

DON CARLOS.

BY ANDRÉ DE ST. ANDRÉ AND GEORGE GALE THOMAS.

“**W**ANTED—a King.” Thus one of the London newspapers recently summed up the political situation in Spain, the full significance of which can only be seen in the light of past history.

No country in Europe has suffered more from internal dissensions, or has been engaged in more ghastly civil wars than those which have devastated the Iberian Peninsula. After having stood in the front rank of nations in the possession of the widest colonial empire, the classic land of Cervantes, Murillo and Velasquez has fallen on evil days. One by one her colonies have been lost, until at the present day, Spain is no more than the shadow of what she was during the glorious reigns of Isabella the First and Charles the Fifth.

The nineteenth century will, indeed, remain in the annals of the Peninsula as the age of misfortune and decadence. It is necessary to go back sixty years to seek the prime cause of the dissensions which have exhausted this unhappy country.

Barely recovered from the shock of the French Revolution and the throes of the succeeding struggle, caused by the attempt of Napoleon to found a kingdom for his brother

Joseph, Spain had the misfortune in 1815 to come under the dominion of a monarch who, instead of healing her wounds and consolidating her strength on a secure basis, left her, by his last act, a fatal legacy of discord.

Desiring to leave the throne to his infant daughter—thus changing the order of the succession which, by the Salic law, could only run in the male line—this unfortunate Ferdinand VII. left a bone of contention which plunged his country into anarchy of the worst description, causing the Carlist Wars of 1833 to 1839, and 1872 to 1876, and the insurrections of 1845, 1849, and 1860, which have so impoverished Spain and lessened her prestige in the councils of Europe.

The *pronunciamientos* organised by ambitious military leaders, after having in turn placed on the throne and then driven from it Isabella II., Amadeus I., and Alfonso XII., have irremediably undermined the royal power; so much so, that, at the present time,

in spite of the firmness and dignity of the Queen Regent Maria Christina, the country from one end to the other is asking, whether the only salvation is not to be found in the return of the present representative of the legitimate royal line which Ferdinand ousted from its rights in 1833.



From a photo by]

[Hirsbrunner, Lucerne.

RECENT PORTRAIT OF DON CARLOS AND DON JAIME, THE LATTER IN RUSSIAN UNIFORM.

The horrible insurrections in Cuba and the Philippines, with the consequent complications in connection with America, came to the nation as the last straws in the load,



DON JUAN III.
(Father of Don Carlos.)

and, although there was no reason to look further for their cause than the proverbial misgovernment of Spanish colonies, yet to the proud Spaniard they were only another proof of the incompetence of the Government, and an argument in favour of the return of the exiled king.

fact, not only head of the illustrious House of Bourbon, but he is at the same time the rightful sovereign of Spain. A glance at the genealogy of his family is sufficient to bring conviction of the legitimacy of his claim in this behalf.

Don Carlos is, in

On the other hand, the theory of precedent advanced by the Christinos in 1833 and by the Alfonsists in 1875 is untenable. The ancient kingdoms of Castile, Arragon, and Navarre have, indeed, been ruled by women, but *only in default* of all male issue, and history shows that even in these most exceptional cases, the royal power has always been exercised by husband and wife conjointly.

Such, in brief, are Don Carlos's claims. Let us now turn to the man himself.

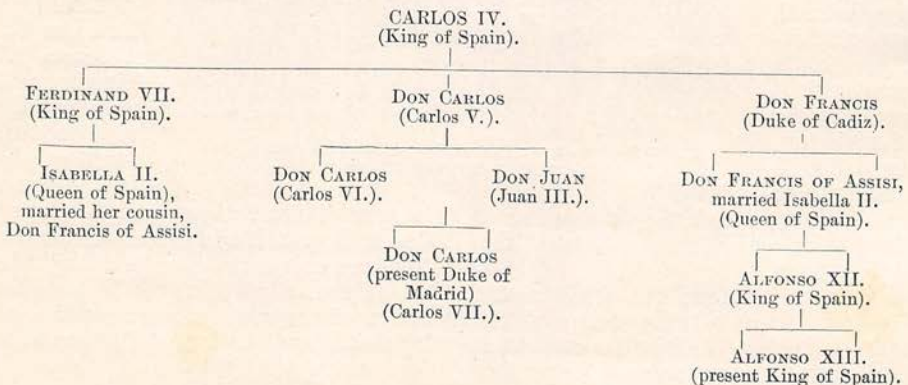
Certainly the prince who, on the 1st of November, 1888, wrote proudly to his faithful Valori the historic words, "Je tiens mon droit de mes aïeux et mon expérience de mes malheurs," is no ordinary man and he has lived no ordinary life. His very birth had a touch of the romantic.

In the spring of 1848 Prince Don Juan, his father, and the Archduchess Beatrice of Austria-Este, his mother, were travelling on their way to Vienna, when, as they approached Laibach, a small town in the Austrian province of Illyria, the princess was compelled to descend from the post-chaise to enter a village inn by the roadside. A short time after, in this chance shelter, the direct heir of Carlos V. came into the world, March 30th, 1848.

His parents settled themselves at Innsbruck, and he passed the first eighteen years of his life in Austria, going to Bologna at the age of nine to be confirmed by Pope Pius IX. His political life, however, did not commence until the year 1868. The young prince was now twenty years of age, and those twenty years had been eventful for his country.

Isabella II. was on the eve of being driven in disgrace from her throne, after a thirty-five years' reign, which will remain on record as the most dissolute and immoral reign

GENEALOGY OF DON CARLOS.



which modern history has known. Carlos V., the hero of the first Carlist War, and his eldest son, Carlos VI., had both passed away, and Don Juan, the younger brother of the latter prince, after long consideration, had decided to abdicate his rights in favour of his eldest son, the present Don Carlos.

For the occasion a great council of the Carlist chiefs was convened in London. The day before the council the young Carlos, moved by the chivalrous instincts

to end his career by turning traitor to the cause for which he had shed his blood.

But this was still unwritten history when, on the 19th of July, 1868, the young prince had his historic interview with the old general of sixty-two.

In order to receive him whom he hypocritically called his king, the general played an unworthy comedy. He received him in bed, feigning illness. Hardly had the conversation commenced when he began to rail



Baron de Sangarren. Marquis de Valde-Espina. General Casero. General Argonz.
General Trariaguirae. Don Carlos.

DON CARLOS AT A COUNCIL OF WAR DURING THE WAR OF 1872-76.

(After Kirchmayer's picture.)

which characterised his nature, set out to visit Cabrera, the general who had fought so bravely in the cause of his grandfather, and who, loaded with years and honours, had, twenty years before, retired into private life at Wentworth.

A curious figure in history is this old Spaniard. The son of poor fisherfolk of Catalonia, he became renowned for his bravery in the first Carlist War; was created Count of Morella and Marquis del Ter, only

against the Carlists. Don Carlos, young as he was, showed then his nobility of character, and, repressing his righteous indignation, left the pretended invalid with these words—

“Cabrera, I thank you for your services to the cause of my grandfather and my uncle; but, if you wish to leave us, do it without railing, and, above all, remember that the hero who at the end of his life deserts his flag is a dishonoured man. If you leave me, it is to my great regret; but

God will raise up other heroes for my cause."

On the morrow the great council was held, and Don Carlos took the title of Duke of Madrid, and issued to the Court of St. James and all the foreign Courts his famous declaration, of which the official text is as follows—

"Si Dieu et les circonstances me placent sur le trône des Espagnes, je m'efforcerai de concilier loyalement les institutions utiles de notre époque



Photo by]

[Naya, Venice.

THE ROYAL CARLIST STANDARD.

(Now hangs in the Loredan Palace, after going through the two Carlist campaigns.)

avec les institutions indispensables du passé, laissant aux Cortes Générales, librement élues, la grande et difficile mission de doter ma chère patrie d'une Constitution qui, je l'espère, sera à la fois espagnole et définitive."

Had he then warned Spain against the victor of Morella, it is probable that at the present moment he would be King of Spain; for, just as the cause of Carlos V. was ruined by the traitor Maroto, so Carlos VII. failed because of the treason of Cabrera.

The Carlists of Spain saw in Cabrera the only general capable of placing the young prince on the throne of his ancestors. The prince was, however, young at the time, and dared not blazen abroad the unworthy conduct of the old general. It was, perhaps, the only occasion on which he did not sufficiently assert his mastery. Nor can one condemn a

pretender of twenty years, who hesitates to abandon his faith in the man who has fought for the cause of his grandfather. Four precious years were lost in endeavouring to convince Cabrera of the futility of delaying in the cause of him whom he still continued to call his king. Resolved at length to take the field at all costs, the prince courageously entered Spain. The manner of it is sufficiently romantic to be worth relating.

On the night of May 1st, 1872, a little company of men were lying in the grass on the summit of the Pyrenees impatiently awaiting the dawn. They were Carlists, who with great difficulty had at length found the means of evading the cordon of French soldiers guarding the frontier and had crossed to the Spanish side.

As the hour of dawn approached, the night grew darker, as often happens in the South of France, where, after having shone in the clear heaven until nearly three o'clock, the stars seem suddenly to disappear, as if annoyed at having so soon to give place to the orb of day.

A young man, just awakened, felt the pressing necessity which always characterises the Spanish race—to light a cigarette—for a Spaniard can go without bread, but he cannot go without smoking!

Having no match, he turned to his neighbour and in the still prevailing darkness asked for a light.

Willingly his neighbour, who had not slept—as one can well imagine—struck a match. By the light of it the young man recognised Don Carlos.



Photo by]

[Vianelli, Venice.

DON CARLOS AT THE END OF THE WAR IN 1876.

"Viva el Rey, Carlos VII.," he cried.

"Viva la España," joyfully replied the king.

When the day dawned the little company descended the mountain to a *borda*, one of the small Spanish farms in the Pyrenees. Here they expected to meet a hundred well-armed men, but instead they found eighteen men and one bayonet!

"No matter," said Don Carlos.

His followers wished him to recross the frontier, but he refused energetically. Then this handful of men went twenty-four hours without touching food, braving a thousand risks in trying to raise others to join them. A year later the eighteen men had given place to an army of one hundred thousand, and Don Carlos commanded in all the North of Spain. The details of the war thus romantically inaugurated are too well known to need repetition.

It was during this war that the Princess Maria de las Nieves of Braganza, the sister-in-law of Carlos, made herself famous by her military courage as well as her goodness of heart, and Carlos himself had an opportunity of showing his energy and decision.

On the night before the 3rd of February, 1875, his generals were assembled in a council of war to decide

whether or not to attack the enemy on the morrow. They could come to no agreement. Then Don Carlos, only twenty-six years old, interposed and said decisively—

"We will attack Lacar at half-past four to-morrow morning. I am the king and the only chief responsible. Rejoin your troops and follow my instructions."

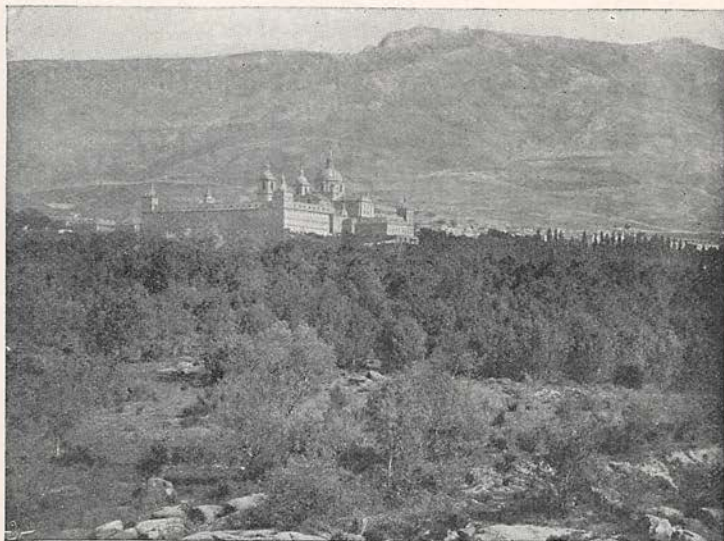
On the morrow, under his direction, the famous victory of Lacar was won, when the Carlists took three hundred prisoners, with a quantity of arms and artillery, and the king, Alfonso XII., himself narrowly escaped being taken prisoner.

After the battle the generals insisted that the young leader should wear the Grand Cross of the celebrated Order of St. Ferdinand, a decoration which his modesty had

hitherto prevented him from assuming. Later in the war, in order to strengthen the devotion of his soldiers, Don Carlos had his five-year-old son, Don Jaime, brought, and having drawn up his troops in order of battle, took the boy in his arms and presented him to the army with these words—

"I wish that you should make the acquaintance of the son whom God has given me, so that you may know that Spain has a 'Prince of Asturias.' I will bring him up in the love of the fatherland, and do my best to make him worthy of his birth and of the name I have given him. If I die, soldiers, do not forget that you have still a king after me."

All the efforts made, however, ended in



From a photo by]

THE ESCURIAL, MADRID.

[Spencer, Strand, W.C.

failure. Cabrera, who had not wished to take part, threw away his mask, and by a letter dated from Paris on March 11th, 1875, informed the Carlists that he recognised Alfonso XII., the king whom the Republicans, at their wits' end to know what to do, had put on the throne two months before.

This desertion entirely disorganised the Carlists, and twelve months afterwards Don Carlos abandoned the struggle and started on his travels round the world. He has wandered up and down the two hemispheres, from Africa to Mexico, from the Indies to South America, finding time to give new proofs of his bravery during the Russo-Turkish War, where he distinguished himself at Plevna under the flag of the Tsar Alexander II.

Such is Don Carlos "the soldier," brave and energetic, ready to dare all to regain his crown. Don Carlos "the man" is not less merciful than he is brave. One of his servants had stolen the jewelled collar of the Illustrious Order of the Golden Fleece, which his master had inherited from his great uncle, the Duke of Modena. It was of considerable value—some £2,000—and the diamonds of which it was formed had been taken from their settings and sold in Paris.

Don Carlos valued very highly this historic heirloom of his family, but none the less he pardoned the culprit, and was only brought to prosecute him later, when the delinquent pretended that he had merely sold the jewels under his order to provide him with some ready money.

But it is as Don Carlos "the king" that he is the most striking personality. Tall and good-looking, with a bearing full of dignity, those who have the honour of being presented to him feel themselves to be in the presence of a king indeed—one who unconsciously creates around himself a subtle atmosphere of kingly respect which is independent of the pomps and ceremonies of a court. At the same time, he has gained in an extraordinary degree the affection of all those who come into contact with him.

After having lost his first wife, Princess Marguerite of Bourbon-Parma, he married, some four years ago, the Princess Bertha, of the illustrious House of Rohan, in the direct line of the ancient sovereigns of Brittany, and one of the oldest families in Europe, tracing their descent back to Boadicea of England.

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In 1881 he was expelled from France under curious circumstances. On July 2nd a solemn ceremonial Mass, in honour of the Comte de Chambord, was held by the Legitimists in the Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, the ancient parochial church of the kings of France. After the Mass, Don Carlos took his seat in a chair of state, and all the Legitimists, defiling before him, kissed his hand as though he were indeed a king. The Republicans, alarmed at this

demonstration, and fearing that as heir of the Comte de Chambord he was about to set up a claim to the throne of France, promptly ordered his expulsion from the country.

For a long time he made his home in the charming Swiss town of Vevey, on the Lake of Geneva, until he definitely took up his abode in one of the most beautiful of the princely palaces of Italy—the Loredan Palace at Venice.

In this Queen of the Adriatic, with its historic palaces, recalling the days of its once powerful Republic, there is, above all, one highway which gives a particular sensation of grandeur—the Grand Canal. Along its sides are scattered the splendid palaces of princely families, marvellous erections of marble with sculptured *loggias*.

Here stands the Loredan Palace, given to Don Carlos by his mother, daughter of Francis, Duke of Modena. In front of the Palace rise four great poles, gaily painted in the Spanish colours, yellow and red, to which are moored two beautiful gondolas, manned by gondoliers in a livery of blue edged with red. At the top of one of the two great staircases at the entrance we arrive at the spacious state rooms of the Palace—three reception-rooms, the dining-room, the study, and the *salle d'honneur*.

Leaving on one side the study, through which have passed many of the sovereigns of Europe, we enter the *salle d'honneur*. This hall may fitly be called the temple of Carlism. The walls are covered with flags, sabres, swords, and historic weapons of every country, whilst in the midst is the celebrated royal flag of Carlos V., of velvet embroidered in silk and gold. This flag stands between two soldiers sculptured in life-size with such skill that they appear living. The fifty standards embroidered by the ladies of the Spanish aristocracy for the last Carlist war complete the decoration of this marvellous *salle d'honneur*.

It is in the midst of these precious trophies of the past and these souvenirs of his travels, that the exiled king loves to live over again past days and to hope for the



Photo by]

DON CARLOS.

[A. Beau.

future, when the time shall come for him to return to the "Escorial," the classic palace of his ancestors in Madrid, where are buried all the kings of Spain.

bodies of your uncle and grandfather. I shall not sleep in peace in a foreign land far from the tombs of my ancestors."

Quietly and uneventfully the days pass in



From a photo by]

THE DUCHESS OF MADRID, WIFE OF DON CARLOS.

[Naya, Venice.

On his deathbed Don Juan gave to his son a solemn charge—

"My son, if you gain the throne of Spain and return to the Escorial, I charge you solemnly to carry there my body and the

the Loredan Palace. Every morning, accompanied by his devoted secretary, the Count of Melgar, or by a Spanish aide-de-camp, who has fought for him on the soil of Spain, Don Carlos proceeds to Mass at

St. Mark's, the beautiful cathedral of which he is so fond, with its precious marbles and its beautiful mosaics. He knows the history of all its legends, as, indeed, of many another classic relic in the city of his adoption; for when not occupied with affairs of State, or his amusement of hunting in the Tyrol, his chief interest is in archæology, and he could write an admirable history of Venice.

Returning one day from Mass with one of his faithful followers, he paused before a

time that the Supreme Court of the Republic pronounced sentence of death on a criminal, a herald entered and said, 'Remember the baker,' and they commenced a new trial and gave judgment again. The Republic has passed away—the statuette remains."

On his return to the palace Don Carlos goes through the correspondence of the day—no small affair at the present moment—with his chamberlain, before taking *déjeuner* with his family. Often in the afternoon the



THE LOREDAN PALACE AT VENICE, THE RESIDENCE OF DON CARLOS.

statuette in mosaic on the front of the cathedral facing the Adriatic, and said, "My dear friend, you see this Virgin, before which these two lighted lamps keep watch day and night. It was put there in expiation of an error of justice by the Senate in the time of the Republic of Venice. Let me tell you the tale. A young baker accused of a crime was hanged, and a little while after it came to light that the poor fellow was innocent. Then the Senate had this statuette placed here in commemoration; and every

luxurious gondola may be seen gliding along the Grand Canal as the Duke and Duchess of Madrid go to visit friends, occupants of neighbouring palaces, or the Cardinal Giuseppe Sarto, the patriarch of Venice.

So the exile passes his existence tranquilly day by day, keeping up constant relations with distant friends of all nationalities.

Every year on March 10th the Carlists of Spain meet together in secrecy to celebrate the day of the Carlist *fête*, and to take again oaths of allegiance to Carlos VII.