light. In the first place, it was clear that it could not do any harm to Spain. The reign of "Macaroni I." (as Amadeo was popularly called) was simply impossible. He was, perhaps, the best stranger that could be found for the unhappy throne; but he was a stranger, and that was *bastante.* The mass of the Spanish people cannot stand even a shopkeeping or travelling foreigner on their soil. What force on earth could then make them stand *the rule* of a foreigner? His call to the throne was an absurd experiment, and the sooner it ended the better it was. A few months later he might, perhaps, not have been able to "retire into private life" as safely as he did then. In the second place, the statement made both by himself and by his admirers, about his having been frustrated in all his attemps to reign in accordance with the constitution, is not quite correct. There was a strong opposition against him—that is true, but is not opposition one of the elements of constitutional government? The Queen of England had, for a good many years, to approve measures which were certainly not in accordance with her personal tastes. Yet she does not abdicate on account of that. She feels a satisfaction in reigning; she sees loyalty and affection; she earns honour and wealth. Amadeo had nothing

of that; he had to stand insults, to spend his own and his wife's fortune, and to run the risk of being murdered some day into the bargain. It is, therefore, fair to conclude that personal considerations had much more influenced his decision than his reluctance "to be the King of a party," or "to act illegally." The believer in hereditary transmission of human and animal peculiarities, might also have discovered in the representatives of the Savoy House a rather general proclivity to get soon tired of the exercise of royal prerogative, a considerable number of Princes of that house having abdicated their power, and some of them on very slight provocation. Amadeo VIII., Emmanuel-Philibert, Victor Emmanuel I., and the grandfather of Amadeo, Charles-Albert, have rendered themselves quite celebrated in this respect. But be it the result of personal or political considerations, be it the manifestation of an inherited tendency or a purely spontaneous act, Amadeo's abdication had, at all events, one most valuable element in it — the element of progress. Without speaking of times more distant from us, when massacres and bloodshed were the first conditions of every change of dynasty or form of government, in our own times—in

1830, for instance—France had to fight for three days to overthrow a rotten dynasty. In 1848 a great improvement is already to be noticed; a few hours' fighting of a few hundred men is quite enough to make a king abdicate and run away. In 1870 the thing is still more conveniently done by a single jump of a gentleman into the tribune, and a vociferous declaration that the dynasty was no longer reigning. In Spain, in 1868, several thousand people had to be killed before the country could get rid of an unsuitable Queen, while four years later a few minutes' conversation with his Minister is sufficient to make a King put on his travelling costume, lock and book his portmanteau, and take the train as quietly as if he were a newspaper correspondent recalled to London. Thanks to the peaceful nature of the arrangement, there were neither conquerors nor conquered in Spain in February last. Not a single barricade had been erected; not a single pane of glass or lamp smashed. Everything went on incomparably more quietly than an election meeting in England. Yet the question was not one between sending a Conservative Liberal or a Liberal Conservative to St. Stephen's, but one of upsetting the whole governmental fabric, established with such difficulty a couple of years

previous. Is it not an improvement—a progress truly characteristic of the beautiful times we are living in?

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

The best proof how short were the roots the young Italian Prince planted into Spanish soil and Spanish hearths during his twenty-five months reign, can be seen from the fact that a few days after his departure his very name seemed to have been forgotten. Madrid, the city where everybody seems to talk at the same time, and to do nothing but talk, had neither a word of gratitude nor a word of blame for Amadeo. If you attempted to bring the conversation on him, his reign and his abdication, you heard invariably an abrupt sentence like this: "He was a stranger, and could not even properly speak Spanish;" "He brought a lot of Italians with him;" "He

was a pretty good fellow, but had no business to come here;" and so on, according to the individual disposition of the person you talked to. During the first days immediately following his departure the always pleasure-thirsty Madrileñas seemed to get shy and to apprehend street rows. At all events, the most fashionable *habituées* of the afternoon *paseos* and the theatres were not to be seen. But in about a week's time Madrid life took its habitual course, and the Carnival following close upon the pacific revolution was as jolly as ever. The land which had taught Europe so many excellent lessons in olden times, and which stood once at the head of civilisation, seemed to revive once more, to try and do again something that was worth while imitating. Smoothly, gently, without shedding a drop of blood, it changed the whole of its governmental fabric, and people who had never heard speak of Spain otherwise than as a land of brigands and assassins, stood amazed at the sight offered to them. Yet two Governments only—the United States and the Swiss—recognised the new Republic, and encouraged the efforts of its leaders and of its people. All the others remained sulky, and sent out men-of-war to the coast of the enchanted land, of the ruin of which they alone had been guilty.

CHAPTER VI.

SPANISH REPUBLICANISM.

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

First of all, the International Society is essentially a working man's association, and there are hardly any working men at all in Spain, Catalonia

excepted. Spain is totally an agricultural country, and it is well known that the International has not yet had any influence on the agricultural labourers, having been strictly confined to the manufacturing and working classes. On the other hand, any one that knows anything about Spanish history, is well aware that what the Federalists now call the "saving formula of little republics within a great nation" was the original form of government which prevailed all over the Peninsula, up to the time when foreign kings, adventurers, and armies came, under various pretexts, to invade the Peninsula, to rob it of its treasures, and its people of their liberties.

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

Early in the sixteenth century, the provincial procuradores, or representatives of the people, rose

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

The *Comuneros* were vanquished and their leaders executed, but the idea which they represented, and for which they struggled, was on that account not eradicated from the minds of the people whom we know under the general denomination of Spaniards, and who are in reality Castilians, Aragonese, Catalans, Andalusians, Basques, &c., between all of whom there is certainly more difference in every possible respect than has ever existed between an Irishman and an Englishman, or a Bavarian and a Prussian. To the great majority of the public in this

country it seems that, since all Spaniards profess the Catholic religion and live on the same peninsula, they must be, if not truly homogeneous, at all events very similar people. No notion can be more false than this. Except in cases where religion is purposely brought into connection with politics, so as more to excite popular passions, it has, in the natural course of human affairs, absolutely nothing to do with it. Men have constantly proved to be able to profess the same creed, and pray to the same God, and yet be deadly enemies. The most flourishing time of Italy was that of its municipal organization, and we know that in the hatred which existed at that time between Genoa, Venice, Milan, Florence, &c., there was something far exceeding the animosity that ever animated any two different races. The same thing is still to be seen between the various provinces of the now United Germany, and between the various nationalities composing the Austrian and the Russian Empire. If Italy looks now more united, it is simply because there was, for a long time, a general idea animating the people. Unity became, for the Italians, synonymous with the overthrow of foreign dominion and of the secular power of the Pope. If, at the time of Napoleon's invasion, Spain had

been left to herself, she might also, perhaps, have softened down her provincial rivalries, and become, at least as far as appearance goes, a more consolidated State.

That the spirit of localism and provincialism does not in any way prevent common action amongst the various component parts of a State, is sufficiently clear to anyone who reads and understands the most glorious pages of the history of England, America, and Switzerland, or is able to penetrate the real meaning of the last German success, in which fierce rivals and deadly enemies were cemented into one invincible body. Provided the idea of which the defence is to be undertaken is common to all their provinces and municipalities, federal States have almost invariably proved to be superior in efficiency of action to centralized States. Señor Castelar points out, with reference to this subject, that "Asturias alone made a treaty with Great Britain, and the treaty was religiously observed by the whole nation. The Alcalde of Mostoles, an insignificant village, first declared war against Napoleon, and his declaration was the declaration of all Spain. The village bell rang with clamour, and awoke in the hearts of the peasantry indignation against the invader; the defiles were changed into Ther-

mopylæs, the hunter became a guerilla, and the guerilla a general."

The fact that Italy and Germany have been quite lately consolidated, makes the reading classes of the public throughout Europe believe that we have entered an age of large Empires; but this opinion is very erroneous. Bold as the assertion might seem, one would be strongly inclined to say that the consolidation of Italy and Germany is a mere historical incident, one great step more towards a Republican and Federal union of various nationalities, more or less belonging to the same race and speaking the same tongue. To make any progress at all, as great States, Italy and Germany had first of all to get rid of a number of petty sovereigns, all of whom were equally famous for extortions, selfishness, corruption, and utter imbecility. Now that these petty princes have been set aside, the central power, by means of which they were overthrown, will naturally hold its sway for some time, but by-and-by the period of natural disintegration is sure to set in; and all the misapprehensions which exist on that point are simply the result of people not quite realizing the difference between disintegration and decomposition in State matters

—two perfectly different things. Disintegration by no means implies a decrease of strength of the central power, in cases where the activity of that power is needful, as is clearly shewn by the examples of America, England, and even little Switzerland; while decomposition is the invariable and inevitable result of unlimited centralization. With the execution of the Girondists, those intrepid though partly unconscious advocates of Federalism, the French Republic itself was executed; while the principle of self-government embodied in the otherwise very narrow-minded Anglo-Saxon parish and municipality has saved the liberties of the nation. The English Georges were in no way preferable to the sundry French Louis, or the Spanish Ferdinands and Charles. At the same time the worship of royalty and aristocracy was always incomparably stronger in this country than either in France or Spain. Yet, while Great Britain was steadily growing into a free community of free citizens, France and Spain were invariably plunging from savage despotism into savage anarchy, or *vice versâ*. The explanation of this fact is that the history of the progress of national liberty is simply the history of the

progress of municipal and provincial charters and franchises.

But I am afraid I am writing here the kind of generalities to which the English mind has an invincible abhorrence. Besides, the subject of Federalism requires volumes of space and numbers of pens, much more able than my poor one. Consequently I had, perhaps, better simply sum up here what I consider to be the chief impediments in the way of Spain ever getting constituted as an orderly centralized state, whether Monarchical or Republican.

Foremost of all stand the natural causes. The four kingdoms of Andalusia, the two Castiles, the Vasco-Navarre provinces, Murcia, Valencia, Catalonia, Aragon, Galicia, Leon, Estremadura, Asturias, are each and all vastly different in every possible respect—in climate, soil, natural productions, character of the population, and their habits and pursuits. No uniform legislation is conceivable for them, and the cry for home-rule must unavoidably arise in everyone of these provinces, as soon as the Peninsula is out of danger of foreign invasion. Except those of Madrid, all the revolutions and revolts, since the last invaders had been got rid of, were—whatever may have been their immediate pretexts—in substance provincial

and municipal risings against the central power. Thus, from natural causes alone, it would be utterly impossible to make a centralized state of the Peninsula. A sort of patriarchal despotism *à la Russe* would be the only means of keeping the various provinces under a central yoke. But this sort of government is possible only for a limited time, and had the Russian Czars of the present centuries, made themselves as much detested and despised by their subjects as the Spanish Sovereigns did, the Russian Empire would have been by this time engaged in a most ferocious civil war for Federalism, Poles, Germans, Fins, Asiatic tribes, &c., all claiming independent existence.

The general corruption and demoralization of Madrid, is another obstacle standing in the way of Spanish centralization. The population of the capital consists chiefly of professional politicians, *empleados* (civil service functionaries), in and out of office, a number of troops accustomed to *pronunciamientos*, stock exchange and other gamblers, and jobbers, and similar dangerous classes. The provinces justly hold Madrid in utter abhorrence, and know that, whether the form of government be a Monarchy or a Unitarian Republic, the power will practically be in the hands of these

classes, and this is what they won't stand under any consideration. The prestige which Paris has for every Frenchman, of even the most distant province, is here unknown. Consequently, while the French capital was constantly able to settle or disturb the affairs of the whole of France, in Spain we almost invariably find the provinces satisfied only when Madrid is disturbed, and see them rising again as soon as things seem to settle in the capital. The most striking proof of this difference between the two countries is to be found in the fact that the capture of Paris was invariably an actual conquest of the whole of France, while the entry of the enemy into the Spanish capital was a mere incident of the war, the capture of a large town.

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

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

At this day one of the nations most fitted for the federation is our Spain. We do not have the same republican traditions as those possessed by Italy and France. Our people, always

at war, have always needed a chief, and this chief required not only the sword of the soldier to fight, but the sceptre of the monarch to rule. Notwithstanding this ancient monarchical character, there are regions which have been saved from the monarchy, and which have preserved their democracy and their republic. There still exist in the North provinces possessed of an autonomy and an independence which give them points of resemblance to the Swiss cantons. The citizens give neither tribute nor blood to the kings. Their firesides are as sacred from the invasion of authority as those of the English or of the Americans. Every town is a republic, or governed by a council elected by the citizens at the summons of the church-bell. When the time fixed by their constitution arrives, the representatives of the towns come together in the shade of the secular trees of liberty, vote taxes, draw up or amend the laws, name new officers and withdraw the old ones, with the calmness and moderation of a people accustomed to govern themselves in the midst of the agitations of liberty.

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

together the brotherhood which defended these against feudalism, and which was a genuine federation of plebeians.

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

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

example the violence of men. Between the Cantabrian, the Asturian, and the Galician, although they stretch upon one line and are mirrored in the waters of the same sea, there are profound differences of race, of history, of character, which always give rise, in spite of apoplectic centralisation, to profound social and political differences. The two Castiles, separated by their high mountain range, would form two powerful states. Valencia, Murcia, Andalusia, and Estremadura are, like Italy, like Greece, the regions of light and inspiration and of beauty, the fruitful mothers of our artists, who have dazzled the world with the splendour of their colouring; of our poets, immortal through their fire and their melody: of our orators, who preserve in the midst of modern society the ancient Hellenic eloquence. The Aragonese retains the type of the ancient Celtiberian in his physique, and preserves in his morale the independence, the moderation, and the virility which come of his historical liberal institutions. Catalonia is a poetic Provence, inhabited by men as industrious as the English. And these races form the most various and most united nation, and consequently the nation most naturally Federal in the world. No one need ever think that Spain can be reduced to fragments, and that those fragments shall be, like aërolites, lost and scattered through immensity. Spain is one through the consent of all Spaniards, is Federal through the nature of her character, her geography, and her history. And the Federal Republican form is necessary and indispensable to-day if we are to unite with the Portuguese, a people restricted in territory, but great in their history, who wrote the poem of navigation and of labour, who peopled the ocean with legions like the ancient Argonauts, who evoked the East Indies from oblivion, and who divided with us the immensity of the New World, as they ought to share with us to-day the vast promise of another world,

newer and wider, the luminous world of justice and of right. It is certain that all these ideas, all these noble aspirations, have profoundly impressed our country, and have set in motion the irresistible Republican current."

If there was any truth at all in this in 1872, there is much more in 1874. The chief question seems to be how a Federal Republic is to be established. The experiment of simply proclaiming it and creating a newly-organised Federal executive and legislative power has proved a failure. A highly centralised military dictatorship had to be resorted to, and bold would be he who would attempt to predicate anything as to the issue of the present *status in quo*. But if Serrano could be converted to the Federal views, and induced, step by step, to advance towards a Federal organisation by a slow but systematic loosening of the centralist and bureaucratic ties between the provinces and Madrid, he would easily make people forget his unattractive past, and probably become a great man in the eyes of future generations. The most important point at present, however, is for Spain first to settle the Carlist business, and then finally to make up her mind whether Alfonso is to be admitted back or not, in the meanwhile carefully impressing upon the people of Europe and on European

courts the fact that Spanish Federalism does not mean anything more dangerous or subversive than what already exists in Switzerland and in the United States of America, and that the United Kingdom itself is, truly speaking, a much looser federation than that projected in Spain, for the greater part of British dominions are much less dependent on or connected with the mother-country than any Spanish Federal Council, Senate, or Congress would ever allow any Spanish province to be. As to the apprehensions of Communistic or Socialistic theories making any progress under the cover of Federalism, they are utterly void of foundation. Take any correspondence of impartial English witnesses of the recent federalist risings of Carthagena, Valencia, Malaga, Barcelona, or any other province, and you will see that no attack was ever made on private property. The letters published from the *Times'* special correspondents all through the siege of Carthagena will some day form an invaluable material for the defence of the much-abused Spanish Federalists. Even the five hundred released convicts behaved themselves as no mob in any country of Europe ever did in time of peace. I have not seen a single case of theft, or violence, or even drunkenness recorded

all throughout the siege although the correspondents of the leading English journal were certainly no sympathisers with either the Intransigentes or the released convicts.

That the abstract, theoretical notions of property will ever reach, among any branch of the Latin race, the extreme point they have reached in this country is more than doubtful. That the idea of "vested interests," for instance, could ever be entertained in any but an Anglo-Saxon head is not very probable. But the respect for individual property will, on that account, not be lessened. There are not a few acute judges of human affairs who believe that, if anything subversive of the present theories of property is ever to be brought to bear upon the world, it is sure to come from England, where the blind worship of wealth may finally exasperate millions of suffering and disregarded individuals, and not from the Continent, where property is more safe, simply because it is more largely spread among all classes of society. What concerns us here, however, is, not the prospects of property in Europe, but the plain fact that throughout the whole of the endless civil wars in Spain no reason was ever given to the world for apprehending that any attempt would be made in that

country to upset the basis of the present social arrangements. This is a very important point, for if Europe at large becomes convinced of it, she may, perhaps, be induced not to interfere any longer with the form of the government Spain may ultimately select for itself, and her diplomats to give up writing threatening despatches to the Government of Madrid, thus increasing its already almost insurmountable difficulties.

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

Relations between individuals create the family, relations between families the municipality, relations between municipalities the state, and between states the nation; and the nation should establish itself in constitutional compacts which should recognise and proclaim the autonomy of the citizens, of the states, and of the nation. This is the federal republican

form. This is the form which leaves all entities in their respective centres of gravity, and associates them in harmonious spheres. And when human relations become more intimate, not only through those miracles of industry which annihilate distance, but also by a closer sense of the solidarity which exists among all men, the federation of states, which we call nations, will be succeeded by the federation of nations, which we may call the organism of humanity.

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

It is quite evident that neither life, nor property, nor order is in any way threatened by this programme. It is just as evident that it is perfectly immaterial whether on the summit of such a Federal state there be placed a throne or a presidential chair. If the people like to have a royalty at the top of their social fabric, let them have it; if not, don't impose it upon them. Whether it be Alfonso, or Serrano, or Castelar, or any other person that is going to take up his abode at the Palace of Madrid, it is, after all, quite immaterial, and presents for the country merely a question of a balance between a civil list and a President's salary. But what every well-wisher of Spain should desire for that lovely

but ill-fated country is, that it should get rid as soon as possible of its bureaucratic and centralisation fetters. Even from the bitterest enemies of Federalism, I never heard in Spain itself any valid *practical* argument against a Federal constitution, except that Castile and Catalonia must be ruined and Cuba lost under a Federation.

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

Catalonia is expected to be ruined because, being the only manufacturing province, she has always been strongly protected by the general tariff to which a Federal constitution would put an end. The numberless ports of the Peninsula would be at once opened to free trade, and the factories of

Catalonia would have to be shut up. But this is evidently the old question of free trade *versus* protectionism, and the old answer must be given to it. Catalonia may suffer for a while, but will finally rise to the European standard of workmanship. If she proves unable to do so, it will be only because she is not fit for the work she has undertaken, and in that case it would be unjust to make the whole Peninsula indefinitely pay for the incapacity of Catalonia.

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

In addition to these arguments against the establishments of a Federal Republic in Spain, I have never heard any worth while listening to. People who point out the constant disturbances and insurrections, obviously forget that these were more numerous and more sanguinary under the centralised Monarchy. The political disturbances in the Peninsula, are, as everywhere else, the result of bad government on the one

hand, and of an undue advance of "ideas" over "knowledge" in the mass of the people on the other. Provided the form of government suits a nation, people remain the quieter the less they "think," and the more they "know." It was always by "ideas" and "generalities" that the Continent was disturbed, and it was by the utter absence of anything like "thoughts" that the population of the British Isles was kept in peace. The Englishman who thinks, is just as turbulent a person as the Spaniard or the Frenchman, while the Spaniard or Frenchman who possesses the knowledge of the average Briton, is generally just as orderly and peace-loving an individual as the most respectable of Her Majesty's subjects. If the mass of Spaniards and Frenchmen could be by some sort of contrivance made to think less and to know more, we should never hear of any revolutions in those countries, and, to my mind, the greatest danger for Spain is the utter ignorance of her population, and its obstinate dislike to acquire any knowledge, whether it be of a theoretical or of a practical nature.

CHAPTER VII.

CASTELAR AND FIGUERAS.

DON EMILIO CASTELAR will probably remain, for a long time to come, the central figure in the history of Spanish Republicanism. The courage and earnestness with which he served the cause, his unblemished personal reputation, and his brilliant eloquence, have rendered him immensely popular in his country, while the comparative moderation of his views gained for him abroad the sympathies of even the political men and parties opposed to Republican principles. They abused him and sneered at his "florid dialectics," as long as they still preserved a hope of seeing Monarchy re-established in Spain; but the moment they became convinced that the chances of Spanish Monarchy were gone, they began to speak of him as of a great man, evidently believing that their compliments will not only flatter

Señor Castelar and increase the general moderation of his views, but cause him to give up some of the principles he has formerly advocated—the abolition of standing armies, for instance, of capital punishment, of the separation of State and Church, &c. And it must be said that the hopes entertained by these gentlemen were not deceived. Speaking of socialistic Utopias, Señor Castelar wrote once: "But I object to embracing within the programme of the Federation and of the Republic all these vague aspirations, some of them contrary to progress, and others to individual rights, and all dangerous to the peace of democracy; *because, if we promise the impossible and the absurd, the day of the Republic, instead of being the day of redemption, will be the day of disenchantment;*" and the last words of this sentence look now as if they had been written with special reference to himself. Almost everything he had fought for during something like thirty years he had to disregard, nay, to trample under his feet, when he made himself a Dictator in September last. No one will ever think of accusing him of having been moved, in that case, by personal consideration, or by ambition. A noble patriotism, and an intense desire of helping his country out of the chaos, were the only motives

that prompted him in advocating and enforcing measures which he had formerly attacked as most iniquitous, and from the adoption of which his former colleagues and brothers in arms shrunk. Yet, though his motives were most honourable, the fact, which history will have to record, will, nevertheless, remain unmitigated:—Castelar had recourse to violent, reactionary measures which he had always condemned, while Figueras, Salmeron, and Pi y Margall resigned power rather than act in disaccordance with the political opinions they professed.

This inconsistency of Señor Castelar was, however, inevitable. There is a division of labour in the business of the State as in any other. The duties of a leading member of the opposition are quite different from those of a leading statesman in office, not to speak of the truism that the most brilliant orator is not necessarily a good minister or dictator. Señor Castelar was always a theorist, and, as such, had naturally to aim at the ideal, at the impossible, to make people obtain the possible. When he took office, he became at once a sort of dissonant note, something like Mr. Bright sitting in the Cabinet; only as his official position was incomparably higher than that of Mr. Bright, and as he had arbitrarily to rule the country, instead of simply giving his opinion in

Council, the dissonance was also a more loud and screaming one. He had now to defend and enforce the possible against the claims of the impossible he advocated formerly. The position of his colleagues was incomparably more advantageous; they were more practical men, had never assumed the standpoint of theorists, and, consequently, the more moderate of them (Figueras and Salmeron), as well as the more violent (Pi y Margall), have an equally fair chance of escaping at least theoretical criticism, in addition to the practical, for the time they held office, while Señor Castelar will necessarily be open to both.

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

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

To Englishmen and Americans, Don Emilio Castelar became known chiefly through his writing in the *Fortnightly Review*, and some of the American periodicals, on subjects connected with the Republican movement in Europe. These articles, which I have already largely quoted

here were written in Spanish, and translated into English by some gentlemen at the American Legation. As a poet of considerable ability, Señor Castelar was early known throughout his country.

In their physical appearance and habits of life, the two leaders of the Madrid Federalist party are quite different. Castelar is a man of middle height, with broad shoulders and a powerful chest, with a perfectly bald head, somewhat narrow forehead, and a very thick, long, dark moustache. Upon the whole, I think he would look remarkably well in the uniform of a cavalry general. His attitudes are, I am afraid, always studied. He seems always ready to deliver an oration, and I never remember having seen him assuming a "stand-at-ease" attitude. He is indescribably amiable with everybody, and especially so with literary men; and Señor Figueras, who has much in himself of the critic and satirist, laughed immensely while describing to me an interview himself and Señor Castelar had with an American and an English journalist, who could not speak a single word either of Spanish or even French, while neither Señor Castelar nor Señor Figueras knew English; so that the mutual paying of compliments and the "interview-

ing" business proceeded through the instrumentality of an American dentist, who has long lived in Madrid, and is quite a popular character there. And Señor Figueras added that Don Emilio was quite delighted with the meeting, during which he (Figueras) had, it appears, the greatest difficulty to restrain himself from bursting into a fit of laughter.

Castelar, notwithstanding his numerous occupations, finds leisure and disposition to go out into society—at least, he did so when he was Minister for Foreign Affairs—while Figueras goes to bed at nine p.m., and rises at five a.m. The first time I was introduced to him was at half-past six in the morning, at his private residence in Calle de la Salud. At seven a.m. he invariably left his home to go to the Presidency. The simplicity of his manners, as compared with those of Señor Castelar, is quite striking. He is also much taller than his friend, and must have been a very handsome man formerly, but now he looks pale and thin, and his hair is turning grey.

Contrary to the general belief spread in England that Castelar was *the* man of the Republican party, I have every reason to believe that he was frequently but the mouth-piece of his friend, Don

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

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

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

But, strange to say, though Señor Castelar was always a theorist, had spent the greater portion of his life as professor at the Madrid University, and must naturally have thought himself, and has been thought by other people, to be, at least to a certain extent, a philosopher,

he never showed any great respect to philosophy as a science. This is, for instance, what he said of Hegel and his followers:

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

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

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

of his dignity to reclaim those rights which assure him the noblest independence of his being in society and in nature."

Of the nature of Señor Castelar's eloquence, it would be by no means easy to convey here an idea. It is incomparably more bewildering and verbose than anything we know in England or France. Fancy, for instance, a passage like this uttered in a thundering voice and at one breath, as if there had not been in the whole of it neither a stop nor a comma:

"The French democracy has a glorious lineage of ideas—the science of Descartes, the criticisms of Voltaire, the pen of Rousseau, the monumental Encyclopædia; and the Anglo-Saxon democracy has for its only lineage a book of a primitive society —the Bible. The French democracy is the product of all modern philosophy, is the brilliant crystal condensed in the alembic of science; and the Anglo-Saxon democracy is the product of a severe theology learned by the few Christian fugitives in the gloomy cities of Holland and of Switzerland, where the morose shade of Calvin still wanders. The French democracy comes with its cohort of illustrious tribunes and artists, that bring to mind the days of Greece and the days of the Renaissance—Mirabeau, the tempest of ideas; Vergniaud, the melody of speech; Danton, the burning lava of the spirit; Camille Desmoulins, the immortal Camille, brilliant truant of Athens, with a chisel in place of the pen, a species of animated bas-relief of the Parthenon. And the Anglo-Saxon democracy comes with an array of modest talent—Otis, the unassuming publicist: Jefferson, the practical orator; Franklin, common

sense incarnate—all simple as nature, patient and tenacious as labour. The French democracy improvises fourteen armies, gains epic battles, creates generals like Dumouriez, the hero of Jemmapes; like Masséna, the hero of Zurich; like Bonaparte, general of generals, the hero of heroes. The Anglo-Saxon democracy sustains a war of various fortunes, brings together little armies, makes campaigns of little brilliancy, and has for its only general Washington, whose glory is more in the council than in the field, whose name will be enrolled rather among great citizens than among great heroes. Nevertheless, the French democracy, that legion of immortals, has passed like an orgie of the human spirit drunken with ideas, like a Homeric battle, where all the combatants, crowned with laurel, have died on their chiselled shields; while the Anglo-Saxon democracy, that legion of workers, remains serenely in its grandeur. A parallel which reveals the brilliant means and scanty results of the one, and the scanty means and brilliant results of the other —an instructive parallel written in history with indelible characters, to teach us that the French democracy was lost by its worship of the state, by its centralization, by its neglect of the municipality, of the rights of districts, and even the rights of individuals; while the Anglo-Saxon democracy was saved by having in the first place founded the rights of man, and afterward the organised and self-governing municipality, and finally, a series of counties and states also self-governing, powerful instruments by which authority was united to liberty, giving us the model of the modern polity."

This tirade is, perhaps, all the more a fair specimen of Señor Castelar's eloquence as he is evidently himself in love with it, for he delivered it in the Constituent Cortes in 1870, and intro-

duced it, subsequently in 1872, in his *Fortnightly Review* articles. Two years experience have apparently not been sufficient to show him the vagueness and inaccuracy of the statements contained in the passage. Although a professor of history, he seems never to have known what impartial, critical, or even simply accurate history was. Events and names of the past seem to interest him only inasmuch as they can serve him in his exquisite but very fantastical work of illustration. Like some of the pictures of Gustave Doré, which are beautiful and full of life, without ever being lifelike in the sense of resembling anything we know in actuality, so is Señor Castelar's history. And he seems to consider such a use of historical materials quite a legitimate one.

"The revolution of 1854 (writes he) had the result of organising the Republican party throughout the Peninsula. The spread of the new ideas at this time was enormous. Journals inspired with the purest faith, written with convincing eloquence, fighting against the reactionary parties with a tenacious and skilful propaganda, excited extraordinary interest. Learned,* polished, popular, and literary, they were at once the focus of light and the nucleus of organisation. The chairs in

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

the universities, gained by disciples of the new ideas, contributed powerfully to the diffusion of light. Thanks to them, history assumed a progressive and humanitarian tendency. They redeemed the traditions of the country from their monarchical character, and reinvested them in the light of new science with the democratic character."

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

"'Ah, gentlemen, how sad the spectacle we have presented as a party in Europe! All that we have initiated, the Conservatives have realised! Who struggled for the self-government of the Hungarian nation? A Republican, Kossuth. Who realised it? A Conservative, Deak. Who sustained the idea of the abolition of serfdom in Russia? A Republican, Hertzen. Who realised it? An Emperor, Alexander. Who sustained the idea of the unity of Italy? A Republican, Mazzini. Who realised it? A Conservative, Cavour. Who promoted the idea of the Unity of Germany? The Republicans of Frankfort. Who realised it? An Imperialist, Bismarck. Who aroused the thrice-suffocated Republican idea in France, after the first Republic being a tempest, the second a dream, and the third but a name? A poet, Victor Hugo, a great orator, Jules Favre, and another great orator, Gambetta. Who consolidated it? A Conservative, Thiers. And whose sharp sword now protects it? That of a General of the Cæsars, Mac-Mahon.'"

It never occurred to him that the thing he complained here of was merely the natural course

of human affairs. Historical studies had not taught him that it was invariably, throughout all ages, the duty of the advanced party to "initiate" progress, to spread new notions, as it was the duty of the Conservative party to "realize" innovations, when the people became sufficiently prepared to receive them. If Kossuth, Hertzen, Mazzini, or Victor Hugo had ever had to put into practice the objects of their advocacy, they would have certainly experienced the same failures Señor Castelar had so patriotically exposed himself to.

How very different from his illustrious friend is the quiet, practical, non-generalizing Figueras! Not a word would you ever hear from him that is not to the point; not a statement that has not a direct bearing on the actual condition of his country. Willingly though he speaks, you invariably feel you are conversing, not listening to a prepared speech. In the beginning of May, he foretold me, for instance, in one of those conversations I shall always remember with the greatest pleasure, almost everything that has happened since, through the obstinacy of men like Serrano and those who sided with him. He foresaw then

that the Intransigentes would rise all over the country, and that a new *coup-d'état*, and a fierce reaction, would be the conclusion of several months' bloodshed.

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

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

"The Conservatives call me a demagogue;

but I can assure you that I am no more a demagogue than M. Thiers or Mr. Gladstone. I differ from them only in my firm belief that a Federal Republic is the best form of government for Spain. But I believe just as firmly that a Federal Republic can be established without any wild socialistic theories being brought forward. So far, indeed, am I and my colleagues from being demagogues, that it was our sincere wish to bring a hundred or so Conservative Deputies into the Assembly, to form a sensible and powerful opposition. The question was deliberated in the Council of Ministers whether we should be right in encouraging some of the Conservatives to come forward, and in giving them such support as we could. And if we resolved not to do so, it was only because of the unmanageably hostile attitude of the Conservatives.

"The foreign Powers are now exchanging diplomatic despatches in reference to the Republic. They are, of course, anxious to see a Monarchy re-established in this country, because they don't know anything about the real state of our parties and the condition of Spain. Insisting still on a Monarchy, they do not, however, object as strongly as they did formerly to a Republic, provided this Republic is called "Conservative,"

and is copied from what M. Thiers has established on the other side of the Pyrenees. The old gentleman has managed to reconcile the European potentates with this form of government, and has made them understand that a Republic is not necessarily anarchy, and that an uncrowned chief of the Executive can be as despotic as any crowned monarch has ever been. But what they cannot make up their minds about is the word 'Federal.' They think it must mean something very undesirable. They don't take the slightest notice when they are told that America and Switzerland are Republican Federations. They simply answer you, 'The cases are quite different there,' and they think they have said everything and refuted all the arguments you may adduce.

"The other day the two Emperors paying each other compliments at St. Petersburg, did our Minister at that Court the honour of talking to him. They said they greatly desired that safety and order should be restored in Spain, and bloodshed ended. The Minister answered them that the Spanish Government was doing its best to achieve these ends. But I said to my friend, Señor Castelar, on receiving the report of this conversation, that if I had been in the place of

the Spanish Ambassador, I would have answered their Majesties that we had as much safety and order as ever, and that till now we have had no bloodshed at all, even not so much as there was the other day in Frankfort in connection with some beer, or as there is always in Russia, whenever a dozen people assemble to discuss any public grievance, and whole regiments are sent out to 'restore order.'

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

Truly speaking, I seldom saw a man less subject to illusions than the late President of the Executive power, notwithstaning his having spent the whole of his life in the defence of a cause which at times seemed very illusory indeed. To him, for instance, belongs the honour of having first published the Spanish Budget, disregarding the advice of a good many of his friends not to do

so until the Republic had been more firmly established. "What is the use of deceiving ourselves and other people?" was his answer, and a few days later the *Gaceta de Madrid* contained the avowal of a debt of something like £350,000,000. He said to me that he became quite frightened for the life of the Republic when he first saw the true accounts of the Treasury. "This is," said he, "our weakest point; and, assuming that I speak to you, not as the President of the Spanish Republic, but simply as Señor Figueras, I would say that, though our financial position can certainly be improved by ourselves, a complete financial regeneration of Spain is possible only with the aid of America. But do not suppose that, when I say that American enterprise and American gold can alone regenerate the finances of Spain, I mean in any way to allude to Cuba. That island must be left quite out of the question at the present moment. As both Carlist and Alfonsist leaders told you, so must I tell you too, that no Government will dare, at the present moment, to propose any arrangement affecting in any way the extent of the Spanish dominions; and this was one of the reasons for my having put so much 'territorial integrity,' as you said, in my official answer to

the congratulations of General Sickles the other day. Our enemies were spreading rumours that we were arranging the sale of Cuba in an underhand manner, and I had to answer them. My private conviction is that Cuba is lost for us, and that in a quarter of a century every Spaniard will believe that Cuba's joining the States was quite a natural thing, as he now believes it to be the most unpatriotic and criminal idea ever conceived."

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

CHAPTER VIII.

MARSHAL SERRANO, DUQUE DE LA TORRE.

THE kindness with which I was received by the Duke and Duchess de la Torre at their Biarritz villa, almost precludes me from the possibility of speaking of the present ruler of Spain. His political opinions and the whole of his early career were such as to deserve but little sympathy, yet the charms of his personal intercourse are so great as to captivate even his bitterest enemies when they approach him. Handsome, exquisitely elegant, and of an ease of manners almost bordering on plainness, he bribes you in his favour from the very first words you exchange with him. His habit of unceremoniously receiving the stranger in the family drawing-room, with his fascinating lady painting or embroidering, and his children playing and rushing in and out, makes the visitor not only

forget, but almost disbelieve all that is said of the Marshal's past. Spanish political careers are, as a rule, rather exciting, and that of the Marshal was quite a romance, which is still to be written. The political and personal circumstances of the hero of this romance will no doubt justify his past conduct, but at present too little is known of them, and consequently the less is said of the subject the better.

Marshal Serrano is now nearly sixty-five years of age, having been born near Cadiz in 1810. His father was a distinguished general, and held a high command during the War of Independence. The young Don Francisco Serrano entered military service as a cadet at the early age of twelve, soon became a lieutenant, and at the death of Ferdinand VII. declared himself for the regency of Queen Christina, and joined the army operating against Don Carlos in Aragon. He went all through that campaign, occupying various positions on the staff, and gaining rank and distinction with quite an amazing celerity. He was colonel before he reached his twenty-fifth year, and when the Carlist war was brought to a close and he returned to Madrid, his handsome face, the elegance of his manners, and his reputation for bravery made him soon the *beau idéal* of all the

Madrid ladies, whose favours he freely enjoyed for about a year, and turned up in 1840 at Barcelona as Brigadier-General and Commander-in-Chief of the troops of Catalonia. He was then supposed to be an intimate friend of Espartero, declared himself in favour of his Regency, and thus greatly contributed to the overthrow of Christina. Three years later, however, we see him taking flight in disguise to the same Barcelona, seizing there the command and overthrowing Espartero. That was his first great and unceremonious step towards power. He became now a lieutenant-general, and soon gained the heart of the young lady who was sitting upon the throne, and married, thanks to Anglo-French rivalries, to the only man she could never stand. The young and brilliant general, it is said, readily undertook the task of consoling his Sovereign for her matrimonial unhappiness, and distinction and wealth began to pour upon him more amply than ever.

He had received from the hand of Isabella everything it was in her power to give. He was General of Division at thirty-two years of age. A couple of years later he was Senator. When his personal relations with the young Queen had been broken off, he was gently sent as Captain-

General to Granada, instead of being simply murdered or banished, both of which would have been extremely easy things to do. Subsequently, every year brought upon him some new distinctions. He was Captain-General of the Artillery, Captain-General of Castile, Ambassador at Paris, Captain-General of Cuba; in 1862 he was created Duque de la Torre, in 1865 he was President of the Senate—all this without reckoning sundry other important posts he occupied. True, that in 1866, when Isabella had lost all control over the affairs of the State, Narvaez arrested Serrano among other leaders of the opposition, and had him sent to Port Mahon. But Marshal Serrano knew perfectly well how little Isabella was capable of opposing the will of Narvaez, and how great was the dislike of that ruler of Spain to the fortunate and handsome Marshal.

There is a story that when Narvaez was dying, and his confessor, praying by his bedside, advised him to forgive his enemies, the expiring proconsul of Isabella whispered. "My enemies? I have none. I shot them all. Serrano only has escaped." If the story is an invention, it, at all events, gives a good idea of the feelings which existed between Narvaez and the leader of the

so-called Liberal Union party. The scene might be still remembered by many newspaper readers, when in 1866 Narvaez had suspended the constitutional guarantees, and the Senate and the House of Deputies issued their protests. Isabella asked that Marshal Serrano, as President of the Senate, should call upon her. They had not spoken to each other for a long time, and it was now supposed some better understanding might result from the interview. The Marshal wanted evidently to take power into his own hands, or, at all events, to preserve it in the hands of his friend O'Donnell, and probably spoke frankly in that sense. But Narvaez, who was hidden behind a curtain, and listened to the conversation, did not mean to yield, and the Marshal had scarcely returned home from the Palace when he was invited to proceed to the Balearic Islands. If I rightly remember he never reached them, and had simply to spend a couple of weeks in the military prison of Alicante. Yet the fact of his having been treated in that way seemed quite sufficient to the Marshal for his finally breaking with the Queen, bringing about a coalition of his own party with the Progressists and the Democrats, concluding an alliance with Prim and Topete, beating Isabella's troops at Alcolea, and

causing her to take flight to France almost as precipitately as he had done himself in April last.

In any other country, and under any other circumstances, Marshal Serrano would probably never have reached the position he occupies once more. But the misconduct of the ex-Queen Isabella, and the misgovernment to which she exposed poor Spain, caused Spaniards to forgive the Marshal what they seldom forgive any man—the want of gallantry to a woman. The Marshal has married since the time he enjoyed the favours of Isabella. He has several children, he is getting old, and is supposed to be an able man, and the Spaniards obey him in the hope that he will give them peace and order. How far they are right is another question. But sure it is that, of all living Spanish statesmen, the Duke de la Torre has the most pliable and accommodating political conscience, and that may prove a great advantage just now. We all know him to have been Conservative, moderate-Liberal, ultra-Liberal, and must not lose the hope of seeing him a Republican, provided power is left in his hands.

The Marshal's career since September, 1868, is still fresh in everybody's memory. Prim and

himself held unlimited power until a specially elected Cortes resolved upon the maintenance of monarchy, and the Duke of Aosta was finally asked to come and plant in Spanish soil the root of a new dynasty. Marshal Serrano served for some time the new King, but his notions of constitutional liberties were vastly different from those of Amadeo. His asking for the suspension of constitutional guarantees (a thing against which he fought formerly), was the first step towards the "inoffensive Italian's" getting disgusted with Spain. The Duque de la Torre retired, and the Radicals, Sagasta and Zorrilla, were alternately called to power. The Marshal would, under no circumstances, take office with them at that time, but he seems to have changed his mind since, for they are working together at the present moment.

When I had the pleasure of seeing the Duke in his Biarritz retreat, a couple of months after his escape from Madrid, he looked quite serene again, his moustachios were resuming their usual position, and himself his usual political activity. He said he was sure his party would come to power within three months (it was in June), but he was not sure whether it would be with or

without bloodshed. A Unitarian Republic would then be established, and the sword become for some time the ruling machinery. It was the only way to save Spain, and the Marshal was afraid the country had heavy and sanguinary days in store for her. The re-establishment of a monarchy was not to be thought of at present, and as the majority of the Conservative and Radical parties were perfectly willing to support a moderate republic, he did not see any reason why the question of monarchy should be brought forward at all.

It is well known that, if the Marshal was ever willing to give power to any one except himself, it was to the Duke of Montpensier. To join the ranks of the young Alfonso was never and will hardly ever be possible for him as long as Isabella lives; consequently, the most likely thing, as we have already hinted, is that he will become a Dictator for a more or less considerable number of years. The moderate Republicans will tolerate, and, perhaps, even support him in this capacity, for the sake of preserving the Republic; while the rich Conservatives and the nobility, almost all of whom are largely interested in Cuba, will abide by him, because they

have now learned, by experience, that the Constitutional Monarchy is much more likely to be injurious to the slaveholders' interest than they know Marshal Serrano will ever be. I firmly believe that the Duke's views on this question are much less advanced than even those of Don Carlos, and if he is ever compelled to abolish slavery, he is sure to do it in such a way that the slaveholders will rather benefit than lose by the reform.

The leading members of Marshal Serrano's administration are all pretty well known to the general reader. They were frequently in office formerly, with, perhaps, the sole exception of the now so famous Captain-General of Madrid, who was but a short time ago little known outside military circles, even in Spain itself. He seems to belong to that class of characters in whom few suspect any abilities, and who even themselves are not cognisant of what they are capable of performing under certain favourable circumstances. If any one had told General Pavia, three or four years ago, that he would be what he now is, he would certainly not have believed it;

and even as late as February last, on his being appointed for a few days Commander of the Army of the North, he issued a proclamation which was by no means in accordance with what he did subsequently in Andalusia, or the other day in the Palace of the Cortes.

This is the kind of manifesto he launched when, in the beginning of the Carlist rising, he had to relieve Moriones in the command of the Army of the North :—

"Basques and Navarre men! The Government of the Republic has nominated me as Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the North, and sends me here with open arms to embrace you as brothers. The Government have commanded me to assure you all, without distinction of political creeds, that Republic means tolerance for all opinions, all rights and consciences, and that it will receive all of you as brothers without humiliations and conventions, without treason or treaties. Its intentions concerning the Basque provinces and Navarre can be summed up in the words of 'Paz y Fueros' (Peace and provincial charters). Return to your homes, brave Basques and Navarre men, to fraternise with the valiant army of the Republic and the country! Forgive and forget! The greatest glory of my life would be my being able to say some day that not a shot had been fired between us, and that you had opened your arms to me in order that I might throw myself into them.

"Your brother and general Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the North,

"PAVIA."

An embracing proclamation of this description looks somewhat different from what the energetic General has subsequently shown himself to be capable of doing. His frequent intimations to the Madrid Government that he would hold his command only upon the distinct understanding that he had the unlimited right of shooting his own soldiers; his dealings in Andalusia, and, finally, his cavalier kicking the deputies out of their own council hall, evidently clash with the fraternising assurances he made eleven months ago in the North. And how he came so promptly to change his views remains at present perfectly obscure.

General Pavia belongs to an old Spanish family. His father was an admiral of some distinction, and the son entered early the service of his country in the artillery. About 1865, he was Lieutenant-Colonel under Prim, and was supposed to belong, by his political opinions, to the Conservative party; but, somehow or other, Prim caused him to join the well known military insurrection which broke out on the 3rd of January, 1866, at Aranjuez. It must be said, however, that General Pavia observed some sort of legal forms in doing so, for he first gave in

his resignation to Isabella, and then became a rebel chief.

It will be remembered that the insurgents, consisting, on the whole, of some eight hundred horsemen, had no successes, and that Prim had to fly to Portugal, where Pavia followed him in the character of chief of his staff. Subsequently, they both lived in exile in London and in Brussels, Prim managing from afar the insurrectionary party.

On the 22nd of June in the same year, when the great revolt broke out almost all over Spain, and while, in the barracks of San Gil alone, some six hundred men were killed, neither General Pavia nor Prim was in Madrid, though it is well known that the movement was organised by Prim, and that it was crushed solely on account of its bad management, there being scarcely any chief to the business; for men like Contreras and Pierrard, of whom we have lately heard so much —the latter alone received something like a dozen wounds on that occasion—brave as they are, were never capable of directing any military movement. The Government, having at its disposal the abilities of O'Donnell, Narvaez, Serrano, the two brothers Concha, Ros de Olano, and

several other experienced officers, naturally got the better of the insurgents.

The main political events after 1866 ought still to be fresh in the reader's memory. O'Donnell, notwithstanding his having vanquished the insurrection, had to retire to make room for Narvaez, assisted by Gonzalez Bravo and Marfori, all of them equally anxious to re-establish what they called the system of authority, and what was in reality about the most arbitrary and corrupt sort of power that ever ruled Spain. They were but a few months in power when a new insurrection broke out in Aragon and Catalonia in August, 1867, threatening to spread all over Spain. It was again Contreras and Pierrard, who fought, this time under the more direct instructions of Prim and his *Jefe del Estado Mayor*, Pavia. The revolt was once more subdued, but its immediate result was that the Democratic party, until then opposed to Prim, joined him, while the absence of men like Serrano in the Government camp—for they were all driven into opposition, or exiled by Narvaez—prepared the way for the famous revolt of 1868. Narvaez died on the 23rd of April, and Gonzalez Bravo lived to enjoy power only for a very few months. On the 28th

of September the great insurrection broke out in Cadiz. Pavia, to whom Prim had already given the rank of Colonel, became now Brigadier-General; and just four years later, on the morrow of Castelar's taking the Dictatorship in September last, the rank of Lieutenant-General was Pavia's reward for the "pacification" of Andalusia. The work Pavia had done in the beautiful southern provinces of Spain is too recent to be mentioned here; Cordova, Seville, Cadiz, Granada, saw him entering as the suppressor of the Intransigentes, and received him with all the enthusiasm the Andalusians are capable of. That General Pavia has now discovered in himself all the capacities wanted for crushing rebellion, there can be no doubt; but whether he has real military abilities is quite another question, which will have to be decided when he has fought in open field against an organised army.

A circumstance which must seem particularly curious to the English mind, is the constantly changing position which all the men mentioned here have occupied within the very short period of the last five years. Thus Prim, Pavia, Contreras, and Pierrard were, in 1867, fellow-workmen in one camp; and, though they were insur-

gents, they always belonged then to the moderate party. On the other hand, Serrano, the two brothers Concha, Ros de Olano, were in the opposite camp, and fought them, invariably defeating them. In 1868, we find nearly the whole of both parties united to fight, side by side, the government of Isabella, and, four years later, we see Pierrard and Contreras amongst the Intransigentes, of the extermination of whom Marshal Serrano and General Pavia—their former comrades—will probably soon begin to boast. But these are again *cosas de España* — Spanish things—not easily understood in other and less peculiar countries.

CHAPTER IX.

ADIOS!

A PERFECT fright, not to say a terror, seized me, at the conclusion of the preceding chapter, when I noticed that I was speedily approaching the orthodox limits of the two volumes, and had scarcely said a word on what I wished to speak of when I set to work. Instead of writing something "nicely descriptive" of Spain and the Spaniards, I find myself to have written a series of dull recollections of Spain, and of still duller essays on Spanish subjects. But, as *l'habit ne fait pas le moine*, so the title does not make the book, and provided these humble pages are found readable, and containing something which has not been already too frequently said, I shall feel just as happy as if I had written something really good and in harmony with the title.

In a country with such a prolific literature as the English, scarcely any author can consider himself as writing anything new. However great his pretensions and his efforts to be original or novel, he is always a mere supplement to an endless number of other writers on the same topic; and Spanish subjects are in no way an exception to this rule, for there are, at least, five or six works published every year on that country, not to mention the endless magazine and newspaper articles. Yet, though much studied, Spain does not seem to gain in the affections of Englishmen. With a very few exceptions, the great majority of writers upon Spain delight in describing the charms of the Spanish climate, the beauties of Spanish scenery, and the treasures in arts and monuments which the country has preserved; but few have anything good to say of the Spanish people.

The faults which British writers find with Spain and the Spaniards are manifold and various. Some of them, like the usually so sparkling and exhilarating Mr. George Augustus Sala, for instance, would, all at once, turn acid and get equally displeased with everything Spanish, and emphatically exclaim, "I wouldn't

bring my maiden aunt, I would not bring my spinster cousin, I would not bring any lady, (unless she were another Ida Pfeiffer, or Lady Hester Stanhope), to the town, or the inn, or the room in which I am now dwelling." Others, like the somewhat dreamy but amiable Mr. Henry Blackburn, abhor the immoderate use the Spaniards make of their cigarettes, and cannot stand the practical joke played by some of them upon foreigners inquiring for directions, and being, in the Irish fashion, sent the wrong way. It would appear that Mr. Sala, as well as Mr. Blackburn and party, underwent the same disagreeable process of being sent to Alicante when they wanted to go to Cordova, and this causes Mr. Blackburn bitterly to complain that no "A B C" Guide, or Time Table exists in Spain,—a fact which simply shows that the Spaniards travel little, and care about foreigners travelling in their country still less.

Another writer, Miss Mary Eyre, is still more merciless towards the Spaniards. This lady seems to have undertaken an expedition into Spain with no better companion than "Keeper," her little dog. She travelled third class, probably in one of those fearfully shaped travelling costumes which are considered very comfortable

in England, but which immensely puzzle continental eyes, and, apparently, without any considerable knowledge of the language of the country. It is well known that no Spanish *lady* is ever to be seen alone, even on a walk, still less on a journey, and less still with "a nice little dog." Miss Eyre was, consequently, mistaken for "una loca," and sometimes followed by a batch of street-boys. This greatly annoying her, she would stop and try to deliver to them a speech, declaring that she was a writer, and that she would tell all the world what savages the Spaniards were; and the boys would, of course, laugh still more, and annoy her still more. Miss Eyre, on her return to England, would write a voluminous manuscript abusive of the Spaniard, and spread, through the channel of circulating libraries, the most absurd accusations against the nation, of which even the beggar is a gentleman, if you know how to approach him.

If English ladies could only imagine what a fearful impression is produced upon the Spaniard when he sees, under his radiant sky, an English home-made dress, a pair of big, "comfortable, solid leather boots," and a mushroom-like, black straw sun-hat, they would forgive him all the incivilities he might have proved capable

of, in a moment when his sense of beauty was so severely hurt.

But if there are thus many writers invariably, and for many reasons, abusing Spain, there are happily plenty of others who make you love that sad but lovely country. If you read, for instance, the now almost classical book of Mr. Ford, and throw out of it the blind worship of "the great Duke," the ultra-patriotic reverence for everything English, and the blunders which are the inevitable result of the work being a very old one now, you are sure to like Spain, and you will do so still more if you read the inimitable book of Mr. George Borrow, or the more recent work of Mr. Augustus Hare; while the sublime chapter in the second volume of Buckle's "History of Civilization," will make you appreciate all that is so highly dramatic in the existence of that nation. Your sympathy for Spain and the Spaniards will be increased, to the extent of compelling you to go to the Peninsula, to study it, to enjoy its beauties, to live among its genial and generous population — I was almost going to say, to ask their pardon for all the wrongs which strangers have done to that delightful country.

Without going back to the times of the

Goths or the Moors, or to the invasion of the Austrian dynasty, or the Bourbons, take only the present century, and look how long it is since Spain has been left alone. The Peninsular war had scarcely terminated, when the army of the Holy Alliance, forty thousand strong, came to "re-establish order" in Spain, and to remain there for several years. Scarcely had they left when the Seven Years' War broke out, and an Anglo-Franco-Portuguese invasion took place. Christina and Isabella ruled almost exclusively with the aid of foreign diplomatists, and foreign adventurers, and Madrid became quite an arena of tournaments between Sir Henry Bulwer and the Comte de Bresson. The endless political parties which have been bred since can be all clearly traced to the foreign intrigues and interferences in the beginning of Isabella's reign; and the sufferings which are now inflicted on Spain are the immediate and exclusive result of the existence of these parties. How long is it since the English bombarded refractory Spanish towns? I know a good many old Spaniards who expressed the greatest astonishment that this year the same thing had not taken place again, and the seizure of Spanish ships by Captain Werner has only so far surprised them, as he was not an

English captain, but a German one—that is to say, belonging to a nation which Spaniards were not formerly accustomed to see interfering in their affairs, and which to their minds had been brought into existence only since the time of the Hohenzollern candidature.

And, after all that, there are still both in England and France no end of people abusing the Spaniards, and "calling them all sorts of names" for everything they hear of them—to begin with, their inability to adapt themselves to the Parliamentary form of government, and to end with the fact of Madrid ladies giving up the mantilla and taking to Parisian bonnets. But who first brought in, and without ever being asked to do so, both the modern Parliamentary forms and the bonnets? And who is guilty that that enchanted land has neither remained what it was, nor become what strangers wished her to be, losing herself half way between Europe and Africa, and breeding the miseries and vices of both without the merits of either?

The first point upon which every Englishman must needs abuse Spaniards after he has done so from his political point of view, are the bull-

fights, and it must be avowed that some of its features, at least, are perfectly abominable, not only to an English eye, from which the police and the Society for the Protection of Animals conceal every visible suffering, but to every more or less civilized eye. For the Spaniards, however, they are only natural features of the spectacle to which they have been accustomed from their early childhood. There are plenty of students of medicine who, on first entering a theatre of anatomy, feel something very nearly approaching to faintness, yet in a few months or years, as the case may be, they find certain niceties in the art of chopping human bodies. Something similar is to be seen in the kitchen of every house, where nervous young girls, who have formerly cried bitterly at seeing a chicken's throat cut, are subsequently almost ready to cut it themselves, and, at all events, do cut raw meat with almost as firm a hand as a butcher. All these are matters of habit, and until the Spaniard has so changed as to become no Spaniard any longer, he will never be made to look, for instance, at the sufferings of horses in the arena of the bull-ring with the same horror an Englishman looks at them. Besides, there is very little real difference between this sort of cruelty and those which are inflicted on the hare, the fox,

the birds, or even the dogs, in the sports of all countries.

The sight of a horse trotting into its own bowels hanging down to the ground, is perfectly revolting. The intestines being put back again, the skin stitched, and the poor animal carried once more into the arena, under sufferings which provoke evident contortion in all the four legs, or the sight of the expiring animal lying on the ground, and being charged over and over again by an infuriated bull, is horrible. Being unaccustomed to hear the horse shriek with pain, we shudder when we hear, for the first time, actual screams extorted from these noble and patient animals by the insurmountable pain they are subjected to. I shall never forget how, the first time I saw a fight, I actually ran out of the bull-ring at the sight of the struggle between a bull and a horse. An old hack, with a broken leg and open entrails, was lying in the middle of the arena, when a furious black bull, foaming with blood and ploughing the earth, rushed at him, rolled with him, and in the assault got his horn into the mouth of the poor animal, and seemed, apparently, quite unable to disentangle himself. The circus thundered with applause; but a new-comer, however strong his

nervous system, has certainly the greatest difficulty in bringing his eyes to rest upon the horrible spectacle. Yet these and many other revolting details, so well known through being constantly described to the English public, are merely incidents of a thoroughly national, and, at present, quite indispensable entertainment of Spain. There are writers who say that bull-fights are the result of national Spanish cruelty; others, that they are the cause of it. My belief is that they are, in the first place, an historical necessity; and, in the second, a most wholesome preventive against the natural bloodthirstiness of the Moro-Iberian man. As the brutality of the Anglo-Saxon race is ventilated through their field and athletic sports, so the bloodthirstiness of the Spaniards is ventilated in the bull-fight. Without the boat-races, horse-races, and the endless forms of sport, the brutality and muscularity of the average Britons would have caused them to smash each others' jaws and cleave each others' skulls much more frequently than they now do. And so is it with the Spaniard, who, without the sight of warm, steaming blood offered to him at least once a week, would draw it himself, and from a still less suitable source perhaps, for he *must* have it at any price, and centuries must pass

before he can be expected to change in this respect.

Alongside with this, so to say, physiological significance of the bull-fight, there is a practical one. As the sports in England have improved the breed of man and beast, so the bull-fights in Spain have preserved the African agility in the inhabitants of the Peninsula, and promoted the raising of cattle, not to speak of the fact that the custom gives the means of living to thousands of people, directly and indirectly connected with it, and that the proceeds of the bull-fights are devoted, all through the Peninsula, to charitable purposes. Strange as such an association of means and ends may seem, it must not be forgotten that bull-fights are the remnants of ancient religious sacrifice, and that in the detail of them you can still pretty clearly trace certain features to the ancient holocaust, others to the gladiators. The very name of fight, which muscle-worshipping Englishmen give to these national Spanish entertainments, is incorrect, for in Spanish they are called *Fiestas*, festivities, not fights.

Then let us be frank. We all like grand sights, without much troubling ourselves with their real meaning. And if you had ever been

to the *Plaza de Toros*, if you had seen a motley crowd of some twelve or fifteen thousand men and women assembled under the dazzling dome of a southern sky, and excited to their highest pitch, yet thoroughly sober, exquisitely polite and gentlemanly; sometimes inclined to use the knife, but capable neither of bearing nor of inflicting an insult; if you had seen that crowd with every nerve strained to its fullest extent, and yet without a single policeman to cool them down; if you had admired the athletic, finely-built bull-fighters, dressed in gorgeous attire, so tight as to show every muscle and vein of their handsome bodies; if you had become convinced that nothing is further from the mind of either the fighters or the public than betting, "doctoring," or anything of that sort; that admiration of the thing in itself,—the agility, courage, dexterity, and skill of the man in the presence of an infuriated beast; and if at dusk, when the fight is over, you had seen that mass of people igniting their penny fans, throwing them up in the air like so many petty rockets, and joyously turning home as good and kindly a set of human beings as when they came to witness the revolting sight, you would, like myself, forget all the cruelties which their national and traditional entertainment contains.

After all, we are not horses, have probably a much more sensitive nervous system than any quadruped, yet some of us endure sufferings which no other animal would stand without revolting against. And it remains still an open question whether it is not better to die like these old, worn-out steeds do, after a few minutes' suffering and under the thundering applause of thousands of people, than to finish one's career, as a good many men do, after a long life of labour, in the street, from hunger, in the workhouse, despised by everybody, and cursed by the tax-payers, or in a prison, locked up like a wild beast in a solitary cage, for having stolen a loaf of bread when urged by the pangs of hunger.

As a matter of course, the bull-fights open an inexhaustible field for moralising. There is scarcely an Englishman, even among such as have never visited the Peninsula, who has not something to say not only on the cruelty of the entertainments, but on the great impropriety of various practices connected with it. The custom of taking children to these *Fiestas* was at all times violently attacked as one which would naturally breed cruelty in the young generation.

But, as Mr. Ford justly remarks, "They return to their homes unchanged, playful, timid, or serious as before; their kindly social feelings are uninjured; and where is the filial or parental bond more affectionately cherished than in Spain? Where are the noble courtesies of life, the kind, considerate, self-respecting demeanour, so exemplified as in Spanish society?" Until the children get accustomed to the cruel details of the spectacle, they turn away their eyes as any grown Englishman does when he first attends the *Fiesta;* but the painful, revolting details of the sight are soon lost "in the poetical ferocity of the whole, for the interest of the tragedy of real death is undeniable, irresistible, and all-absorbing." To say that these sights render the children more cruel or hard-hearted is simply absurd. If it had been so, what should we then have to say of the custom so prevalent in another country, of sending little children to the nearest corner public-house to fetch some beer or spirits for the already half-drunken father or mother, and to lap with their tongue the froth of the malt liquor at an age when they ought to have tasted nothing but their mother's milk? Is there any moralising humbug on earth that would venture to assert that this latter practice is more

edifying or more elevating than the former? The common Spanish woman takes her child to the bull-fight simply as a common English woman takes hers to the Crystal Palace on Good Friday, or to Epping Forest on a Summer Sunday: she does so simply because she cannot leave it at home. Among the children of the educated classes the bull-fights do not produce any more ravage than the sight of the Derby or the University boat-race does. You can safely carry a Spanish boy every week to the *Plaza de Toros*, without running the risk of his ever becoming a betting man, losing every farthing he could lay his hand on, and finishing his career on the treadmill. The worst thing you can expect is that he will go mad over the niceties of *Tauromachia*, and, if he has much property, will breed bulls, or else become an amateur *Espada*.

The Spaniards are certainly a very ignorant set of people, and anything approaching to a system of education or training is perfectly unknown to them. But they fully make up for that by the natural affections and sympathies which animate every Spanish family, and of which no idea can be formed by foreigners, unless they had opportunities to enter the Spanish home on intimate terms. Englishmen are justly proud of

some of the aspects of their family life, but, as is only too often the case, they are apt to exaggerate their own merits. We all know that too frequently a "happy family" means simply a pandemonium, and that a friendly family circle has become an exception instead of being a rule in this country; while in Spain it is still a rule with exceptions to it, presented only in Madrid, where the foreigners and the political jobbers have exercised their wretched influence. With oranges, figs, and dates growing wild, starvation is not easy, consequently, actual want is but little known, and the family has a thousand facilities for living together without breaking up for business reasons. A boy leaving home, at twelve or thirteen years of age, to learn a trade, as in England, or a girl being sent off, for economy's sake, to a "select boarding school," is almost a thing unknown in Spain.

The English are proud of the amount of work they are capable of performing, but the Spaniards are of opinion that the English cannot help working: if they did not, they would all have to hang themselves, so dull is their country, while Spain is known to be Paradise, and the man has no need to work in Paradise. An old Castilian saying tells us that, if God had not been God, He would have been

King of all the Spains, and would have taken the French King as a cook to himself: "Si Dios no fuese Dios, seria Rey de las Españas, y el de Francia su cocinero." And this apparently ridiculous boasting of the Spaniard has some *raison d'être*. Fancy, for instance, what a havoc the chronic Spanish disturbances would have produced in any other country! The people of the Peninsula have been, for these last years, supposed to be in an "awful state," but go to their country, look at their life, and you will see absolutely nothing "awful" in it. The national existence is proceeding in its usual course, everybody has something to eat, a house, a more or less handsome wife, a lot of children, and would not exchange his existence for a much more comfortable one in the best-regulated community in the world. If some one feels in himself an exuberance of activity, he goes to Cuba to make money, or to some of the South American Republics; a few, perhaps, will go to the city of London. But the vast majority of Spaniards are perfectly satisfied with what they have at home. The disturbances they have are mere old stories to them, and have never prevented them from enjoying their delightful climate, their bright scenery, and such amusements as tradition and

habits have rendered indispensable to them. All over the country, both poor and rich walk quietly about, enjoying life, smoking their cigarettes, gossiping at their *tertulias*, and the more eagerly discussing political topics, the less they know about the subject. To get excited, to run or rush about even in a moment of actual danger, still less for the sake of business, would never occur to the mind of a Spaniard. There is an amount of Mahommedan fatalism in him which precludes him from ever attempting to overcome circumstances. The thorough absence of any chance of making money in the English or American fashion, makes everybody indifferent and quiet, and the natural fertility of the soil and the Spanish climate do the rest.

A good many English visitors to Spain complain of the Spanish shopkeeper apparently not caring at all about selling his goods: he does it in such a lazy sort of way, as if he were obliging the customer and not pleasing himself. And so it is; the majority of the Spaniards do not care at all about doing business for business' sake. He is still under the impression that to gain one's bread by the sweat of one's brow was inflicted as a punishment, and does not, by any means, constitute an intrinsic

part of life. Catalonia, which is the most hard-working province, and which works, after all, by no means hard, is disliked by the rest of Spain, and towns like Cadiz are held in utter disregard by Seville and Granada, as being the homes of shopkeeping communities.

A short time ago, I was told by the manager of one of the largest London wine-merchants that the senior partner of the firm, anxious to discover some new stocks of wine, went himself to Spain, bought some horses, and started into the interior of the country, for the purpose of buying up all he could possibly find during his rambles. One day he arrived upon the estate of a wealthy Spanish grandee, and, on entering his house, said, in a half British, half Spanish dialect that he wanted some wine. "You want some wine, Caballero?" answered the Andalusian magnate; "I shall be most happy to oblige you. I will give orders to my steward to give you as much as you like of it." The Englishman tried to explain to his host that he did not mean he wanted to drink, but to buy some. "Oh, I won't sell anything, I am not a wine-merchant! Take as much as you please and carry it off," was the Spaniard's answer. I greatly regret I was not able to ascertain how the matter was finally settled, but

I have every reason to believe that a compromise —the sacred British machinery for settling differences by give and take—was arrived at, and that the English merchant finally consented to pay much less than he was prepared to do, while the Spaniard accepted much more than his national *pundonor* would strictly permit.

But if the soil, the climate, the tradition, and the general conditions of the country, equally contribute to strengthen the ties of Spanish family life, much is also done towards it by the Spanish woman, that abused and charming being against whom "every puny scribbler shoots his petty barbed arrow." What calumnies have not been written or said against the Spanish woman, and what are the merits and the virtues—education excepted—that she does not possess? True, that she frequently learns what love is before she knows what the alphabet is, but this ignorance is not her fault, nor is it any way out of proportion with the general ignorance of the men of her country. If you are philosophical enough to take this as a circumstance which cannot be helped at present, and are able to look at people, not from the exclusive point of view of your own country, but from a genial and human point

of view, you would soon discover, on studying the Spanish woman, that you must take all the virtue of the most virtuous Englishwoman, all the grace and wit of the most graceful and witty Frenchwoman, and all the beauty of the most handsome Italian woman, to make something approaching to a perfect Spanish lady.

But she has her dark sides, of course. You cannot talk to her seriously, her conversation is always a mere gossip; she is also often bigoted and superstitious; but her natural charms, both moral and physical, the kindness of her heart, and the truthfulness of her love, when she once loves, fully compensate for all her defects. One would be inclined to say that their very virtues are almost too great for the welfare of the country, for a married Spanish woman is a perfect mistress in everything that relates to the education of her children; her husband is, as a rule, too much of a politician, of a café-talker, and of a man of the world, to attend to these matters; and as even a good many Spanish women of high society do not possess half the knowledge of an average middle-class woman of England or Germany, (however little that may be), their influence in perpetuating general Spanish ignorance is alarmingly strong. One

would almost desire they were less domesticated and *virtuous*, and would send their children to school instead of constantly keeping them by their side.

Yet it must not be supposed that the Spanish women are incapable of any serious occupation, or of acquiring knowledge. It is not impossible, though, still by the way of rare exceptions, to meet, both at Madrid and in some of the provinces, amongst the richer classes, as accomplished young ladies as one could possibly wish te be acquainted with. In some of the ports of Andalusia, in Madrid, and in Barcelona, a good many of them speak excellent English. French is more or less spread through all classes except the very lowest. The literature of their own country begins to be studied by even very young Spanish girls, and painting and music have become, now-a-days, quite a common accomplishment in every family whose means permit them to think of anything beyond the troubles of every-day life.

The free-and-easy manner shown by the fair sex throughout all classes of Spanish society, causes a good many foreigners to form a rather unfavourable opinion of the morals of Spanish ladies. The tacit belief which we all have that

physical beauty is an additional temptation to illicit love, causes a good many of us to assume that the morals of Spanish ladies cannot be very strict, and their bold manner of looking at men, their "*ojear*," which, to an English mind, has something impudent about it, strengthens still more this belief. "*La sal*," the salt, the piquancy of a Spanish girl or woman, the thing of which her sweetheart or husband is so proud, seems, to British tourists, quite shocking. But when you come to know these women, you will not only admire them, but you will actually experience the contagion of their virtue. At all events, I must confess that in no country in Europe—and I have seen them all—have I found such pure enjoyment in intercourse with ladies as in Spain.

Of course you must not attempt to talk philosophy or politics with them, for they would turn their back to you, or would still more unceremoniously request you to "shut up." But if you have sense enough to admire what is beautiful, graceful, and witty; if, however serious and dull your occupation, you are capable of enjoying the gossip of a being as bright and pure as a child, the society of Spanish girls and women will give you no end of the brightest enjoyment. Whether

all this would do in the long run, and as something permanent, I am unable to tell. But, for a while, the sight of their lovely features, the profusion of their hair, their hands almost as small as those of a baby, their miniature feet, sometimes quite bare, and scarcely slipped into little satin shoes, their everlasting warbling, seem all the more captivating to you because of your profound consciousness that you cannot buy these charms. Such a thing as a young girl marrying for money, or for any social consideration, is almost unknown in Spain. You must win or conquer her heart. A young girl marrying an old man, would be thrown out of the society of all her friends, and reaching the country seat of her old, and, perhaps, invalid husband, would be soon made to feel by every farmer's wife and daughter that they are more pure and honest than she.

A Spanish girl may sometimes change her sweethearts, she might have had half-a-dozen of them before she married one; but when she has done so, I believe she is, as a rule, the most truthful and loving woman on earth; and should her life prove an unhappy one, no one will ever know that, for she will never carry her complaints either to a divorce court or to the apart-

ments of a paramour. "So you mean to say that there is neither immorality nor adultery in Spain?" may ask the reader. No, that is not what I mean to say. But what I do mean to say is that the comparative percentage of professional vice, and of general looseness of morals, is much lower in Spain than any other country of Europe. The best proof of this is that the so-called *demi-monde*, or the kept women, are unknown, even in Madrid itself. There are fallen women in the capital of Spain, and in a couple of the large towns of the Peninsula, but the total of prostitutes throughout the country is, I believe, much under the number we can daily meet in one leading street of Paris, London, or Berlin. As to conjugal unfaithfulness, it will always exist, as long as married women and unmarried men meet together, and as long as mistakes in the selection of a partner, and misapprehension in the affinities, cannot be avoided; but it preserves still, among the Moro-Iberian race, the character of a very rare and exceptional occurrence, and is almost exclusively confined to Madrid, the city of which the Spaniards themselves say, "He who wants thee does not know thee; he who knows thee does not want thee."

"Quien te quiere, no te sabe;
Quien te sabe, no te quiere."

An abject form of immorality, which is rather largely spread over the Italian peninsula, and which the empire of Napoleon III. has freely bred in Paris, is not unfrequently met with in the capital of Spain. The Civil Service clerks and the officers of the army who get out of employ with the fall of a Ministry, who have, at the same time, neither a profession nor abilities to earn their livelihood, and are accustomed to live much beyond their means, sell their wives. She becomes the mistress of some rich foreigner, of a banker or a man in office, and the husband makes a living out of her ignominy. But such scamps, who deserve the lash of Newgate, are few, their names are all known and stamped with the abject epithet they fully deserve, and out of the capital of Spain you will never find an instance of that sort.

It is well known that Madrid is in every respect the curse of Spain, in its government, in its moral influence, and even in its very climate, which is said to be so subtle that it would kill a man, while apparently it cannot even put out a candle. "El aire de Madrid es tan sutil que

mata à un hombre, y no apaga à un candil." And the truth is that, except the Picture Gallery and the Prado, there is nothing to be seen in the capital of Spain. The traveller who goes to Spain for the purpose of studying it will certainly learn much more during a stay of a couple of weeks in any provincial town than in the capital. Even the national Spanish customs have there almost disappeared, and the classical curé, with his extravagant hat, is almost never to be met with. Since the departure of the last royalty there is not even afforded the sight of luxury which is so attractive to many sight-seers, and for which Madrid was once so celebrated. The beautiful horses and mules which were but a couple of years ago daily to be seen on the Prado have disappeared; a fine carriage or a fine steed has become quite a rarity, and if the Republic is going to last, even the few that may still be seen will disappear, for they all belong to the aristocracy, and not to financial or business men, who may perhaps remain in Madrid notwithstanding the form of government, while the aristocrats will all go, or are gone already, preferring as they do Paris, Vienna, Rome, and Florence to their own capital, of which the Palace is unoccupied. They live much in the fashion of the Irish landlords.

Always absent from the place where they ought to be present, they are to be seen only at the court of Madrid or abroad, and call at their estates only when they get short of money. They come then to their ancient seats for a couple of weeks, for the sale of some property, or for the more or less forcible collection of arrears from their farmers.

But this daily increasing exodus from the capital still does not prevent Madrid from being full of handsome men and handsome women. You can sit for hours on the Prado, looking as they are passing by, gossiping on the events of the day; and at night all the theatres are crowded, and to a stranger the Spanish audience presents always a much more interesting sight than the Spanish performance. I shall never forget a charitable concert I once attended in the afternoon at the great *Circo de Madrid.* It was a very swell affair; I believe the cheapest places were forty reals (about nine shillings). An orchestra of over a hundred and fifty musicians, under the leadership of Señor Monasterio, was giving a performance quite worthy of Covent Garden. The house crammed to excess, the hot rays of the sun passing through the coloured glass windows, playing on the motley and rich attires, and on faces varying in all imaginable

shades, from the dark olive to the brightest blond, presented a sight which can be seen in no other city of Europe. Everybody was jolly, talking loudly, and, in the southern fashion, apparently not listening at all to the splendid music of the orchestra. But as soon as the bolero of the overture of "Mignon" resounded, all conversation was suddenly stopped, the audience being evidently caught by the sort of wild tunes which are rooted in their hearts and heads, and they thus at once betrayed how artificial is the dislike they pretend to show to their national dancing airs and ballads, which are almost given up for French quadrilles, German valses, and Italian operatic selections. Truly speaking, if you want to see now-a-days something of real Spain, you must go far south from the capital to those regions where even in the midst of the Winter months the July sun of London would seem a mere dozing lamp. It is there that you still find the national costumes, the national usages, and those ancient edifices which remind you of the days of Spain's greatness and glory. It is there that you see also the classical Spanish beggars and gipsies, and the national Spanish dancing, not that sort of European dancing which consists in the show of a kind of notched sticks supposed to be human legs, but that

dancing in which the ribs, the fall of the back, the arms, and the head all join in a long, voluptuous, series of unseizable movements. It is also to these regions you must go if you want to see real Spanish beauties, those little dark ones with large eyes, long eyelashes, and all the charms which the painters have rendered us so familiar with. In Madrid you find only a few of them, and that only at the height of the season. The infusion of European blood and the blood of the northern provinces of Spain has been too great in the capital for her population to preserve the characteristic type of the Moro-Iberian race, and I am not quite sure that in the streets of Madrid one does not meet a larger number of fair and red women than of dark ones.

The promptitude with which Madrid gets denationalised is something amazing. You will hardly ever see, now-a-days, except in the theatres, the mantilla, over which, thanks to the unbearable climate of the capital, the Madrid ladies take good care, to *taparse bien* (to muffle themselves well), with all sorts of British and French shawls, plaids, and kindred things. At dinners you will but seldom see a lady eating fish with a knife, or carrying a toothpick stuck in her mouth. A few of them will perhaps take a glass of wine

during the meal, and one in a hundred may, on the quiet, smoke a cigarette. Many Englishmen believe, of course, that every Spanish woman smokes, but that is nonsense; except the *cigarrera* (the working woman at the cigar factory), and a few ladies from Cuba, no Spanish woman ever smokes. In Andalusia they also scarcely know the taste of wine, pure water, and perhaps a sweet cool summer drink, being all their beverage. But the toothpick is here carried all day long in their mouth, and the fish is eaten not only with a knife, but sometimes with the miniature fingers adorned with rosy nails. Such little savageries may, perhaps, seem shocking to European routine, but they are done in such a natural and graceful way that you cannot help admiring them.

Should these volumes ever fall into the hands of some fair readers, they may possibly exclaim: "Why, with all the grace and beauty you find in the Spanish woman, her love is on that account not sweeter, or her feelings not purer, than those of other women." To this I would not answer either in the affirmative or the negative. My age and the hard toil of my life no longer allow

me to flirt. During my stay in Spain I was, therefore, unavoidably prevented from making any experience of my own in that way. But from what I have observed, and heard from my friends and acquaintances, I have every reason to believe that the love of a Spanish woman differs from that of women of other nations in this respect, that no practical consideration ever enters into it. Matrimony, as a project, seems seldom to be entertained by the Spanish girl. She loves for love's sake; she would never inquire, either directly or indirectly, into the position or pecuniary means of her sweetheart, and when marriage is proposed, she takes it only as one of the incidents of the romance which is "to be continued in our next"—that is to say, through a series of years, until she bears about half a dozen children, and becomes a matron just as deeply interested in the love affairs of her sons and daughters as she is now interested in her own.

The intercourse between sweethearts in Spain is also greatly different from what we see either in England or France. The girl is neither subjected to the French seclusion, nor does she enjoy the freedom considered so natural in the eyes of the English people. But she is not deprived of this

freedom as in France, through the despotic authority of the parents. She simply does not take it, partly because she feels an instinctive mistrust for the passion which animates her, and partly because the family ties in Spain are so soft and pleasant that she has no reason for ever having a desire to enjoy her love outside of her home. The whole romance is going on under the family roof or in the family *patio*, under the dazzling sky, and amidst the atmosphere of orange trees and aromatic hothouse plants growing wild. With the kissing business (I must beg pardon for not finding a better expression), both herself and her young man are rather frightened. They feel they might lose their heads if they indulged in it, and that which we see in certain other countries, where a girl kisses her lover for three or four years, and afterwards brings an action for damages against him, is quite an unknown thing in Spain. The young Spanish lovers kiss each other on meeting and on parting in the presence of their parents or friends, perhaps a furtive kiss sometimes may be deposited on the girl's hand or her foot somewhere on the staircase, or at the fall of night at the house-gate. But anything in the shape of long solitary walks, or excursions, of a pair of young sweethearts, would be quite

out of the question in Spain, for the blood running in the veins of the young girl and the young man would cause them to lose all control over themselves.

To those who know Spain only from reading Spanish stories, the love affairs in that country appear also as necessarily connected with serenades and knife struggles of the rivals. This is greatly exaggerated. The serenading of one's beloved is occasionally still to be met with in Andalusia, where the climate and all the habits of life greatly encourage it; but in the other parts of Spain the business is gone through in the usual European in-door way. As to knives, if they are used between two men who happen to fall in love with the same woman, their indiscriminate manipulation in such cases begins to be regarded as a romantic extravagance provided for in the penal code. Sometimes, I am sorry to say, Spanish love romances assume even a very prosaic aspect. For instance, during my residence at Madrid I used to watch a happy pair who were living in the same house with me. The families of the sweethearts were not on very good terms. That of the girl occupied the second floor, that of the man the first, and as the man belonged to a much richer family, there

was some objection raised to the marriage. The young people had, therefore, to carry on their love-making clandestinely, and the window of my back room opening into the court-yard, I saw them daily corresponding by means of strings through the little railed windows of certain retired spots, which are not only unfit for this purpose, but cannot even be properly mentioned in print, all the more so as they are in Spain by no means so comfortable as in England.

The break up of courtship is performed also in a manner somewhat peculiar to Spain. It is, as a rule, done very quietly, without the slightest exposure and annoyance to anyone, except the party immediately concerned. When the girl breaks off with her sweetheart, her parents seldom even ask her why she has done so, and her friends would take it as the greatest indiscretion to put any question, were it only that of asking why the young man is no more to be seen in the house. The girl exerts all her efforts to conceal from those around her the circumstances which have led to the termination of their courtship. A young lady whose family belonged to the Alfonso party, and whose house I used frequently to visit at Madrid, was greatly in love with a youth of strong Republican proclivities.