroes — Padilla, Maria Pacheco, Vega, Quintanilla, Zapata, and Juan Bravo — are almost forgotten.

The *Comuneros* were vanquished and their leaders executed, but the idea which they represented, and for which they struggled, was on that account not eradicated from the minds of the people whom we know

under the general denomination of Spaniards, and who are in reality Castilians, Aragonese, Catalans, Andalusians, Basques, &c., between all of whom there is certainly more difference in every possible respect than has ever existed between an Irishman and an Englishman, or a Bavarian and a Prussian. To the great majority of people outside it seems that, since all Spaniards profess the Catholic religion and live on the same peninsula, they must be, if not truly homogeneous, at all events very similar people. No notion can be more false than this. Men have constantly proved to be able to profess the same creed, and pray to the same God, and yet be deadly enemies. The most flourishing time of Italy was that of its municipal organization, and we know that in the hatred which existed at that time between Genoa, Venice, Milan, Florence, &c., there was something far exceeding the animosity that ever animated any two different races. The same thing is still to be seen between the various provinces of the now United Germany, and between the various nationalities composing the Austrian and the Russian empire. If Italy looks now more united, it is simply because there was, for a long time, a general idea animating the people. Unity became, for the Italians, synonymous with the overthrow of Austrian dominion and of the secular power of the pope. If, at the time of Napoleon's invasion, Spain had been left to herself, she might also, perhaps, have softened down her provincial rivalries, and become, at least as far as appearance goes, a more consolidated state.

That the spirit of localism and provincialism does not in any way prevent common action amongst the

various component parts of a state, is sufficiently clear to any one who reads and understands the most glorious pages of the history of England, America, and Switzerland, or is able to penetrate the real meaning of the last German success, in which fierce rivals and deadly enemies were cemented into one invincible body. Provided the idea of which the defence is to be undertaken is common to all their provinces and municipalities, federal states have almost invariably proved to be superior in efficiency of action to centralized states. Señor Castelar points out, with reference to this subject, that "Asturias alone made a treaty with Great Britain, and the treaty was religiously observed by the whole nation. The Alcalde of Mostoles, an insignificant village, first declared war against Napoleon, and his declaration was the declaration of all Spain. The village bell rang with clamor, and awoke in the hearts of the peasantry indignation against the invader; the defiles were changed into Thermopylæ, the hunter became a guerilla, and the guerilla a general."

The fact that Italy and Germany have quite lately consolidated, makes the reading classes of the public throughout Europe believe that we have entered an age of large empires; but this opinion is very erroneous. To make any progress at all, as great states, Italy and Germany had first of all to get rid of a number of petty sovereigns, all of whom were equally famous for extortions, selfishness, corruption, and utter imbecility. Now that these petty princes have been set aside, the central power, by means of which they were overthrown, will naturally hold its sway for some time, but by and by the period of natural disintegration is

sure to set in; and all the misapprehensions which exist on that point are simply the result of people not quite realizing the difference between disintegration and decomposition in state matters — two perfectly different things. Disintegration by no means implies a decrease of strength of the central power, in cases where the activity of that power is needful, as is clearly shown by the examples of America, England, and even little Switzerland; while decomposition is the invariable and inevitable result of unlimited centralization. With the execution of the Girondists, those intrepid though partly unconscious advocates of federalism, the French republic itself was executed; while the principle of self-government embodied in the otherwise very narrow-minded Anglo-Saxon parish and municipality has saved the liberties of the nation. The English Georges were in no way preferable to the sundry French Louises, or the Spanish Ferdinands and Charleses. At the same time the worship of royalty and aristocracy was always incomparably stronger in England than either in France or Spain. Yet, while Great Britain was steadily growing into a free community of free citizens, France and Spain were invariably plunging from savage despotism into savage anarchy, or *vice versâ*. The explanation of this fact is, that the history of the progress of national liberty is simply the history of the progress of municipal and provincial charters and franchises.

Such being the general principles involved, let us see now what are the particular impediments in the way of Spain ever getting constituted as an orderly centralized state, whether Monarchical or Republican.

Foremost of all stand the natural causes. The four kingdoms of Andalusia, the two Castiles, the Vasco-Navarre provinces, Murcia, Valencia, Catalonia, Aragon, Galicia, Leon, Estremadura, Asturias, are each and all vastly different in every possible respect — in climate, soil, natural productions, character of the population, and their habits and pursuits. No uniform legislation is conceivable for them, and the cry for home rule must unavoidably arise in every one of these provinces, as soon as the Peninsula is out of danger of foreign invasion. Except those of Madrid, all the revolutions and revolts, since the last invaders had been got rid of, were — whatever may have been their immediate pretexts — in substance provincial and municipal risings against the central power. Thus, from natural causes alone, it would be utterly impossible to make a centralized state of the Peninsula. A sort of patriarchal despotism *à la Russe* would be the only means of keeping the various provinces under a central yoke. But this sort of government is possible only for a limited time, and had the Russian czars of the present centuries made themselves as much detested and despised by their subjects as the Spanish sovereigns did, the Russian empire would have been by this time engaged in a most ferocious civil war for federalism, Poles, Germans, Fins, Asiatic tribes, &c., all claiming independent existence.

The general corruption and demoralization of Madrid are another obstacle standing in the way of Spanish centralization. The population of the capital consists chiefly of professional politicians, *empleados* (civil service functionaries), in and out of office, a number of

troops accustomed to *pronunciamientos*, stock exchange and other gamblers, and jobbers, and similar dangerous classes. The provinces justly hold Madrid in utter abhorrence, and know that, whether the form of government be a monarchy or a unitarian republic, the power will practically be in the hands of these classes; and this is what they won't stand under any consideration. The *pré*stige which Paris has for every Frenchman of even the most distant province is here unknown. Consequently, while the French capital was constantly able to settle or disturb the affairs of the whole of France, in Spain we almost invariably find the provinces satisfied only when Madrid is disturbed, and see them rising again as soon as things seem to settle in the capital. The most striking proof of this difference between the two countries is to be found in the fact that the capture of Paris was invariably an actual conquest of the whole of France, while the entry of the enemy into the Spanish capital was a mere incident of the war, the capture of a large town.

Thus the general character of the relations between the capital and the provinces of Spain renders the establishment of a *strong* central government impossible; and as no centralized state has ever been endurable, or even preserved its equilibrium, unless its central power was unusually strong, one would be justified in assuming that only two forms of government are possible in the Peninsula — either a federal republic or a federative monarchy, something similar to what Austria has been tending to for these last few years.

Now, the establishment of a monarchy of even such a decentralized form will still meet all the difficulties

we have already mentioned: the young age of Don Alfonso, the popular hatred for his mother, grandmother, and their parties, the wretched yet unavoidable influence of the professional politicians of Madrid, and the fact of the prince not having any popular party to back him. And along with these obstacles will come the constantly-growing spread of Republican ideas all over the country. But as I have endeavored all through this volume to give at least some sort of support to the opinions I have ventured to express, I will quote here a better authority on this subject than any foreign writer on Spain could ever pretend to be. Here is, in substance, what Don Emilio Castelar wrote in 1872, when Amadeo sat on the throne of Spain, when Europe fully believed in the possibility of establishing a constitutional monarchy in the Peninsula, and when the idea of "Spanish federalism" was quite unknown to the European public at large, and considered a silly dream by the few who had heard of its being advocated:—

"At this day one of the nations most fitted for the federation is our Spain. We do not have the same Republican traditions as those possessed by Italy and France. Our people, always at war, have always needed a chief; and this chief required not only the sword of the soldier to fight, but the sceptre of the monarch to rule. Notwithstanding this ancient monarchical character, there are regions which have been saved from the monarchy, and which have preserved their democracy and their republic. There still exist in the north provinces possessed of an autonomy and an independence which give them points of resem-

blance to the Swiss cantons. The citizens give neither tribute nor blood to the kings. Their firesides are as sacred from the invasion of authority as those of the English or of the Americans. Every town is a republic, or governed by a council elected by the citizens at the summons of the church bell. When the time fixed by their constitution arrives, the representatives of the towns come together in the shade of the secular trees of liberty, vote taxes, draw up or amend the laws, name new officers and withdraw the old ones, with the calmness and moderation of a people accustomed to govern themselves in the midst of the agitations of liberty.

“And we not only have these living examples of democracy, but we have also democratic traditions — traditions which we may call republican. Our Cortes of Castile succeeded frequently in expelling the ecclesiastical and aristocratic estates from their sessions. Our Cortes of Aragon attained such power that they named the government of their kings, and obtained fixed days for their sessions. Navarre was a species of republic more or less aristocratic, presided over by a king more or less respected. And the Castilian municipalities were in the middle ages true democratic republics. All the citizens came to council, they elected the alcaldes, and alternated on the jury. They guarded their rights of reality in which the servitude of the tenantry was extinguished. They all bore arms in the militia, all held safely guarded the liberties indispensable to life, and they founded together the brotherhood which defended these against feudalism, and which was a genuine federation of plebeians.

“What is certain is the complete extinction of the

monarchical sentiment in the Spanish people. At the beginning of the century, monarchical faith had diminished in the popular conscience, and the respect for the monarchy had suffered in our hearts. The scandals of the court taught the people that kings had lost the moral superiority, which is the life and soul of political superiority. An insurrection irreverently attacked the palaces of the kings, and forced them to abdication. The mutiny of Aranjuez really put an end to the absolute monarchy. Afterwards, when the people carried the war of independence, the king was absent, converted into a courier of the conqueror, congratulating him on victories gained against his own subjects, and licking his spurs wet with Spanish blood. He (Ferdinand VII.) returned to oppress the patriots who redeemed him, and to call to his aid the foreigners who had captured him. The crowned monster left us his offspring, and intrusted the cradle of his child to the liberty which he had violently persecuted.

“The Spanish Republican party is distinguished from the Republican party of France by having been always federal. We cannot understand how the popular sovereignty exists in reality or in force in a country where, as its only means of manifestation, it has the suffrage placed above outraged individual rights, over mutilated municipalities blindly electing in accordance with administrative coercion representatives to central assemblies, which, imagining themselves sovereign, become arbitrary. The geographical constitution of the Peninsula makes of Spain a southern Switzerland. Its vast cordilleras mark the boundaries of natural and autonomic states. The Basques and the people of Navarre

still preserve their independence, as if Nature had wished to rebuke with this living example the violence of men. Between the Cantabrian, the Asturian, and the Galician, although they stretch upon one line, and are mirrored in the waters of the same sea, there are profound differences of race, of history, of character, which always give rise, in spite of apoplectic centralization, to profound social and political differences. The two Castiles, separated by their high mountain range, would form two powerful states. Valencia, Murcia, Andalusia, and Estremadura are, like Italy, like Greece, the regions of light, and inspiration, and of beauty, the fruitful mothers of our artists, who have dazzled the world with the splendor of their coloring; of our poets, immortal through their fire and their melody; of our orators, who preserve in the midst of modern society the ancient Hellenic eloquence. The Aragonese retains the type of the ancient Celtiberian in his physique, and preserves in his morale the independence, the moderation, and the virility which come of his historical liberal institutions. Catalonia is a poetic Provence, inhabited by men as industrious as the English. And these races form the most various and most united nation, and consequently the nation most naturally federal in the world. No one need ever think that Spain can be reduced to fragments, and that those fragments shall be, like aërolites, lost and scattered through immensity. Spain is one through the consent of all Spaniards, is federal through the nature of her character, her geography, and her history. And the federal Republican form is necessary and indispensable to-day if we are to unite with the Portuguese,

a people restricted in territory, but great in their history, who wrote the poem of navigation and of labor, who peopled the ocean with legions like the ancient Argonauts, who evoked the East Indies from oblivion, and who divided with us the immensity of the New World, as they ought to share with us to-day the vast promise of another world, newer and wider, the luminous world of justice and of right. It is certain that all these ideas, all these noble aspirations, have profoundly impressed our country, and have set in motion the irresistible Republican current."

If there was any truth at all in this in 1872, there is much more in 1875. Spanish federalism does not mean anything more dangerous or subversive than what already exists in Switzerland and in the United States of America; and the British kingdom itself is, truly speaking, a much looser federation than that projected in Spain; for the greater part of British dominions are much less dependent on or connected with the mother-country than any Spanish federal council, senate, or congress would ever allow any Spanish province to be. As to the apprehensions of Communistic or Socialistic theories making any progress under the cover of federalism, they are utterly void of foundation. Take any correspondence of impartial English witnesses of the Federalist risings of Carthagen, Valencia, Malaga, Barcelona, or any other province, and you will see that no attack was ever made on private property. The letters published from the Times' special correspondents all through the siege of Carthagen will some day form an invaluable material for the defence of the much-abused Spanish Feder-

alists. Even the five hundred released convicts behaved themselves as no mob in any country ever did in time of peace. I have not seen a single case of theft, or violence, or even drunkenness, recorded all throughout the siege, although the correspondents of the leading English journal were certainly no sympathizers with either the *Intransigentes* or the released convicts.

That the notions of property will ever reach, among any branch of the Latin race, the extreme point they have reached in Anglo-Saxon countries, is more than doubtful. That the idea of "vested interests," for instance, could ever be entertained in any but an Anglo-Saxon head is not very probable. But the respect for individual property will, on that account, not be lessened. There are not a few acute judges of human affairs who believe that, if anything subversive of the present theories of property is ever to be brought to bear upon the world, it is sure to come from the English race, among which the blind worship of wealth may finally exasperate millions of suffering and disregarded individuals. On the Continent of Europe property is more safe, simply because it is more largely spread among all classes of society. Throughout the whole of the endless civil wars in Spain, no reason was ever given to the world for apprehending that any attempt would be made in that country to upset the basis of the present social arrangements. This is a very important point, for if the world at large becomes convinced of it, European governments may, perhaps, be induced not to interfere any longer with the form of the government Spain may ultimately select for itself.

It would be quite useless on my part to give here the theoretical arguments against the federal form of government. They are too well known, and there are too many people always anxious to repeat them in and out of season, though the majority of such people know nothing at all about Spain, and have hardly ever inquired what sort of thing federalism really is. Here is a Spanish—consequently, a somewhat verbose—definition of it:—

“Relations between individuals create the family, relations between families the municipality, relations between municipalities the state, and between states the nation; and the nation should establish itself in constitutional compacts which should recognize and proclaim the autonomy of the citizens, of the states, and of the nation. This is the federal Republican form. This is the form which leaves all entities in their respective centres of gravity, and associates them in harmonious spheres. And when human relations become more intimate, not only through those miracles of industry which annihilate distance, but also by a closer sense of the solidarity which exists among all men, the federation of states, which we call nations, will be succeeded by the federation of nations, which we may call the organism of humanity.

“This is the form of government proposed by the Republican deputies in the Constituent Assembly, and defended with great tenacity in daily struggles; and when this form of government is dispassionately examined it must be admitted that it is not possible to invent another more adapted to our national character.”

It is quite evident that neither life, nor property, nor

order, is in any way threatened by this programme. It is just as evident that it is perfectly immaterial whether on the summit of such a federal state there be placed a throne or a presidential chair. If the people like to have a royalty at the top of their social fabric, let them have it; if not, don't impose it upon them. Whether it be Alfonso, or Serrano, or Castelar, or any other person that is going to take up his abode at the palace of Madrid, it is, after all, quite immaterial, and presents for the country merely a question of a balance between a civil list and a president's salary. But what every well-wisher of Spain should desire for that lovely but ill-fated country is, that it should get rid as soon as possible of its bureaucratic and centralization fetters. Even from the bitterest enemies of Federalism, I never heard in Spain itself any valid *practical* argument against a federal constitution, except that Castile and Catalonia must be ruined, and Cuba lost under a federation.

Castile — not Old, but New only — lives upon Madrid, and Madrid lives upon people in office, the court, the foreigners, and similar non-working bodies; that province has neither trade, nor manufactures, nor agriculture, and must, it is said, become a desert as soon as it is no longer a governmental centre. To this the answer is plain. The advantage of getting rid of the Madrid parasites is too great for the country at large not to be bought at the price of New Castile's ruin. Besides, if neither Castile nor Madrid work now, the feeling of self-preservation will compel them to work when they have no other resources.

Catalonia is expected to be ruined because, being

the only manufacturing province, it has always been strongly protected by the general tariff to which a federal constitution would put an end. The numberless ports of the Peninsula would be at once opened to free trade, and the factories of Catalonia would have to be shut up. But this is evidently the old question of free trade *versus* protectionism, and the old answer must be given to it. Catalonia may suffer for a while, but will finally rise to the European standard of workmanship. If she proves unable to do so, it will be only because she is not fit for the work she has undertaken, and in that case it would be unjust to make the whole Peninsula indefinitely pay for the incapacity of Catalonia.

As to Cuba, the chances of her getting adrift could by no means be increased by a federal constitution. On the contrary, many people believe that Cuba is lost already, and that the only means of saving the isle is to emancipate her slaves, and grant her all the privileges she could enjoy either as an independent republic or as a member of the United States.

People who point out the constant disturbances and insurrections, obviously forget that these were more numerous and more sanguinary under the centralized monarchy. The political disturbances in the Peninsula are, as everywhere else, the result of bad government on the one hand, and of an undue advance of "ideas" over "knowledge" in the mass of the people on the other. Provided the form of government suits a nation, people remain the quieter the less they "think," and the more they "know." It was always by "ideas" and "generalities" that the Continent of Europe was

disturbed, and it was by the utter absence of anything like "thoughts" that the population of the British Isles was kept in peace. The Englishman who thinks, is just as turbulent a person as the Spaniard or the Frenchman, while the Spaniard or Frenchman who possesses the knowledge of the average Briton, is generally just as orderly and peace-loving an individual as the most respectable of her majesty's subjects. If the mass of Spaniards and Frenchmen could be by some sort of contrivance made to think less and to know more, we should never hear of any revolutions in those countries, and, to my mind, the greatest danger for Spain is the utter ignorance of her population, and its obstinate dislike to acquire any knowledge, whether it be of a theoretical or of a practical nature.

There is one more argument against federalism, and it is this: it precludes the possibility for a country to have an army. The civil war in America has brilliantly refuted this assertion, and the supposition that a Republican army in Spain must necessarily be worse than a Monarchical one is perfectly unwarranted.

As soldiers, Spaniards have a very bad reputation, and to defend them in this respect would probably prove a very ungrateful task. Truly speaking, it would even be difficult to maintain that they are good soldiers, in the sense in which the word is understood in the German army, for instance. But what is quite fair to say — though, perhaps, it may also not be easy to convince people who have made up their mind to the

contrary — is that Spaniards are by no means the cowards they are not unfrequently represented to be. The bad military reputation of Spaniards arose in England, since the time of the Peninsular war, when they were brought side by side with the staunch, thoroughly disciplined British rank and file. Lord Wellington was, from his point of view, perfectly right in constantly complaining of the Spanish troops. He was too much accustomed to the English fashion of military training to put up with the loose, guerrilla nature of the Spaniards. The stern, business-like English commander-in-chief could not stand their being always too late, always wanting in something. Describing some ill-success, he would, in utter disgust, but as usual in very homely language, remark in his despatch, "All this would have been avoided, had the Spaniards been anything but Spaniards," or, "They have not done anything that they were ordered to do, and have done exactly that against which they were warned;" or, "I am afraid that the utmost we can hope for is to teach them how to avoid being beaten; if we can effect that object, I hope we may do the rest." Such and similar testimonies against the Spaniards, coming from a man of the Duke of Wellington's authority, have naturally caused every one rashly to conclude that Spaniards were not worth anything at all as soldiers. No one remembered any longer that their armies had conquered kingdoms in all parts of the globe, and that their infantry was once the terror and admiration of the whole world. Even the duke's own testimonies made on other occasions, stating "that their conduct was equal to that of any troops I had ever seen en-

gaged," were overlooked. The bad name had been once given, and there was an end to it; no one would inquire what was the reason that sometimes they fought so well, while in other cases and at other times so badly. No one would take the trouble to look into the Spanish character for the explanation of these evidently contradictory phenomena; nor was any Englishman disposed to believe that, though England was the ally of Spain, Spaniards, upon the whole, detested the English just as much as they detested the French. Only Wellington's remarks that "they oppose and render fruitless every measure to set them right or save them" would now and then betray that he, at all events, had some idea of the real feelings of the Spaniards. In fact, one would be inclined to believe that an essentially common-sense man, like the duke, must have perceived the whole truth on this subject, for, though Spaniards were courteous and polite, as they always are, the manner in which they opposed the English whenever they could possibly do so, and the fact of Spanish soldiers pillaging English baggage-trains just as unceremoniously as they did French ones, showed plainly enough the real state of affairs with reference to "feelings." The Moro-Iberian pride, the *Españolismo*, has always caused, and is still causing, the Spaniards equally to detest every foreigner, whether he be supposed friend or declared foe, as soon as he comes into Spain with anything like power in his hands. Let a foreigner come as a guest, and he is received with open arms, and more hospitably than in any other country. But as soon as he comes for a business purpose—be it to fight for a Spanish cause, or simply to

work mines or railways "for the benefit of Spaniards," he is sure to be equally detested all over the country. What the Spaniards always wanted, and what they could never obtain, was to be left alone. In the whole of their existence as a nation, scarcely a century passed in which foreigners, either black or white, did not come to interfere with Spanish affairs one way or the other.

It must be said also that Spaniards were never so stupid as to believe that the English had come to the Peninsula for the purpose of "saving" them. They understood pretty well that the British interference was simply the result of a strong desire on the part of Englishmen to defend themselves against any possible attack of Napoleon. It was much cheaper and much more convenient for England to make war upon the "Monster" abroad than at home, and it was therefore only natural on the part of the Spaniards that they should not be much affected by any feeling of gratitude. By and by, when the English begin to look at their past political dealings in an impartial and less ultra-patriotic light, they will perceive the harm they have done Spain. Candid and honest Englishmen acknowledge the fact already, and the December number (1873) of Frazer's Magazine gave an article on the Spanish struggle for liberty, in which it was said frankly enough that, "whatever we may think of our Peninsular campaigns, our presence in Spain at that crisis of her history was almost an unmitigated curse." Had the Spaniards been left alone to deal with Napoleon, they might perhaps have suffered much more, but it

would have done them good; for a spirit of national unity would have been ultimately aroused, the enemy expelled, and Spain rendered much more homogeneous than it now is. As things went, however, for the whole of this century the Peninsula was inundated by foreign troops in whom the oppressed and ignorant, but intensely proud Spaniard refused to distinguish friend from foe, whom he taxed wholesale with the, to him, opprobrious name of *extranjero*, and who thoroughly demoralized him by impressing his mind with the idea of his helplessness. The constant party-struggles, the origin of which lies, also, mostly in the constant interference of foreigners, completed the demoralization of the Spaniard as a soldier. Almost since the days of the first War of the Succession, the Spaniard had constantly to fight, without ever exactly knowing for whom or for what he fought. Consequently he got finally tired of it, fought badly, and not unfrequently simply absconded from the battle-fields. But to conclude from that, that he is incapable of behaving as an honorable soldier, or that he is a coward, is, to say the least, absurd. There is scarcely a country in the whole of Europe where disregard for life is greater, and where fighting is more natural to men, each of whom handles his knife and his *trabuco* (blunderbuss) from boyhood. And the best means of persuading one's self whether or not the Spaniard can stand danger, or is disposed to risk his life, is to provoke him on a point he really cares about.

Another point in which the foreign intervention, coupled with the monstrous misgovernment which has

always prevailed in the unhappy Peninsula, affected the Spanish army, is the financial ruin of the country. When the soldier is neither fed, nor clad, nor paid, he cannot be expected to do his duty, and the very complaints of the Duke of Wellington that the Spaniards frequently came to join him barefooted, in rags, and fought badly, far from throwing blame upon them, speak much in their favor, for no other soldier in the same condition would have fought at all.

Under the republic things went still worse than they were under Isabella or Amadeo, for the government cash-box was finally emptied, while the expenses for the war department increased on account of the armament of the National Guards, each of whom was to get two pesetas (about fifty cents) a day. The National Guards brought into the bargain an additional element of dissolution into the army: the regular soldier became jealous of their pay, and of their being put on an equal footing with himself, who had served for ten, twelve, and perhaps fifteen years. To quote only one example of how things really stood, I may adduce here the mutiny which took place at Bilbao in May, 1873. The division quartered there had not been paid for months and months, and as the Carlists grew very strong in Biscaya, the Madrid government insisted upon the Bilbao troops commencing operations against Valesco's corps. But the regulars, as well as the volunteers, refused blankly to march out, saying that they were in want of everything, and would not do any service until paid, at least, the arrears. The government, at its wit's end what to do, sent out General Lagunero to settle matters. On his arrival, he managed to borrow a mil-

lion francs from the rich merchants of Bilbao, and to pay at least a part of the troops.*

About ten days later I reached Bilbao, called upon General Lagunero, and asked permission to follow the corps, as it was announced in Madrid, before my leaving, that they were about to commence important operations. To this Lagunero answered he was perfectly willing to let me go with him, but at the same time added, "If you want really to see something you had better go to the Carlists, because I am certain that we shall have very few engagements, unless it be in the town itself. The troops, though they have been paid, have received very little, and that only on account of the arrears. To be able to march, we must give them money again, and we have none. I exhausted all the credit I could possibly have here. If you go to the Carlists, you can all the same witness their attack upon us, if they are going to make any, and, at the same time, will have a chance of seeing their engagements with some other column better provided for. As to my troops, I am almost certain that they won't fight before the town is besieged." And it must be borne in mind that the gentleman who told me all that was a good general, a true Republican, and inspired sufficient confidence in the government of Madrid to be subsequently intrusted with a high appointment in Castile.

An additional element for weakening the army was also the theories spread by those very same gentlemen

* In the main body of the northern army things stood worse still. Last June, when that force was under General Nouvilas, over four million francs were due to an army of ten thousand men.

who subsequently had so much to deplore the consequences of their propaganda. All the Republicans, Señor Castelar at the head of them, had always argued against standing armies, and it was natural that, when they came to power, a great number of soldiers should ask to be released from service. But, much to the soldiers' disappointment, the government did not seem willing to release even those of them who had concluded their term of service, pretending that the country was in danger, and that it was their duty to continue in service. To expect that, under all these circumstances, men should well perform their duty, is to ask more than can reasonably be expected from any human being.

Then, again, provincial jealousies act sometimes most unfavorably on the spirit of the army. The various kingdoms which formerly composed Spain were easily enough cemented under the influence of the common danger to which they were exposed under the Moors, and Spanish unity would probably have grown stronger and stronger, had not strangers come over either to pillage or to save her. With the turn things took in the present century, Andalusia, Catalonia, Navarre, the Basque provinces, &c., became almost as strange to each other as Ireland is to England, or the Italian provinces were to Austria; and when men taken from these different provinces are brought together in one regiment, internal discord in such a corps is inevitable, and it is natural that, when insurrections occur, and a corps of that mixed description is sent to fight in the provinces, all the men who happen to belong to the revolted districts are thus actually compelled to fight

their friends and relatives, and consequently cannot be expected to fight well. Very frequently, in passing through the villages of the north, my attention was attracted by some women, or children, whose appearance, full of grief and misery, was really shocking; and it almost invariably turned out, on inquiries, that the father or brother of such an unfortunate woman was in the Carlist ranks, while her husband, and the father of her children, was in the Republican ranks, and they had now to come to fight each other in the very same village, perhaps close to the very same house in which they had lived formerly together. What is the moral or legal force on earth that could compel men in such a position to submit to anything like discipline, or the performance of what is supposed to be their duty?

Those who remember the position of the Austrian empire a short time ago, know that the variety of nationalities composing it was the great cause of Austria's weakness, and that the government of Vienna, when revolts broke out in any part of the empire, were invariably compelled to make a very careful selection of the troops they sent out on such occasions. It was in that way that travellers seldom saw in the Italian parts of the Austrian dominions, anything but Czech, Polish, and Hungarian regiments, while the Italian regiments were restoring order in Galicia or Hungary. Who does not remember the bands of Czech regiments playing in the evening in the great Marco Square in Venice, with soldiers of the same force standing all around the orchestra, and having lanterns stuck upon the bayonets of their guns? They were

supposed, of course, merely to give light to the musicians; but the guns were loaded and the bayonets sharpened. This is the only way to preserve peace and order under similar circumstances; but a republican government cannot decently use the same means, and this is the whole explanation of the fact why the Spanish republic had no army. And Don Alfonso will not fare better, unless he rules *à l'Allemande* or *à la Russe*.

CHAPTER XVI.

CASTELAR AND FIGUERAS.

DON EMILIO CASTELAR will probably remain, for a long time to come, the central figure in the history of Spanish Republicanism. The courage and earnestness with which he served the cause, his unblemished personal reputation, and his brilliant eloquence, have rendered him immensely popular in his country, while the comparative moderation of his views gained for him abroad the sympathies of even the political men and parties opposed to Republican principles. They abused him, and sneered at his "florid dialectics," as long as they still preserved a hope of seeing the monarchy of Amadeo firmly established in Spain; but the moment they became convinced that its chances were gone, they began to speak of him as of a great man, evidently believing that their compliments will not only flatter Señor Castelar, and increase the general moderation of his views, but cause him to give up some of the principles he has formerly advocated — the abolition of standing armies, for instance, of capital punishment, of the separation of state and church, &c. And it must be said that the hopes entertained by these gentlemen were not deceived. Speaking of socialistic Utopias, Señor Castelar wrote once,

“But I object to embracing within the programme of the federation and of the republic all these vague aspirations, some of them contrary to progress, and others to individual rights, and all dangerous to the peace of democracy; *because, if we promise the impossible and the absurd, the day of the republic, instead of being the day of redemption, will be the day of disenchantment;*” and the last words of this sentence look now as if they had been written with special reference to himself. Almost everything he had fought for during something like thirty years he had to disregard, nay, to trample under his feet, when he made himself a Dictator in September, 1873. No one will ever think of accusing him of having been moved, in that case, by personal consideration, or by ambition. A noble patriotism, and an intense desire of helping his country out of the chaos, were the only motives that prompted him in advocating and enforcing measures which he had formerly attacked as most iniquitous, and from the adoption of which his former colleagues and brothers in arms shrank. Yet, though his motives were most honorable, the fact, which history will have to record, will, nevertheless, remain unmitigated: Castelar had recourse to violent reactionary measures which he had always condemned, while Figueras, Salmeron, and Pi y Margall resigned power rather than act in disaccordance with the political opinions they professed.

This inconsistency of Señor Castelar was, however, inevitable. There is a division of labor in the business of the state as in any other. The duties of a leading member of the opposition are quite different from those of a leading statesman in office, not to speak of the

truism that the most brilliant orator is not necessarily a good minister or dictator. Señor Castelar was always a theorist, and, as such, had naturally to aim at the ideal, at the impossible, to make people obtain the possible. When he took office, he became at once a sort of dissonant note, something like Mr. Bright sitting in the English cabinet; only as his official position was incomparably higher than that of Mr. Bright, and as he had arbitrarily to rule the country, instead of simply giving his opinion in council, the dissonance was also a more loud and screaming one. He had now to defend and enforce the possible against the claims of the impossible he advocated formerly. The position of his colleagues was incomparably more advantageous; they were more practical men, had never assumed the standpoint of theorists, and, consequently, the more moderate of them (Figueras and Salmeron), as well as the more violent Pi y Margall), have an equally fair chance of escaping at least theoretical criticism, in addition to the practical, for the time they held office, while Señor Castelar will necessarily be open to both.

The names of Castelar and Figueras bear a very close association in my mind. I saw the two gentlemen at work together, and they always seemed to me to throw light upon each other. They became connected very early in life, having worked hand in hand in favor of the republic since 1840. The only difference was, that Figueras, being a Catalan, was doing his work chiefly in Catalonia, while Castelar was in Madrid, as

Professor of History and Rhetoric at the university. The political notoriety of the fallen dictator began, however, if I am not mistaken, only in 1856, when he was editor of a paper called *La Democracia*, a journal fiercely at war with another democratic paper, *La Discusion*, edited by Don Nicolas Rivero. In April, 1856, Castelar published in his journal a violent article against Isabella, under the heading of "*El Rasgo*" (the Gift); and the government, not satisfied with bringing the author before the tribunals, insisted upon his being dismissed from his professorship. Señor Montalvan, the rector of the university, replied that the offences for which the professors could be dismissed were enumerated in the code, and that Señor Castelar's offence could not be brought under any of the paragraphs. The government, growing savage, dismissed Montalvan himself; the students got up a serenade in his honor, the police interfered, troops were brought out, a general row ensued in Madrid, and several unconcerned people were killed in the streets.

To Americans and Englishmen, Don Emilio Castelar became known chiefly through his writing in Harper's Magazine and in the Fortnightly Review, on subjects connected with the Republican movement in Europe. These articles, which I have already quoted here, were written in Spanish, and translated into English by some gentlemen at the American legation. As a poet of considerable ability, Señor Castelar was early known throughout his country.

In their physical appearance and habits of life, the two leaders of the Madrid federalist party are quite different. Castelar is a man of middle height, with

broad shoulders and a powerful chest, with a perfectly bald head, somewhat narrow forehead, and a very thick, long, dark mustache. Upon the whole, I think he would look remarkably well in the uniform of a cavalry general. His attitudes are, I am afraid, always studied. He seems always ready to deliver an oration, and I never remember having seen him assuming a "stand-at-ease" attitude. He is indescribably amiable with everybody, and especially so with literary men; and Señor Figueras, who has much in himself of the critic and satirist, laughed immensely while describing to me an interview himself and Señor Castelar had with an American and an English journalist, who could not speak one word either of Spanish or even French, while neither Señor Castelar nor Señor Figueras knew English; so that the mutual paying of compliments and the "interviewing" business proceeded through the instrumentality of an American dentist, who has long lived in Madrid, and is quite a popular character there. And Señor Figueras added that Don Emilio was quite delighted with the meeting, during which he (Figueras) had, it appears, the greatest difficulty to restrain himself from bursting into a fit of laughter.

Castelar, notwithstanding his numerous occupations, finds leisure and disposition to go out into society — at least, he did so when he was minister for foreign affairs, — while Figueras goes to bed at nine P. M., and rises at five A. M. The first time I was introduced to him was at half past six in the morning, at his private residence in Calle de la Salud. At seven A. M. he invariably left his home to go to the Presidency. The simplicity of his manners, as compared with those

of Señor Castelar, is quite striking. He is also much taller than his friend, and must have been a very handsome man formerly; but now he looks pale and thin, and his hair is turning gray.

Contrary to the general belief spread in England that Castelar was *the* man of the Republican party, I have every reason to believe that he was frequently but the mouth-piece of his friend, Don Estanislao Figueras, a man of incomparably more knowledge, more statesman-like capacities, and a more practical turn of mind. But Señor Figueras was perfectly aware of the great oratorical gifts of his friend, Don Emilio, and consequently when they sat together as deputies, whenever there was a necessity for mastering the Assembly by means of impassioned eloquence, Figueras pushed Castelar forward, the speeches often having been prepared in concert on the previous day; but the extempore retorts of a business-like nature, not necessarily implying much rhetoric, Señor Figueras, as a rule, reserved to himself. Unhappily, the late president of the Gobierno de la Republica is a man of weak health; he frequently spits blood when hard pressed by work, and is, besides, a man of that cast of character to which the late Mr. J. S. Mill belonged: personal grief intensely affects the whole of his being, and absorbs, for a long time, all other feelings and thoughts. In April, 1873, a few days before the *coup d'état* of the 23d, Señor Figueras lost his wife, and his grief was so intense that when I saw him about three weeks later he spoke as a man who had perfectly made up his mind to leave his post as soon as it was in any way possible, and even to leave the country. He was quite ill then, and departed

soon afterwards to a Pyrenean watering-place — a circumstance which caused his enemies to spread the absurd rumor that he had taken to flight.

The intimate friendship which seems, at all times, to have existed between Señor Castelar and Señor Figueras, was not in any way affected by the latter withdrawing from power and the former becoming a dictator. At all events, during the celebrated sitting of September 18, 1873, Señor Castelar still spoke in the warmest possible terms of his "illustrious and beloved friend, Señor Figueras;" and, as far as I know, the political opinions of the two friends are still almost identical. There is this difference, however, between the two men, that Señor Figueras was always possessed of considerably greater self-command, while the eloquent Don Emilio was rather apt to whip himself into passion by means of his own rhetoric, as a lion is supposed to do with his own tail.

But, strange to say, though Señor Castelar was always a theorist, had spent the greater portion of his life as professor at the Madrid University, and must naturally have thought himself, and has been thought by other people, to be, at least to a certain extent, a philosopher, he never showed any great respect to philosophy as a science. This is, for instance, what he said of Hegel and his followers:—

"When I contemplate these scientific systems, life in them appears to me a river without source and without issue, rolling its waves eternally through a purposeless channel. The world of the future needs an ideal. An ideal cannot be without ideas, and ideas can only be found in the unconditional, the absolute."

In fact, the piety of Señor Castelar strongly distinguished him from the vast majority of his colleagues, and Señor Pi y Margall, among others, went so far as to publicly sneer at him in the Cortes for having invoked God's help in favor of the republic. There was nothing new, however, in this display of religious feeling on the part of the dictator, for long before he asked the Almighty to interfere in Spanish politics, he wrote, —

“I have never believed that to dethrone the kings of the earth it was necessary to destroy the idea of God in the conscience, nor the hope of immortality in the soul. I have always believed the contrary — that souls deprived of these great principles fall collapsed in the mire of the earth, to be trodden by the beasts that perish. Give to man a great idea of himself, tell him that he bears God in his conscience and immortality in his life, and you will see him rise by this fortified sentiment of his dignity to reclaim those rights which assure him the noblest independence of his being in society and in nature.”

Of the nature of Señor Castelar's eloquence it would be by no means easy to convey here an idea. It is incomparably more bewildering and verbose than anything known in America, England, or France. Fancy, for instance, a passage like this uttered in a thundering voice and at one breath, as if there had been in the whole of it neither a stop nor a comma: —

“The French democracy has a glorious lineage of ideas — the science of Descartes, the criticisms of Voltaire, the pen of Rousseau, the monumental Encyclopædia; and the Anglo-Saxon democracy has for its

only lineage a book of a primitive society — the Bible. The French democracy is the product of all modern philosophy, is the brilliant crystal condensed in the alembic of science; and the Anglo-Saxon democracy is the product of a severe theology learned by the few Christian fugitives in the gloomy cities of Holland and of Switzerland, where the morose shade of Calvin still wanders. The French democracy comes with its cohort of illustrious tribunes and artists, that bring to mind the days of Greece and the days of the Renaissance — Mirabeau, the tempest of ideas; Vergniaud, the melody of speech; Danton, the burning lava of the spirit; Camille Desmoulins, the immortal Camille, brilliant truant of Athens, with a chisel in place of the pen, a species of animated bass-relief of the Parthenon. And the Anglo-Saxon democracy comes with an army of modest talent — Otis, the unassuming publicist; Jefferson, the practical orator; Franklin, common sense incarnate — all simple as nature, patient and tenacious as labor. The French democracy improvises fourteen armies, gains epic battles, creates generals like Dumouriez, the hero of Jemmapes; like Messéna, the hero of Zurich; like Bonaparte, general of generals, the hero of heroes. The Anglo-Saxon democracy sustains a war of various fortunes, brings together little armies, makes campaigns of little brilliancy, and has for its only general Washington, whose glory is more in the council than in the field, whose name will be enrolled rather among great citizens than among great heroes. Nevertheless, the French democracy, that legion of immortals, has passed like an orgie of the human spirit drunken with ideas, like a Homeric battle, where all

the combatants, crowned with laurel, have died on their chiselled shields; while the Anglo-Saxon democracy, that legion of workers, remains serenely in its grandeur. A parallel which reveals the brilliant means and scanty results of the one, and the scanty means and brilliant results of the other — an instructive parallel written in history with indelible characters, to teach us that the French democracy was lost by its worship of the state, by its centralization, by its neglect of the municipality, of the rights of districts, and even the rights of individuals; while the Anglo-Saxon democracy was saved by having in the first place founded the rights of man, and afterwards the organized and self-governing municipality, and finally, a series of counties and states also self-governing, powerful instruments by which authority was united to liberty, giving us the model of the modern polity.”

This tirade is, perhaps, all the more a fair specimen of Señor Castelar's eloquence as he is evidently himself in love with it, for he delivered it in the Constituent Cortes in 1870, and introduced it, subsequently, in 1872, in his *Harper's* and *Fortnightly Review* articles. An interval of two years was apparently not sufficient to show him the vagueness and inaccuracy of the statements contained in the passage. Although a professor of history, he seems never to have known what impartial, critical, or even simply accurate history was. Events and names of the past seem to interest him only inasmuch as they can serve him in his exquisite, but very fantastical work of illustration. Like some of the pictures of Gustave Doré, which are beautiful and full of life, without ever being life-like in the sense

of resembling anything we know in actuality, so is Señor Castelar's history. And he seems to consider such a use of historical materials quite a legitimate one.

“The revolution of 1854 (writes he) had the result of organizing the Republican party throughout the Peninsula. The spread of the new ideas at this time was enormous. Journals inspired with the purest faith, written with convincing eloquence, fighting against the reactionary parties with a tenacious and skilful propaganda, excited extraordinary interest. Learned,* polished, popular, and literary, they were at once the focus of light and the nucleus of organization. The chairs in the universities, gained by disciples of the new ideas, contributed powerfully to the diffusion of light. Thanks to them, history assumed a progressive and humanitarian tendency. They redeemed the traditions of the country from their monarchical character, and reinvested them in the light of new science with the democratic character.”

Quite recently, when reprimanding the ultra-Republicans in the Cortes for their want of moderation, he exclaimed, with vehemence, —

“Ah, gentlemen, how sad the spectacle we have presented as a party in Europe! All that we have initiated, the Conservatives have realized! Who struggled for the self-government of the Hungarian nation? A Republican, Kossuth. Who realized it? A Conservative, Deak. Who sustained the idea of the abolition of serfdom in Russia? A Republican, Herten.

* To those who know what Spanish journalism is like in matter of learning, this passage must seem particularly naïve.

Who realized it? An Emperor, Alexander. Who sustained the idea of the unity of Italy? A Republican, Mazzini. Who realized it? A Conservative, Cavour. Who promoted the idea of the Unity of Germany? The Republicans of Frankfort. Who realized it? An Imperialist, Bismarck. Who aroused the thrice-suffocated Republican idea in France, after the first republic being a tempest, the second a dream, and the third but a name? A poet, Victor Hugo, a great orator, Jules Favre, and another great orator, Gambetta. Who consolidated it? A Conservative, Thiers. And whose sharp sword now protects it? That of a General of the Cæsars, McMahan."

It never occurred to him that the thing he complained of here was merely the natural course of human affairs. Historical studies had not taught him that it was invariably, throughout all ages, the duty of the advanced party to "initiate" progress, to spread new notions, as it was the duty of the Conservative party to "realize" innovations, when the people became sufficiently prepared to receive them. If Kosuth, Herten, Mazzini, or Victor Hugo had ever had to put into practice the objects of their advocacy, they would have certainly experienced the same failures Señor Castelar had so patriotically exposed himself to.

How very different from his illustrious friend is the quiet, practical, non-generalizing Figueras! Not a word would you ever hear from him that is not to the point; not a statement that has not a direct bearing

on the actual condition of his country. Willingly though he speaks, you invariably feel you are conversing, not listening to a prepared speech. In the beginning of May, he foretold me, for instance, in one of those conversations I shall always remember with the greatest pleasure, almost everything that has happened since, through the obstinacy of men like Serrano and those who sided with him. He foresaw then that the *Intransigentes* would rise all over the country, and that a new *coup-d'état*, and a fierce reaction, would be the conclusion of several months' bloodshed.

“The representatives of Conservative opinions,” said he, “are acting in the most foolish and unpatriotic manner. They seem to have learned nothing from past experience. It was at all times the strategy of the Conservative opposition in this country to create a vacuum around the existing Liberal power, and the invariable result was, that when this power fell it was not to make room for those who created the vacuum, but for the party still more advanced than that which was overthrown. By creating, now, a vacuum around us, they will not open a road to themselves, but to the demagogues only; while, by accepting the existing fact of a Spanish republic, and by setting at work on the opposition benches, they would have balanced the forces, and have done certainly more good to the country than they could, perhaps, themselves believe. They are almost sure to cause blood to be shed now, while then they would have been almost as sure to lead the country to order and national regeneration, had they courageously accepted the republic.”

On my asking him whether he considered that the

anti-Republican party had many members whose services could be rendered available by the republic, "Certainly," answered he, "though it is not particularly pleasant for a Republican to make such an avowal; but I cannot deny the fact that the ablest statesmen Spain possesses are in the ranks of the Conservatives and Monarchists. Our party has still to try its forces and to show its abilities. We have not been as yet organized, nor have we even known each other. I know, for instance, the Republicans of my province, Catalonia, and they know me, for we were the first to begin the Republican agitation some thirty years ago; but we know scarcely anything about the Republicans of other provinces, nor they about us. Consequently, we have to make each other's acquaintance yet, and to try each other's abilities, for scarcely any one of us had occasion to show them—practically, I mean; for in the sphere of theory our party has done something already. The best contemporary Spanish writers belong to our party, but the most experienced and skilful statesmen must be as yet acknowledged to be in the opposite camp.

"The Conservatives call me a demagogue; but I can assure you that I am no more a demagogue than M. Thiers or Mr. Gladstone. I differ from them only in my firm belief that a federal republic is the best form of government for Spain. But I believe just as firmly that a federal republic can be established without any wild socialistic theories being brought forward. So far, indeed, am I and my colleagues from being demagogues, that it was our sincere wish to bring a hundred or so Conservative deputies into the Assembly, to form a sensible and powerful opposition. The ques-

tion was deliberated in the council of ministers whether we should be right in encouraging some of the Conservatives to come forward, and in giving them such support as we could. And if we resolved not to do so, it was only because of the unmanageably hostile attitude of the Conservatives.

“The foreign powers are now exchanging diplomatic despatches in reference to the republic. They are, of course, anxious to see a monarchy re-established in this country, because they don't know anything about the real state of our parties and the condition of Spain. Insisting still on a monarchy, they do not, however, object as strongly as they did formerly to a republic, provided this republic is called ‘Conservative,’ and is copied from what M. Thiers has established on the other side of the Pyrenees. The old gentleman has managed to reconcile the European potentates with this form of government, and has made them understand that a republic is not necessarily anarchy. But what they cannot make up their minds about is the word ‘federal.’ They think it must mean something very undesirable. They don't take the slightest notice when they are told that America and Switzerland are Republican federations. They simply answer you, ‘The cases are quite different there,’ and they think they have said everything and refuted all the arguments you may adduce.

“The other day the German and Russian emperors, paying each other compliments at St. Petersburg, did our minister at that court the honor of talking to him. They said they greatly desired that safety and order should be restored in Spain, and bloodshed ended. The minister answered them that the Spanish govern-

ment was doing its best to achieve these ends. But I said to my friend, Señor Castelar, on receiving the report of this conversation, that if I had been in the place of the Spanish ambassador, I would have answered their majesties that we had as much safety and order as ever, and that till now we have had no bloodshed at all, even not so much as there was the other day in Frankfort in connection with some beer, or as there is always in Russia, whenever a dozen people assemble to discuss any public grievance, and whole regiments are sent out to 'restore order.'

"My poor friend, Señor Castelar, who is very impressionable, as you know, is getting quite nervous under the influence of the information he gets from our ministers abroad. It looks as if we were going to receive some strong-worded notes one of these days on the subject of the word 'Federal' as compared with 'Conservative,' and I am very glad that the Assembly will probably meet by the time we receive these documents."

Truly speaking, I seldom saw a man less subject to illusions than the late president of the executive power, notwithstanding his having spent the whole of his life in the defence of a cause which at times seemed very illusory indeed. To him, for instance, belongs the honor of having first published the Spanish Budget, disregarding the advice of a good many of his friends not to do so until the republic had been more firmly established. "What is the use of deceiving ourselves and other people?" was his answer; and a few days later the *Gaceta de Madrid* contained the avowal of a debt of something like seventeen hundred and fifty million dollars. He said to me that he became quite frightened

for the life of the republic when he first saw the true accounts of the treasury. "This is," said he, "our weakest point; and, assuming that I speak to you, not as the president of the Spanish republic, but simply as Señor Figueras, I would say that, though our financial position can certainly be improved by ourselves, a complete financial regeneration of Spain is possible only with the aid of America. But do not suppose that, when I say that American enterprise and American gold can alone regenerate the finances of Spain, I mean in any way to allude to Cuba. That island must be left quite out of the question at the present moment. As both Carlist and Alfonsist leaders told you, so must I tell you too, that no government will dare, at the present moment, to propose any arrangement affecting in any way the extent of the Spanish dominions; and this was one of the reasons for my having put so much 'territorial integrity,' as you said, in my official answer to the congratulations of General Sickles the other day. Our enemies were spreading rumors that we were arranging the sale of Cuba in an underhand manner, and I had to answer them. My private conviction is, that Cuba is lost for us, and that in a quarter of a century every Spaniard will believe that Cuba's becoming independent or joining the States was quite a natural thing, as he now believes it to be the most unpatriotic and criminal idea ever conceived."

If the Spanish republic is ever to replace the new monarchy of Alfonso, Castelar and Figueras are sure to be restored to power. The public may thus again become interested in them, and, perhaps, excuse me then for my having allotted so much space to men who are at present only two fallen stars.

CHAPTER XVII.

MARSHAL SERRANO, DUQUE DE LA TORRE.

THE kindness with which I was received by the Duchess de la Torre at her Biarritz villa, almost precludes me from the possibility of speaking of the marshal and duke, her husband. His political opinions and the whole of his early career were such as to deserve but little sympathy; yet the charms of his personal intercourse are so great as to captivate even his bitterest enemies when they approach him. Handsome, exquisitely elegant, and of an ease of manners almost bordering on plainness, he bribes you in his favor from the very first words you exchange with him. His habit of unceremoniously receiving the stranger in the family drawing-room, with his fascinating lady painting or embroidering, and his children playing and rushing in and out, makes the visitor not only forget, but almost disbelieve, all that is said of the marshal's past. Spanish political careers are, as a rule, rather exciting; and that of the marshal was quite a romance, which is still to be written. The political and personal circumstances of the hero of this romance will no doubt justify his past conduct; but at present too little is known of them, and consequently the less said of the subject the better.

Marshal Serrano is now sixty-five years of age, hav-

ing been born near Cadiz in 1810. His father was a distinguished general, and held a high command during the war of independence. The young Don Francisco Serrano entered military service as a cadet at the early age of twelve, soon became a lieutenant, and at the death of Ferdinand VII., declared himself for the regency of Queen Christina, and joined the army operating against Don Carlos in Aragon. He went all through that campaign, occupying various positions on the staff, and gaining rank and distinction with quite an amazing celerity. He was colonel before he reached his twenty-fifth year, and when the Carlist war was brought to a close and he returned to Madrid, his handsome face, the elegance of his manners, and his reputation for bravery made him soon the *beau idéal* of all the Madrid ladies, whose favors he freely enjoyed for about a year, and turned up in 1840 at Barcelona as brigadier-general and commander-in-chief of the troops of Catalonia. He was then supposed to be an intimate friend of Espartero, declared himself in favor of his regency, and thus greatly contributed to the overthrow of Christina. Three years later, however, we see him taking flight in disguise to the same Barcelona, seizing there the command, and overthrowing Espartero. That was his first great and unceremonious step towards power. He became now a lieutenant-general, and soon gained the heart of the young lady who was sitting upon the throne, and married, thanks to Anglo-French rivalries, to the only man she could never stand. The young and brilliant general, it is said, readily undertook the task of consoling his sovereign for her matrimonial unhappiness, and distinc-

tion and wealth began to pour upon him more amply than ever.

He had received from the hand of Isabella everything it was in her power to give. He was general of division at thirty-two years of age. A couple of years later he was senator. When his personal relations with the young queen had been broken off, he was gently sent as captain-general to Granada, instead of being simply murdered or banished, both of which would have been extremely easy things to do. Subsequently, every year brought upon him some new distinctions. He was captain-general of the artillery, captain-general of Castile, ambassador at Paris, captain-general of Cuba; in 1862 he was created Duque de la Torre, in 1865 he was president of the Senate — all this without reckoning sundry other important posts he occupied. True, that in 1866, when Isabella had lost all control over the affairs of the state, Narvaez arrested Serrano among other leaders of the opposition, and had him sent to Port Mahon. But Marshal Serrano knew perfectly well how little Isabella was capable of opposing the will of Narvaez, and how great was the dislike of that ruler of Spain to the fortunate and handsome marshal.

There is a story that when Narvaez was dying, and his confessor, praying by his bedside, advised him to forgive his enemies, the expiring proconsul of Isabella whispered, "My enemies? I have none. I shot them all. Serrano only has escaped." If the story is an invention, it, at all events, gives a good idea of the feelings which existed between Narvaez and the leader of the so-called Liberal Union party. The scene might

be still remembered by many newspaper readers, when in 1866 Narvaez had suspended the constitutional guarantees, and the Senate and the House of Deputies issued their protests. Isabella asked that Marshal Serrano, as president of the Senate, should call upon her. They had not spoken to each other for a long time, and it was now supposed some better understanding might result from the interview. The marshal wanted, evidently, to take power into his own hands, or, at all events, to preserve it in the hands of his friend O'Donnell, and probably spoke frankly in that sense. But Narvaez, who was hidden behind a curtain, and listened to the conversation, did not mean to yield, and the marshal had scarcely returned home from the palace, when he was invited to proceed to the Balearic Islands. If I rightly remember, he never reached them, and had simply to spend a couple of weeks in the military prison of Alicante. Yet the fact of his having been treated in that way seemed quite sufficient to the marshal for his finally breaking with the queen, bringing about a coalition of his own party with the Progressists and the Democrats, concluding an alliance with Prim and Topete, beating Isabella's troops at Alcolea, and causing her to take flight to France almost as precipitately as he had done himself in April, 1873.

In any other country, and under any other circumstances, Marshal Serrano would probably never have reached the position he occupies once more. But the misconduct of the Ex-Queen Isabella, and the misgovernment to which she exposed poor Spain, caused Spaniards to forgive the marshal what they seldom forgive any man — the want of gallantry to a woman.

The marshal has married since he enjoyed the favors of Isabella. He has several children, he is getting old, and is supposed to be an able man, and the Spaniards obey him in the hope that he will give them peace and order. How far they are right is another question. But sure it is that, of all living Spanish statesmen, the Duke de la Torre has the most pliable and accommodating political conscience, and that may prove a great advantage just now. We all know him to have been Conservative, moderate-Liberal, ultra-Liberal, and must not lose the hope of seeing him a Republican, provided power is left in his hands.

The marshal's career since September, 1868, is still fresh in everybody's memory. Prim and himself held unlimited power until a specially elected Cortes resolved upon the maintenance of monarchy, and the Duke of Aosta was finally asked to come and plant in Spanish soil the root of a new dynasty. Marshal Serrano served for some time the new king, but his notions of constitutional liberties were vastly different from those of Amadeo. His asking for the suspension of constitutional guarantees (a thing against which he fought formerly) was the first step towards the "inoffensive Italian's" getting disgusted with Spain. The Duke de la Torre retired, and the radicals, Sagasta and Zorrilla, were alternately called to power. The marshal would under no circumstances take office with them at the time, but he seems to have changed his mind since, for they worked together until Alfonso took Serrano's place.

It is well known that, if the marshal was ever willing to give power to any one except himself, it was to the

Duke of Montpensier. To join the ranks of the young Alfonso was never and will hardly ever be possible for him as long as Isabella lives ; unless the rich Conservatives and the nobility, almost all of whom are largely interested in Cuba, will strongly abide by him, because they have learned, by experience, during Amadeo's reign, that the constitutional monarchy is much more likely to be injurious to the slaveholders' interest than Marshal Serrano will ever be. I firmly believe that the duke's views on this question are much less advanced than even those of Don Carlos ; and if he is to work up the abolition question, he is sure to do it in such a way that the slaveholders will rather benefit than lose by the reform. But though he has at this moment quietly surrendered his place to Don Alfonso, and retired to his Biarritz villa, his career is not over yet. Let us wait, then, to speak of him until he has shown the full extent of his diplomatic ability by becoming the prime minister of the son of the woman he has so abominably treated.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ADIOS!

A PERFECT fright, not to say a terror, seized me at the conclusion of the preceding chapter, when I noticed that I was speedily approaching the orthodox limits of the volume, and had scarcely said a word on what I wished to speak of when I set to work. Instead of writing something "nicely descriptive" of Spain and the Spaniards, I find myself to have written a series of dull recollections of Spain, and of still duller essays on Spanish subjects. But, as *l'habit ne fait pas le moine*, so the title does not make the book; and provided these humble pages are found readable, and containing something which has not been already too frequently said, I shall feel just as happy as if I had written something really good and in harmony with the title.

In countries with such a prolific literature as the American or English, scarcely any author can consider himself as writing anything new. However great his pretensions and his efforts to be original or novel, he is always a mere supplement to an endless number of other writers on the same topic; and Spanish subjects are in no way an exception to this rule, for there are, at least, five or six works published every year on that

country, not to mention the endless magazine and newspaper articles. Yet, though much studied, Spain does not seem to gain in the affections of strangers. With a very few exceptions, the great majority of writers upon Spain delight in describing the charms of the Spanish climate, the beauties of Spanish scenery, and the treasures in arts and monuments which the country has preserved; but few have anything good to say of the Spanish people.

The faults which foreign writers find with Spain and the Spaniards are manifold and various. Some of them, like the usually so sparkling and exhilarating Mr. George Augustus Sala, for instance, would, all at once, turn acid and get equally displeased with everything Spanish, and emphatically exclaim, "I would not bring my maiden aunt, I would not bring my spinster cousin, I would not bring any lady (unless she were another *Ida Pfeiffer*, or *Lady Hester Stanhope*), to the town, or the inn, or the room in which I am now dwelling." Others, like the somewhat dreamy but amiable Mr. Henry Blackburn, abhor the immoderate use the Spaniards make of their cigarettes, and cannot stand the practical joke played by some of them upon foreigners inquiring for directions, and being, in the Irish fashion, sent the wrong way. It would appear that Mr. Sala, as well as Mr. Blackburn and party, underwent the same disagreeable process of being sent to *Alicante* when they wanted to go to *Cordova*, and this causes Mr. Blackburn bitterly to complain that no "A B C" guide, or time table, exists in Spain — a fact which simply shows that the Spaniards travel little, and care about foreigners travelling in their country still less.

Another writer, Miss Mary Eyre, is still more merciless towards the Spaniards. This lady seems to have undertaken an expedition into Spain with no better companion than "Keeper," her little dog. She travelled third class, probably in one of those fearfully shaped English travelling costumes which are considered very comfortable on the British Isles, but which immensely puzzle Continental eyes, and, apparently, without any considerable knowledge of the language of the country. It is well known that no Spanish *lady* is ever to be seen alone, even on a walk, still less on a journey, and less still with "a nice little dog." Miss Eyre was, consequently, mistaken for "una loca," and sometimes followed by a batch of street boys. This greatly annoying her, she would stop and try to deliver to them a speech, declaring that she was a writer, and that she would tell all the world what savages the Spaniards were; and the boys would, of course, laugh still more, and annoy her still more. Miss Eyre, on her return to England, would write a voluminous manuscript abusive of the Spaniard, and spread, through the channel of circulating libraries, the most absurd accusations against the nation, of which even the beggar is a gentleman, if you know how to approach him.

If English ladies could only imagine what a fearful impression is produced upon the Spaniard when he sees, under his radiant sky, a British home-made dress, a pair of big, "comfortable, solid leather boots," and a mushroom-like, black straw sun-hat, they would forgive him all the incivilities he might have proved capable of, in a moment when his sense of beauty was so severely hurt.

But if there are thus many writers invariably, and for many reasons, abusing Spain, there are, happily, plenty of others who make you love that sad but lovely country. If you read, for instance, the now almost classical book of Mr. Ford, and throw out of it the blind worship of "the great duke," the ultra-patriotic reverence for everything English; and the blunders which are the inevitable result of the work being a very old one now, you are sure to like Spain; and you will do so still more if you read the inimitable book of Mr. George Borrow, or the more recent work of Mr. Augustus Hare; while the sublime chapter in the second volume of Buckle's "History of Civilization" will make you appreciate all that is so highly dramatic in the existence of that nation. Your sympathy for Spain and the Spaniards will be increased to the extent of compelling you to go to the Peninsula, to study it, to enjoy its beauties, to live among its genial and generous population—I was almost going to say, to ask their pardon for all the wrongs which strangers have done to that delightful country.

Without going back to the times of the Goths or the Moors, or to the invasion of the Austrian dynasty, or the Bourbons, take only the present century, and look how long it is since Spain has been left alone. The Peninsular war had scarcely terminated, when the army of the Holy Alliance, forty thousand strong, came to "re-establish order" in Spain, and to remain there for several years. Scarcely had they left when the Seven Years' War broke out, and an Anglo-Franco-Portuguese invasion took place. Christina and Isabella ruled

almost exclusively with the aid of foreign diplomatists and foreign adventurers, and Madrid became quite an arena of tournaments between Sir Henry Bulwer and the Comte de Bresson. The endless political parties which have been bred since can be all clearly traced to the foreign intrigues and interferences in the beginning of Isabella's reign; and the sufferings which are now inflicted on Spain are the immediate and exclusive result of the existence of these parties. How long is it since the English bombarded refractory Spanish towns? I know a good many old Spaniards who expressed the greatest astonishment that now the same thing had not taken place again, and the seizure of Spanish ships by Captain Werner has only so far surprised them, as he was not an English captain, but a German one — that is to say, belonging to a nation which Spaniards were not formerly accustomed to see interfering in their affairs, and which to their minds had been brought into existence only since the time of the Hohenzollern candidature.

And, after all that, there are still both in England and France no end of people abusing the Spaniards, and "calling them all sorts of names" for everything they hear of them — to begin with, their inability to adapt themselves to the parliamentary form of government, and to end with the fact of Madrid ladies giving up the mantilla and taking to Parisian bonnets. But who first brought in, and without ever being asked to do so, both the modern parliamentary forms and the bonnets? And who is guilty that that enchanted land has neither remained what it was, nor become what strangers wished her to be, losing herself half way

between Europe and Africa, and breeding the miseries and vices of both without the merits of either?

The first point upon which every American and Englishman must needs abuse Spaniards after he has done so from his political point of view, are the bull-fights; and it must be avowed that some of their features, at least, are perfectly abominable, not only to an English eye, from which the police and the Society for the Protection of Animals conceal every visible suffering, but to every more or less civilized eye. For the Spaniards, however, they are only natural features of the spectacle to which they have been accustomed from their early childhood. There are plenty of students of medicine who, on first entering a theatre of anatomy, feel something very nearly approaching to faintness, yet in a few months or years, as the case may be, they find certain niceties in the art of chopping human bodies. Something similar is to be seen in the kitchen of every house, where nervous young girls, who have formerly cried bitterly at seeing a chicken's throat cut, are subsequently almost ready to cut it themselves, and, at all events, do cut raw meat with almost as firm a hand as a butcher. All these are matters of habit; and until the Spaniard has so changed as to become no Spaniard any longer, he will never be made to look, for instance, at the sufferings of horses in the arena of the bull-ring with the same horror a foreigner looks at them. Besides, there is very little real difference between this sort of cruelty and that

which is inflicted on the hare, the fox, the birds, or even the dogs, in the sports of all countries.

The sight of a horse trotting into its own bowels hanging down to the ground, is perfectly revolting. The intestines being put back again, the skin stitched, and the poor animal carried once more into the arena, under sufferings which provoke evident contortion in all the four legs, or the sight of the expiring animal lying on the ground, and being charged over and over again by an infuriated bull, is horrible. Being unaccustomed to hear the horse shriek with pain, we shudder when we hear, for the first time, actual screams extorted from these noble and patient animals, by the insurmountable pain they are subjected to. I shall never forget how, the first time I saw a fight, I actually ran out of the bull-ring at the sight of the struggle between a bull and a horse. An old hack, with a broken leg and open entrails, was lying in the middle of the arena, when a furious black bull, foaming with blood and ploughing the earth, rushed at him, rolled with him, and in the assault got his horn into the mouth of the poor animal, and seemed, apparently, quite unable to disentangle himself. The circus thundered with applause; but a new-comer, however strong his nervous system, had certainly the greatest difficulty in bringing his eyes to rest upon the horrible spectacle. Yet these and many other revolting details, so well known through being constantly described, are merely incidents of a thoroughly national, and, at present, quite indispensable entertainment of Spain. There are writers who say that bull-fights are the result of national Spanish cruelty; others, that they are the cause of it. My

belief is, that they are, in the first place, an historical necessity; and, in the second, a most wholesome preventive against the natural bloodthirstiness of the Moro-Iberian man. As the brutality of the Anglo-Saxon race is ventilated through their field and athletic sports, so the bloodthirstiness of the Spaniards is ventilated in the bull-fight. Without the boat-races, horse-races, and the endless forms of sport, the brutality and muscularity of the average Britons would have caused them to smash each other's jaws and cleave each other's skulls much more frequently than they now do. And so is it with the Spaniard, who, without the sight of warm, steaming blood offered to him at least once a week, would draw it himself, and from a still less suitable source perhaps, for he *must* have it at any price, and centuries must pass before he can be expected to change in this respect.

Alongside with this, so to say, physiological significance of the bull-fight, there is a practical one. As the sports in England have improved the breed of man and beast, so the bull-fights in Spain have preserved the African agility in the inhabitants of the Peninsula, and promoted the raising of cattle, not to speak of the fact that the custom gives the means of living to thousands of people, directly and indirectly connected with it, and that the proceeds of the bull-fights are devoted, all through the Peninsula, to charitable purposes, though strange such an association of means and ends may seem. It must not be forgotten that bull-fights are the remnants of ancient religious sacrifice, and that in the detail of them you can still pretty clearly trace certain features to the ancient holocaust, others to the

gladiators. The very name of fight, which muscle-worshipping Englishmen give to these national Spanish entertainments, is incorrect, for in Spanish they are called *Fiestas*, festivities, not fights.

Then let us be frank. We all like grand sights, without much troubling ourselves with their real meaning. And if you had ever been to the *Plaza de Toros*, if you had seen a motley crowd of some twelve or fifteen thousand men and women assembled under the dazzling dome of a southern sky, and excited to their highest pitch, yet thoroughly sober, exquisitely polite and gentlemanly; sometimes inclined to use the knife, but capable neither of bearing nor of inflicting an insult; if you had seen that crowd with every nerve strained to its fullest extent, and yet without a single policeman to cool them down; if you had admired the athletic, finely-built bull-fighters, dressed in gorgeous attire, so tight as to show every muscle and vein of their handsome bodies; if you had become convinced that nothing is farther from the mind of either the fighters or the public than betting, "doctoring," or anything of that sort; that admiration of the thing in itself, — the agility, courage, dexterity, and skill of the man in the presence of an infuriated beast; and if at dusk, when the fight is over, you had seen that mass of people igniting their penny fans, throwing them up in the air like so many petty rockets, and joyously turning home as good and kindly a set of human beings as when they came to witness the revolting sight, you would, like myself, forget all the cruelties which their national and traditional entertainment contains. After all, we are not horses, have probably a much more

sensitive nervous system than any quadruped, yet some of us endure sufferings which no other animal would stand without revolting against. And it remains still an open question whether it is not better to die as these old, worn-out steeds do, after a few minutes' suffering, and under the thundering applause of thousands of people, than to finish one's career, as a good many men do, after a long life of labor, in the street, from hunger, in the workhouse, despised by everybody, and cursed by the tax-payers, or in a prison, locked up like a wild beast in a solitary cage, for having stolen a loaf of bread when urged by the pangs of hunger.

As a matter of course, the bull-fights open an inexhaustible field for moralizing. There is scarcely any stranger even among such as have never visited the Peninsula, who has not something to say not only on the cruelty of the entertainments, but on the great impropriety of various practices connected with it. The custom of taking children to these *Fiestas* was at all times violently attacked, as one which would naturally breed cruelty in the young generation. But, as Mr. Ford justly remarks, "They return to their homes unchanged, playful, timid, or serious as before; their kindly social feelings are uninjured; and where is the filial or parental bond more affectionately cherished than in Spain? Where are the noble courtesies of life, the kind, considerate, self-respecting demeanor, so exemplified as in Spanish society?" Until the children get accustomed to the cruel details of the spectacle,

they turn away their eyes as any grown foreigner does when he first attends the *Fiesta*; but the painful, revolting details of the sight are soon lost "in the poetical ferocity of the whole, for the interest of the tragedy of real death is undeniable, irresistible, and all-absorbing." To say that these sights render the children more cruel or hard-hearted is simply absurd. If it had been so, what should we, then, have to say of the custom, so prevalent in England, of sending little children to the nearest corner public house to fetch some beer or spirits for the already half-drunken father or mother, and to lap with their tongue the froth of the malt liquor at an age when they ought to have tasted nothing but their mothers' milk? Is there any moralizing humbug on earth that would venture to assert that this latter practice is more edifying or more elevating than the former? The common Spanish woman takes her child to the bull-fight simply as a common English woman takes hers to the Crystal Palace on Good Friday, or an American woman to a Hudson River picnic on a summer day; she does so simply because she cannot leave it at home. Among the children of the educated classes the bull-fights do not produce any more ravage than the sight of the Derby or the University boat-race does. You can safely carry a Spanish boy every week to the *Plaza de Toros*, without running the risk of his ever becoming a betting man, losing every farthing he could lay his hand on, and finishing his career on the treadmill. The worst thing you can expect is, that he will go mad over the niceties of *Tauromachia*, and, if he has much property, will breed bulls, or else become an amateur *Espada*.

The Spaniards are certainly a very ignorant set of people, and anything approaching to a system of education or training is perfectly unknown to them. But they fully make up for that by the natural affections and sympathies which animate every Spanish family, and of which no idea can be formed by foreigners, unless they had opportunities to enter the Spanish home on intimate terms. Englishmen are justly proud of some of the aspects of their family life; but, as is only too often the case, they are apt to exaggerate their own merits. We all know that too frequently a "happy family" means simply a pandemonium, and that a friendly family circle has become an exception instead of being a rule in this country; while in Spain it is still a rule with exceptions to it, presented only in Madrid, where the foreigners and the political jobbers have exercised their wretched influence. With oranges, figs, and dates growing wild, starvation is not easy; consequently, actual want is but little known, and the family has a thousand facilities for living together without breaking up for business reasons. A boy leaving home, at twelve or thirteen years of age, to learn a trade, as in England, or a girl being sent off, for economy's sake, to a "select boarding-school," is almost a thing unknown in Spain.

The English are proud of the amount of work they are capable of performing, but the Spaniards are of opinion that the English cannot help working; if they did not, they would all have to hang themselves, so dull is their country; while Spain is known to be Paradise, and the man has no need to work in Paradise. An old Castilian saying tells us that, if God had not

been God, He would have been King of all the Spains, and would have taken the French king as a cook to himself: "*Si Dios no fuese Dios, seria Rey de las Españas, y el de Francia su cocinero.*" And this apparently ridiculous boasting of the Spaniard has some *raison d'être*. Fancy, for instance, what a havoc the chronic Spanish disturbances would have produced in any other country! The people of the Peninsula have been, for these last years, supposed to be in an "awful state;" but go to their country, look at their life, and you will see absolutely nothing "awful" in it. The national existence is proceeding in its usual course, everybody has something to eat, a house, a more or less handsome wife, a lot of children, and would not exchange his existence for a much more comfortable one in the best-regulated community in the world. If some one feels in himself an exuberance of activity, he goes to Cuba to make money, or to some of the South American republics; a few, perhaps, will go to the city of London. But the vast majority of Spaniards are perfectly satisfied with what they have at home. The disturbances they have are mere old stories to them, and have never prevented them from enjoying their delightful climate, their bright scenery, and such amusements as tradition and habits have rendered indispensable to them. All over the country, both poor and rich walk quietly about, enjoying life, smoking their cigarettes, gossiping at their *tertulias*, and the more eagerly discussing political topics, the less they know about the subject. To get excited, to run or rush about even in a moment of actual danger, still less for the sake of business, would never occur to the mind of

a Spaniard. There is an amount of Mohammedan fatalism in him which precludes him from ever attempting to overcome circumstances. The thorough absence of any chance of making money in the English or American fashion, makes everybody indifferent and quiet, and the natural fertility of the soil and the Spanish climate do the rest.

A good many foreign visitors to Spain complain of the Spanish shopkeeper apparently not caring at all about selling his goods: he does it in such a lazy sort of way, as if he were obliging the customer and not pleasing himself. And so it is; the majority of the Spaniards do not care at all about doing business for business' sake. They are still under the impression that to gain one's bread by the sweat of one's brow was inflicted as a punishment, and does not, by any means, constitute an intrinsic part of life. Catalonia, which is the most hard-working province, and which works, after all, by no means hard, is disliked by the rest of Spain, and towns like Cadiz are held in utter disregard by Seville and Granada, as being the homes of shopkeeping communities.

A short time ago, I was told by the manager of one of the largest London wine-merchants that the senior partner of the firm, anxious to discover some new stocks of wine, went himself to Spain, bought some horses, and started into the interior of the country, for the purpose of buying up all he could possibly find during his rambles. One day he arrived upon the estate of a wealthy Spanish grandee, and, on entering his house, said, in a half-British, half-Spanish dialect that he wanted some wine. "You want some wine,

caballero?" answered the Adalusian magnate; "I shall be most happy to oblige you. I will give orders to my steward to give you as much as you like of it." The Englishman tried to explain to his host that he did not mean he wanted to drink, but to buy some. "O, I won't sell anything; I am not a wine-merchant! Take as much as you please and carry it off," was the Spaniard's answer. I greatly regret I was not able to ascertain how the matter was finally settled, but I have every reason to believe that a compromise — the sacred British machinery for settling differences by give and take — was arrived at, and that the English merchant finally consented to pay much less than he was prepared to do, while the Spaniard accepted much more than his national *pundonor* would strictly permit.

But if the soil, the climate, the tradition, and the general conditions of the country, equally contribute to strengthen the ties of Spanish family-life, much is also done towards it by the Spanish woman, that abused and charming being against whom "every puny scribbler shoots his petty barbed arrow." What calumnies have not been written or said against the Spanish woman, and what are the merits and the virtues — education excepted — that she does not possess? True, that she frequently learns what love is before she knows what the alphabet is; but this ignorance is not her fault, nor is it any way out of proportion with the general ignorance of the men of her country. If you are philosophical enough to take this

as a circumstance which cannot be helped at present, and are able to look at people, not from the exclusive point of view of your own country, but from a genial and human point of view, you will soon discover, on studying the Spanish woman, that you must take all the virtue of the most virtuous Englishwoman, all the grace and wit of the most graceful and witty Frenchwoman, and all the beauty of the most handsome Italian woman, to make something approaching to a perfect Spanish lady.

But she has her dark sides, of course. You cannot talk to her seriously; her conversation is always a mere gossip; she is also often bigoted and superstitious; but her natural charms, both moral and physical, the kindness of her heart, and the truthfulness of her love, when she once loves, fully compensate for all her defects. One would be inclined to say that her very virtues are almost too great for the welfare of the country, for a married Spanish woman is a perfect mistress in everything that relates to the education of her children; her husband is, as a rule, too much of a politician, of a café-talker, and of a man of the world, to attend to these matters; and as even a good many Spanish women of high society do not possess half the knowledge of an average middle-class woman of England or Germany (however little that may be), their influence in perpetuating general Spanish ignorance is alarmingly strong. One would almost desire they were less domesticated and *virtuous*, and would send their children to school, instead of constantly keeping them by their side.

Yet it must not be supposed that the Spanish women

are incapable of any serious occupation, or of acquiring knowledge. It is not impossible, though, still by the way of rare exceptions, to meet, both at Madrid and in some of the provinces, amongst the richer classes, as accomplished young ladies as one could possibly wish to be acquainted with. In some of the ports of Andalusia, in Madrid, and in Barcelona, a good many of them speak excellent English. French is more or less spread through all classes except the very lowest. The literature of their own country begins to be studied by even very young Spanish girls, and painting and music have become, nowadays, quite a common accomplishment in every family whose means permit them to think of anything beyond the troubles of every-day life.

The free-and-easy manner shown by the fair sex throughout all classes of Spanish society, causes a good many foreigners to form a rather unfavorable opinion of the morals of Spanish ladies. The tacit belief which we all have that physical beauty is an additional temptation to illicit love, causes a good many of us to assume that the morals of Spanish ladies cannot be very strict, and their bold manner of looking at men, their "*ojear*," which, to a foreign mind, has something impudent about it, strengthens still more this belief. "*La sal*," the salt, the piquancy of a Spanish girl or woman, the thing of which her sweetheart or husband is so proud, seems, to foreign tourists, quite shocking. But when you come to know these women, you will not only admire them, but you will actually experience the contagion of their virtue. At all events, I must confess that in no country in

Europe — and I have seen them all — have I found such pure enjoyment in intercourse with ladies as in Spain.

Of course you must not attempt to talk philosophy or politics with them, for they would turn their back to you, or would still more unceremoniously request you to “shut up.” But if you have sense enough to admire what is beautiful, graceful, and witty; if, however serious and dull your occupation, you are capable of enjoying the gossip of a being as bright and pure as a child, the society of Spanish girls and women will give you no end of the brightest enjoyment. Whether all this would do in the long run, and as something permanent, I am unable to tell. But, for a while, the sight of their lovely features, the profusion of their hair, their hands almost as small as those of a baby, their miniature feet, sometimes quite bare, and scarcely slipped into little satin shoes, their everlasting warbling, seem all the more captivating to you because of your profound consciousness that you cannot buy these charms. Such a thing as a young girl marrying for money, or for any social consideration, is almost unknown in Spain. You must win or conquer her heart. A young girl marrying an old man, would be thrown out of the society of all her friends, and reaching the country seat of her old, and, perhaps, invalid husband, would be soon made to feel by every farmer’s wife and daughter that they are more pure and honest than she.

A Spanish girl may sometimes change her sweethearts; she might have had half a dozen of them before she married one; but when she has done so, I believe she is, as a rule, the most truthful and loving woman

on earth; and should her life prove an unhappy one, no one will ever know that, for she will never carry her complaints either to a divorce court or to the apartments of a paramour. "So you mean to say that there is neither immorality nor adultery in Spain?" may ask the reader. No, that is not what I mean to say. But what I do mean to say is, that the comparative percentage of professional vice, and of general looseness of morals, is much lower in Spain than any other country of Europe. The best proof of this is, that the so-called *demi-monde*, or the kept women, are unknown, even in Madrid itself. There are fallen women in the capital of Spain, and in a couple of the large towns of the Peninsula; but the total of prostitutes throughout the country is, I believe, much under the number we can daily meet in one leading street of Paris, London, or Berlin. As to conjugal unfaithfulness, it will always exist, as long as married women and unmarried men meet together, and as long as mistakes in the selection of a partner, and misapprehension in the affinities cannot be avoided; but it preserves still, among the Moro-Iberian race, the character of a very rare and exceptional occurrence, and is almost exclusively confined to Madrid, the city of which the Spaniards themselves say, "He who wants thee does not know thee; he who knows thee does not want thee."

" Quien te quiere, no te sabe :
Quien te sabe, no te quiere."

An abject form of immorality, which is rather largely spread over the Italian peninsula, and which the empire of Napoleon III. has freely bred in Paris, is

not unfrequently met with in the capital of Spain. The civil service clerks and the officers of the army who get out of employ with the fall of a ministry, who have, at the same time, neither a profession nor abilities to earn their livelihood, and are accustomed to live much beyond their means, sell their wives. These become the mistresses of rich foreigners, of bankers or men in office, and the husbands make a living out of this ignominy. But such scamps, who deserve the lash of Newgate, are few; their names are all known and stamped with the abject epithet they fully deserve, and out of the capital of Spain you will never find an instance of that sort.

It is well known that Madrid is in every respect the curse of Spain, in its government, in its moral influence, and even in its very climate, which is said to be so subtle that it would kill a man, while apparently it cannot even put out a candle. "*El aire de Madrid es tan sutil que mata à un hombre, y no apaga à un candil.*" And the truth is that, except the Picture Gallery and the Prado, there is nothing to be seen in the capital of Spain. The traveller who goes to Spain for the purpose of studying it will certainly learn much more during a stay of a couple of weeks in any provincial town than in the capital. Even the national Spanish customs have there almost disappeared, and the classical curé, with his extravagant hat, is almost never to be met with. Since the departure of the last royalty there is not even afforded the sight of luxury, which is so attractive to many sight-seers, and for which Madrid was once so celebrated. The beautiful horses and mules which were but a couple of years ago

daily to be seen on the Prado have disappeared; a fine carriage or a fine steed has become quite a rarity, and if the republic is going to last, even the few that may still be seen will disappear, for they all belong to the aristocracy, and not to financial or business men, who may perhaps remain in Madrid notwithstanding the form of government, while the aristocrats will all go, or are gone already, preferring as they do Paris, Vienna, Rome, and Florence to their own capital, of which the palace is unoccupied. They live much in the fashion of the Irish landlords. Always absent from the place where they ought to be present, they are to be seen only at the court of Madrid or abroad, and call at their estates only when they get short of money. They come then to their ancient seats for a couple of weeks, for the sale of some property, or for the more or less forcible collection of arrears from their farmers.

But this daily increasing exodus from the capital still does not prevent Madrid from being full of handsome men and handsome women. You can sit for hours on the Prado, looking as they are passing by, gossiping on the events of the day; and at night all the theatres are crowded, and to a stranger the Spanish audience presents always a much more interesting sight than the Spanish performance. Still, if you want to see nowadays something of real Spain, you must go far south from the capital, to those regions where even in the midst of the winter months the July sun of London would seem a mere dozing lamp. It is there that you still find the national costumes, the national usages, and those ancient edifices which remind you of the days of Spain's greatness and glory. It is there that you see

also the classical Spanish beggars and gypsies, and the national Spanish dancing, not that sort of European dancing which consists in the show of a kind of notched sticks supposed to be human legs, but that dancing in which the ribs, the fall of the back, the arms, and the head all join in a long, voluptuous series of unseizable movements. It is also to these regions you must go if you want to see real Spanish beauties, those little dark ones with large eyes, long eyelashes, and all the charms which the painters have rendered us so familiar with. In Madrid you find only a few of them, and that only at the height of the season. The infusion of European blood and the blood of the northern provinces of Spain has been too great in the capital for her population to preserve the characteristic type of the Moro-Iberian race, and I am not quite sure that in the streets of Madrid one does not meet a larger number of fair and red women than of dark ones.

The promptitude with which Madrid gets denationalized is something amazing. You will hardly ever see, nowadays, except in the theatres, the mantilla, over which, thanks to the unbearable climate of the capital, the Madrid ladies take good care, to *taparse bien* (to muffle themselves well), with all sorts of British and French shawls, plaids, and kindred things. At dinners you will but seldom see a lady eating fish with a knife, or carrying a toothpick stuck in her mouth. A few of them will perhaps take a glass of wine during the meal, and one in a hundred may, on the quiet, smoke a cigarette. Many Englishmen believe, of course, that every Spanish woman smokes, but that is nonsense; except the *cigarrera* (the working woman at the cigar factory),

and a few ladies from Cuba, no Spanish woman ever smokes. In Andalusia they also scarcely know the taste of wine, pure water, and perhaps a sweet, cool, summer drink, being all their beverage. But the toothpick is here carried all day long in their mouth, and the fish is eaten not only with a knife, but sometimes with the miniature fingers adorned with rosy nails. Such little savageries may, perhaps, seem shocking to European routine; but they are done in such a natural and graceful way that you cannot help admiring them.

Should this volume ever fall into the hands of some fair readers, they may possibly exclaim, "Why, with all the grace and beauty you find in the Spanish woman, her love is on that account not sweeter, or her feelings not purer, than those of other women." To this I would not answer either in the affirmative or the negative. My age and the hard toil of my life no longer allow me to flirt. During my stay in Spain I was, therefore, unavoidably prevented from making any experience of my own in that way. But from what I have observed, and heard from my friends and acquaintances, I have every reason to believe that the love of a Spanish woman differs from that of women of other nations in this respect, that no practical consideration ever enters into it. Matrimony, as a project, seems seldom to be entertained by the Spanish girl. She loves for love's sake; she would never inquire, either directly or indirectly, into the position or pecuniary means of her sweetheart, and when marriage is pro-

posed, she takes it only as one of the incidents of the romance which is "to be continued in our next"—that is to say, through a series of years, until she bears about half a dozen children, and becomes a matron just as deeply interested in the love affairs of her sons and daughters as she is now interested in her own.

The intercourse between sweethearts in Spain is also greatly different from what we see in other European countries. The girl is neither subjected to the French seclusion, nor does she enjoy the freedom considered so natural in the eyes of the English and American people. But she is not deprived of this freedom, as in France, through the despotic authority of the parents. She simply does not take it, partly because she feels an instinctive mistrust for the passion which animates her, and partly because the family ties in Spain are so soft and pleasant that she has no reason for ever having a desire to enjoy her love outside of her home. The whole romance is going on under the family roof or in the family *patio*, under the dazzling sky, and amidst the atmosphere of orange trees and aromatic hot-house plants growing wild. With the kissing business (I must beg pardon for not finding a better expression), both herself and her young man are rather frightened. They feel they might lose their heads if they indulged in it, and that which we see in certain other countries, where a girl kisses her lover for three or four years, and afterwards brings an action for damages against him, is quite an unknown thing in Spain. The young Spanish lovers kiss each other on meeting and on parting in the presence of their parents or friends; perhaps a furtive kiss sometimes may be deposited on the girl's hand or

her foot somewhere on the staircase, or at the fall of night at the house-gate. But anything in the shape of long solitary walks, or excursions, of a pair of young sweethearts, would be quite out of the question in Spain, for the blood running in the veins of the young girl and the young man would cause them to lose all control over themselves.

To those who know Spain only from reading Spanish stories, the love affairs in that country appear also as necessarily connected with serenades and knife struggles of the rivals. This is greatly exaggerated. The serenading of one's beloved is occasionally still to be met with in Andalusia, where the climate and all the habits of life greatly encourage it; but in the other parts of Spain the business is gone through in the usual European in-door way. As to knives, if they are used between two men who happen to fall in love with the same woman, their indiscriminate manipulation in such cases begins to be regarded as a romantic extravagance provided for in the penal code. Sometimes, I am sorry to say, Spanish love romances assume even a very prosaic aspect. For instance, during my residence at Madrid I used to watch a happy pair who were living in the same house with me. The families of the sweethearts were not on very good terms. That of the girl occupied the second floor, that of the man the first, and as the man belonged to a much richer family, there was some objection raised to the marriage. The young people had, therefore, to carry on their love-making clandestinely, and the window of my back room opening into the court-yard, I saw them daily corresponding by means of strings through the little railed windows of their respective pantries.

The break-up of courtship is performed also in a manner somewhat peculiar to Spain. It is, as a rule, done very quietly, without the slightest exposure and annoyance to any one, except the party immediately concerned. When the girl breaks off with her sweetheart, her parents seldom even ask her why she has done so, and her friends would take it as the greatest indiscretion to put any question, were it only that of asking why the young man is no more to be seen in the house. The girl exerts all her efforts to conceal from those around her the circumstances which have led to the termination of their courtship. A young lady whose family belonged to the Alfonso party, and whose house I used frequently to visit at Madrid, was greatly in love with a youth of strong Republican proclivities. Whether politics had anything to do with their quarrels I don't know, but three or four months later I was one day quietly writing in my room at St.-Jean-de-Luz, when the servant came to tell me that a lady was asking for me, and much to my astonishment, I saw the young girl whose parents had since taken their summer quarters at Biarritz. "I come to ask you a favor," said she, cordially shaking hands with me; "it is but a trifling matter. I bring you a little parcel which I want you to address to Eduardo. I have broken off with him: he has turned quite a federalist, and a fearfully violent one. He is now at Barcelona, and I want to send him all his letters back. As I do not wish any of my friends to know what I am doing, neither that his friends should recognize my handwriting when he receives the letters, I thought you would be about the best person I could apply to. You

will probably soon leave here and forget all about us ;” and she handed me a packet of fully six or seven pounds weight, which a professional novel-writer would probably have paid very dear for, as its contents would have given him an invaluable material for writing a most life-like Spanish love-story.

I am afraid, however, that my praise of the Spanish women may be interpreted in the sense of my having been so allured by their physical charms as to overlook their defects. But I don't believe that such a supposition would be correct. The profound admiration which I feel for the Spanish woman does not limit itself to her appearance and features; it is her kindness, the tenderness of her heart, which is clearly perceptible in every act of her life, that I admire, much more still than her beauty, her natural wit, or any other external attractions. In the lowest classes you see almost the same merits as you meet with in the highest circle. The wife of a peasant is just as loving to her husband, just as careful about her children, and just as kind to everybody surrounding her as the wife of a grandee. She is even, perhaps, more so. Whether you knock at the door of an inn, or of an isolated farm, all the women of the house come to receive you, and there is not a thing that will be refused to you. If you fall ill, whether it be at a hotel, a lodging-house, or the residence of a friend, you may be perfectly sure of having such kindness and attention paid to you as you could scarcely find in your own home. All day long, the ladies, old

and young, as well as all the servant girls of the house, will not leave you alone for a moment; they will surround your bed, and really enervate you through the minute attentions they show to you.

With a view not to be accused of partiality, I will again adduce other people's observations on the work of mercy which the Spanish women are doing all through the Peninsula. A writer in Macmillan's Magazine, publishing his impressions of life in the interior of Spain, speaks thus on the subject of Spanish charity: —

“But there was one sight in Cadiz that I had long yearned to see; a sight that, once seen, will never be by me forgotten, and one that should make the name of Cadiz dear to every true and loving English heart. I mean the *Casa de Misericordia*; or, as it is now called, *El Hospicio de Cadiz*. Thither, on the first day possible to me, I turned my steps. The exterior of this institution, one of the most benevolent in the world, has nothing to recommend it. It is simply, as ‘Murray’ says, a huge yellow Doric pile fronting the sea.

“The first thing that struck me as I waited for a moment while the porter went to ask the Rectora to show us over, were the bright faces and the ringing laughter of some fifty children, who were playing in the capacious quadrangle and the beautifully-kept garden within the walls, where the heliotrope, dahlia, geranium, and many tropical flowers were in full bloom. Air, light, and cleanliness seemed characteristics of the place at a first glance.

“The Hospicio, perhaps, may be best described as an English workhouse, stripped of its bitterness, and invested, if I may use the expression, with many privi-

leges. It is a real rest, a real home for the poor who are *decentes* (respectable); a refuge for the young women who are homeless or out of place; a school and home for children; and an asylum for the aged of both sexes. The prison look, the prison restrictions, the refractory ward, and the tramps' ward — all these are unknown at the Hospicio. Accordingly, it is looked upon as a home by the hundreds of both sexes who flock to its shelter.

“The Home is supported by a yearly voluntary grant from the town government, the nearest estimate that I could obtain of the actual cost of keeping it up being five thousand pounds per annum. The actual number of inmates at the time was eight hundred and forty-two. The place is generally much fuller, the number of beds made up, or capable of being made up, being close upon a thousand.

“The place is open to all who need assistance, on their presenting at the door an order from the town government testifying that they are *decentes*.

“The aged poor come in, and live and die here, surrounded by all the little comforts that old age stands in need of; if they like they can go out for a while to visit their friends, and return to their home again. On all the feast days (and their name in Spain is *legion*), their friends and relatives have free access to them, as well as on Sundays. The friends may bring them whatever they like in the shape of food, or wine, or, if they have money, they can send out and buy it for themselves. The men can have their smoke as at their own house—a luxury denied, and how needlessly! in some English workhouses.

“As regards the children’s department, any child is qualified to enter the Home, until it can obtain its own living, who is either an orphan or one of a large and poor family. They are all divided into classes. Any parent can come to the Home and obtain leave of the Rectora to take her child home for the day, from nine o’clock until the set of sun. The children are first taught to read, write, cipher, and sing; they then are taught any trade that they or their parents desire. . . .

“Thence to see the convalescents (of a House of Mercy) dining. In a long, cheerful room, there they were, looking over the bright blue sea, and eating heartily, and trying to talk — for they could only *try*. They were men from every clime and of many tongues, for this institution takes in all alike; an English sailor, who had fallen from the mast, and whose captain paid for him; one or two Finlanders, in the same case; an American, from ‘Philadelphia,’ as he said; one or two Moors, and several Spaniards, made up this strange but cheerful dinner party. The American told me ‘they were very comfortable quarters,’ with a genuine new-country twang.

“The whole work is done by seven superintending Sisters of Mercy whose smiling faces are a medicine in themselves. They wear a simple black dress, plain black cross, and white starched cape or collar; and if they have any pride, it seems to me it is to do good.”

Mr. Augustus Hare, in his “Wanderings in Spain,” gives the same testimony in favor of the natural kindness of the Spanish nation; and I insist here so much on this point because, thanks to Mr. Ford, an opinion has been spread abroad that nothing was more horrible

than the cruelty and disregard with which the sick and the poor were treated in the public institutions of Spain. Justly enraged against the Spanish doctors, "the base, brutal, and bloody *Sangrados*," Mr. Ford went on attacking everything with which they were connected. But in this, as in many other things, the Spanish nation is greatly abused.

"We have quite laid aside (says Mr. Hare) all thought of the mistrust which is a necessary habit in Italy. . . . Even the poorest peasant who has shown us our way, and who had walked a considerable distance to do so, has invariably refused to receive anything for his services; yet all are most willing and anxious to help strangers. . . . The temporal works of mercy, — to give bread to the hungry and drink to the thirsty, to take care of the sick, to visit the captive, and to bury the dead, — these are the common duties which none shrink from."

What Mr. Hare says here obviously refers to the kindly feelings not only of the Spanish women, but of the men as well, and the affectionate nature of the Spaniards in general is scarcely better illustrated in anything than in the relations between master and servant. Of course, if you would judge by the state of these relations in Madrid, you would never come to any favorable conclusion, for, *tel maître, tel valet*, and the corrupted Madrid politicians and *empleados* have duly spread their wretched influence throughout all classes; but outside of the capital, wherever you go — provided you are capable at all of treating a poorer human being than yourself as one morally equal to you — you will never have the slightest reason for com-

plaining of the Spaniard of even the very lowest class. Mr. Ford says, for instance, with reference to the Spanish servant, —

“To secure a real good servant is of the utmost consequence to all who make out-of-the-way excursions in the Peninsula; for, as in the East, he becomes not only cook, but interpreter and companion to his master. It is, therefore, of great importance to get a person with whom a man can ramble over those wild scenes. The so doing ends, on the part of the attendant, in an almost canine friendship; and the Spaniard, when the tour is done, is broken-hearted, and ready to leave his home, horse, ass, and wife to follow his master, like a dog, to the world’s end.”

This was written long ago, and things have not changed since. One day, whilst riding along the high road near Alsasua, I noticed by the road-side a poor little chap of about fourteen or fifteen years of age, almost barefooted, for the remnant of hempen sandals could certainly not be counted for much, a pair of cotton trousers, a cotton shirt, and a cotton handkerchief tied round his head, forming his costume. He was crying bitterly, and this caused me to stop and ask him what was the matter. “Nothing,” he said, in a rude, harsh voice, evidently displeased by my interrogatory; but as I went on, talking, he soon told me that he had come all the way from Lerin, with a view to enlist in one of the Carlist battalions, and that the chiefs refused to accept him on account of his youth and short stature. “They would not take me even as a trumpeter,” said he, still crying bitterly, “and I have now nowhere to go; for I left my master, in whose

service I was engaged as a mule-driver." I then asked him if he knew anything about horses. "Why, I tell you," answered he, in an almost coarse tone, "that I have always served as a mule-driver. I don't think there is a great difference between a horse and a mule." The rough but honest look of the boy caused me to take him into my service, and in about a fortnight he was so accustomed to the work he had to do that I could easily dispense with two perfectly unpolishable orderlies, granted to me from the staff of Don Carlos, and the little Cipriano Solano became my valet, my cook, my groom, and everything else.

When once, during our rambles, we reached a village within about three miles of his native place, he suddenly disappeared for several hours, and came back with his mother and three sisters—all of whom he introduced to me in the most friendly manner. The women shook hands with me, presented me with a lot of apples, grapes, and eggs, and began at once to treat me in the way they would have treated a member of their own family. The mother, during the conversation, took me apart, and anxiously asked me not only to be kind towards the *chico* (little one), but especially to watch over his morals. "Do not leave him alone with that disreputable lot of volunteers," said she. "They are all very brave and nice fellows, but they are so very, very fast, and Cipriano is quite a child yet," added she, and two big drops of tears appeared on her long eyelashes, and rolled down her old, parchment-like face.

The little boy was so short that when he had to groom my big chestnut mare he was compelled to

stand upon a chair, or upon the stump of a tree, yet he did the work always thoroughly. It was sometimes difficult to bring him to understand how you wanted a thing to be done; but, once he had learned a thing, he would not only not neglect doing it, but become quite proud of his accomplishment, and frequently give instruction to his comrades. Two or three times I took him over to France, and though he did not know a word of Basque, still less of French, he got on remarkably well. For the sake of fun, a party of friends and myself made him once ride behind us when we were going to some races at Biarritz. We had tickets for the committee's enclosure, but Cipriano, having none, was stopped by a gendarme, who began to argue with him. We left him purposely behind, watching the result of the discussion, and in a minute or two saw the boy give a kick to his horse, and almost jump over the gendarme's head, swearing most unceremoniously at the puzzled guardian of order. When the races were over, Cipriano handed me a couple of francs in small coin, and, on my inquiring what the money was, he explained that he had been paid for the horses he held during the race. He understood, that since he was in my service, anything he earned was my property. As to take any interest in the race when there were horses to be attended to, that was out of the question.

At St.-Jean-de-Luz, the boy gave me some trouble once. He had taken his after-dinner *siesta* in an empty omnibus standing close by his stable, and went to sleep. A batch of urchins, discovering him there, proceeded to take away his sandals and his cap, as a practical joke,

when he woke up, and began to fight the whole party, furiously crying out, in Spanish fashion, for their *tripas* (bowels). A policeman just passing by captured him, and locked him up for having fought, as well as for being "a Spaniard without a passport properly *visé*," and I had some difficulty in rescuing the little savage. But apart from these little extravagances, the boy's attachment to myself, and still more, I believe, to his horses, had really no limits. When I had to return to England, and first told him of it, he became fearfully cross, did not answer a word, but left the room before I had time to tell him what I wanted, and disappeared for the rest of the day. When I inquired of the servant of the house where he was, I learned that he had locked himself up in the stable, was crying all day, and had not taken any food whatever. All attempts on my part to persuade him that I would probably soon come back again, were of no avail. He became somewhat less morose only when he learned that a colleague of mine, a gentleman he knew well, had bought two of my horses, and was willing to take him into his service. I am, however, afraid the boy will never forgive me my having abandoned him. On the day I started from St.-Jean-de-Luz I sent several times for him, wishing to bid him good by, and to make him a little present. But he never came, and after having answered to the last messenger I sent for him, that he did not wish to see me, disappeared from his stable, so that I had to take the train without even shaking hands with him.

But however high an opinion one may have of the natural merits of the Spaniards, their ignorance never fails to shock the stranger. In high as in low classes it is equally amazing — and the more so as it is certainly not through a want of capacities or intelligence that the Spanish nation is kept so far behind those very nations of which it was formerly, in many respects, the teacher. Whether you take a Spaniard of the lower class, and instruct and train him in something, or one of the upper classes, whose education has been specially favored by circumstances, they are both equally sure to turn out as able men as you could find anywhere. Men like Señor Chao, the late minister of Fomento; like Luis Maria Pastor, the economist, deceased a short time since; like Brigadier Ibañez, director of the Geographical Institute of Madrid, and a number of others, would do, by their learning, honor to any country. The acquirements of the latter of these gentlemen had a European homage paid to them by his having been unanimously elected president of the International Mètre Commission, to which every European country has appointed men highly respected for their scientific knowledge. But, unhappily, such cases are but rare, very rare, exceptions. The ignorance of the great mass of the people exceeds anything that can be seen *anywhere* in Europe, the Danubian Principalities and Turkey excepted. And one of the immediate results of this ignorance is, of course, a childish credulity on the one hand, and a childish inaccuracy in statements on the other. We constantly hear Englishmen complaining of the impossibility of getting from a Spaniard a straightforward answer to a straightfor-

ward question, and Spanish newspapers are frequently accused of simply telling lies. All these accusations have a great deal of truth in them, but they are certainly not the result of a deliberate desire on the part of Spaniards to tell lies, but simply the result chiefly of their ignorance, and partly of their temperament. Fancies, ideas, and beliefs have always played too prominent a part in the Spaniard's life to allow him to be a precise, matter-of-fact man; and in making a false statement, — a statement in which he would himself not believe if he had thought for a moment, — the Spaniard does so simply because his imagination embellishes and ornaments, or disfigures, as the case may be, the plain, common fact, of which he has never been made to understand either the abstract or even the practical meaning.

This want of precision and correctness in statements and information is, however, not peculiar to the Spaniards only. The more a man is ignorant, or a nation backward, the more they are sure to be credulous and unreliable. Look at the information the travellers get from savages about things they have actually seen, and compare them with those one gets from a well-informed Englishman or German, on events which neither have actually witnessed. Between these two poles of ignorance and knowledge, of loose fancy and strict matter-of-fact criticism, range the various nations of the world, as well as the individual human beings, according to the comparative degree of precision of their minds and of their faculties of observation. And, as a matter of course, the more the religion of a nation or of a man tends to paralyze the spirit of free inquiry, the more

they must necessarily be liable to remain behind in this respect. This is one of the chief reasons why people belonging to the Catholic church, notwithstanding their high culture in every other respect, invariably proved more ignorant and less precise in what they knew than those belonging to the Protestant church; and Spaniards, constantly accused of telling lies, do so by no means more deliberately than the French or the Italians. The general unreliableness of the Latin race is but one of the natural results of the whole of their historical development, and the degree it is capable of reaching even in our days has been only too strikingly illustrated during the last French war, when all communications from French sources were, with scarcely any exception, utterly destitute of foundation. I made the sad experience of never having been able to arrive at anything like the truth all the time I was with the French army; and every one knows that, not only when the disasters began, but at the very outset of the campaign, the French military authorities gathered their information about their own troops from English papers. At Metz, generals and staff officers were constantly asking the numerous English correspondents for information of this sort; and at Châlons the officers of McMabon's staff came several times a day to me to inquire whether I had not received the English papers, and whether I could not communicate to them what was going on under the walls of Metz. The French disasters had been attributed to French heedlessness, and to the general mismanagement of the empire. But a considerable portion of them could be clearly traced to the incapacity of the average Frenchman of

either carefully collecting information, or of transmitting it without disfiguring it. And if such is the case with France, what cannot be expected from Spain — a country in every respect much more susceptible of developing men's fancy at the expense of men's capacity of calm observation and inquiry?

But, however great is still the ignorance of Spaniards as a nation, some improvement is already beginning to be perceptible at least in their governing classes. Spanish statesmen of our days are men of quite the average amount of knowledge spread throughout the same class of men abroad. While barely forty years ago the government of the unlucky country was virtually in the hands of persons like the milliner Teresita, the all-powerful friend and counsellor of Christina; of Ronchi, the dentist of the dey, a man who had to fly from Tangiers on account of his breaking a tooth of one of the dey's wives; of the Marquis of Ceralbo, who, when sent out to find a fourth wife for Ferdinand VII., officially asked the hand of the king of Sardinia's daughter, already married several years before; or of Cafranga, whom Metternich rendered so celebrated by preserving and showing everywhere a visiting card, bearing under Cafranga's name, and in his own handwriting, the inscription of "chef de bourreau (hangman, instead of *bureau*) du ministère de grâce et justice." These fearful times are gone, and let us hope forever. The improvement of the Spanish state machinery may be slow, but it has at all events *some* chance of success now, provided foreigners do not interfere once more, and home statesmen do not too much insist upon ruling by means of some mixed sys-

tem, of a kind of *juste milieu*, which is sure never to take in a country where "hatred and sympathies are alike strong, acute, and unalterable, and submit to no conciliation for reasons of interest."

But I must decidedly close. The patience of my readers is probably exhausted, and so are the time and space which were allowed to me. The national steamship Egypt, lying in all her transatlantic grandeur in the River Mersey, is getting up steam, and will in a few hours take me on board, and carry me away to another and quite different land. I shall certainly have much to learn in the new and marvellous world created by the efforts of American genius. But amid all the splendors and miracles of industry, the reminiscences of semi-savage Spain will, I am sure, frequently return to my mind as so many delightful dreams of the past.

Adieu, charmante et noble Espagne,
Adieu, peut-être pour toujours.
Mais je garderai pour tes vieux bourgs,
Ton ciel ardent, tes belles montagnes,
Ta race altière, ta riante campagne,
Tes femmes, surtout, ma chère Espagne,
Un éternel, profond amour.

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