

these things to be thoroughly understood, so that he might not hereafter be reproached with creating false hopes or making delusive promises.”

When I looked, afterwards, at the authorized reports of this speech, I found that its broad doctrines and expressions had been so considerably modified, as to render them comparatively unobjectionable. The report, however, which I have given above, is correct, to my own knowledge ; for I was so much startled at the bold avowal of such sentiments, that I took particular note of the speech on the spot. The reader will appreciate the force of those facts which refer to the revenue, when he learns that the estimates for 1849 – 50 were about twelve hundred millions of reals, or sixty millions of dollars ! Sr. Lopez stated in the debate, without contradiction, that the cost of collecting was about twenty-one per cent. ; so that, to realize what the Ministry asserted was the lowest amount of indispensable expenditure on the part of the central government, the nation required to be taxed at least seventy millions of dollars. “ It was certainly consoling to the present generation to know,” said Sr. Lopez, “ and he thanked the Minister for his kindness in telling them, that things might possibly be better, after all who were now living had passed away from taxes and tax-gatherers.” Justice to Sr. Murillo, however, makes it proper to add, that his subsequent financial measures have displayed ability and wisdom, and have given a new and vigorous impulse to public confidence and private enterprise.

XIV.

GENERAL FIGUERAS. — ROCA DE TOGORES. — ALEXANDRE DUMAS. — SOUTHERN ORATORY. — OLOZAGA. — ESCOSURA. — BENAVIDES. — DONOSO CORTES. — THEIR SPEECHES.

THE other members of the Cabinet were without any particular parliamentary celebrity that I am aware of, and I seldom found any of them upon the floor, except the *ci-devant* General Figueras, Marquis of Constancia, and then Secretary at War. He was a bright-looking, combustible old gentleman, who made it a point to be chivalric and excited whenever the sanctity of his Department was invaded by rude questionings; and as the extent and expense of the military establishment were matters of daily comment in the Cortes, the silken banners of his eloquence had no occasion to feed the moth. A man in a passion, however, though perhaps more or less dangerous in a personal point of view, is not usually effective as an orator, and it consequently happened that the gallant Marquis rarely rose to speak without putting the house in a good humor, though he generally seemed to be in a very bad one himself. Yet his discourses, though

fiery, were but "brief candles," and for this, at all events, his style deserves to be praised a good deal more than it is likely to be imitated.

The Minister of Marine Affairs, the Marquis of Molins, under his original and more euphonious name of Roca de Togores, had acquired considerable reputation as a poet and man of letters. He had the good fortune to be a friend of Alexandre Dumas, who called him "Rocca," and pronounced him "one of the first poets, and most *spirituel* men of Spain." Nay, more, the illustrious author of the "*Impressions*" did not hesitate to prophesy that "Rocca" would be a Minister if he lived, — just as their common friend, the Duke of Osuna, might at any time have been, had his tastes carried him that way. It may be, that, from this indorsement of his merits, the Marquis of Molins is known the better beyond the limits of his country; but as M. Dumas did not understand one word of Spanish, and the Duke of Osuna (rest his soul!) had no promptings from his genius to be any thing but a jockey, the Marquis himself could hardly have felt much complimented by his friend's appreciation of his abilities, literary or political. The prophecy nevertheless came true, and before the travels of Dumas were given to the world, "Rocca" was intrusted with the control of a Department, whose ancient glories might have fed his loftiest inspiration, as its actual exigencies taxed his utmost ingenuity. I may have occasion to speak of the impulse which the navy received under his administration. His parliamentary career was without interest, during the opportunities I had of observing it.

The reader would hardly care to know, with any particularity, the manner or merits of the various members of the Cortes, who, with more or less ability and domestic reputation, took part in the debates I witnessed. A traveller belonging to a more impassible and less demonstrative race can scarcely be considered a fair critic of Southern eloquence, until custom has familiarized him with its peculiarities. The vivacity and earnestness which an excitable nature imparts, even to ordinary conversation, are of course heightened by the intenser stimulus and more elevated subjects of public discussion, and the style and gesture of the speaker thus appear, to unfamiliar eyes and ears, sometimes extravagant, if not unnatural. We forget that the defect may be in our standard, not in the thing we judge. We forget that our nature is not all of nature, — that our enthusiasm seems as cold to an Italian or a Spaniard, as his lightest expression of emotion seems overdone to us. Friends, parted for a little while, in those more genial climates, rush, when they meet again, into each other's arms, though all the world be looking on. Among "the natives of the moral North," the rare caress is made almost a household secret; the most sincere and deep emotion seems most ashamed to show itself, sometimes even to its object. It is not necessary to determine under which manner lies, in general, the truer and intenser heart. It may be that feelings, like odors, are wasted by diffusion; or that, like colors, they fade from too constant exposure. There is no doubt, on the other hand, that the systematic restraint of emotion, or of its display, has sometimes the effect of deadening, if not destroying, it at last. Na-

ture has probably some scheme of compensation by which she equalizes the substance without reference to the forms.

But, let the thing signified be as it may, there can be no doubt that the signs are constitutionally and naturally different. Every man feels it, every man under its influence is prompted to pronounce unnatural what comes in conflict with the habits of his nature, or the seeming nature given him by education. The reader, who, without previous experience and preparation, may have visited the Stanze of Raphael in the Vatican, can scarcely fail to remember how this feeling modified his first impressions of delight and wonder. The lofty attitudes and gesture, the gorgeous coloring, heroic mien, and bold, broad drapery, seemed to him, doubtless, for a while, theatrical and overwrought. It needed reflection and habit, and some sympathy with the true soul of art, to teach him that he was measuring by the scale of his dull organs, his colder temperament, and unkindled taste, what was addressed to the sensibilities of a more voluptuous fibre, to feelings of a warmer birth, and minds of which imagination is the mould. The same process of criticism which made him halt in his admiration would take away from Oriental fancy every thing but its grotesqueness, — would make Ariosto a retailer of enchanted follies, Dante a madman, and Calderon a rhapsodist. The influences which fill the bright air of the South with birds of various and splendid plumage, — which hang the fruit of gold on the ungrafted boughs, and cover the uncultivated fields with miraculous bloom and fragrance, — give to the thoughts and fancies springing 'mid them the

same luxuriance and glow. It is not in the colder zones that we can learn to sympathize with these. The hands which clipped the orange-gardens at Versailles were hardly fit to paint the prodigality of Cintra.

I would not by any means be understood, from the turn of the preceding reflections, as meaning to institute a comparison of excellence between the oratory of the Spanish legislative assemblies and that of similar bodies in other nations. I have simply designed to suggest that they are different things, regulated by canons widely different. I merely deprecate the criticism which regards their natural dissimilarity as a ground of objection to that style with which the critic is least familiar. It may be, perhaps, from some lack of catholicity in my own taste, that I thought the Spanish speakers often weakened the effect, and marred in some particulars, in the delivery, the grace of their most eloquent discourses. Their utterance, for example, was frequently so rapid, as to convey a painful idea of effort and haste; their gestures, almost universally, had the frequency and quickness of excited conversation, rather than the bold dignity of high passion. I was not, it is true, fortunate enough to hear some whose reputations placed them in the highest rank. Martinez de la Rosa — probably, on the whole, the first orator of Spain, despite his age — was absent as Ambassador at Rome. His rival, Galiano, to whom I shall refer hereafter, did not speak in the Cortes, to my knowledge, during my residence in Madrid. Sr. Olozaga, one of the heads of the *Progresistas*, — deemed by many the most accomplished speaker among the Deputies, and certainly endowed with physical and men-



tal gifts, such as might well command a senate, — took little part in the debates of the session. I lost by accident the only chance I had of hearing him, at any length, on an occasion which elicited his powers. It was a source of the more regret to me, from the fact that he is a Castilian, which few of the most prominent speakers are, and not only possesses the language in its utmost purity of pronunciation and construction, but in his manner illustrates the gravity and dignity of the national style in its best type.

Of those whom I heard in the Cortes, the most attractive orator to me was Don Patricio de la Escosura, — certainly I have listened to very few, anywhere, with as much gratification. He had not long returned to Spain, under the amnesty of 1849, — having fled to France with Olozaga, under sentence of banishment to the Philippine Islands, after the suppression of the Madrid insurrection, in 1848. That abortive outbreak the government insisted on considering as the joint work of the *Progresistas* and Sir Henry Bulwer; and when Narvaez made bold to dismiss the plenipotentiary of one of the most powerful nations of Europe, for that cause, he was not in a vein to lay light hands on the leaders of his domestic opposition. That, with a knowledge of the parliamentary abilities of the two gentlemen referred to, he should have permitted them to return to their country and the public councils, speaks loudly for his confidence and courage, though perhaps not less for his sagacity under the circumstances. Nothing can be more popular than magnanimity, with a chivalrous nation, — nay, with the people at large, in any nation; and when a ruler has strength enough to practise it,

he must be very unwise if he permits himself to lose the opportunity. But if Narvaez found the amnesty politic on the whole, Escosura's speeches must certainly have satisfied him that the good was not unqualified. The tribulation through which Don Patricio had passed had not bent the independence of his mind or speech. His denunciations were so glittering, his satire was so keen, his style so graceful, his manner so effective, that the ministerial benches often echoed the plaudits of the opposition. I have seen even Narvaez smile with genuine delight, at some pointed, happy hits of his, and have heard him cry out "*Bien!*" enthusiastically, at some eloquent apostrophe. Besides being one of the most graceful poets and scholars of his nation, Escosura had high personal gifts as a speaker. He was in the prime of life, with a good figure and attractive face. His voice was soft and musical, with an occasional tremor in it, which carried his pathos to the heart. His bolder tones were clear and ringing, and his articulation, even when most rapid and excited, was perfectly distinct. His humorous and histrionic powers, which were considerable, were managed with great adroitness, and enabled him to barb and point an insinuation, in a manner which I have never seen surpassed. Every speech that he made enhanced his reputation, and so attractive were the qualities of his character esteemed, that the name which he was building did not seem to cast one envious shadow.

Among the *Moderado* opposition, although there were several able men and effective speakers, the most formidable to the government was Don Antonio Benavides, a deputy from the district of Jaen. This gentle-

man had been in power himself, was thoroughly conversant with the ministerial ways of doing things, and possessed great familiarity with public affairs. His oratorical aspirations were by no means high, but he was a capital debater, in the business-like and best sense of the term. He carried into the parliamentary struggle a mind which was quick and versatile, at the same time that it was comprehensive and well poised. He was full of historical philosophy, but it was of the practical sort, and he had a sense of the ridiculous, which enabled him constantly to place in most amusing and resistless contrast the professions and practices of the administration. His cool dexterity and admirable temper were proof against ministerial interruptions and arrogance, as well as the embarrassments which the chair threw, as often as possible, in his way. He could always manage to have the last word, when he wanted it, and never took it without making it tell. He could throw an argument into a personal explanation, in spite of the rules of order and the President; and even ventured a gibe, when it served his turn, at the inviolable person of the Prime Minister. His pleasantry was too attractive for even the firmest of the ministerial adherents to be above its influence; and as nothing is so dangerous as laughter to pasteboard greatness, it was in this point of view, perhaps, that he was most obnoxious to the administration. "The honorable Deputy," said Sartorius of him one day, "has caused great merriment by his observations. It may be a question, however, whether a gentleman has reason to congratulate himself, because his rising to speak in the councils of his country is but the signal for a general smile."

“Blame me not, sir,” was the reply, “for the hilarity which these details may have provoked in the chamber. I do not invent,—I only describe. If things are ridiculous, it is the fault of those who make them so. I crave your pardon, sir, for the presumption of my illustration, but I have never heard that Molière was responsible for human meanness and hypocrisy, because he made them palpable in *Tartuffe* and the *Avare*.”

A single expression, in one of the speeches of Benavides, did more to affect the popularity of a prominent government measure than it is easy to conceive, where the appreciation and influence of humor are less universal and decided than in Spain. For some reason, not very comprehensible, a law was introduced to change the whole system of fiscal and civil administration in the provinces, by removing the Intendants and Political Chiefs, and creating a class of officers called Provincial Governors, in their stead. For some other reason, equally unintelligible, but probably much more nearly connected with personal interests and the dispensation of patronage than with the welfare of the capital or the nation, it was proposed that Madrid should be made an exception,—retaining her *Intendente* and *Jefe Politico* after the old fashion. There was a good deal of inquiry as to the cause of this anomaly,—no one appearing to understand why, if the system were vicious, as the government had taken pains to demonstrate, one part of it should be perpetuated any more than the rest. Benavides explained. “The offices in question are to be preserved,” he said, “as part of the historical monuments of the capital. Posterity must learn that we have had Political Chiefs

in Spain, — yea, and Intendants also ! They are twin unities not known to other governments, and their memory should not be lost among men. The admiration of the future, which would have been wasted among so many, will be concentrated now on the solitary specimens that survive. Men will not speak hereafter of the *Jefe Politico* of Madrid, — the Madrid *Intendente*, — but the *Jefe Politico*, — the *Intendente* ! They will be handed over to the grammatical treasury of nouns that have no plural ! They will keep company with the Holy Father and the Ship Soberano, — the persons and things whereof there is but one ! ” The quiet but unequivocal allusion in the last expression to the fact that the administration had allowed the navy to remain with but one old damaged ship of the line, while the treasures of the nation were lavished in the maintenance of an army at Rome, struck a chord which vibrated through the house and the whole city. Sartorius endeavored to counteract its effect, by giving an acrimonious and personal turn to the debate ; but Benavides rejoined in a few graceful and good-humored words, which fixed the laugh where he had left it.

The advantage, in point of parliamentary ability, being, as has been said, on the side of the opposition, Donoso Cortes, Marquis of Valdegamas, and then Minister at Berlin, was allowed leave of absence from his diplomatic post, to discharge his duties in the Cortes, as one of the Deputies from the district of Badajoz. Besides being a poet of very distinguished reputation, this gentleman had entered of late, with great success, upon the career of politics, and had become one of the most eminent of the *Moderado* orators and states-

men. He was regarded, at home and in France, as a person of very profound philosophy in things political, and of great sublimity in his views and theories generally. The post of honor, therefore, was given to him, in the debate on the *presupuestos*, and he immediately preceded Narvaez, by whom, as has been said, the discussion was concluded. Great expectations were formed of his effort, and crowds went to hear it. The newspapers glorified it exceedingly; the *Puerta del Sol* echoed its praises; and when I saw the orator, three nights afterwards, at a ball, he was still receiving congratulations, like a bridegroom in the first quarter of the honey moon. It was a singular discourse, — full of thought and power, rhapsody and rant, — illustrating in itself, as well as in the sensation which it produced, the reverence for French ideas, principles, and forms, in which the *Moderado* dynasty has almost merged the nationality of Spain.

Originally, with his political fortunes to seek, Donoso Cortes was a liberal, in no narrow signification of the term. Created a Marquis, — which seems to be a dignity specially coveted by the *Moderados*, — he naturally enough took to conservatism, and, being on excellent terms with those in power, he felt still more deeply — as gentlemen in such case always do — the absolute necessity of maintaining the social and established order. His school of poetry, indeed, — which is the romantic, — inclined him to invest with reverent and mystic awe the sacred rulers of mankind; and that inclination was not likely to be diminished by the fact, that the poet imagined he could see the wand of state hidden among his own laurels. Having had no practical experience in

government, and but little opportunity to watch the operation of systems genuinely constitutional, he had to seek what he could find in books. The affinities of party led him towards the oracles at Paris, and his own mental constitution taught him to prefer their eloquent abstractions to the practical and plainer lessons of British and American example. Even among the disciples of the doctrines which he professed, his peculiar tendency was to romanticize and Germanize. It was his taste to vaticinate like Lamartine, and crusade with the sacerdotalism of Montalembert, rather than follow the severe analysis and unequalled generalization of De Tocqueville and Guizot. Like all abstractionists, and particularly the poetical, he frequently fell into the vice of mistaking words for ideas, and of setting up as philosophy what was simply phraseology. His speeches and writings, however, were, as I have said, considered by the mass as both profound and sublime. Philosophical forms and processes are, in themselves, of great edification and refreshment to many readers and hearers, and when they are accompanied by a certain warmth and earnestness of imagination and expression are often none the less popular from having nothing in them. The speech of Valdegamas, on the occasion referred to, was so characteristic of his own peculiarities, and furnishes so curious a clew to the political doctrines and tendencies of his party, that it deserves a paragraph or two as a pendant to the Senatorial effort of the Minister of Finance.

The question before the house was a very simple one. The Constitution required the budget to be submitted to the Cortes, for the purpose, obviously, of

examination and discussion. The government, however, proposed that its whole financial policy and *projet*, thus submitted, should be indorsed and adopted at once, without further debate. It was a plain question of expediency,—not of constitutionality. It would have been folly to suppose that the constitution intended to compel inquiry, when the representatives of the people desired none; or to enforce discussion, when they found nothing to discuss. It was for the legislature, under a due sense of public duty, to determine as to the propriety of the thing; but, that determination once arrived at, there could be no rational doubt of the legislative right to act on it, or of the constitutional legitimacy and obligation of such action. It was to this view of the case that Olozaga and Escosura directed themselves, and it was in reducing and confining the controversy to this issue, after a long and discursive debate, that Narvaez displayed the clearness and directness of his acute and vigorous mind.

The Marquis of Valdegamas, on the contrary, appeared to consider the whole politics of Europe as involved in the question, which he chose to treat as a trial of strength between monarchy and socialism. After the fashion of the French conservative orators, he assumed socialism and democracy to be identical. Economical questions he then anathematized as among the most wicked and pernicious devices which the Tempter had taught the socialists; and proceeded with great gravity to prove, after his manner, that financial economy, though quite an interesting matter, was still only of third or fourth rate importance,—that it was too inflammatory a subject to be handled at that mo-

ment, and was indeed rather difficult to dispose of satisfactorily at any time. The last of these propositions, at all events, might have been proved without any unusual exertion; but the orator had no idea of letting it pass into the ranks of things established, without something more than the ordinary treatment of plain truths.

“The nation is not firm,” he said. “Since that epoch of tremendous memory (the last French Revolution) there has been nothing firm in Europe. Spain is the firmest of the nations, and you see what Spain is. This Congress is the best, and yet you see what this Congress is. Spain, wavering as you behold her, is at this moment to the Continent as an oasis in Zahara. I have talked with the wise, and have seen how worthless is wisdom. I have listened to the valiant, and have learned the insignificance of valor now. I have appealed to the prudent, and have found how weak, in the emergency, is prudence! It seems as if the statesmen of Europe had lost the gift of counsel. Human reason is in eclipse, — human institutions tremble in the wind, — nations are precipitated into sudden and mighty downfall. At this day, over the whole continent, all paths — even the most opposite — conduct but to perdition. Here, resistance destroys; there, concession is fatal. Where weakness is death, there are weak princes. Where ambition is ruin, there are ambitious princes. Where perdition shall come of talent, there God has given ability to kings. As it is with monarchs, so is it with ideas. The most magnificent and the vilest have the same results. If you doubt it, turn your eyes towards Paris and towards Venice, and be-

hold what has come of demagogism, and what has come of the superb idea of Italian independence! As with ideas and with monarchs, so is it with other men. Where one man could save society, that man exists not; or, if he does exist, God scatters some poison for him in the air. Where one man can overturn society, that man appears, — that man is borne aloft upon the palms of men, — that man finds every road open and level before him. Do you question it? Look from the tomb of Marshal Bugeaud to the throne of Mazzini! As it is with ideas, and kings and other men, so it is with parties. Where the salvation of society depends on the dissolution of old parties, and their amalgamation into new ones, there parties refuse to be dissolved, and are not dissolved. This is what happens now in France. Where the salvation of society appeals to parties, — that they cling to their old banners, — that they tear not their bosoms, — that they keep themselves together, and fight together, in great and noble battles, — where all this is needful, as in Spain, that society may live, — there — here — do parties leap to dissolution! Gentlemen! the true cause of the deep and awful evil with which Europe is overwhelmed is this alone, — that the idea of divine authority and of human authority has altogether disappeared. This is what scourges Europe, — what scourges society, — what afflicts the world, — and it is from this that nations have become ungovernable. It is this that explains what I have never heard explained, and what nevertheless is of easy explanation.

“All who have travelled through France agree in

saying that you cannot meet a Frenchman who is a republican. I can bear witness to the truth of this, for I have just passed through France. Why then, and how then, is it, if there be no republicans, that the republic exists? The republic exists in France — nay, it will continue to exist — *because the republican is the necessary form of government among a people who are ungovernable*. Where the people are not to be ruled, government necessarily takes the republican shape. And this is why the republic subsists and will subsist in France. Little matters it whether the republic be, as it is, resisted by the will of men, if it be upheld, as it is, by the very necessity of things!”

Having spoken of human and divine authority as equally forgotten in the world, the orator proceeded to anticipate and meet the question as to the connection that exists between politics and religion. He attributed to “civilization” two phases, — the one affirmative and catholic, the other negative and revolutionary. The former established three affirmations, religious and political. The first of these was the existence of a God and of a king; the second, the dominion of God over all things, and of the king over his realm; the third, the exercise of that dominion, by actual government, in both cases. Civilization, in its revolutionary phase, presented three negations: first, that of the deist, who denied the providence of God, and that of the constitutional monarchist, who denied to the king the exercise of his dominion; second, that of the pantheist, whose political correlative was the republican; and third, that of the atheist, whose yoke-fellow was of course the socialist. The good and perfect Chris-

tian, it is needless to say, was matched with the legitimist and the absolutist. "Europe," cried the philosopher, "has entered upon the second negation, and is striding towards the third, which is the last, — the abyss, — beyond which is darkness only."

It would be tedious, though very curious, to follow the speaker through the extraordinary processes by which he showed, that, from this impending catastrophe, Catholicity and standing armies were the only asylums of refuge. Russia, he asserted, was at present powerless, because she had only wrought on Europe heretofore through the Germanic Confederation, which had now ceased to exist, or rather passed into chaos. It might be, he said, that after revolutions had dissolved society and dispersed its standing armies, and after Socialism had destroyed patriotism by destroying property, Russia might sweep, with her Slavonic millions, in wild triumph over Europe. Only England could avert this, in any case; but England, alas! lacked Catholicity, without which there could be no victory in such a contest! "I say, Sir," he exclaimed, "that Catholicity is the only remedy against Socialism, because Catholicity involves the only doctrine which is the absolute contradiction of Socialism. What is Catholicity? It is wisdom and humility. What is Socialism? It is pride and barbarism. Like the Babylonian king, it is at once king and beast."

Then followed a demonstration of the costliness of republics, and the cheapness of despotisms. Standing armies, it was asserted, were in fact the only cheap machinery of government. This led to a parallel, touching and eloquent in some of its passages, between

the soldier and the priest, but in which I am afraid the preference was rather given to the soldier,—as under the *Moderado* administration was practically the case in Spain, both as regards consideration and pay. The discourse wound up with an appeal to the Deputies, to despise economy at such a crisis and not peril a great cause by wasting the energies and distracting the unity of conservatism in fruitless and discordant debate. Legislative bodies, he warned them, might compass their own ruin by their impracticability. If they would neither govern nor let govern, but only discuss, they could not stand.

“What has become of the Frankfort Assembly?” he asked them; “of that Assembly in whose ranks were sages, nobles, and philosophers, the wisest, the most honored, the most profound? Where is it? Whither has it gone? Never did the world behold a senate more august,—an end more lamentable! One universal shout of acclamation welcomed its birth,—it died amid a hissing as universal! Germany lodged it like a goddess in a temple,—the same Germany looked on while it perished like a harlot in a ditch!”

The reader who only sees this speech, in its mere nakedness, and in the imperfect shape which I have given it,—with its melancholy pessimism, its hopeless distrust of human intelligence and virtue and the providence of God,—the solemn sophistry with which it would persuade men to surrender the hard-won liberty of thought and action, whereof the legislature in which it was delivered was the offspring, and the political existence of the speaker himself a triumph,—the reader, I say, who sees but this, will wonder that a con-

stitutional congress should have received the discourse with any demonstration but a hiss like that which said farewell to the Frankfort Assembly. Bursts of disapprobation did, in fact, occasionally sweep across the Chamber, — indignant denials of the principles promulged, and the deductions drawn from them. But still the speech was eminently successful. Its forms were stately, imaginative, and oratorical, — its expressions glowing with intense conviction. The orator had enthusiasm, grace, boldness, fire, — all the volatile elements which evaporate after the moment of inspiration, yet make that moment glorious. When men came to read what had excited them so much, there were many who thought, with an old Carlist general of my acquaintance, that Donoso Cortes was “a *pedante*, with his head in the clouds.” But the mass did not stop to read, and the majority of those who did, though they admitted it to be “*un poco metafísico*,” insisted, with great positiveness, that it was “*muy sublime*” nevertheless.

XV.

THE SENATE. — ALCALÁ GALIANO. — THE CORTES OF 1823.
— THE ATHENÆUM. — GALIANO'S LECTURES THERE.

THE Palace of the Senate is on the Plaza de los Ministerios, not far from the late chamber of the Deputies, but inconveniently distant, I should think, from their present place of session. It occupies the site of a church, formerly belonging to an adjoining convent of Austin friars, and is without any architectural merit or pretension. In front of it, across the Plaza, is the palace of the Queen Mother, — a most unsightly edifice, not long erected, — which might be taken for an immense conservatory, were it not that the pile of window-glass, which constitutes the resemblance, is of various and glaring colors.

The Senate Chamber is precisely “the pleasing land of drowsy-head,” in which legislators with the life-tenure usually dream through their unagitating duties. There is little that you see or hear, as you sit in the small galleries, to disturb the calm, respectable stagnation, whose spirit broods over the illustrious assemblage. Even the echoes are solemn with a monotony of their

own, and the graceful oval of the hall — avoiding all obtrusiveness of angles — seems as if intended to furnish that repose to the eye, which an assured position and comfortable dignity so naturally spread over the mind. The churchmen, who nod while the Marquis of — is speaking, are in the purple of extreme preferment. Why should they, — or the invalid generals, the broken-down or retired ministers, the gratified favorites, the pensioned placemen, the effete nobility, who are around them, — why should they, whose ambition has been successful, or exhausted or check-mated, trouble themselves with making or listening to speeches? What's Hecuba to them? Their business is to vote with the government, and to be dignified, — an easy duty and a pleasant privilege! It would be unreasonable to expect that they should mar the enjoyment of the one, by travelling beyond the requirements of the other. A stray *Progresista* — or an impracticable young *Moderado*, who has not arrived at years of political discretion, or lost the habits of the lower house, or the hope of yet ruling in Israel — may be permitted to vex the repose and crucify the spirits of the elders by his discourses and his questionings. But empty benches, dull ears, and extinguishing majorities will subdue at last even the most burning fever of eloquence and patriotism. Rare, therefore, in the main, is the tempest of discussion which ever ruffles the soft plumes of the halberdiers, whose dainty raiment gives an air of feudal pageantry to what in fact is hardly, in its spirit or its operation, an institution of the nineteenth century. Strange, that the Cortes of 1820–23 held their sessions in this same hall, and that many, whose hearts

were warmest and whose voices were loudest in the eloquent conflicts of those stormy days, should be seated — conservatives among the most conservative — high on the benches which echo most faithfully the mandates of present power! Is it the weakness or the wisdom of age which so frequently changes the radical of twenty-five into the high-tory of sixty? Weakness inconceivable or wisdom inscrutable it must surely have been, which brought Martinez de la Rosa and Alcalá Galiano to sit under the Presidency and follow the vote of the Marquis of Miraflores, — the defender of Ferdinand the Seventh and the eulogist of his despotism.

I have said that Galiano did not address the Senate, that I am aware, during my residence in Madrid. Although allied in party doctrines and association with the existing government, he seemed at that time rather lukewarm in his devotion, or at all events indisposed to make any display of it. A brother-senator of his, not ill inclined to gossip, told me that Galiano had applied to ministers, not long before, for some preferment, which they had refused. “*Y es natural se ofenda!*” my informant added; — “It is natural he should not be pleased!” No better evidence could be afforded of the strength of the *Moderados* at that day, or at least of their confident belief that they were strong, than their indifference to the support of so distinguished and able a man, — one so remarkable, especially, for those peculiar powers which are most formidable in opposition. In the Chamber of Deputies it is likely that the veteran tribune might have commanded almost any thing, in reason, that he had desired. It was his misfortune, however, to be *arrinconado* — cornered, as they

expressively call it — in the upper house, the deadening *vis inertiae* of which was quite enough to paralyze all the satire, sarcasm, and denunciation he had wielded in his palmiest days. It was not, therefore, worth their while to propitiate him, when his parliamentary suffocation was so easy and economical. Alas! too, he had fallen away from the faith of his youth, and the wily politicians whom he dealt with knew that he could no longer summon followers for his own revenge, with the trumpet he had ceased to sound when popular institutions were in danger. It was but the familiar case — so often paralleled in English history — of the irresistible leader of the people ennobled into the insignificant peer.

Galiano entered the Cortes, during the second constitutional period, as a deputy from Cadiz, his native city. In the legislature of that day were many able men, of large experience in public affairs, some of whom had successfully improved their opportunities for parliamentary distinction in the Cortes of 1812–14. Though comparatively young and inexpert in politics and public speaking, Galiano was not long in rivalling the most conspicuous of his associates, and soon established for himself a national reputation, by the boldness of his doctrines and the brilliancy of his eloquence. In 1823, when the Cortes were in session at Seville, and the approach of the Duc d'Angoulême rendered their removal necessary, the king — who, although he had committed himself to the constitution by every variety of gratuitous and supererogatory perjury, was still in active correspondence with its enemies and the chief of the invaders — refused positively to move a single