

far away from the influence of the idiotic Don Carlos and his "Court," gave Don Ramon Cabrera great facilities for showing his guerilla abilities. His name is still a terror to the Liberals of Aragon, Valencia and Catalonia, and an object of worship to the Carlists of these regions. Closely pressed by the greater part of Christina's army, which became disengaged after the surrender of Maroto, Cabrera could, however, not hold out more than for another year, and entered France on the eastern end of the Pyrenees, in June 1840.

As a matter of course, Espartero, who happened to sign the Vergera convention, had all the credit of having brought the Seven Years' War to a close. He was for a couple of years the idol of Spanish Liberals, upset Christina, became Regent, and was subsequently upset in his turn. It was, I believe, under the unconcerned Amadeo that he was rather retrospectively created Prince of Vergara. Maroto, finding that it was not a pleasant thing to be frequently called "the Infamous," went to Chile, and died there. A column, in commemoration of the Vergara convention, which was erected in that town, embellished it for about thirty-three years, and was, with some religious solemnities, smashed to

pieces on the 15th of August last, by the Carlists under Lizarraga.

Readers who were forty years ago in their cradles, or had, perhaps, not even so far advanced in life, may be interested to know what sort of part England played in this Peninsular struggle. To give anything like a detailed account of England's political and military doings on that occasion, would be a very heavy and unpleasant sort of task; but to sum up the few leading facts is a labour that may probably prove not to exceed the author's very limited powers.

Some of the European Courts acknowledged the new state of things created by Ferdinand's changing the law of succession, and some did not. The Emperor Nicholas of Russia, for instance, declined to recognise Isabella, even when she became of age, was married, and had occupied the throne for nearly twenty years. With England it was different. King William IV., on opening Parliament on February 4th, 1834, said:—

“ Upon the death of the late King of Spain I did not hesitate to recognise the succession of his infant daughter; and I shall watch with the greatest solicitude the progress of events

which may affect a Government, the peaceable settlement of which is of the first importance to this country, as well as to the general tranquillity of Europe."

And a couple of months later (April 23rd) the English Government signed the so-called Quadruple Alliance, to which some additional articles were signed on the 1st of August, and which involved Great Britain in a very useless, expensive, and by no means successful war. Yet Lord Palmerston declared at that time in Parliament that he was "greatly satisfied" with the negotiation of this Treaty, and "as far as he had any share in it," was proud of it. The alliance was concluded between England, France, Portugal, and the new Spanish Government, and had for its aim to put down the Legitimist Pretenders—Dom Miguel of Portugal, and Don Carlos of Spain. The first aim was achieved easily enough, while the second, caused besides an expenditure of several millions, some five thousand Englishmen to lose their lives in the Basque provinces.

Now, as to the reasons which prompted the English Government to entangle the country in the so strictly internal affairs of a foreign nation, they were said to be the great desire of the English nation to support a liberal and constitutional

régime against the *régime* of absolute and priest-ridden Monarchy. That Don Carlos represented the latter, there can be no doubt whatever. But there can be as little doubt that the *régime* which England's Government tried to establish in Spain by means of English blood and English money, proved to be neither liberal nor constitutional, and became ultimately the greatest curse of Spain. Truly speaking, however, this apparently platonic love for Liberalism was a mere pretext on the part of the English Government. The real object of the Treaty was to get up an alliance which would at least to some extent balance the then growing strength of the Northern Powers, more especially of Russia, to oppose which was an integral part of Lord Palmerston's policy. The fact of the Northern Powers showing preference to Don Carlos was sufficient to make the English Government side with Isabella. Some twenty years later, England sided in the same way with the Turks, though with much greater military success. But none of these efforts arrested the growth of the Northern Colossus. On the contrary, they rather helped him, for the Crimean defeat showed him his weak points, and caused him to reorganize his army and administration, and to emancipate his serfs.

Consequent upon the Quadruple Alliance, British ships were fitted out for the little *Isabella*; arms and military stores sent out; and an Order in Council having suspended the Foreign Enlistment Act, on June 9th, 1835, an expedition was formed, and embarked under the orders of Colonel (subsequently General) de Lacy Evans. The whole force enlisted amounted to fifteen thousand men, but there were scarcely ever more than eight thousand infantry, and four hundred cavalry actually in the field at one time. A most awkward point of the undertaking was, however, as mentioned on p. 74, that the "Eliot convention" had been concluded without any reference to the possibility of English troops joining the field. As may well be imagined, the British soldiers engaged in the expedition were all the less pleased with the prospects to which they were exposed by the Durango decree, as on their enlistment they were given to understand that they were included in the *cartel*. The Duke of Wellington's opinion, expressed with reference to this subject in March, 1836, was that,

Viscount Melbourne, then Prime Minister, "placed himself and his Government in an awkward position, when he sent to Spain the body of English troops who are at present in that country. By that act the noble Viscount com-

menced putting an end to the Convention with Don Carlos which had so recently been concluded. It was evident that the consequence of that act must be to weaken that influence which had with so much difficulty been acquired over the minds of that prince and his councillors. The troops in question were *not* included in the *cartel*, and it is also clear that in consequence the *cartel* cannot now be executed. If any clemency has been offered, then, to any of these troops, they are indebted for it *solely to the humanity of that prince*, because they do not belong to the contracting armies."

The Marquis of Londonderry speaking on Spanish affairs in the House of Lords, on June 19th, 1838, said:—

"We plunged into the contest without stopping to inquire into the justice of our conduct, or the probable results of our interference. . . . Previous to this period Don Carlos had acted up to the Eliot convention, and strictly fulfilled his stipulations. Both he and his generals were in fact desirous that the benefits of this humane arrangement should extend to the other provinces, in which they were opposed to the Christinos But, my Lords, let us take a wider range. Let us see what Ministers have gained by persevering for more than four years in their general Spanish policy, during which period four or five thousand British lives have been lost and some millions of money expended. Our deluded countrymen expected to make short work of Don Carlos; they thought they were going on a summer's campaign, and would have lots of profit Why, actually he fares better now than when our auxiliaries landed to co-operate with the Queen of Spain's army. . . .

Your Lordships will recollect that when the Spanish question was first agitated in this House the greatest total force then allowed to Don Carlos was about thirty or thirty-five thousand men. Some noble Lords would not grant him so many, and yet, besides defeating three armies sent against him, he has made an end of two foreign legions, and a third one thought it expedient to withdraw."

With reference to the purely military operations of the Legion, the Marquis of Londonderry said that though he had endeavoured to master everything that had been published on that subject, he did not meet with any document or statement that placed "the military proceedings of the Legion in a favourable light," and he imploringly exclaimed to their lordships: "In God's name let us withdraw from the contest and involve ourselves no farther in disgrace. The whole history of our intervention, whether we trace it in the deeds of the Legion, or in our diplomatic transactions, exhibits weakness, ignorance, and I must add, wickedness."

In fact things seem to have gone so far that soldiers of the British Legion frequently deserted their ranks, some of them passing even over to the Carlists, and this not one by one, but in numbers. I had been often told of that by Don Carlos and his Generals, but suspected the

statement to be a mere fabrication which, through being repeated for a considerable time, began to be believed in. Yet when I became acquainted with some materials published on this subject in England, I saw that there was a good deal of truth in what I had been told by the contemporary Carlist chieftains. An order of the day of General Evans', issued on June 18th, 1836, at St. Sebastian says for instance :

“Having learnt that at the outposts, conversations, rather frequent, were kept up with deserters from the British auxiliary force and the Portuguese auxiliary army, or with individuals expelled from the service for dishonourable acts, the Lieutenant-General thinks it best to remind the troops, that as we are now acting in complete conjunction with the British marine forces, all British subjects found in arms, as aiding, or abetting in any way the insurgents, are in fact rebels against the British Sovereign, and are liable to, and will most probably suffer, if taken, the punishment of death by the British laws.”

Another order of the day of July 30th begins with the words : “The Lieutenant-General regrets extremely to find that so considerable a number of the Sixth Regiment (Scotch Grenadiers) have yesterday shown a disposition to abandon their colours and comrades in face of the enemy.” And about a month later the following rather unpleasant events seem to have occurred.

“ On the 16th of August one hundred and forty-four deserters from the Legion, sent away by the Carlists, arrived at Bayonne in great distress. They were seen lying down in the marine walks, till, to their great satisfaction, the police conveyed them to prison, where, at least, they were sure of a meal. These poor dejected beings, owing to their nakedness, were not even allowed to enter the town. Their miserable plight subjected them to the contempt and compassion of Frenchmen, who called to mind their proud fanfaronades when they landed in Spain.

“ On the 18th Mr. Harvey, His Britannic Majesty’s Consul at Bayonne, addressed a letter to the Prefect of that place, requesting him to make known to the British subjects confined that Lieutenant-General De Lacy Evans promises and guarantees a free pardon to all and any of them who may present themselves to him at San Sebastian, when they will have an opportunity of explaining to him when and in what manner they were compelled to enter the ranks of Don Carlos.

“ Not one of these miserable men, who had escaped from the lash of San Sebastian, accepted the conveyance back to their old quarters proffered by our Consul through the medium of a French functionary, and they were, it will be remembered, marched from Bayonne to Calais, in charge of the gendarmes, begging their way and exposed to the contumely of French spectators.”

Notwithstanding all that, and facts like those, that in a single engagement the Legion had sometimes eight hundred men and about eighty officers killed and wounded (as was the case under the walls of San Sebastian on the 5th of May, 1836), General de Lacy Evans constantly published

eloquent proclamations in Spain, and assured his constituents in England that his "final triumph was within view." Eventually, however, in May, 1837, he had to resign his command, a new and smaller legion being then formed under the orders of Colonel O'Connell. But the non-payment of the troops by the Spanish Government provoked new mutinies in the Legion, and by the end of that year the expedition came to a final collapse.

For three years after the conclusion of the Vergara Convention (1839), the Carlists did not seem to feel strong enough to attempt any new rising. A few bands tried to call forth a movement in Catalonia and in the Maestrazgo in 1842, but were immediately subdued. In 1843, when Espartero was overthrown and had to fly to England, the Carlists became most sanguine in their hopes, as the moderate party who came then into power seemed to be in favour of a marriage of Isabella with Count de Montemolin, eldest son of Don Carlos. Though still interned at Bourges, the Pretender obtained from the French Government the release of his son, and issued a manifesto abdicating in his favour. Negotiations con-

cerning Isabella's marriage lasted for several years, and when the Carlists learned in 1846 that the young Queen was going to be married to her cousin, Don Francisco D'Assise, they considered themselves deceived, and a rising took place in the Autumn of that year in Catalonia under the leadership of the old Canon Tristany, and lasted for nearly three years.*

When the revolution of 1848 broke out and Louis Philippe, one of the greatest enemies of Carlism, was overthrown, a considerable number of representatives of Spanish Legitimacy who were interned in France were set at liberty and re-entered Spain. Amongst them was Julian Joaquin Alzaa, a chief immensely popular in the province of Guipuzcoa, which he at once entered and attempted to raise. But Urbistondo (Maroto's

* It will, perhaps, be remembered that the marriage of Isabella with the Count de Montemolin did not succeed, not on account of anyone in Spain, or abroad opposing the marriage, but solely because the conditions of the union were that the son of Don Carlos should give up his claims to the throne, and marry the young Queen as a mere prince, not as a Pretender; while the Carlists insisted upon Count de Montemolin adhering to his claims and to his name of Charles VI., thus virtually claiming that the Queen should abdicate her power and marry him as a mere princess.

last chief of the staff who had passed to Isabella's side) captured Alzaa and shot him on the spot, notwithstanding their having formerly been brothers in arms. Risings were attempted also at the same time in Biscaya and in Navarre, but were not more successful. It was only in Catalonia that the Carlists still held ground, and were reinforced by the arrival of Cabrera in June, 1848. He replaced Tristany in the general commandment of the Carlist troops in that province and obtained considerable successes over Isabella's army, but the Government of Madrid managed to corrupt his leading Lieutenants Pons, Vila, and Pozas (the latter being the same man that led the Ferrol revolt in the reign of Amadeo). These three chieftains induced a considerable number of Carlist volunteers to pass into the ranks of Isabella, and Cabrera had again to fly to France with the remainder of his force.

For the subsequent ten years the Carlists remained quiet, except for some partial risings which took place in May 1855, and were promptly subdued. But in 1860 a more serious attempt was made with the view of placing Charles VI. (Count de Montemolin) on the throne of Spain. This rising has already been alluded to in the first volume. It was organised by Don Jaime

Ortega, Captain-General of the Balearic Islands. Having come to an understanding with Count de Montemolin, his brother, Don Fernando, and with General Elio, Ortega landed at San Carlos de la Rapita with five battalions of the troops of his island garrison. These troops were to form the nucleus of the army which was to be organised in the Peninsula, and to march on Madrid. But soon after the landing was effected Ortega's own soldiers rose against him. He was made prisoner by the Government and shot, while Count de Montemolin, his brother Don Fernando, and General Elio, were arrested at Uldecona and banished from Spain.*

The subsequent death of the Count de Montemolin, his wife, and Don Fernando his brother, all of whom died within one week at Trieste, was the source of considerable discouragement to the Carlist party, which did not place any confidence in the only surviving representative of Charles V., his son Don Juan, as he was supposed to be a Liberal, and had during his resi-

* The lives of the two Princes were spared on condition of their renouncing for ever their claims to the throne. They both signed a formal abdication at Tortosa on the 23rd of April, 1860, and both repudiated it as soon as they were in safety abroad.

dence in England addressed a letter of submission to Isabella, thus actually putting an end to Carlism. But all at once, a few days after the overthrow of the Queen in 1868, Don Juan published a new abdication of his already abdicated pretensions. This time it was in favour of his son, the present Don Carlos, who at the same time issued a manifesto, and the whole Carlist party at once assembled around the young man. In June of the next year (1869) Carlist risings were organised in several provinces of Spain, the one led by General Polo in La Mancha giving about the most trouble to Marshal Prim. But for a year or two Prim managed to keep them down, occasionally shooting some of the Carlists and sending others, including General Polo, to the Philippine Islands. The Pretender was then a youth of barely twenty years, and as the councillors assembled around him were constantly quarrelling about precedence, things could not be expected to go better, especially as long as Prim was in power. It was, consequently, only in April, 1872, that a more serious "general rising" was decided upon. The Pretender who had in the meantime become more of a man, entered Navarre and put himself at the head of the new bands, the

armament of which consisted chiefly of home-made lances and even plain sticks. Being fresh to work and without any prudent councilor by his side, Don Carlos advanced so far into the country that he was surprised at Oroquieta by General Moriones (the same who is now operating against the Carlists), and very nearly captured. It was only thanks to an obscure village curé, Don Francisco Aspiroza, that the Pretender succeeded in escaping to France. Soon afterwards the remainder of the Carlist volunteers sustained another defeat at Lumbier, and the Junta of Biscaya saw itself compelled to conclude at Amorovieta a treaty with Marshal Serrano, by which about ten thousand Carlists laid down their arms. The Basque provinces were thus pacified for a while; but in Catalonia the struggle went on till the close of 1872, when the Carlist chiefs of that province communicated it as their opinion to Don Carlos that unless he organised another rising in the Vasco-Navarre districts they should be unable to resist the pressure of Amadeo's troops. This declaration forced Don Carlos to try his luck once more, and early in December, 1872, Soroeta and Santa Cruz entered Spain, into which they were soon followed by

Ollo and Radica. This was the beginning of the campaign which has now lasted for fully fifteen months, and of which it is not very likely we shall soon see the end.

CHAPTER III.

SPANISH FIGHTING.

AS soldiers, Spaniards have a very bad reputation in Europe, 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 generally understood in European armies. 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, and has been spread through Europe 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, guerilla 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 everyone in this country 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 engaged" 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 on the whole detested the English just as much as they detested the French. Only the Duke of 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 possibly could do so, and the fact of Spanish soldiers pillaging English baggage-trains just as uncere-

moniously 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 Napo-

leon. 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 Englishmen 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 it already, and the other day I saw in the December Number of *Frazer's Magazine*, 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 demoralised 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 demoralisation 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 honourable 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 oneself 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 favour, for an English or any other soldier in the same condition would not 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 1s. 9d) 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 last. 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 million 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

* In the main body of the Northern army things stood worse still. Last June, when that force was under General Nourilas, over four million francs were due to the soldiers.

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 entrusted with a high appointment in Castile.

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

tives, 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 despair, 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. I distinctly remember having more than once seen at Venice the band of some Czech regiment playing in the evening in the great Marco Square, 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.

The opinion Europe holds concerning the Carlist army is still worse than that which it holds of the Republican army. In fact, in respect to the Carlists, 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 am afraid I might be considered as having already said a good deal in their favour—though what I did say was certainly not because I in any way sympathised with their cause, but simply because I wished to say the truth about what I had seen—I will here leave other people to speak.

Last Spring, one of the “special correspondents” of the *Daily News* undertook a flying visit to

Spain, and wrote some smart letters to his journal, in one of which he thus described what he called "the sanguinary combat of Centellas:"

"Just at the neck of the valley we came on a large block-house by the wayside, in and around which were about a hundred soldiers of the garrison of Centellas. The officer told us, with some dignity, that he constituted the reserve to the whole of the remainder of the garrison, including the Republican Volunteers, who were engaged further on in a desperate encounter with the Carlists. It seemed that some shots had been fired close to the town early in the morning, and that the commanding officer, being by some chance awake, had determined on sallying forth and punishing the band who were disturbing his quietude. The Carlists had fallen back into the pass, and there it was that the sanguinary combat alluded to was raging, and had been raging for the last two hours. No wounded had as yet come to the rear; the officer seemed to imply that the troops were fighting with too much vigour to care about wounds. A peasant lay asleep at one corner of the block-house, and the valiant reserve seemed by no means imbued with the conviction that their services would be required to secure a victory or to turn the tide of a defeat. Such indications tended to induce in me the notion that the officer was gasconading, and that the 'sanguinary combat' existed only in his imagination; but as I listened I heard beyond question the sound of a dropping musketry fire. So we bade him good day, and drove on down the pass.

"For the first three or four hundred yards we saw nothing, but still continued to hear shots in our front. Presently we reached a point where the road, cut into the face of a crag, makes an abrupt turn. Passing this, we found ourselves inside

a little oval cup into which the rugged edges of the gorges are bevelled out. We found ourselves, too, having driven on about fifty yards, occupying the pleasant position of being substantially between two fires—such fires as they were. Behind us, both slopes of the little cup were held by the garrison of Vich; before us, also occupying both slopes, were the Carlists. The intervening space had a breadth of some three hundred yards, more or less. Any ideas of 'holding ground' that may be entertained by persons conversant with warfare on a large scale, and on a legitimate system, must be summarily abandoned in attempting to realise a notion of the manner in which this eccentric combat was being enacted. Probably the army, consisting of the garrison of Vich, numbered some two hundred men, on a widely irregular and feebly defined front of quite half a mile from the crest of one ridge across the valley to the crest of the other side. The Carlists must have been considerably less numerous, and, so far as I could discern, they had no front at all, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, but were studded miscellaneously among the rocks and broken ground on both slopes. It was, to say truth, uncommonly difficult to make out so much as I have described—little as that is; for on both sides the tactics seemed to be to lie as close as possible, consistently with an occasional discharge of fire-arms across the interval—a discharge that neither appeared to result in doing any execution, nor in leading to an attempt on either side to gain ground.

“The municipal official who had come out with the Republican Volunteer Contingent evidently considered that he had done his duty when he had induced his fellow-citizens to come on the ground, and he had suspended further active operations until it should be time to march them home again. In point of fact he had got behind a big lump of rock, where he sat

serenely smoking a cigarette. The captain commanding the regulars seemed a curious mixture of absolute incompetency and personal intrepidity. He never sought cover, but walked to and fro between the lurking places of his men in the most reckless but most serious way. It is my belief that three parts of the Carlists' chiefs shots were fired at this living target, and at it alone. He came down and stood on the road fully exposed, talking with us, who were a little to one side, and naturally in a safer place. When I asked him why he did not advance, he said that in the effort he would inevitably lose a few men, that the Carlists were intangible and would melt away before him, while the loss to his party would be exaggerated, would bring him down a wiggling, and would encourage the Carlists.

"This purposeless popping went on for about an hour. I saw no man touched on either side. One casualty there did occur. A volunteer had come out from his cover on to the railway, and was standing near the edge of the containing wall, in rather an exposed position. All at once he seemed to start and stagger, just as if a bullet had gone into him, and then he dropped off the embankment down into the shallow water in the bed of the stream—a fall of some twelve feet. He splashed about considerably, and, making sure that here at last was a wounded man, my companion and myself went down and fished him out. He groaned badly as we carried him up to our place of shelter, and we discussed as we bore him, the wisdom of putting him into the 'teelbury,' and taking him back to the reserve. But first it would be as well to discover where the wound was, and if need be apply a handkerchief as a temporary bandage. We laid him down, still groaning, and proceeded to overhaul him, but could find no wound in him anywhere. He was unpleasantly damp, there was a big bump on the back of his head

and the skin was peeled off one elbow, but these injuries were obviously the result of the fall. Otherwise he was, if extremely dirty, yet quite sound. A suck from my flask brought him back to full consciousness, when it became a difficult matter to persuade him that he was not a dead man. I imagine a bullet striking near him, or whistling by him, had scared him, that he had involuntarily recoiled, and so tumbled off the containing wall into the water. No doubt he will figure in the despatch as a 'contusion,' and probably will obtain the cross."

That such comical skirmishes may have taken place last Spring, when the Carlists were just beginning to organize themselves, and the Republicans had only a few half-revolted regiments at their command in the North, may be perfectly true. But it is equally true that this description gives a very erroneous idea of Spanish warfare, and that to anyone who knows anything of the manner in which the Seven Years' War was carried on, or saw any actual Carlist engagement last Summer, such letters must naturally appear as having been written for the purpose of amusing, rather than of informing the reader. Another correspondent of the same journal, evidently better acquainted with Spain, speaking its language, and one who had followed both Republican and Carlist operations for several months, conveys to the reader quite a different idea of the manner in which civil war is carried on in that country.

Writing from Tolosa on November the 9th, he 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 waggons 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 entrenched 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 Republicans 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 entrenchment. 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-coloured 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 entrenchment, 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."

On December 9th, the same correspondent described another revictualling of the same blockaded town:—

"General Moriones having come up with four brigades, the day's plan was adopted as follows:—The left bank of the Oria was reserved for General Loma's care. Moriones was to follow the road in the Villabona valley with the mass of the army, whilst one brigade was sent to scale the heights of Belabicta and Uzmendi. At eleven Loma slowly crossed and reached the heights above Soravilla and Andoain. We followed him with several other foreigners. A few minutes before twelve a sharp roll of musketry burst all across the valley below and on Belabicta. Lizarraga's men now opened in a semicircle around us. General Loma seemed in high glee, and he sent shell after shell at the heights, from which poured an incessant fire. Then away went the Miguelites, with a cheer, at the entrenchments. From height to height, from house to farm, the Carlists retired

slowly and with a bold front, that surprised even Loma. However, by four o'clock one brigade had cleared all the river side from our starting point to Irura near Tolosa. The other brigade proceeded to that stern task of revenge on the peasants, which the necessities of war may justify, but which I cannot admire. From two P.M. till nightfall smoke and flames rose from more than fifty farmhouses. One entire village and half another were also destroyed in this way. I actually saw seventeen instances of peasants turned from their homes on this cold winter's day, and there they sat on a wreck of mattresses and furniture, with their babies and children, perhaps a few pigs and hens, whilst the flames rose from their homes. The exasperated troops would have even done more had not many an officer humanely interfered. What a sight it was, with the fast-falling dusk and the din of the battle, to gaze on those sobbing and miserable victims of civil war! The whole country was in a blaze, even during part of the night.

"General Moriones, also down in the valley, had met with a sharp resistance. He spread his forces out in a semicircle crowning the plateau of Amusa. Whilst his skirmishers advanced he covered them with the fire of six field-guns. The Carlists, at first from Villabona, and then from the hills across the river, hotly responded. This duel lasted about two hours, and the troops entered Villabona. Here they found the road cut by a trench more than fifteen feet deep. The Engineers were put to repair this serious impediment to the advance of a convoy. From the heights above Andoain I watched all these operations in the valley, and I was not a little interested to distinguish pretty clearly the firing of Tolosa. The defenders of that brave town must have been gladdened with the sound of the cannon which told of the relieving column's presence. I had noticed all day that the firing on the left of the army was

very severe. When the brigade of Catalans advanced on the first plateau it found the flower of the Carlist army, some say not less than seven Navarrese battalions, entrenched in earth-works, defended by two guns. The two thousand five hundred soldiers and irregulars were not a match for such odds. Still, on they went, and they carried the first entrenchment. Before reinforcements could even be called for, at about three o'clock, after an hour's fusillade, the Navarrese rushed at the troops with a loud cheer. On, on they poured, and retook their entrenchment. The regiment of the Constitution, sorely tried in Puente la Reyna, was very badly treated this afternoon. The battalion of Tetuan, the Miguelites, the gallant brigadier himself, bravely rallied the soldiers, and tried to hold their ground. The Carlists took several soldiers and only retired when a second brigade, with four guns, arrived. The heights of Belabieta remained in the hands of the Republicans after this five hours' dearly-bought victory. The brigadier-colonel, twenty-eight officers, and, I am told, nearly two hundred privates, were *hors de combat*. I have gathered the greater part of these details from the soldiers of the two regiments who bore the brunt of the action, and I witnessed the arrival of the wounded on stretchers and in bullock-carts. Many wounded Carlists also were brought in; and about four hundred is supposed to be their loss. The two towns of Villabona and Andoain are crowded with the wounded, and the accommodation is worse than wretched. I could not help thinking of those who are still lying upon the heights on this cold night.

The *Times* correspondent, whose authority on military subjects (as that of a captain in the Guards) will scarcely be questioned, gave the

following account of the battle of Dicastillo, fought on August 25th :—

“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 neighbouring 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 promontary 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

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 further 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."

It must be added here that I did not select these extracts. I took the first sheets that fell under my hand in a pile of newspapers. I know the gentlemen who wrote these letters, I was frequently with them in the field, saw how careful they were about their statements, and have not the slightest hesitation in endorsing every word they say here.

With reference to Catalonia, much less information has been published, and I had myself no opportunity of visiting that part of the country; but the battles of Vich, Ripoll, Berga, Alpens, &c., in almost all of which there were several hundred men killed and made prisoners, show that in that province, too, "the sanguinary combats of Centellas" were rather the exception than the rule.

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 *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 *Daily News* correspondent (not the smart, but the business-like one), in a letter dated September 1st, 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*, notwithstanding 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 19th and 28th—

“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 tempera-

ment and character of the population of these provinces. I mentioned already that up to the time I left the Carlist camps, the Biscaya men had taken part in scarcely any engagements, and consequently I am not able to judge of their behaviour in the field; but 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 Zumalacarregui, 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 Alaveses 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 Navarreses, 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 neighbours, and rather heavy for guerilla warfare. Besides, many of them have the disadvantage of not knowing a single 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 which they fought with the Navarre men in 1321, when it would appear they beat their neighbours with sticks; and so on the 24th of June of every year, processions are organised 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 neighbouring 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 neighbours, 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 those enriched Navarrese peasants, known in their own country under the designation of "Americanos," were living last Summer on the French side of

the Pyrenees, on account of their opinions clashing with those of their armed landsmen.

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. When 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, a verb neuter).

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 whe-

ther 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 everyone 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. In giving the views of old General Elio in the first volume, I had already occasion to mention that this was part of the general Carlist policy; and 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. I must mention here that Baron von Walterskirchen, the Austrian gentleman whom I have already frequently mentioned, and who remained on that occasion, somehow or other, behind the departed column, exerted his best efforts to save these fellows ; but his exertions were almost in vain ; all he was able to obtain was that the commander of the *partida volante* was dismissed.

But if such monstrosities are on the whole but rarely perpetrated by Carlists, they are of more frequent occurrence on the Republican side. The

description of the fight near Tolosa, given above, shows how they burn farms and peasants' dwellings for miles around wherever they pass on Carlist territory, and in Catalonia things seemed to be still worse. At all events, after the battle of Alpens, both in that town and in the village of San Quirce 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 in a low stage of "scientific warfare," to set fire to the enemy's camps and entrenchments was at all times a customary practice. Had the Carlists possessed big guns, they would

* Quite lately 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.

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 Carlists, I had an opportunity of seeing the use of petroleum only once, at the siege of Viana. On the 30th of August, 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.

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,

* The fact of there being two Don Alfonsos in the political field of Spain—the one, son of Queen Isabella, the other the brother of Don Carlos—seems to confuse a good many Englishmen. At all events, the two distinct persons have been mistaken as one and the same, even in public journals. We will, therefore, for the sake of convenience, spell the reactionary Don Alphonso

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 civilisation 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

(brother of Don Carlos, and commander-in-chief of the Carlist army in Catalonia) with the old-fashioned *ph*, and the other one (son of Isabella, now a mere school-boy, but expected to be some day a very liberal prince), with the more modern *f*.

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 connexion 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. Bermuda 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 à 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 recognised 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 formerly 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 Asturia. 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 in England especially, 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 English money were wasted for

* The new law seems to have been remarkably badly composed. An able Spanish lawyer, Señor Montolin, shows that while some provisions of it gave 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.

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.

1st. 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.

2nd. That since the right of thus changing the fundamental law of succession is recognised to Felipe V. there is no reason for not recognising it to Carlos IV. and Ferdinand VII., who subsequently rechanged it again for the old one; and

3rd. 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 favour 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 23rd of April of the same year at Tortosa, though, as we have already seen, 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 favour 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 favour 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 favour 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 come to 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 sixteen years old, having been born in November, 1857. He is still at school in Vienna, and in the five or six years which must elapse before he becomes a man, a good many quite unexpected events may take place, facilitating or preventing his accession to the

* 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.

throne. If he were called to his country now, it would in no way improve matters, as a Regency or a Council would be necessary, and the miserable *interinidad* would thus remain actually prolonged. Besides, 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. But her abdication came too late. In June, 1870, the young Alfonso had lost all his chances. And a good job it was both for the Prince and the country, for his subsequent fall would not have been as peaceful as that of Amadeo. It would have been almost impossible to tear away a young Prince of twelve years of age from his mother. If he had been called to the country, his family would have had to be admitted too, and in a few

days after the ceremonies and festivities of a coronation, Madrid would have had the King and his friends; a Regent, or a Council of Regency, with a party to it; Doña Isabel and her party; Doña Christina and her party; the Duke of Montpensier and his party; and so on, with the Republicans of various shades in the background. And we know only too well what that would have meant.

When Montpensier, but a short time since a deadly enemy of Isabella, saw that he too 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, the Republic would have had much greater difficulty to establish itself, for the Conservatives would have been able to seize the power when Amadeo gave it up. 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 favourable one at that moment, and if it

was missed, it was so on account of nothing having been agreed upon then between Montpensier and Isabella at the right time. 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 under-

stood, 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 condition 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 fre-

quently 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 courtyard, 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

* 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

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 justly 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, and live still, as friendly as any married people do. The old lady is now sixty-eight years of age, and is certainly as active, intelligent, and energetic as her daughter, who is not fully forty-five; 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

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.

that had Isabella better listened to her advice after she attained maturity, she might have preserved her crown, and had she followed her mother's counsel during their exile together in Paris, she might at all events have given a better chance to her son, the Prince of Asturias.

But to return to our subject. The difficulties standing in the way of Don Alfonso's accession to the throne 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 colour 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 a group of politicians (some of them, it must be said, very influential and experienced), and upon a floating mass of *empleados* (government officials) out of employ. 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. To impose him upon the country by force must be out of the question, for there is no one to fight for him, and any number of Republicans and Carlists to fight against him. The only chance he seems, therefore, to have lies in Serrano's becoming a MacMahon for five or seven years, and devoting himself to working up the indifferents into Alfonsists, a hard task, and one which the Duke de la Torre is not likely to undertake, knowing as he does that his past relations to Isabella render it almost impossible for him to have anything to do with her son as long as she lives.

Don Carlos, on the other hand, while he has undoubtedly 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 could command; and the men who surround him are not at all likely to possess the statesmanlike 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. I should not be astonished at all if by-and-by the leading Alfonsists—almost all of whom are now at and about Bayonne—would begin to tender actual help to the Carlists; and I know for certain that the leading men of the Carlist party, if they had been asked to express their innermost thoughts, would all declare themselves for Don Alfonso. Old Elio, for instance, knows better than anyone 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."

On my then asking Señor Figueras whether he meant to say that Carlist generals were purposely concealing their feelings at present, and were fighting apparently in the cause of Don Carlos, but in reality for the restoration of Don Alfonso, "No, that I do not mean to say," he answered. "They probably believe they fight for Don Carlos, but in reality they are simply fighting for a Spanish King against a Republic now, as they fought against an Italian King a few months ago. But as they have no objection whatever to the young Don Alfonso, I should not be astonished at all if—should they be successful and the Republic overthrown—they were to find them-

selves at the head of troops bringing to Madrid Don Alfonso instead of Don Carlos."

"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, 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 would 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 English reader, so perplexed by the doings of his own parties, as to take little 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 moustache when he comes to Spain. Before that, his entry would be very undesirable, and if our party begin to hurry they will spoil everything.”

CHAPTER V.

PRIM AND AMADEO.

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 favour 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.” “Oh, 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 and corruption. 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 even 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 hearths 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 rancour—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 a single 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 favour 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 Marquès 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 justice 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

* 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 300,000 Republican votes recorded.

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 further, and in October he publicly declared in favour of monarchy. The crown of Spain was now being offered, much as a piece of forged ancient plate, on all the European 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 villainy 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 Repub-

licans, 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 compelled him to seek shelter upon the Spanish coast. And the first news which reached him here 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 honour 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 Constitutional 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. He had done his duty, he had shown himself, and he was now 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 was 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 tortoiseshell

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 honour, 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* on 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 honour 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, 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 at the entrance of the palace as well as at the station. 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 was ever heard more 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 Royalist 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, as well as 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 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 organisation 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 resigned power. 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 for ever, 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