as in the concluding sentence of the proclamation of Don Carlos. In those portions of the north where Carlism was all-powerful, the authorities were emphatically showing that those who served under them must be practical Roman Catholics *nolentes volentes.* An austere placard, signed by Barona, member of the Carlist war committee, was posted in the province of Alava, and ordained among other articles: Firstly, that the town councillors of every municipality should assist in a body at High Mass; secondly, that the mayors should interdict, under the most severe penalties, all games and public diversions, and the opening of all public establishments during Divine service; and thirdly, that all blasphemers, and all who worked on a holiday, who gave scandal, or who danced indecently, should be *scourged.* The first of these articles is lawful enough in a country which is almost exclusively Roman Catholic. In England nothing can be said against it, seeing that British soldiers of all denominations are compelled to attend Church parade, and the prisoners in all gaols have to register themselves as belonging to some religion.

There is just this theoretical objection, however—the article implies that municipal honours are to be limited to members of one creed, which is intolerant. That which underlay the antipathy of numerous Conservatives outside Spain to the Royalist cause, was the belief entertained that the success of Don Carlos would lead to the re-assertion of clerical preponderance, would destroy liberty of conscience as understood in most European nations, and would set up a political priesthood. The manifesto of Don Carlos does not deal with those points in the full and categorical manner desirable. I was told there were two parties in the Carlist camp, the clerical and—for want of a better name, let it be called—the non-clerical. The former, the Basques, and those who gave Carlism its great primary impulsion, were as zealously Roman Catholic as ever Manuel Santa Cruz was. They looked forward to the re-acquisition of the ecclesiastical domains and the re-establishment of the Catholic Church in all its ancient supremacy of wealth and power. The non-clericals knew that the Basques, even assuming them all to be Carlists, were but 660,000 in number,

a small minority of the population, and that the existence of a State unduly influenced by a Church —things temporal controlled by personages bound to things spiritual—was antagonistic to the feelings of the majority of Spaniards.

Having met a nobleman distinguished for his services to Carlism, I put it to him bluntly, "Would Don Carlos on the throne mean a relapse into religious bigotry?"

He answered me with candour, "I am a Roman Catholic, and if I thought so I should be the last man to lend a penny to his cause."

"But," I urged, "that is the general impression in England, where he is trying to negotiate a loan, and if it is left uncorrected it does him injury. Why does he not repel the impeachment?"

"The truth is," he said, "Don Carlos has made too many public explanations."

I returned to the charge, challenging my acquaintance to deny that many of the supporters of Don Carlos would fall away if they had not the thorough belief that his cause was as much identified with the triumph of Roman Catholicism as

with that of legitimacy. His reply was not a denial, but an admission of the fact, with the addition that in war one must not be too particular as to the means of enlisting aid, and stimulating the enthusiasm of supporters, which is an argument as true as it is old. Don Carlos, in his manifesto, goes on the assumption that the Republicans are all atheists, or something very like it. It is only fair to let the Republicans speak for themselves, and explain what is the Republican estimate of the Carlist religion. The San Sebastian newspaper, *El Diario*, may be assumed to be a fair exponent of the sentiments of the anti-Carlists, and thus emphatically, and not without a spice of antithesis, it delivers itself:

"The religion which has the commandment, 'Thou shalt not kill,' forbids murder.

"The religion which has the commandment, 'Thou shalt not steal,' forbids robbery.

"The religion which is peace, obedience, and love, is no friend of war, rebellion, and massacre.

"Resigned and joyous in other days, its martyrs went to death in the amphitheatre of Rome, and on the plains of Saragossa, pardon in their souls

and prayer on their lips; to-day pardon is exchanged for wrath, and prayer for reproach. Instead of the martyr's palm, we have the Berdan breech-loader and the flash of petroleum.

"Anointed of the Lord, ministers of Him who died invoking blessings on His enemies, kindle the fires of fratricidal strife, which they call a sacred war, and lead on and inflame their dupes by the pretence that the gates of Paradise are to be forced open by gunshot.

"Meanwhile the bishops are silent, Rome is dumb, the moral law sleeps, the canon law is forgotten; and these pastors, transforming their flocks into packs of wolves, scour the plains, blessing murder and sanctifying conflagration.

"'King by Divine right,' they cry, like the legists of the Lower Empire; 'Die or believe,' like the sons of the Prophet. Apostles without knowing it, they seek to achieve the triumph of a Pagan principle by a Saracenic process.

"They say that religion is lost, because it is shorn of the honour and power their kings gave it; that the portals of heaven are barred, because they have

forfeited their tithes and first-fruits, their rents and fat benefices; and they try to convince us by discharges of musketry that our whole future life depends, on the one hand, on a question of vanity, and on the other, on a question of stomach.

"Holy Apostles, disciples of Him who had not a stone whereon to lay His head, you who conquered the earth with no arms but those of word and example, oh! would you not say if you returned here below, 'Those who preach by the voice of platoons; those who evangelize from the mouth of cannon; those are not, cannot be, our disciples and successors, for they are not fishers of souls, but fishers of snug posts under government'?

"And you, glorious martyrs of the Roman circus and Saragossan fields, oh! would you not say, 'No, this Christianity, which goes about sowing battle, desolation, tears, and blood wherever it passes, is not ours—no, this Christianity at the bottom of the slaughter of Enderlasa, of the hecatomb of Cirauqui, of the sack of Igualada, and of a hundred other cruelties, is not ours. Our religion says "Kill not," and this murders; says "Steal not," and

this robs. No, this is not the Christian, but the Carlist religion' ?"

That is a good specimen of the rhetorical school of writing popular in Spanish newspapers; but all that is written is not gospel. From personal observation it was evident to me that these Republicans of the Spanish towns of the north were not so scrupulous in the outward observances of religion as the tone of this indignant Christian leading article would convey; neither were the Carlists the "packs of wolves" they were represented to be.

Let us see how this inflamed sense of so-called religion affected the rank and file among the adherents of Don Carlos.

Indubitably the Royalists, with a very few exceptions, were more than moral—they were sincerely pious, and esteemed it a grateful incense to the Most High to kill as many of their Republican countrymen as they could without over-exertion. They bowed their heads and repeated prayers with the chaplains who accompanied them; as the echoes of the Angelus bell were heard they were marched

to Divine worship every evening, when they were in the neighbourhood of a church; they were palpably impressed with deep devotional convictions, and yet they were not sour-faced like the grim Covenanters of Argyle, nor puritanically uncharitable like the stern propounders of the Blue Laws of Connecticut. Their beads returned to the pocket or the prayers finished, they laughed and jested, were frolicsome as schoolboys in their playhour, and the slightest tinkle of music set them dancing. Hospitable and fanatic, faithful and ignorant, temperate and dirty—such are some prominent traits in the character of the brave Basque people of the rural districts who wished to govern Spain, but who were Spaniards neither by race, nor language, nor temperament, nor feeling.

Taken all in all, they are a right manly breed, and, with education to correct inevitable prejudices, would be capable of great things. But before they could become efficient soldiers, they needed a severe course of training. In the flat country, south of the Ebro, it would be cruel and foolish to oppose them to regular troops. As guerrilleros,

they were without parallel, being content with short commons, and ever ready to play ball after the longest march; but they were ignorant of soldiering as technically understood. In the copses and crags of their own provinces they were invincible, and could carry on the struggle while there was a cartridge or an onion left in the land. But where the tactics of the "contrabandista" no longer availed, where surprises were impossible and mysterious disappearances not easy, and where the bulk of the people were not willing spies, the aspect of affairs was different. They were mediocre marksmen with long-range arms of precision, and had no proper conception of allowances for wind or sun. Target-practice was not encouraged, and yet it was not through thrift of ammunition, for the waste of powder in every skirmish was extravagant, and one could not rest a night in a village held by the Carlists without being disturbed by frequent careless discharges.

With the bayonet, as far as I could learn, they were impetuous in the onset, and stubborn, especially the Navarrese. But bayonet-charges cannot

carry stone walls or mud-banks; and in the face of the almost incessant peppering of breech-loaders, rushes of the kind have become slightly old-fashioned. To the Carlists, in any case, was due the credit of readiness to have recourse to the steel whenever there was a rift for hand-to-hand fighting. Their military education unfortunately confined itself to the rudiments of the drill-book. They fell in, dressed up, formed fours by the right, extended into sections on column of march and went through the like movements very well—so well that it was a pity they had not an opportunity of adding to their stock of knowledge. They had an instinctive aptitude for skirmishing, and were expert at forming square, the utility of which, by the way, is as questionable nowadays as that of charging.

More attention was paid to discipline than to drill. Pickets patrolled the towns into which they entered, and repressed all disorder after nightfall; outpost duty was strictly enforced; "larking" was not tolerated, and punishments were always inflicted for known and grave breaches of order.

CHAPTER XII.

Barbarossa—Royalist-Republicans—Squaring a Girl—At Irun—"Your Papers?"—The Barber's Shop—A Carlist Spy—An Old Chum—The Alarm—A Breach of Neutrality—Under Fire—Caught in the Toils—The Heroic Tomas—We Slope—A Colleague Advises Me—"A Horse! a Horse!"—State of Bilbao—Don Carlos at Estella—Sanchez Bregua Recalled—Tolosa Invites—Republican Ineptitude—Do not Spur a Free Horse—Very Ancient Boys—Meditations in Bed—A Biscay Storm.

BARBAROSSA, who had never been over the border, suggested to me that I should take a trip to Irun, which was held by the anti-Carlists. It would be incorrect to write them down as Republicans; they were sprung from the Cristinos of the previous generation, and as such were opposed to any scion of the house against which their fathers had fought for years. All of them were *de facto* Republicans, and had more knowledge and enjoyment of Republican freedom than those who prattled and raved

of Republicanism in Madrid and the south; but they did not take kindly to the name. As my friend the late J. A. MacGahan wittily said of them—"They were the Royalist-Republicans of Spain." They were as fond of their fueros as any Carlist in the crowd, but they stood up for Madrid less that they cared for the policy or personages of the central government, than that they had a deep-seated hereditary hatred of their neighbours of the rural districts. At heart they were in favour of a restoration of the throne, and on that throne they would fain seat the young Prince of the Asturias. In those latitudes the lines of John Byrom a century before would well apply:

> "God bless the King, I mean the faith's defender;
> God bless—no harm in blessing—the Pretender;
> But who Pretender is, or who is King,
> God bless us all—that's quite another thing!"

"If you go to Irun," said Barbarossa, stroking his moustache, "I am game to go with you."

"I am satisfied," said I; "but recollect, you undertake the job at your own risk. You are known as an associate of Carlists, and suspected to

be a Carlist agent. I am a stranger and comparatively safe."

He had weighed all that, and was ready to face possible perils. But he was not fit to undergo probable fatigues. He could sit at a green table in an ill-ventilated atmosphere the night long, but he could not walk three miles at a stretch. Neither could he (on account of his illness) venture on horseback. To effect a crossing by the railway bridge from Hendaye to Irun was out of the question; it was barrier impenetrable. The Frenchman would not allow you to pass in your own interest; the Spaniard declined to admit you in his so-considered interest. To take the mountain-route was tedious, and in the case of Barbarossa not to be thought of; the bridge of Enderlasa was broken —a most contorted specimen of artistic dilapidation. To be sure, one could manage to creep to the other side by the submerged coping of the parapet, if endowed with the balancing powers of a rope-walker and the lustihood of a navvy. But Barbarossa was not a Blondin, and had not a physical constitution proof against a wetting. I

had got across that bridge once, holding on by my teeth and nails, and retained recollection of it in a fit of the cold shivers; but I did not care to repeat the operation. In our dilemma, Barbarossa, who was a plucky knave, hit upon the plan which ought to have commended itself to us at first.

"Let us stray up the river-bank a few hundred yards," he said, "seize a boat, and row ourselves across."

No sooner was the proposition made than it was adopted; but we were saved from the ephemeral disgrace of posing as petty amphibious pirates, degenerate Schinderhannes of the Bidassoa. We saw a boat; a girl was near. The boat was her father's; she engaged to take us over for a consideration—I am certain she had set her heart on a string of straw-coloured ribbons and a sky-blue feather in a shop-window in Hendaye—and to await our return at nightfall. We arranged the signal, and stealthily stole across, drifting diagonally most of the way; and I entrusted the speculative French damsel with my revolver and my Carlist

pass, and paid her a farewell compliment on her face and figure as I stepped ashore. Giving her the revolver and pass enlisted her confidence. We strolled along with apparent carelessness, entered a posada on the road by the waterside and had refreshments. I said I should feel much obliged if they could let us have a trap to Irun and back, as we had business there, and my friend was tired and not much of a pedestrian. An open carriage was provided, and off we drove by the skirt of the hill of St. Marcial, where the Spaniards gave Soult such a dressing in 1813, passed a series of outer defences with their covering and working parties, and entered one of the gates of the town, and never a question was asked. Ditches had been dug round the place and earthworks thrown up; but the principal reliance of the garrison seemed to be in loophooled breastworks made of sand-bags superimposed. Here and there were walls of loose stones—more of a danger than a protection—rude shelter-trenches, and mud-built, wattle-knitted refuges, round-topped, and disguised with branches. They had made the position strong; but they should

have gone in for more spade and less stones, more mole and less beaver.

We trotted over the narrow paved street, with its flagged sidepaths, and drew up on the Plaza, overlooked by the solid square-stone mansion of the Ayuntamiento. The windows were screened with planks, and armed groups lounged in front; there were barrels of water and heaps of gravel at intervals upon the ground; memories of Paris rose to my mind—Irun was preparing for bombardment. If the Carlists had no serious artillery in fact, they had a powerful ordnance in the apprehensions of their adversaries. Perhaps this was the explanation of the rhodomontade about the batteries in *El Cuartel Real.* We were congratulating ourselves on the ease with which we had run the blockade, when an officer of the Miqueletes approached our carriage and demanded our papers. I showed my Foreign Office passport, with the visa of the Spanish Consulate at London upon it. He gave a cursory look at it, bowed, and returned it to me. Then came the turn of Barbarossa, and there was a flash of shrewd spitefulness in his eyes.

"Your papers, señor?"

"I have none. I didn't think any were required."

"Ah! doubtless you thought Irun was in Carlist occupation. You are wrong."

"No; I knew it was not in Carlist occupation. What has that to do with me? I am an Englishman," producing a packet of letters.

"I don't want to see them. I know you. What do you want here?"

"To see a friend."

"Who is your friend?"

Barbarossa was not in the least nonplussed. He said he had heard a fellow-countryman, a comrade of his, was in the town.

"You will have to turn back the way you came, and thank your stars you are permitted."

"But I am hungry."

"And the horse wants a feed," interposed the driver, who no doubt had his own object to serve.

"Well, you may stay here for refreshment, but you must get outside our gates before dark."

We drove to the principal inn, where we alighted

and ordered dinner. Barbarossa sat down, and I went out to look at the place and search for a barber's shop, for I sorely needed a shave. Irun is a well-constructed town on the shelving slope of a smaller rise between Mounts Jaizquivel and Aya, not far from the coast. It has a population of some 5,000, and in ordinary years does a good trade in tiles and bricks, tanned leather, and smith's work, besides sending wood to Los Pasages for the purposes of the boat-builders. The Bidassoa at its base branches, and thus forms the islet of Faisanes, off which the prosperous fisherman can fill his basket with trout, salmon, and mullet, aye, and lumpish eels, if his predilections so tend.

But I have no intention to describe Irun. Théophile Gautier has done that before me, and I am not sacrilegious. There was another customer in the barber's shop. As I left after the shave he followed, and accosted me on the flagway confidentially.

"How are you, captain?"

"You are in error," I answered. "I am no captain."

"What! Did I not see you take a boat for the *San Margarita* at Socoa?"

"That may be; but I only boarded her through curiosity."

"Do not be afraid," he whispered. "How is Don Guillermo?"

"What Don Guillermo?"

"Señor Leader. I was with him when he was wounded; I am a Carlist. I am here on the same mission as yourself; to spy what the vermin are doing."

"Ha! good; ramble on, and don't notice me. It is dangerous."

He sauntered along the causeway, hands in pockets and whistling, and presently popped into a tavern, and I re-entered the fonda. Hardly had I set foot over the threshold when I was stupefied by a welcome in a familiar voice, none other than that of Mr. William O'Donovan, who had been my comrade and amanuensis throughout the irksome beleaguerment of Paris.* We did not throw our

* See my last book, "An Iron-Bound City." Poor Willie died in New York of a complication of diseases on last

arms round our respective necks, hug and kiss each other—I reserve my kisses for pretty girls, newly-washed babes, and dead male friends, and then kiss only the brow—but we did join hands cordially and long. In answer to my query as to what had brought him to this queer corner at the back of God-speed, he explained that he was acting as correspondent of a Dublin paper; for, it appeared, the people of Ireland were consumed with anxiety as to the progress of the Carlist rising—details of which, of course, they could not obtain in the mere London papers—and were particularly desirous to have record of the doings of the Foreign Legion, a great majority of whom were sons of the Emerald Isle. His younger brother, a medical student, was likely to come out to join that Legion, and as for Kaspar (a name by which we knew his brother Edmond, afterwards triumvir at Merv), he was sure to turn up. Mother Carey's chicken hovers near when the elements are at strife. He was immensely

Easter Sunday—an anniversary of hopefulness. His path of existence here was thorny. Unsurfeiting happiness be his portion in the meads of asphodel !

satisfied with his diggings, he said, liked the natives, and considered this a splendid chance for improving his Spanish. He was reading "Don Quixote" in the vernacular. In a sense, I looked upon his presence as a perfect godsend to us, as he came in most appropriately as a *Deus ex machinâ* to create the character of Barbarossa's invented friend. O'Donovan was in good standing with the Republicans of the town, as he was a staunch Republican himself, and could spin yarns of the Republics of antiquity, and of the greatness of Paris, and the glories of the United States. He was getting on famously with Castilian, and was charmed with the redundancy of its vocabulary of vituperation, which was only to be equalled by the Irish, of which his father had been such a master. I made Barbarossa and my old chum known to one another, and we dined together, pledging the past in a cup of wine tempered with the living waters which bubbled up in the sacristy of the parish church, and were distributed in bronze conduits through Irun. After the meal and the meditative smoke of custom, O'Donovan sat down to write a letter, which I

guaranteed to post for him in France, and Barbarossa and I sallied forth for a walk.

We were lounging about the Calle Mayor gazing at the escutcheons over every hall-door—your bellows-mender and cobbler in this democratic town were invariably of the seed of Noah in right line—when the alarm was raised that fifty horses had been carried off by the Carlists almost at the gates, and that two shots had been heard. The bugler sounded the call "To arms," and forthwith a little company consisting of thirty-two men, the bugler aforesaid, and a captain, set out at a quick step for a high ground beside a signal-tower at one end of the town. We hurried forward with them, and passed out through one of the four gates, on the side next the mountains. The soldiers took a position on the slope of a hill a couple of hundred yards from the gate, and Barbarossa and I sheltered ourselves behind an orchard-wall, from which there was an uninterrupted view of the billowy tract of meadow and pasture land beneath, cut into patches by thick hedges. Quick on our heels emerged from the

town some half-dozen intrepid "volunteers of liberty," and the inevitable small boy, a red cap stuck jauntily on three hairs of his head and a large cigarette in his mouth. One of the volunteers—he who had demanded our papers on the Plaza—looked viciously at Barbarossa, who assumed a most artistic pretence of stolidity.

"Come here, señor, and you will have a better vision of your friends," he said with mock suavity.

Barbarossa smiled, thanked him, and walked quietly to the place indicated, an exposed opening beside the wall.

"I can see nothing," he said.

I adjusted my long-distance glass, and ranged over the wide stretch of landscape, but could see nothing either. As I shut it up and returned it to the case, a sergeant advanced from the party of soldiers on the slope and marched directly towards me. I was puzzled and, I own, a trifle unnerved.

"Señor," he said to me, "I carry the compliments of my captain, and his request that you would lend him your glass, as he has forgotten his own."

"With pleasure," I answered readily, much relieved. "I will take it to him myself, as it is London-made, and he may not understand how it is sighted."

This may have been a breach of neutrality, but what was I to do? If I refused, the glass would have been taken from me, and I should have been compromised. I handed it to the officer with my best bow, explained its mechanism to him; he bowed to me, and from that moment I felt that I was under his wing. I may be wrong, but I have a notion that in a skirmish it is much better to be near regulars than volunteers, and I stood in a line with the military a few paces away.

Suddenly there was a spark and a report away down in a field of maize, some six hundred yards below us, and the whizz of a bullet was heard.

"Steady, men!" said the captain; "don't discharge your rifles."

The sight was very pretty as they stood in a group on the green hillside in attitude of suspense, their weapons held at the ready, and all eyes fixed on the front, from which the smoke was rising. It

was very like to the celebrated picture by Protais, familiar in every cabaret in France, "*Avant le Combat;*" but even more picturesque than that, for these soldiers were dressed most irregularly—some in tattered capote, others in shirt-sleeves, some in shako, others in *bonnet de police.* A few civilians had crept out of the town by this time, and the chief of the Miqueletes roared peremptorily to have that gate shut. This was not an agreeable position for Barbarossa and myself. Our retreat was cut off. We were unarmed. If one of those amateur warriors were killed, we ran the imminent hazard of being massacred by his comrades. On the other hand, there was the liability of being ourselves shot by the Carlists. How were they to distinguish a neutral or a sympathizer from their foes? I confess I could not help smiling as the thought occurred to me what a piece of irony in action it would be if Barbarossa were to be helped to a morsel of lead by his friends, the enemy. With a cheerful equanimity I contemplated the prospect of his receiving a very slight contusion from a spent bullet on a soft part of his frame.

Ping, ping, came a few reports, but evidently out of range. Each smoke-wreath was in a different direction.

"This may get hot," I said to myself; "the Carlists may not be sharpshooters, but this clump of uniforms in relief on the grass must present a blur that will be an enticing target for them. I dare not go back to the wall, but it might be discreet to lie down. There is no disgrace in offering them a small elevation of corpus." I stretched myself on the sward, acted nonchalance, and lit a cigar.

The volunteers could no longer be held in control. They opened action on their own account, one fellow distinguishing himself by the rapidity of his fire, and the intensity with which he aimed at something—or nothing.

"Ah, that's Tomas!" said a portly civilian connoisseur, with his hands in his pockets. "We know him, he is making music; he wants to get himself remarked."

The soldiers did not deliver a shot, but the volunteers kept cracking away, and the invisible Carlists replied. Nobody was hit, though bullets