

at another, will be apparent from the following anecdotes, which relate to the two great incidents in her political life:—

In 1834 took place the massacre of the friars in Madrid, an occurrence of so frightful a character—the result of a panic amongst the populace, who imagined that these harmless men had poisoned the springs of the metropolis—that it re-produced the worst scenes of the French Reign of Terror, and might well have appalled the boldest female ruler. The *manolas* of Madrid rivalled the Parisian *poisardes*, and the shaven regular was slain in his robes at the altar.

When the news of this lamentable event reached Queen Cristina she was at La Granja, that spot which three years after witnessed so remarkable a passage in her history.

Her minister, Martinez de la Rosa, presented himself before her and declared that he must depart for Madrid, to confront the perils of the hour, to check the revolution which impended, and strengthen the disjointed frame of the state; but that before setting out, he must implore her Majesty to come from La Granja to the metropolis and open the Córtes in person, undaunted by the raging epidemic and the murderous insurrection. “I will open the Córtes,” she said, “come what may:” the answer of a courageous princess, who shares the heroism with the faults of her sister, the Duchess de Berri.

If her courage was in this instance apparent, in another she took care to prove that faithlessness is too characteristic of the Spanish reigning family.

When, in 1840, the law for regulating the municipalities, by causing them to be nominated by the crown instead of being elected by the people, was presented to Cristina at Barcelona, when more than 15,000 petitions had been forwarded from all parts of the country against it, and, the Chambers arbitrarily refusing to receive anymore, the remaining petitions were forwarded to Espartero, then at Barcelona with the Queen Regent; that general implored her not to sanction the law, and Cristina solemnly promised to follow his advice.

The next day she signed the law without his knowledge; the revolution immediately followed, and she was expelled the Spanish soil. *A grandes males grandes remedios!*

The return of Maria Cristina to the seat of government, after three and a half years' forced absence from Spain, is an event of great political importance. A Queen-mother endowed with so much ability, and will to use it, wields, it is needless to observe, an irresistible influence by the side of a girlish sovereign. Everything points to the exercise of that influence in opposition to popular liberty. The cordial acceptance of Narvaez's policy, and the advancement of himself to the post of prime-minister, the adhesion to the principles of military government, the careful and significant courting of the army by the two Queens, their inspection of I know not how many barracks, tasting of the soldiers' food, and passage through their dormitories, are signs of the future which it would be stolid to neglect.

Not less remarkable is Cristina's conciliation of

the clergy, and the little disguised design of suspending the sales of ecclesiastical property, and restoring perhaps a portion of what has already been sold—a design which the relict of Ferdinand warmly encourages, with the twofold object of doing cheap penance at the expense of other people, and retaining unquestioned her own unwieldy possessions.

The moment Cristina's carriage rolled within the walls of Madrid, it stopped before a church, which she entered with a parade of prayer that she has ever since continued, and on her passage from the frontier to the capital she was several times seen to kneel on the floor of her moving equipage, as crosses, churches, and convents by the wayside provoked a holy remembrance. These very demonstrative acts of the acute dowager announced a fixed intention of effectively reconciling herself with the Church, and indeed a Neapolitan princess could not be expected to remain long in spiritual hostility with Rome.

The high-church party through Spain was speedily re-animated by these demonstrations; Carlist clerigos raised their drooping heads, and some of the factious prelates re-appeared on Spanish soil. A feeling of old-fashioned religion, which moderns call superstition, was rapidly revived and extended.

A river overflowed its banks, and relics were brought forth and paraded with great pomp to make the rebellious waters retire: *vagus et sinistra labitur ripa*, exclaimed both priests and people. A drought occurred at Seville, and relics were again carried forth to bring the rebellious waters from the clouds! Similar causes produced most dissimilar effects. Cristina

looked on with an approving and seraphic smile, not at all diminished by the sense of strong security with which she clutched her jewels and her money.

Her policy was likewise triumphant in another matter of great domestic interest. Gonzalez Bravo, the man who had insulted her in his *Guirigay* regarding Muñoz, was forced to sign the appointment of Muñoz as Duke and Grande, and shortly afterwards the said Bravo was kicked out of the ministry, and Narvaez appointed premier in his stead.

Already has the policy of Cristina been signally triumphant since her return. The reluctant liberalism into which Espartero, Arguelles, and the victorious Progresista party had coerced her, has been exchanged for a series of acts of undisguised reaction. The law for restraining municipal liberty, which caused her forcible ejection from the Peninsula, she has seen in principle enforced by decree and carried into actual operation; she has seen the wings of the *Córtes* clipped, the troublesome press gagged, the turbulent *Milicianos* disarmed; and the Church, which was the victim of her insincere spoliation, she sees on the point of having its wealth restored. Bravo, who had ridiculed her, and who equally offended by the lingering leaven of liberalism which he retained, she has dismissed from office; and Hernando Muñoz she has made Duke de Rianzares and seated him proudly amongst the *Grandeza* of Spain.

These personal triumphs are even more flattering than successes of general policy; but both were necessary to Cristina's ambition; and not even these

were sufficient without financial successes as well. Hers was, indeed, a triple ovation: "*partoque ibat regina triumpho.*"

Not only has she contrived to blot out all the debts which she owed to the Spanish Crown and treasury, but has obtained a large indemnification for the expenses in which the movement by which Espartero was overthrown involved her. The policy to which she seems now to have devoted her energies is one somewhat curiously hostile to the interests of her own eldest daughter, but quite in accordance with that allegiance to Louis-Philippe which her three years' residence in Paris has unalterably confirmed.

Queen Isabel's is by no means a secure life; indeed, the seeds of early decay have already begun powerfully to develop themselves. Her youthful Majesty is unhappily subject to a rather dangerous scrofulous affection; in addition to which her person indisputably exhibits symptoms of general dropsy. These are the paramount reasons of state which caused Queen Isabel's recent journey, in spite of the fatigue and the summer heats, to the mineral springs of Catalonia. The possible contingency of her demise is therefore not idly speculated upon, and the far-seeing eye of the French Monarch has fixed upon her sister, the Infanta Luisa, as the consort of the Duc d'Aumale.

That prince's union with Queen Isabel is clearly impossible, and to have wrested from the jealous powers of Europe her alliance in matrimony with the Count Trapani, a Bourbon, is no inconsiderable

triumph to the policy of the Tuileries. But the grand triumph is that which, founded on the precarious state of the health of the reigning Sovereigns, would raise with the younger sisters respectively the Duc d'Aumale to the throne of Spain, and the Prince de Joinville to the Empire of Brazil.

## CHAPTER XII.

NARVAEZ.

GENERAL DON RAMON NARVAEZ, the successful hero of the day, looks precisely the daring, energetic, obstinate and iron-nerved soldier of fortune which he is. In habits, manners, and appearance, he is of the purest military breed; blunt and off-handed in his address, overbearing in disposition, slow to take advice, impolitic, violent, and very determined in his proceedings. His dark moustache has the rough campaigner's cut, and his pale, stern, and somewhat cruel countenance, betokens his unbending character.

In stature he is rather above the middle size, and his wiry and sinewy person is well suited to the saddle and the field. You can read at once in his eye decision and promptitude; you can find tokens there of the rapid movements which made him master of Madrid, and an evidence, too, of the severity which would readily make a victim.

He is sumptuous and showy in his habits, but not luxurious in his tastes, and is always ready in his food and drink to rough it like a campaigner. These various qualities have endeared him to the army, with the bulk of which he is popular, and exercises over the officers a singular degree of influence. But he has numerous enemies nevertheless, amongst the class of privates and petty officers, and his shooting of five

sergeants and three common soldiers, last autumn, for demanding permission to quit the service, to which they were entitled by solemn promise, will never be forgotten.

No man ever ran greater risks than Narvaez, and Hernan Cortès in the Mexican capital was scarcely surrounded by more inveterate enemies. There are not fewer than 10,000 of the disarmed national militia of Madrid, the bulk of whom are his sworn foes, and whose confidence he unquestionably betrayed. These men, stripped of their weapons by treachery, hourly burn for vengeance; and the continued fire of bullets, the attempted poisoning, and planned assassination in the purlieus of the Opera, had their foundation (according to some theories prevalent here) in retributive justice. A portion even of his own army is not to be depended on.

This it is which has broken his sleep and his health, and given him the haggard look, which, like Cristina, he wears at times. Night is changed into day by his intrigues at the palace, his negotiations with military and other parties, and his secret dealings with the Camarilla. Sleep is snatched irregularly, often entirely destroyed; and in addition to constant occupation he is doomed to a life of alarms. He has more personal enemies than ever Quesada had, or probably than any other man has made in modern Spain; and yielding to the irresistible bent of his character he goes on daily making more. General Serrano has recently started in rivalry with him for popularity amongst the people and the army, and his more winning manners, with the influence



which he has established, promise to the late "Universal Minister" no small likelihood of success. Serrano, though of undoubted personal honour, is little better than a doubtful politician; but the Camarilla not coming to terms with him, he lately declared with his old friends, the Progresistas. Concha is likewise no unsuccessful rival of Narvaez, for general popularity and favour, but lately quarrelled with him, and resigned his post of Inspector-General of Infantry. In the present temper of Madrid a chance shot may decide the question. Narvaez's post, Captain-General of New Castile, was a purely military one, and the only pretence upon which he could visit the palace was to get the watchword of the day from the Sovereign, which is in fact the merest nonsense. His only ostensible political character was that of a member of the Senate, until he foolishly assumed the responsibilities of office, and came forth full-fledged as Premier of Spain.

Narvaez calls himself *El Napoleon de la posicion*, and his head is undoubtedly turned by his success. His soldiership is undeniable, but he is a rash and stupid politician. Those who remember him an outcast two years back, expelled from Portugal upon the requisition of Espartero, a wanderer through the provinces of France, with broken boots that let in the wet, a greasy hat and a thin coat, which ill-protected him from the inclemencies of a severe winter, will appreciate fully the fairy-like change in his circumstances.

The equipages which he now sports were lately the property of the British ambassador; not content

with ordinary *batidores* or outriders in royal state, he has other outriders at the doors of his carriage—military officers, armed with carbines, to protect his valuable life; and so far as pomp goes he may well call himself a Napoleon,—for in the days of the consulate there was witnessed no such splendour.

The Spanish Dictator has courage, rapidity of movement, powers of combination—qualities which participate in the merits of Bonaparte, which Narvaez evinced during the regency of Cristina, and which he eminently displayed on his march from Valencia to Madrid, in terminating that of Espartero. His military abilities are unquestionable, and his power over the army enormous. He has shown, however, a grievous deficiency in policy and grasp of mind (and here the foolish analogy between him and Napoleon ceases). His energy is physical, not at all intellectual, and he is merely a mad soldier. His selection of such a man as Bravo for prime minister betrayed an utter want of perspicacity; for, though a slavish tool, Bravo is the merest popinjay, whose personal character recalls the pitiful days of Ferdinand VII.

The plot against Olózaga was likewise, though successful for the time, extremely ill-judged, as inevitably tending to bring the Court and Camarilla into odium with the nation. It would have been much better to bring in Martinez de la Rosa and Isturiz at once, than to insult the country with Bravo's mock reform but true ultra-royalist administration. Narvaez doubtless relies on his 100,000 bayonets, and the struggle might as well be brought to that issue now as hereafter.

Lofty as is his ambition he can never ascend beyond his present sphere, which doubtless is tolerably well, of Dictator and universal ruler. He can have no greater *representacion* than he now enjoys, for there can be no more Regents, and his attachments will not permit him to be a Cromwell. Besides, he rests on a hollow foundation, for the army may desert him as it deserted Espartero.

At the small town of Majaceite, some years back, this dashing successor of the Duke of Victory won (next to the fraternising but decisive affair of Torrejon de Ardoz) his most important battle.

It was at Majaceite that he rescued Andalucía from the Carlist invasion by a brilliant *coup de main*, in a rapid but destructive action, which will not readily be effaced from the memory of the southern provinces. A bold achievement; but what was it to that daring march across the bosom of Spain, in the teeth of a powerful Regent and of his chosen generals, from Valencia to the walls of Madrid? Mark what gallantry has won, what feebleness has lost!

It was amusing to see Narvaez, in December last, refuse the grand cross of the order of Charles III., on the ground of his preferring to hold the post of Senator. The fact was that he hated and dreaded the chances of popular re-election, to which the members of the Upper Chamber are still subjected in Spain. His position for appealing to the people was not over secure, and his feelings were like those of Coriolanus towards the "common cry of curs."

With 50,000 bayonets at his back, he trembled at the risks of the invisible interior of the urn. But

what of that? Between him for Captain-General and Pezuela as Governor of Madrid, the metropolis was well guarded. Narvaez likewise made a parade of refusing, but ultimately accepted, the post of Captain-General or Field Marshal of the Spanish armies, a rank conferred upon none but the oldest and most distinguished Generals. The affected disinterestedness was fear of envy.

The despotic tendencies of Narvaez were very decidedly developed in the course of the autumn, in an attempt to expel from Madrid, at forty hours' notice, our countryman, Colonel Bristow, who has been for some time engaged in endeavouring to set on foot an Anglo-Iberian bank in the Spanish metropolis. The order to leave was conveyed to this gentleman in a most peremptory manner, and indeed with brutal rudeness. But the energetic intervention of our Chargé d'Affaires, Mr. Jerningham, speedily restored the balance, and convinced the Captain-General that he could remove no British subject protected by the Embassy, without specified crime, upon a simple *sic volo, sic jubeo*.

Tyranny, therefore, this time had not its fling, and in its huge oscillations was not suffered to do more than strike down its own countrymen. During the entire months of November and December, the net of streets which run from the Puerta del Sol was made, at nightfall, a frequent slaughter-house.

This quarter, so well known to Europe as the constant resort of the Madrilene populace, has latterly become more celebrated, even than of old,

for the propagation of political rumours, for the diffusion of early intelligence, and as the nucleus of those excited gatherings of Manolos and Manolas,\* which lead to disturbance and to Alborotos.† More than once since Narvaez's advent to power, this quarter had given him considerable trouble, and now his determination seemed to be to wreak a bloody revenge.

His agents frequently appeared there, and excited the people by cries hostile to their well-known feelings, to make a counter-demonstration, which might serve as a pretext for calling in the soldiery; military officers, disguised in civil costume, often repaired to the neighbourhood of the Puerta and excited stragglers by cries of "*Viva la Reina absoluta!*" to respond with "*Mueran los traidores!*"‡ The intervention of the military was instantly commanded, and the bayonet and bullet were buried in the entrails of the people. Sentinels with loaded muskets were planted at the corners of the principal streets, and the Princesa regiment was kept in barracks, ready at a word to be let loose upon the multitude.

Treachery is here too habitual to excite much surprise or provoke inquiry. On many a Fiesta or day of Saints, which Spain regards as of special holiness, plots and snares were thickly strewn around the people's footsteps; murder lurked beneath the wreath of festivity; and the day which began with prayer concluded with mourning. Nay, on the very three days' rejoicing set apart to do honour to the declara-

\* The common name for the Madrid people of the lower orders.

† Emeutes.

‡ Death to the traitors!

tion of the Queen's majority, the same heartless villany was witnessed, and some foolish cries raised in the Plaza Mayor, where the people were diverting themselves by the invitation of their rulers, before fountains playing milk and wine, were the signal for troops of ambushed cavalry to charge and cut them into pieces. How many fell upon this single occasion has never been correctly ascertained, but there is every reason to believe that the victims, amongst killed and wounded, were more than thirty.

"They invited us to a ball," said the people, in the true Madrileño spirit, "they invited us to a ball and we had to assist at a funeral;" while a leading Progresista declared, with a profanity found here by the side of intense devotion: "God repented to have created man. I repent to have assisted in forming the coalition!"

About the middle of November there gathered a crowd in front of the Queen's palace, and presently grew larger and larger, till all the open space was filled. Thus it was that it appeared to be the result of concert, and designed as a popular demonstration.

The immediate cause of the movement was an order published that morning for suspending the re-organization of the national militia of Madrid, until fresh dispositions should be taken to render it "a true guarantee of order, and support of the Throne and Constitution." What this meant the Madrileños knew full well, and their rage accordingly knew no bounds. No sooner was the Bando published by the Municipality than the news went round with lightning

speed, together with the familiar "*Alerta, Nacionales!*"

Before ten minutes had elapsed many of the old *Milicianos* and *Mozos de Compañías* were seen to hurry along the streets in the direction of the palace, some in uniform, others with a shako and cross-belts but without a coat; others with an ordinary civilian's jacket and no portion of the military costume but the cross-belts, while the bulk wore the lazy *capa*, or cloak, which the Madrid population so love, with nothing of soldiership in their appearance but the shako, which over their non-military garments looked odd and hybrid. But it was no time, thought they, for coquetry or studied niceties of dress.

The rallying place of the greater number was the Plaza de la Constitucion, where they tried their throats with the treble *viva*, and tuned them to the gruff, harsh bass of the portentous *muera!* In half an hour the concourse became immense; a neighbouring *taberna* poured forth its inmates in a numerous body; these were leading *Nacionales*, chiefly the sergeants of the force; and taking an imposing attitude, in half-military array, the entire crowd marched by the Calles Mayor and Santiago, and the Plaza de la Armeria, to the palace.

Narvaez, as Captain-general of New Castile, had taken precautions here throughout the autumn by planting advanced sentinels, but these were entirely unavailing. The crowd bore down all opposition, and proceeded steadily, giving *vivas* for the Constitutional Queen, and *mueras* for the Ministry and for all traitors! Now came into play Narvaez's protective

arrangements, now were enforced his stringent and bloody instructions.

The palace-guard, composed of strong bodies of infantry and cavalry, turned out upon the instant, and without hesitation charged the dense crowd. Though the latter for the most part wore a portion of their uniforms, none of them carried fire-arms, but a few had bayonets, and the rest ineffective knives.

It was purely a work of slaughter. The people stood one or two charges, and then precipitately retired. Several were wounded, and many more were taken prisoners. A dragoon officer, galloping into the midst of one of the most refractory groups, after dealing a few sword-cuts round about him, caught the blade of his sabre between his teeth (as butchers sometimes do their knives) grasped two of the *alborotodores*\* by the neck in each hand, and dragged them off at a canter to the guard-house, where he left them prisoners. He then spurred back his horse to the scene of the riot, but ere he had returned the crowd had fled.

There was a *corrida*, or running for life, through all the adjacent district, the dragoon-officer and his men galloping through the scared streets, the clang of arms and of horses' feet mingled horridly with the Sabbath hymn, and the people returning from worship recoiled into the asylum of their churches.

The extreme violence of Narvaez's character renders it most improbable that he can figure successfully, invested with the cares and responsibilities of high civil office, though to the highest post in the state

\* Rioters.



attainable by a subject, his ambition long aspired. He is destitute of political knowledge, deficient in ideas original or acquired, and possessed of no talent but for military combinations and *coups d'état*. His portfolio of Premier may prove like the mantle of Dejanira. A common saying amongst Madrid politicians, in concluding their estimate of Narvaez's character is, "*es muy brutal*."

For such a man the camp is the fitting sphere, and the most suitable employment of his powers is the curbing or the guidance of rude soldiers. His ardent and resolute mind is more adapted for the marshalling of armies than for the niceties of court intrigue or the manœuvring of legislative assemblies.

Moderation, calmness, and a conciliatory deportment, are to his temperament impossible. Yet Narvaez is by no means deficient in popular qualities, and has displayed respectable oratorical powers in the Córtes, where he has sat several times both as Deputy and as Senator. But it was in the war of succession that he found his proper element, driving the Carlist General Gomez forth from Andalucía like a whirlwind, and creating within a short period a fine army of reserve, with which he pacified the province of La Mancha, and made Espartero tremble.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## OLÓZAGA.

DON SALUSTIANO DE OLÓZAGA is a native of Logroño, in the north of Spain, on the confines of the Basque Provinces. He has long represented this district in the Córtes, and it is the pride of the inhabitants to have so distinguished a representative, who is likewise a *hijo de vecino* or child of the soil.

The province is peculiarly situated, comprising the north-eastern skirt of Old Castile, and conterminous both with Navarre and Alava, the more southerly of the three Vascongadas. Olózaga's is an ancient Basque family, and he was quietly reposing himself in his native district during the progress and consequences of the Pronunciamenti which he helped to set on foot last summer, when he was called to the court to be Queen Isabel's preceptor. He is one of the few exceptions to the general rule, that the more brilliant sons of Spain come from the south. It appears now to be pretty well ascertained that the Basques are of Tartar origin; and I am sure the Camarilla are of opinion that in this Basque they caught a Tartar.

Señor Olózaga is a man of haughty character, of keen sensibility, and fiery passions; a man of splendid eloquence and great and versatile capacity; a man of inordinate vanity and fickle attachments; a man of

singular political instability, and who, according to the uncontradicted testimony of Roca de Togores in the Córtes, has "broken faith with all parties;" in short, he is the Brougham of Spain.

In their very fates there is a resemblance. As Brougham boasted of writing letters "by that night's post" to his Sovereign, so Olózaga, in his familiarity with Queen Isabel, led her leaning on his arm to table, and tapped her at times on the shoulder. As Brougham, too, lost office and sacrificed himself as a politician by proclaiming at a serious crisis that "the Queen had done it all;" so Olózaga effected his political ruin by attempting to carry things with a high hand, though with no shadow of force, on the eventful night of the 28th November, and by subsequently arraigning his Sovereign in the Córtes.

The very flight of Olózaga to Portugal had its parallel in Brougham's flight to the north. The irritability of Brougham made him rush to the newspapers with his indecent charge against Queen Adelaide; the impatience of Olózaga made him somewhat peremptory in his bearing, when he required Queen Isabel to sign the decree of dissolution; and hence the terrible accusation of violence and *lesa magestad*.

But here all resemblance between them ceases. Never, perhaps, were there two individuals in whose personal appearance there is so wide and complete a difference. It is almost "Hyperion to a satyr." Olózaga is a man of fine and portly person, of stature tall and erect, nearly six feet high, broad-shouldered, square-built, firm and muscular. In strong opposition to the Gorgon mask of Brougham, his features are

very regular, his eye black and lustrous, his cheek full and ruddy with the highest glow of health, his *nose* well-proportioned. His face is decidedly intellectual, his lineaments radiant with mind, his forehead high and broad, his step and air commanding. It is also unmistakably a Spanish face—the hair as jetty dark as the eyes, the whiskers blackly visible, though shorn down to the cheeks, and the colour of the skin a serviceable brown. The play of his eyes is very fascinating when he smiles. The entire aspect of the man is penetrating, bold, and daring, and you can readily believe him to be one who, in the words of Martinez de la Rosa (though with no disrespect or disloyalty), when he carried the decree for signature, *antes vió su antigua discipula que la Reyna de las Españas*, “saw in her rather his former pupil than the Queen of all the Spains.” Olózaga is short-sighted, and makes much use of an eye-glass. He likewise walks very much, when ruminating, with his hands crossed behind his back.

Olózaga is a lawyer by profession, and attained to great eminence at the bar. The proverbial narrow-mindedness of lawyers advanced to statesmanship does not appear to extend to Spain, whose leading juriconsults are for the most part eminent legists and publicists as well. Two brilliant instances are to be found in the persons of Olózaga and Lopez, whose forensic as well as parliamentary displays are remarkable for their breadth of judgment and vigour of thought, as well as, in the instance of the latter, for an unrivalled play of imagination. Olózaga’s powers may be summed up in the words, that he is a sledge-hammer logician. Olózaga’s eloquence, unlike Brougham’s,

is uniform, sustained, and dignified. He has an eminently statesmanlike and philosophical mind, and all that "pellucid clearness" of statement which the latter once attributed to Lord Lyndhurst. The Spanish orator indulges in neither personalities nor sarcasm; his words are grave, his matter pregnant, his manner that of a commanding leader. Flights for mere display are never found in his speeches, nor frivolous inequalities, nor highly ornate passages. But wit, illustration, and fancy are condensed at intervals in a single phrase. He is too much of a politician to talk for the women and the schoolboys, and has much of Canning's power and manner, without his oratorical ambition.

In the frequency of Peninsular vicissitudes, Olózaga has been obliged, more than once, to fly the Spanish soil. When the attempt was made against the life of Ferdinand VII., the malice of his enemies sought most falsely to connect Olózaga with that conspiracy; his bold assertion of liberal opinions had long made him obnoxious to the court, and had he not wisely made his escape, his head would undoubtedly have been forfeited to the hatred of an older Camarilla; for the palace clique was then as expert in judicial villany as in political intrigue.

Olózaga fled from Madrid in the disguise of a Calesero or calèche driver, with Señor Garcia, Intendant of Police, who was likewise threatened to be made a victim to the royal wrath, and whom Olózaga actually drove out of the capital in the guise and with the traditional whip-flourish of his assumed craft.

The fugitives directed their course towards Coruña,