it did it thoroughly: it killed Protestantism, but it killed Spain also. The grand old Spain that had been, was drowned in the blood of her children.

That this is not merely a Protestant opinion, could be shown by numerous quotations from Catholic historians. I will give but one authority, but that is the highest—Count Montalembert, one of the most illustrious Roman Catholics of our age; who belonged to one of those old French families in which religion is a tradition, and was all his life long one of the most pronounced, as he was one of the ablest, of the defenders of that Church, alike in the Parliament and the press. In an article entitled "L'Espagne et la Liberté," in which he sums up the result of his prolonged studies of Spanish history, he says:

"Le jour où, dans l' ordre politique, la royauté, avec l'aide de l'inquisition, a tout absorbé, tout écrasé; le jour où l' Eglise victorieuse a voulu abuser de la victoire; exclure et proscrire, d' abord les Juifs, puis les Maures, puis les Protestants; puis toute discussion, tout examen, toute recherche, toute initiative, toute liberté; ce jour-là tout a été perdu."*

*The article of Montalembert from which this extract is taken, has a curious history. It was the last work of his life, and was left in manuscript to be published after his death, but his timid friends wished to suppress it. He had however given it to Father Hyacinthe, with written authority to make use of it, who, being at that time (in 1876) in Geneva, caused it to be published in *La Bibliotheque Universelle et Revue Suisse* at Lausanne. But so incensed were the family at its appearance, that they instituted a civil process against him and against the publisher; and the French tribunal gave a verdict against them for an unauthorized publication, although there was no attempt to deny that this elaborate paper on "Spain and Liberty" was the writing of Montalembert, and expressed the deliberate opinion of that distinguished man.

"Tout a été perdu!" That tells the whole story. The despotism which killed liberty, killed the national life. True, the life of a nation is longer than that of an individual, and it takes longer for it to perish. Rome was for centuries in the agonies of dissolution; and it took Spain many generations to waste its imperial power. But the process, if slow, was constant, and the end was inevitable. No nation can truly live which is not free. The sense of freedom is the native air of all the qualities which make a country powerful—courage in war and splendid activity in peace, in great enterprises on land and sea. But the boa-constrictor of despotism, when it coils itself round a nation, crushes everything in its mighty folds. Thus one element after another of vitality was destroyed, till it might almost be said that Spain rested from dissolution only when there was nothing more to die.

CHAPTER XI.

THE RESURRECTION OF SPAIN—A REVOLUTION—FOUR EXPERIMENTS OF GOVERNMENT.

Out of death comes life. The darkest hour is just before the dawn. Two centuries had passed since Philip II. was borne to his grave—centuries of shame and ignominy—and Spain was at its very lowest, when the morning broke of the nineteenth century, and found Europe agitated with revolutions. The ancient monarchy of France had disappeared, and the Republic, established at home, had crossed the Alps, and was carrying everything before it by the marvellous campaigns of the young Napoleon in Italy. But Spain was far away in another direction, where she was undisturbed by all these commotions. Her time was not to come until the Great Captain, victorious beyond the Rhine, and seeking another world to conquer, crossed the Pyrenees. He had his own scheme to carry out, in which Spain was to be a kind of Annex to France. To this scheme the King of Spain and his infamous Queen and her lover (who was the real power behind the throne) lent themselves, not reluctantly, but eagerly. The King, so far from being ashamed of the part he was called to play, that of betraying his country, seemed more of the

temper of the Irish patriot who was accused of selling his country, and who, instead of repelling the accusation, only replied that "he thanked God that he had a country to sell"!

Happily the people of Spain were not so degraded as their rulers, and out of this very infamy came a reaction. The French were masters of Madrid, and put down a rising without mercy, Murat having the leaders shot in one of the public squares. But that set the popular heart on fire. The victims of 1808 are the martyrs of Spanish liberty. Over the place of their execution now rises a monument to their memory, and the 2d of May, the day on which they perished, is a day of national celebration, in which the people march in procession to lay garlands on the tomb of those who died for their country.

Then came the War of Independence, in which the Spaniards from the mountains to the sea rose against the French, and aided, or rather led, by the English under Wellington, drove them across the Pyrenees, and Spain at last was free from the foreign invader.

But with the reëstablishment of their own government came back the old royal house—true Bourbons, "who learn nothing and forget nothing," having learned no wisdom from adversity, and preserving only the memory of their old hatreds, which they were once more in a position to gratify. The reign of Ferdinand VII. is a dreary period in Spanish history—a long monotony of government without reason or justice or liberty, which once provoked a popular demonstration, the leaders of which were induced to surrender by a promise of amnesty, and were then promptly executed. Those who came after them, however, have done justice to their memory, and their names are now inscribed in honor on a monument erected in one of the squares of Malaga.

But let us give thanks that kings too must die, and at last Ferdinand VII. drew near his end. Yet even then he could not depart out of the world without leaving the seeds of future wars behind him. The Salic law, by which none but a male child could succeed to the throne, had long existed in France, but not in Spain. But when Philip V., the grandson of Louis XIV., and the first of the Spanish Bourbons, came to the throne, he naturally thought that what was good for his native country was good for his adopted one, and introduced it into Spain. But Charles IV., looking out (as kings are apt to do) for who should come after him, was troubled that his only son, Ferdinand VII., was sickly, and would probably have no descendant; and fearing that the succession might go where he would not have it, set it aside by a royal decree (the Pragmatic Sanction is the grand name by which it is called) in the Parliament of 1789, which restored the old law of the kingdom; but this was to be *kept secret* till it should suit the pleasure of the King to make it public. In fact, it was not made known till more than forty years after, in 1830, when Ferdinand VII. published it just before the birth of Isabella. But two years later, when he appeared to be dying, another fit took him, and he issued a second decree by which he abolished the first! However, there was an end to this shuffling: for a strong-minded woman appeared on the scene, in the person of the Infanta Carlotta of Naples, sister of the Queen, who prevailed upon the old King to recall his last act, using the most decided means of persuasion—in fact, taking the decree in her own hands, and tearing it in pieces; whereby was reëstablished the old Spanish rule of succession, by which a royal daughter could inherit the throne of her father; and thus it was that the little Isabella became Queen of Spain.

This was all very well for her, and for her mother, who was made Regent during her childhood; but how was it for the nephew of the late King, Don Carlos, who was thus shut out of his royal inheritance? He immediately took up arms. Out of this question of succession rose the two Carlist wars (the last of which ended only ten years ago), which drained to the utmost the resources of the kingdom, causing an enormous waste of treasure and of blood.

At length the little Isabella grew up to womanhood, and at the age of eighteen took the place of her mother, the Regent, and became Queen of Spain. The first feeling which greeted her was one of sincere and even enthusiastic loyalty, as appeared from the fact that though she became Queen in 1848, the year in which Louis Philippe was overthrown, and a wave of revolution swept over Europe, it did not pass the Pyrenees.

And what sort of a Queen did Isabella prove? I like to say all the good I can of a woman. Edward Everett Hale, in his charming volume, "Seven Cities of Spain," speaks of her as "Isabella the Bad." But why should she not be bad? She had everything against her—bad blood, bad education, and worst of all, a bad marriage, in which she was sacrificed to certain political designs, and forced to marry a man whom she loathed. After that, in the corrupt surroundings of the Spanish Court, we can scarcely be surprised that her manner of life became the scandal of Madrid and of all Europe.

While such was her personal conduct, of course she left her government in the hands of her Ministers, who wielded almost absolute power. Sometimes there was a muttering of popular indignation, and perhaps a feeble attempt at insurrection; but it was crushed with a severity that served as an effectual warning to those who would repeat the attempt. In 1866 an émeute took place in the

barracks, somewhat like the late one in Madrid. At that time the Prime Minister was Marshal O'Donnell, whose Irish name indicates his Irish descent. His grandfather was one of the sons of Erin, who, belonging to Catholic families, did not care to fight for a Protestant king against those of their own religion, and so came over to the Continent and formed the famous Irish Brigade, which did such service at Fontenoy and in many wars. This old Marshal had a truly Irish vigor of procedure in dealing with insubordination, and as this military outbreak had been led by the sergeants, so that it was called the Sergeants' Rebellion, he, like the fine old Irish soldier that he was, accustomed to deal with things in a military way, picked out forty-seven of these sub-officers, and had them marched out of the city, and drawn up in line with their backs to a wall, and shot to the last man. If Castelar had been caught at that time, and Sagasta, and Martos, and Prim, they would all have shared the same fate. After this display of vigor, O'Donnell resigned the reins of power to Narvaez, whose extreme mildness was illustrated even on his death-bed, when his confessor asked him "if he forgave his enemies," to which the old man naively replied that "he did not think there were any left"; that "he thought he had finished them all"! Of course he received absolution and extreme unction, and died in the odor of sanctity, and is buried in the Church of the Atocha, the church of the royal family, where kings and queens and princes go every Saturday to pray before a shrine of the Virgin.

With such men in power, and handing it down from one to another in an unbroken succession of hard masters, it is not strange that outside of the official class there was universal discontent. Those who wished for better things had ceased to hope for anything from Queen Isabella, who

was completely under the control of the priests and a little cabal at the Palace. There were good men in Spain, and wise men, but what did all their wisdom and goodness amount to when it did not have a feather's weight as against a vile favorite who was always at her side, and whispering evil into her ear? Then it was that men began to take courage from despair. Even those who had remained loyal, had come to the conclusion that there was only one hope for the country, and that was in revolution. Such was the feeling of the bluff old Admiral Topete, who had command of the Spanish fleet in the harbor of Cadiz. By a secret concert, two other actors suddenly appeared on the scene: Marshal Serrano, who had been banished to the Canary Islands, and Marshal Prim, who was in exile in England, and came from there to Gibraltar, from which it is but a few hours to Cadiz. Thus on the 18th of September, 1868, Serrano, Prim, and Topete met on the deck of the flag-ship Saragossa in the harbor of Cadiz, from which they issued the proclamation of liberty. The fleet immediately took up the cry of its Admiral, in which it was soon followed by the garrison of Cadiz, and next by the garrison of Seville. Here was the nucleus of an army, which as it increased in numbers, moved northward, as the troops of Isabella, under the lead of General Pavia, the Marquis de Novaliches, moved southward, till ten days after the first proclamation, September 28, the two armies met nine miles above Cordova, at the Bridge of Alcolea, which has become historical as one of the turning points of Spanish history. The fight was a desperate one, for on it hung the fate of a throne. But the end of the day saw the troops of the revolution victorious, and the royal army in full flight.

Queen Isabella was at the time taking her Summer vacation on the seashore at San Sebastian, where she was at-

tended by her Prime Minister, Gonzalez Bravo, who assured her from day to day that the rebels would soon be annihilated! It was therefore a thunderstroke when he came with a despatch in his hand announcing that the royal army had been utterly defeated, and that the Queen could not return to Madrid! At that moment Isabella showed that she had a little of the spirit that became the daughter of kings, as she answered proudly "If I were a man, I would go to my capital!" Alas for her; she was *not* a man, and being but a woman, she was compelled to submit to the stern necessity of the case, and to be conducted, politely indeed, but not less firmly, in spite of her tears and sobs, to the frontier, from whence she was to take refuge under the protection of the Emperor of France.

The Revolution was complete. The Queen was safe in Paris, where her late subjects were quite willing that she should remain; and those who had driven her from her capital, were installed in her place. So far so good. But their difficulties were not ended: indeed in one sense they were only begun. They had got the power, but *what should they do with it?* It is easier to fight a battle than to organize a government. In this perplexity, the Cortes, which was the only body remaining that had any authority, did what is so often done in like cases: it established a Provisional Government—not a monarchy, which was to last for generations; nor yet a Republic, which was to be continued by successive expressions of the popular will; but an executive which was merely to tide the country over its present embarrassment, to keep it from drifting into anarchy, and to prepare a foundation for something more stable hereafter. It was therefore decided to set up a Triumvirate, and who so fit to compose it as the men who had made the Revolution? And so Prim, Serrano, and Topete were invested with the execu-

tive power, and held it for two years. But none knew better than they that this state of things could not continue. The nation wanted something that was not provisional, but permanent, and so they began to look round the horizon of Europe to see where they could find one of royal blood of whom to make a king. At first they turned to a scion of the House of Hohenzollern, by which the throne of Spain would be allied with that of Germany; but this aroused the jealousy of France to such a degree as finally to lead to the Franco-German War. Failing in the North, they turned to the South, and fixed their choice on a son of Victor Emmanuel, Prince Amadeus, brother of the present King of Italy. He belonged to a Latin race, was of the ancient House of Savoy, and was a Catholic—three qualifications which answered to the wants of the Spanish people. And so he was offered and accepted the crown, and a ship of war was sent to bring him to Spain.

In all this business of king-making, it was Marshal Prim who was the Warwick, the king-maker, and now he was proud and happy that his work was done. But before the new sovereign landed at Barcelona, occurred an event which sent a thrill of horror throughout the country. One evening, as Marshal Prim came out of the Cortes, he stepped into his carriage to drive to the Ministry of War. As he was passing through a narrow street, the Calle del Turco, which runs into that great artery of Madrid, the Calle Alcala, a cab was standing by the sidewalk, and just then, as if by accident, another came from the opposite direction, so that the two blocked the street and brought him to a stand-still, when in an instant men stepped from behind the one that was standing, and fired through the window of his carriage. How many shots there were, is not known, but certainly more than one or two, for I

counted three holes, and was uncertain about a fourth, in the wall on the other side of the street, where the balls struck. No face of the assassins showed itself in the darkness, though it was said that voices were heard, asking "Do you recognize us? Have we not kept our word?" But they escaped, and the closest investigation, continued for months, could not clear up the mystery, and to this day "Who killed Marshal Prim?" is a problem which no man can resolve.* Though mortally wounded, he did not die instantly, but was carried to the Ministry of War, where he lingered for a day or two, and met his fate with the same courage which he had shown on the battle-field, finding consolation even in death in the thought that the end which he had sought to bring about, had been accomplished. He said "I die, but the king is coming." The king came indeed, but filled with horror at the terrible tragedy which shocked him as it shocked the country; and when he reached Madrid, he drove from the station directly to the Church of the Atocha, to look for the last time upon the face of his friend, who

"Lay like a warrior taking his rest."

In that church he now sleeps beneath a monument of bronze, near the tomb of Marshal Narvaez, who if he could but have caught the young Gen. Prim a few years before, would have put a still earlier end to his brilliant career.

* While these sheets are passing through the press, a friend long resident in Madrid writes to me that the mystery of Prim's death might be removed, if there were not men high in position and influence who have an interest to conceal it. He even goes so far as to designate the guilty parties, and to say that Prim was assassinated by the Red Republican, Paul Angulo, with the knowledge and by the instigation of Marshal Serrano, Prim's colleague, then Regent, who was afraid that Prim would have more power than himself in the new government.

This was a sad beginning for the new reign. It cast a shadow over both prince and people. Yet in spite of all, the young king bore up bravely, and endeavored to do his duty to those who had called him to a position of such power and responsibility. He began very modestly, promising little, but endeavoring much. He took no airs; he made no boasts and no rash promises; but went to work, like the simple, straightforward gentleman that he was, to fulfil his exalted trust. His course was marked by manliness and good sense. But his best efforts could not succeed, because they encountered the prejudice against a foreign King, which is so strong in Spain. This jealousy obstructed his every movement. The high circles of Madrid kept aloof. Ladies of rank were unwilling to take places in the palace to give dignity to his court. It became the fashion to speak of him as "the inoffensive Italian." The Spaniards disliked him for his very virtues, his modesty and simplicity, for they had been accustomed to more of royal state. Even his Ministers seemed to take a pleasure in thwarting his plans for the public good. Against this he struggled as best he could, but it was all in vain, and at last, after two years of faithful effort, he gave it up as hopeless, and one fine morning he and his queen took their seats in the railway train for Lisbon, and in a few hours crossed the frontier of Portugal, and Spain saw them no more.

This failure of the attempt to make a king out of a foreign prince, was received with exultation by the partisans of Isabella, who took it to mean that Spain would have no other than one of her own family to sit upon the throne; and the ex-Queen was in hopes of being recalled (when she would pose as one who had learned wisdom by experience), but the country had not forgotten what she had proved herself before, and had no wish for her return.

On the other hand, there was a strong Republican party that reasoned thus: "Monarchy has been tried and found wanting. Now let us have a chance to try a more popular form of government." And so the experiment was made, while Europe looked on in wonder to behold that political miracle—a Republic in Spain! Though its life was not long, it had no less than three Presidents. But somehow it did not work: the machinery was too new; the wheels were not oiled so as to run smoothly. Everything was against it. Civil war was raging in the North. Don Carlos had roused the Basque Provinces, and had the priests everywhere stirring up the peasants in his favor. The position was one that called for the coolest and wisest heads to guide the ship of State through the breakers; but the Republican leaders, it must be confessed, however patriotic, were not the most skilful managers. Salmeron and Castelar, who were Presidents in turn, were both Professors in the University, and however learned they may have been in political economy, they were not the men to deal with a great crisis, aggravated by civil war. The enemies of Castelar say that, though an eloquent orator, he was a signal failure as a President. No doubt he made grave mistakes, some from his very excess of generosity; as when he gave General Pavia command of the troops in Madrid, who afterwards marched them into the Cortes and fired guns over the heads of the deputies, who made their escape through doors and windows; as Bonaparte had marched his grenadiers into the Chamber at St. Cloud and dispersed the Constituent Assembly. So fell the French Directory, and so fell the Spanish Republic.

Then came another interval of provisional government, with Marshal Serrano as Regent. The old soldier seemed to like being the occupant of the palace very well, and

Madame la Duchesse liked it still better, and it suited all the officials around him; but it did not suit the army in the field, which was fighting against the Carlists in the North; and which, as it was fighting to put down a Pretender to the throne, preferred to set up a real King, and declared for Alfonso, the son of Isabella.

This new movement on the chess-board of politics and war, of course excited the indignation of Serrano, who promptly telegraphed to the army that its leader, General Martinez Campos, should be shot! But in Spain these things go by contraries, and instead of the troops shooting their commander, Serrano found Madrid too hot to hold him, and fled from the Palace to the English Embassy for protection, and soon after got out of the country. He came back afterwards, but was never again in power. And so Alfonso, though not elected by the Cortes, but simply proclaimed by the army, became the King of Spain.

Why both army and people turned to him, it is easy to see. As the experiment of a Republic had failed, it was now the turn of Monarchy again. Spain must have a king. But where should they find him? Who should he be? Not a foreigner like Amadeus; nor even a Spanish prince like Don Carlos, who had been waging such cruel war in the heart of his country. There was absolutely no one to choose except the young Alfonso, who had left Spain when a boy with his royal mother, and had had the advantage of a few years of exile, in which to learn something of foreign ideas, and of foreign laws and liberties.

As this young prince was to figure as the King of Spain for many years, we wish to know something about him. My information I have from one who has had the best opportunity to know him. Count Morphy, now private secretary of the Queen Regent, was secretary of the late King, with whom he lived in the closest relations for twenty years.

He tells me that he was with Alfonso from the time that he was seven years old; that he continued with him through his education at Vienna and elsewhere, and that he was a young man far above the common; that even as a boy he surprised his teachers by his intelligence; that he was quick of apprehension, and of such open, frank, and engaging manners, as made him popular with his companions at school and in the University: that he was a favorite of the Emperor William, who took special notice of him at the German watering-places; and in short, that he had every attribute to attract friendship and respect. This high estimate might be set down to the account of personal regard, were it not that it is confirmed from other sources. Certainly the young prince showed a sense above his years in his answer to those who came to offer him the crown, for instead of receiving it proudly as his due, and intimating that he had but "come to his own again," he gave them to understand that his acceptance was but an experiment, and that if they got tired of him, they need not take the trouble to send him away, for he was ready to go; and that in fact, to use his own words, "he was the first Republican in Europe."

With such frank declarations he came. Fortune favored him from the start. The government had long been preparing a grand movement of the army against Don Carlos, which now took place, and made a speedy end of the Pretender, and left Alfonso with an undisputed title to the throne. Victory in the field created popularity in the capital. The nation was weary of war, and longed for peace. It was tired of revolutions, and welcomed a government which seemed likely to be permanent. Under such favoring auspices Alfonso mounted, with the light step of a boy (he was still but seventeen), to the throne of Spain, on which he continued till his death, a period of

eleven years—years of peace and prosperity. Such is the judgment of many who in their political convictions still remain Republicans, but who frankly confess that, "considering that he was a Bourbon," and so young, he did not only fairly well, but far better than could have been expected, and that his death was a national calamity.

At the same time all Spanish liberals agree that the reëstablishment of the Monarchy was a reaction against the more liberal policy of Amadeus and of the Republic. One of the signs of this reaction was in the relaxation towards the religious orders. There was a time when the Jesuits were expelled from almost every country in Europe, and different monastic orders were suppressed, and their enormous wealth confiscated to the State. In Spain a very vigorous policy had been adopted towards them as long ago as 1835—a policy which was enforced under the Republic, but on the return of a King the orders began to creep back again, at first very quietly, but afterwards more openly, until now hundreds and thousands of monks who have been expelled from France and from Italy, find a secure resting-place this side the Pyrenees.

But while the accession of Alfonso was a triumph of the Clerical party, it was not of the Ultramontane party, which was represented by Don Carlos. This party the government wished to conciliate, and for that purpose went to the extreme of concessions, while professing to be itself "free and constitutional." The worst of these was in the matter of civil marriages. Under the old régime, the Church, which was the power behind the throne, kept its hand on everything in a man's life, from the hour that he was born, to the hour that he breathed his last—including birth and baptism, bridal and burial. A man could hardly come into the world without permission of the Church, at least he could not be baptized and registered, and so recognized

as having a legitimate existence: and when his life was ended, without the same permission he could not be buried in consecrated ground. Midway between birth and death stood the great act of marriage, on which the whole of life turned, and which the Church wished also to keep under its rigid control. None but priests could celebrate marriages, and whoever came to one of them for that rite was questioned if he had been to confession; and if not, the priest refused to perform the ceremony.

This was a sore grievance to those who were not within the pale of the Catholic Church. Protestants, for example, preferred to be married by their own pastors, or by the civil magistrate. This was one of the first rights to be recognized under a liberal government, and accordingly it was enacted in Spain, as it had been long before in France and Italy, that a civil marriage—that is, a marriage before the mayor of a city, or a civil magistrate—was valid before the law, all the children of which should be as legitimate as if the rite had been performed, with the utmost pomp and ceremony, at the altar of a Cathedral, and blessed by priest or bishop. Under this law Protestants were married in Spain with no more restrictions than they would find in France or in America.

Such was the law when Alfonso came to the throne—a law which it would seem as if the government hardly dared to ask the Cortes to repeal, lest it should raise a storm round its head, but which the King revoked by a royal decree! And this was done, not under the ministry of some obstinate old Conservative, but of Canovas, one of the first statesmen of Spain, who, I am told by those who know him, in his heart despises the extreme pretensions of the clerical party, but finding it a necessity to have their support, threw overboard civil marriage as a huge sop to the Cerberus of Spanish politics.