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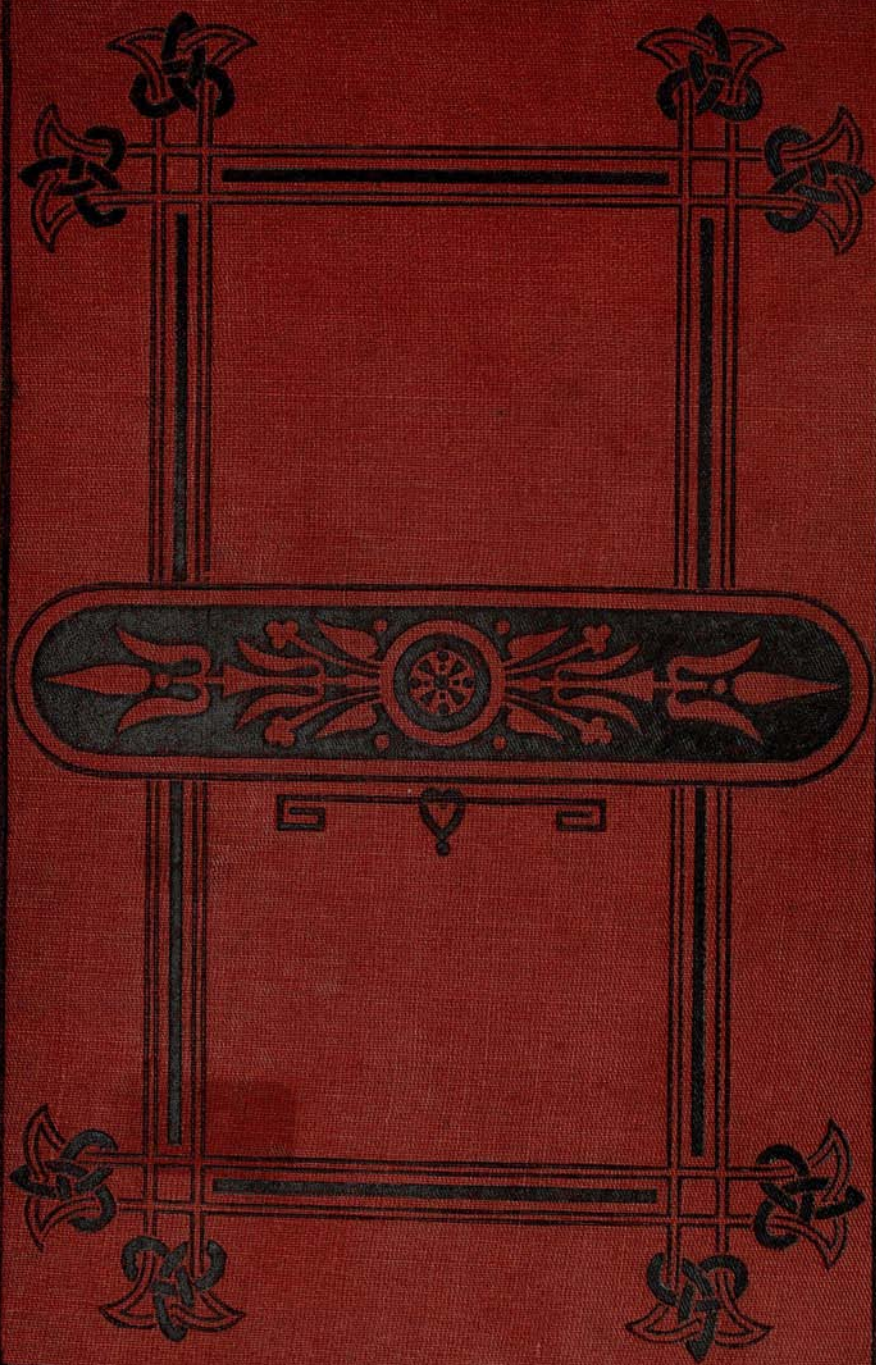


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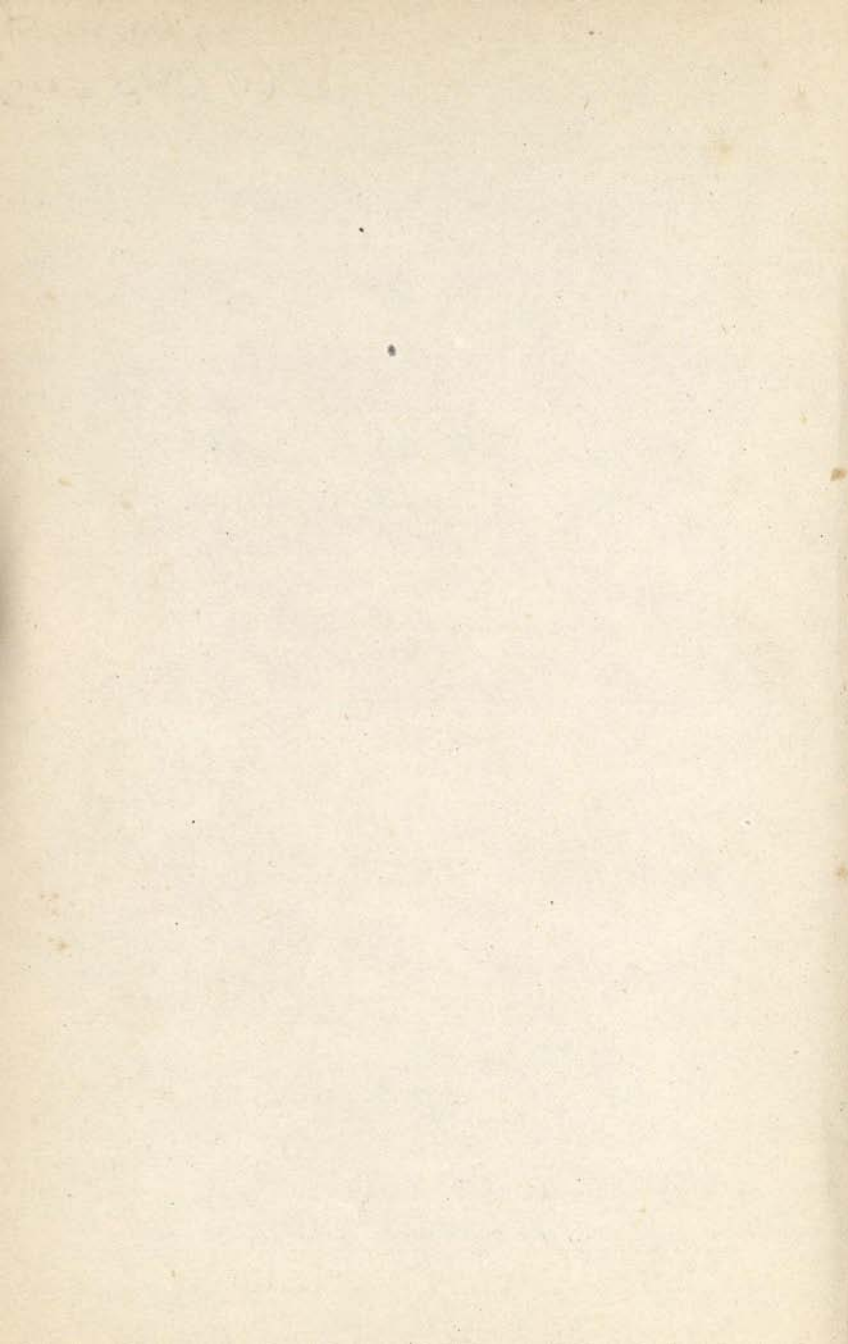
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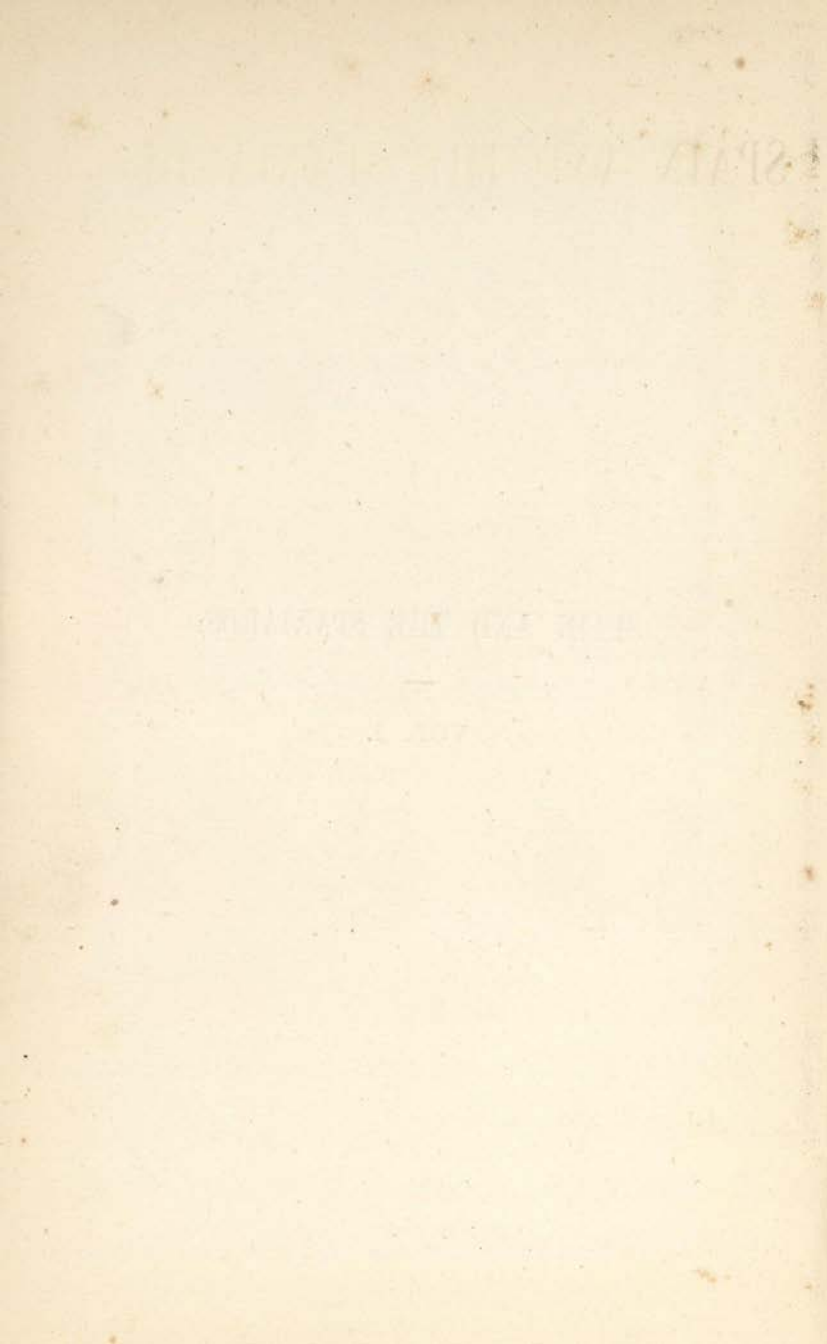
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SPAIN AND THE SPANIARDS.

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VOL. I.



SPAIN AND THE SPANIARDS.

BY

N. L. THIEBLIN.

“AZAMAT-BATUK.”

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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SPAIN AND THE SPANIARDS.

CHAPTER I.

BAYONNE AND BIARRITZ, WHERE SPAIN BEGINS.

LET us start *à la* Disraeli, with a sentence of nice, impudent, phrenetic bluster, something like this:—"The thunder groaned, the wind howled, the rain fell in hissing torrents, impenetrable darkness covered the earth."

Of course, in March 1873 there was no *bonâ fide* thunder to be got in London; but that does not matter, since everybody knows that in the case of Ixion no sort of thunder groaned either. As to howling wind, torrential rain, and impenetrable darkness, there is always plenty of that in this country. So the opening sentence will do very well.

Now just fancy a man sitting in London,

constantly chilly in-doors, thoroughly wet when out of doors, and with nothing to divert him from the consciousness of his utter misery, except the prospect of reading or writing no end of rubbish about Mr. Lowe's budget, the boat race, and the then projected drive of Her Majesty through Victoria Park. I thought the position really unbearable, and was at my wit's end what to do with myself, when again, as in the case of Ixion, "a blue and forked flash darted a momentary light over the landscape;" or, speaking in plainer language, a friend knocked at my door and came to ask whether I should like to go to Spain, and if I could start the next day. I knew Spain already, liked it immensely, not to say loved it, and seized the proposal with both hands.*

The next evening at 8.45 I was off to Charing Cross, and within less than three days found myself amidst a blooming vegetation and under a bright blue sky, expanding itself over the favoured country like a gigantic dome of lapis lazuli. And I felt towards London and England,

* The author has been sent out to Spain on behalf of the *New York Herald*, as the special correspondent of that journal, and returned after the close of the Carlist Summer campaign in October. The pages he now submits to the public contain but little of what has been already published in the *Herald*.

as we all often feel towards good old relations, that I liked them all the better at a certain distance.

Is there any need to describe the journey to the foot of the Pyrenees? The night I left London was one of those nice nights everyone knows here. The Channel was perfectly raging, and the wind so violent as to tear off with terrific noise the roof of one of the railway carriages, and to cause some other "damage to property." The train was stopped, and our, until then mute company began to make some conjectures as to what the noise and stoppage could mean. One of the travellers, an artillery officer, who had snored all the way from London, remarked in the most serious tone, "It's the Volunteer Artillery practising: they threw shells in that way all over the North of London the other day;" and after this professional joke, which seemed to have satisfied everybody in every way, as dead a silence set in again in the carriage as if we were all attending a funeral ceremony.

At Dover three steamers were supposed to start: the Belgian, running to Ostend, said it could not leave before daybreak; the French mail steamer refused to go at all; while the captain

of the "Maid of Kent" simply advised the passengers to take a stiff glass of brandy and soda to begin with, and then another to follow, as he had to detain them a little on account of the low tide. "The Calais harbour is a hell of a place in heavy weather," we were informed, "and more sea was required to land in anything like safety." In a few hours this "more sea" turned up, and all those who were not going on a mere pleasure trip, were on board. We remained at the mercy of the furious element nearly all night, were all the time mercilessly tossed about, but still reached Calais long before the captain of the French mail had made up his mind to leave Dover harbour.

Of course, one could not possibly pass Paris without stopping there at least for a few hours—say only to see the "Fille de Madame Angot," of which everybody spoke then, and which everybody sings now. A few hours more must also be spent at Bordeaux, to sip with a friend a bottle of the sort of wine which never reaches London, and only after that can one conveniently afford to be hurried off to the sad and disheartening Landes. Should you ever have to go to Bayonne, take my advice, don't go that way unless you are in a great hurry. Find out rather

some steamer at Bordeaux, for there is hardly any corner in France which leaves a more painful impression than the Landes. The North about Lille and the Belgian frontier is not picturesque, but at all events you see a sort of manufacturing animation there; while in the country south of Bordeaux the eye meets nothing but pine forests, patches of sand, and greyish-looking fields, sometimes without a trace of any other vegetation than fern. Miles and miles are passed without the sight of a hill or a living being, except an occasional cow wringing her melancholy bell, or a grunting pig rushing out of a ditch on the approach of the train. Now and then, you come across a lot of horses let loose; their shaggy coat, their awkward, shy sort of look, make you forget that you are south of the French vineyards—you believe yourself in the steppes of Russia. Of human beings, you see literally nothing, except when the train stops at the station; and only by-and-by, when vaguely discerning on the distant horizon the blue clouded chain of the Pyrenees, do you feel relieved from the seediness that oppressed you, and begin to believe that you will really have something better to see presently.

The fresh smiling vales and hills around Bor-

deaux, the sprightly, enervating activity of the city itself, make you feel the sadness of the Landes still stronger; and when you reach Bayonne, you wonder by what sort of misunderstanding or forgetfulness Nature allowed the large plot of land between the Gironde and the Adour to remain in that rough and unfinished condition.

Bayonne gains immensely if you enter it by the river. The bar of the Adour is in itself quite a sight for the stranger. First of all, it cannot be always passed; and that is already something. Very frequently ships have to remain several days outside, waiting till a favourable tide turns up. The sea may be like a mirror, but on the bar itself there is always a havoc; while, when the sea is rough, the mouth of the Adour assumes the aspect of some infernal caldron. A man fresh to the sea would never believe any vessel could pass through it. The white boiling waves dash up high in the air, with all the rage and cries of a thousand infuriated witches. Caught by one of these waves, the ship is immediately pitched up and down in such a way that no efforts will make anybody or anything on board remain in its place. Every fresh wave coming from behind looks as if it would wash off funnel, paddle-

boxes and everything else; yet the steamer bounds up again, and in three or four minutes slips quietly down on the smooth surface of the river. But one can only get a chance to enjoy this sight when the naval bulletins posted on the wall of the Custom House at Bayonne announce: "Passage de la barre praticable." When they declare it "difficile," nobody makes even an attempt to cross it; and it is quite a common thing to see English and Spanish crews knocking about at Bayonne, sometimes for a week, without being able to get out into the gulf.

Last Spring when the general flight from Madrid had set in, and the Northern railway was cut, there remained no other road to France but that *viâ* Santander or Bilbao, and thence on by steamer to Bayonne. How many señoras had then to faint and cry on the mere approach of that bar! But the Adour speedily recomforted them. The large and handsome river, with its rich vegetation on either side, reminded them of their own Rio Nervion and the entrance to the capital of Biscaya. The sight here is even much more grand, for, though English mining industry and commercial activity have rendered the approaches to Bilbao much more animated, the approaches to Bayonne are more picturesque, the

river is larger, and the groves and woods bordering it are incomparably more beautiful and profuse.

It is not an exaggeration to say that Spain begins at Bayonne and Biarritz. It is here that you first see mantillas going to church ; that you read sign-boards written in French and Spanish ; that you hear the Castilian tongue—and often the purest. During the Summer months you meet certainly more Spanish than French faces at Bayonne, and in the *Allées Marines*, the beautiful promenade along the river, you are first puzzled by the bullocks dragging the carts, being, in the Spanish fashion, dressed in a kind of linen dressing-gowns and having elaborate red nets on their heads. Lifting up their wet nostrils, they look at you as if anxious to ascertain whether you are a countryman of theirs ; but the driver soon makes them feel, by the use of his long stick and his swearing, that a countryman is at all events close at hand. In the market-place and in the leading street you meet very frequently mules with their heavily loaded *alforjas* ; and the genuine muleteers, dressed in their picturesque costumes, leave you in no doubt of your being in close

vicinity to the land of Don Quixote. The huge building which lodges the Municipal Council, the Mairie, the theatre, the Custom House, and a good many other things, has large arcades through the basement, quite in the Spanish style, and one of the streets of Bayonne consists almost entirely of arcades.

On the whole, Bayonne would be a pleasant-looking town if it were not for a very mournful, since immemorable times, unfinished cathedral, and some very ugly looking old fortifications. The Vauban bastions outside the town, being covered with grass, do not much offend the eye, but the old castle and the citadel have a ruined and mouldy look which affects the aspect of the town very unfavourably. Being a *place forte de première classe*, Bayonne garrisons a whole military division and no end of siege and fortress artillery, a circumstance which also adds very little to the pleasantness of the town, except through the supply of some military bands, which play twice a week during the afternoon on the *Place d'Armes*, and assemble in that way the fashionable belles of Biarritz as well as the indigenous Basque girls. The former come to make a show of their toilettes in all imaginable carriages and pony chaises, while the latter walk

quaintly about, to let people have a look at their graceful bearing, and at their plain but coquettish head-gear.

What is here to be seen of England is most venerable, and to a certain extent even glorious. In the first place there is a vast number of invalid and elderly ladies and gentlemen, naturally suggesting the idea of usefully-spent lives, of over-work, of large fortunes made by business-like habits and all that sort of thing. Then there is the English cemetery, which contains the bodies of the officers and soldiers of the 2nd Life Guards who fell under the walls of Bayonne in 1814. Then again there is the little frontier town of Hendaye within a few miles of Bayonne—a town which was intimately connected with Great Britain through the strong brandy it produced. Opposite that place, on the left bank of the Bidassoa, lies the old picturesque Spanish town of Fuentarabia, close to which the Duke of Wellington crossed the fords, and surprised and defeated Marshal Soult. In a word, wherever one looks, one finds something to remind one of dear Old England. Almost throughout the whole of the Département des Basses-Pyrénées one finds a number of English families of limited means, who look pretty much as if they had settled down

there, and some of them, at Biarritz, even do a bit of business in addition to their living pleasantly, cheaply, and in a good climate. They take a house by the year, sublet it during the three months' season for the same rent they have to pay for twelve months, and retire meanwhile to places like Ascain, Béhobie, or Cambo, where provisions are at half the Biarritz season prices; while the loveliest walks, excellent fishing, and occasionally a good day's shooting can be had for nothing.

A serious objection against Bayonne could be raised by those who don't like Jews. The town swarms with them. The whole trade of the place is in their hands, and that is the best proof of its being brisk and profitable; though if you speak to those worthies, you hear, as a matter of course, nothing but complaints. On the other hand, a thing the severest critic could not find fault with, are the conveyance arrangements. Scarcely anywhere, except in very large cities and at very high prices, can one get such carriages, horses and elegantly dressed postilions as at the *Poste* in the Rue du Gouvernement. The excellent four-in-hand coaches which start every half hour to and from Biarritz, carrying passengers at sixpence a head, a distance of

about five miles, are also something quite unknown in a certain land where four-in-hands are in great fashion, but cheapness quite out of fashion. This elegance of Bayonne carriages explains itself, however, in the first place, by the rich English and, still more, the rich Spanish families spending no end of money in hiring them during the season; and in the second, by the fact that Bayonne is chiefly a town of human transit. People come here, not to make a stay, but with a view to excursions, or else simply pass here, on their way to Biarritz, Spain, or the Pyrenean watering places. All of them want carriages, and in the height of the season only old customers can be sure to get one when wanted.

Bayonne was always the great Carlist centre, but during these last two years it has become so more than ever. Under the government of M. Thiers everything was done, if not to prevent, at all events to render the Carlist movement more difficult. The *gendarmerie* was reinforced by some men specially sent from Versailles. Troops were echeloned all along the frontier, and the greatest watchfulness seemed to be exer-

cised in Bayonne itself. Spaniards who were unable to prove their being leading members of the Alphonse or Isabella party were, without distinction of either sex or age, arrested and interned by the dozen. All this, however, did not much affect Carlism, for its chief support in the Basses Pyrénées comes not from the Spaniards, but from the French landed proprietors, who, in that province, are nearly all Legitimists, and from the mass of the population, who make a good deal of money out of Carlism in every possible way: by smuggling arms across the frontier, by the supply of horses, uniforms, and other war requisites, as well as through the general affluence of people this side of the Pyrenean frontier—an inevitable result of all Carlist risings on the other side of it. M. Thiers was too cautious to provoke any strong feeling against himself on the part of the French Basques, and still more so on the part of the rich nobility of the Province; but he did all he could in an underhand manner. Yet his best efforts proved a failure. He was legally unable either to arrest or to interne the wealthy southern landlords, nor could he invade their houses for the purpose of searching them. Consequently, though strangers of all nations were greatly molested by

the gendarmes and the police, in the streets, on the high-roads, and in the hotels, Carlism progressed all the same, for it was carried on much more within the quiet residences of the landed nobility and gentry than anywhere else. Even the much persecuted Spaniards managed, somehow or other, to establish a regular Committee, which styled itself "La Real Junta Auxiliar de la Frontera," delivered passes, concluded contracts, etc., and was holding its sittings in a Spanish hotel in the principal street of Bayonne. Another Committee, consisting of Frenchmen, concealed its occupation still less than the Spaniards did, and the leading member of it, M. J. D——, probably one of the wealthiest men, and certainly one of the most amiable men, of Bayonne, proved always an invaluable aid both to those who wished to make a bit of Carlism, as well as to those who wished to study it a bit. The most curious thing, however, is that M. J. D—— (I do not give his name lest it should bring upon him some police inquiry), as far as Spanish legitimacy and Popery are concerned, is certainly not more of a Carlist than the most red-hot contributor to the "*République Française*," or the "*Rappel*." He is all day joking, sneering, and sometimes even swearing at Carlism and

Carlists, especially at the leaders of the party,—yet he works all day for them. I often wondered what could be his inducement, and came to the conclusion that he is doing so simply because his family did so formerly, and because he wants to have some occupation. He is Carlising in the same way as men are found sporting or hunting, without feeling any interest in horse or field; or as others buy pictures, without having the slightest taste for art. And I have reason to believe that there are a good many men like him in the Carlist camp, even amongst the Spaniards themselves, more especially among the young generation of Carlists.

When arrived at Bayonne, I was soon brought into contact with some of the leading representatives of these Committees, and, as my duties implied, tried to ascertain in what way the Carlists had managed to organize themselves, and where they got money and arms from. I knew that there had been a Committee in London, and another in Paris; but the London Committee did not send out any money at all, while the Paris Committee collected only a little over a thousand pounds, which could not go a long way. From all that I have learned subsequently, it appears that the present Carlist movement began with about £4,000 which Don

Carlos' father-in-law supplied to the young pretender. If, at the outset, the nobility and the population of the south of France had not helped Don Carlos as they did, he would not have had any chance at all of arriving where he now is. It was the French Legitimists who served him as volunteer ministers, benevolent contractors, and hospitable hosts. A few instances will show by what practical contrivances they managed to help him.

Some 3,000 uniforms of the Mobs, a souvenir of the Franco-German war, were—for example—to be sold at Bordeaux, and at once a gentleman was instructed to buy them; while a couple of landed proprietors of Bayonne stored them until a party of reliable contrabandists could be secured to smuggle the stock across the frontier. In a few weeks, six or seven battalions of the Carlist army, did not, except through their *Boyna* (Basque cap,) differ in any way, in their outward appearance, from the *moblots* the Prussians used to capture and slaughter so freely. Another similar affair took place at Bayonne itself. The Municipality possessed there another souvenir of the last war, in the shape of a stock of some ten thousand cartridge-pouches and sword-belts. One of the councillors, a gentleman of a Carlist turn of mind, suggested that time had arrived to realize the

public money so unprofitably invested, and proposed that the stock should be sold by auction; but another member, of a more Republican shade, opposed the motion as likely to serve the insurgents of a country which was on friendly terms with France. A rather sharp discussion ensued, without apparently leading to any result. But the Carlists found out a leather merchant from so distant a province as Burgundy, and caused him to write and make a private offer to the Municipality, and the whole stock was sold for about a franc per complete accoutrement. As a matter of course, neither the pouches nor the belts went to Burgundy, but were sent directly to Navarre, Guipuzcoa, and Biscaya, where they have been doing some capital service up to the present day. Perhaps a still better illustration of the manner in which Don Carlos was served by his faithful and ingenious allies, is furnished by the supply of two cannons which I happened to see myself first stored in a little château near Biarritz, and subsequently in full operation on the Carlist battle-fields. I shall have even to tell, by-and-by, how I was compelled to smuggle one of these cannons. At present, however, it will be enough to say that two brass four-pounders, cast at a foundry near Nantes, were, it seems, declared to



be defective on inspection, and doomed to be turned into metal again. Of course that was but a manœuvre for getting them out of the French Government's hands. In a few days they were packed, and a French priest booked them at the railway-station to some village close by Bayonne, as marble statues of a Virgin and some saint for his church. He travelled all the way himself with the awkward luggage, and recommended every railway guard to be most careful in dealing with his cases, containing, according to his story, very fine works of art.

In this and similar ways the whole of the existing Carlist army was organised at the outset, and what we have since heard of the *Deerhound's* and other large landings of arms, began only when Don Carlos became sufficiently master of the North of Spain to impose contributions and to raise little local so-called loans, so as to be able to send out money to England in larger quantities than he had had at his disposal some ten months previous.

During the present year, the department of the Basses Pyrénées turned more Spanish than ever, for in addition to swarms of Spanish Carlists, and to all those Spanish families who came every year on pleasure trips to the Pyrenees, everybody whose

financial position permitted him to escape from places where there were disturbances—and disturbances were everywhere in that sad country—sought refuge on the French coast of the Gulf of Biscaya. Consequently, every place, down to the smallest village on that coast, was literally crammed with genuine blue-blooded *caballeros* and *señoras*. Now it was only natural that in so large a number of representatives of one country there should be all imaginable varieties, genera, and species: Carlists, Alphonsists, Isabellists, Amadeists, Serranists, Esparterists, Cabrerists, and no end of other “ists,” all conspiring, all gesticulating, all talking at the same time, though somewhat different nonsense; but almost all charming men, accompanied very often by still more charming women.

Bayonne, being above all anxious to make money, did not catch any particular colour from these representatives of the various Spanish parties, though Carlism was predominant in it. Still, next door to a Spanish hotel from top to bottom filled with Carlists, stands the “Hôtel du Commerce,” as a rule just as much crowded with Alphonsists. Biarritz, on the other hand, was almost thoroughly Alphonsist; Carlists were there to be met with only in the way of

exception; and during the height of the season you could see on the celebrated *plage* almost every member of the endless cabinets which have governed, or rather misgoverned, Spain from the time of Isabella the "Innocent's" marriage.

The fashionable Imperialist watering-place differs greatly from anything that the traveller meets on his approaching the Spanish frontier. The little town, or more correctly the little village, is built on an exceedingly ugly spot, without almost any vestige of gardens or shady grove. It is evidently a place predestined to serve as a resort for people rather fonder of parasols than of leafy canopies. The houses are small and irregularly-shaped, without any reference either to the comfortable or the picturesque; and the few large mansions which have been erected by Napoleon and some of his counsellors and friends are calculated only to exhibit still more strongly the general ugliness of the place. The largest building in that way, the Villa Eugénie, looks more like a reformatory or some cavalry barracks than like a villa. One wonders now what could have ever induced the late Emperor to select this spot for

embellishment, except that it was near Spain—which he had all reasons for disliking—and that it offered excellent sea-bathing, which he seldom if ever indulged in. Sitting on the shore, and looking at what Napoleon contrived to call into existence at Biarritz, one feels more than ever inclined to give a sad smile at the memory of the Empire. What a vast amount of money spent to create a summer residence for the Empress “when she becomes a widow” (and not able to live in France)! What an amount of artifice conceived in preparing friendly arm-in-arm walks with Bismarck, during which, under the softening influence of the blue sea and the blue mountains, the fate of Europe was supposed to be decided, though in reality nothing was decided, except the catastrophe to the creator of Biarritz and the nation which paid for this creation!

All this, however, does not prevent Biarritz from being an excellent place to take a sea-bath, for the two establishments offer every imaginable comfort in that way, and the beach in front of the Casino is of a description which can hardly be found anywhere else, the bottom of the sea being as smooth as the best polished marble, and the rollers all that can be wished for. The coast itself is also capable of affording no end of

enjoyment to people endowed with a little taste for the picturesque. Seldom do you find a place where, within the same limited space, the waves break in so great variety of beautiful modes. On one spot you see them rolling softly, harmoniously, as though kissing the shore, and whispering to it sweet words of love; while close by, they dash furiously like so many gigantic white-robed mad women. Here they break abruptly against a cliff, and are thrown back in silver spray; there they quietly spread themselves in a rich carpet, whiter than snow itself.

The Spanish coast is seen from Biarritz to the best advantage, the sharp lines of the mountains being all softened down, and the perpetual play of light and shade, and the variety of colour, giving the whole picture quite a fairy touch. If Biarritz had not been transformed into a country branch of "the vast café-restaurant called Paris" it would certainly have soon become a favourite resort of true lovers of good bathing and fine sea-side views. But it is a place at which you should never avert your eye from the sea. As soon as you cast your glance across the landscape, you are at once oppressed with the utter dreariness of the scene; the town itself is unbearable, and the neighbouring country as near an approach to the

Landes as can be found in the whole of that otherwise picturesque corner of France.

The yearly invasion of distinguished foreigners and of Paris fashionables has also given quite a peculiar character to the population of Biarritz. Men and beasts, women and children, seem all to look different from what they are in other parts of the Basses Pyrénées. The national Basque costume is almost given up, as is also the Basque language. The muleteer, though a thorough Spaniard, does not look any longer a genuine one, for he is mixed up here with sham Turks, sham Arabs, and sham everything else, as if it were in a masquerade. Instead of working all the year round, the population works only three months, the main feature of their work being that of cheating everybody in every way, and to an extent which secures them a most comfortable livelihood during the remaining nine months. As long as the Empire lasted, there was at least the guarantee of fashionable, if not always respectable, society offered to the rich traveller by the excessive prices of living; while at present even this advantage is gone, and the Casino of Biarritz, in which *baccarat* is now to be carried on all the year round, will probably soon transform Biarritz into about the worst place of that

sort in the whole of Europe. It has been still somewhat kept up this year by the presence of the bulk of the Alphonsists, who, as a rule, are wealthy and rather strict in their manners and customs—at least in their public manners and customs. But when the *cosas de España* get settled some day, English ladies, who are not particularly fond of meeting on intimate terms third-rate Paris *cocottes*, and not very fair Greek, Spanish, and Italian gamblers, would perhaps do better to give up going to Biarritz, unless of course it be on an occasional spree. The author is by no means a purist—far from that, and for his own part enjoyed Biarritz on this visit as much as ever. But writing as he does for the English public, whose views he knows well, and having undertaken to give here the result of his observations, he may as well state frankly what he has observed.

St.-Jean-de-Luz seems to be a rising little place just now, and has a pretty fair chance of success, provided the jetty, in course of construction, be some day completed, the crabbed sea brought under some sort of control, and the beach in that way somewhat improved. As it is at

present, St.-Jean-de-Luz is a quiet little sea-side town of cheap living, not very comfortable bathing, and very limited resources. The English residents have, however, managed somehow or other to establish a chapel and a little library. Every English new comer is invited to take advantage of the latter, upon the understanding that, when he leaves St.-Jean, he will bestow upon the improvised establishment all such books of his as he may not want, or as might cause an overweight in his luggage. In this homely way, a library of some two thousand volumes has been got up within a very few years; and being under the superintendence of a resident clergyman, nothing, as a matter of course, is left to be desired in the way of the moral value of the books, though perhaps quite as much cannot be said with reference to their intellectual worth.

To the student of men and manners, St.-Jean-de-Luz offers a good many attractions, for, although there still exists a large number of Basque villages in France, there is no really Basque town except St.-Jean-de-Luz. Everything is here as of old, the piety, the virtue of the people, their quaint sharpness, their tongue, their costume, the agility of their movements, down even to their blue berets and white *alpargatas* (hempen sandals),

and to the unbearable cries of their female street-hawkers. You feel at once you are far from the northern regions, where a man has to think of his dear fuel, his dear provisions, and the high rent he pays for his shelter. Of fuel the Basque requires next to none; the food is cheap, and he means it to be good too; as to the shelter, although he has always a good one, he does not concern himself much about it, as his whole life is passed outside the house, in the street, the field, and on the high road. His ancestors, who were always fighting, but never conquered, had all been ennobled by the Princes to whom they swore allegiance, and the Basque has consequently up to our times preserved a kind of pride which gives boldness to his look, and makes him talk to you on terms of perfect equality.

In the majority of cases it is perfectly immaterial to him what tongue he talks—Basque, Spanish, or French; he knows them all equally well, though he immensely prefers his harsh-sounding native language. At the first glance you throw at the Basque peasant, you perceive by his quick and agile walk, his cleanly cotton costume, and his loud harsh voice that the man has not crept out of some black underground hole. The brownish hard features of his face, quite

open under the beret, tell of a life passed under cheerful sun rays ; and the bright though somewhat dreamy expression of his eyes seems to be full of praise of the beauties of the sea and mountain scenery, which they have ever contemplated. You cannot intimidate a man of this sort, for neither the majesty of the nature surrounding him, nor the violence of the enemy, has ever done so for centuries and centuries past. He is all blood and passion ; and if you offend him, he dashes at you at once, however mighty or powerful you may be. When the Basque left his native place at the foot of the mountains and went to mix with the population north and east of him, he lost by-and-by his national character, and in the Béarn and in the Landes you meet beggars on every step, while you find none in the so-called Labourd and the Soule. However dull St.-Jean-de-Luz may seem to a stranger, the Basque won't give it up on any consideration. The usurping sea tried to get it from him, and was actually swallowing up the town, but—à *Gascon Gascon et demi*—the Basques stopped it, and are now managing to raise their decaying capital to its former state of prosperity.

The Basque likes even the gipsies he has so long harboured at considerable danger to himself,

for it is probably thanks to gipsies that the inhabitants of St.-Jean-de-Luz were formerly accused of witchcraft and burned alive *en masse*. He made even these gipsies work as steadily as he does himself; at least if the male gipsies do not still work much, the females do. Known under the name of *cascarottes*, they are all engaged in the fish trade, and from six o'clock in the morning the whole town is resounding with the piercing, unbearable cries of "*Sardinas! Sardi-i-nas!*" Formerly, when the railway from Bayonne was not completed, the most valiant *cascarottes* used to start at five o'clock in the morning to Bayonne, some thirteen miles distant, and returning by noon were off again at two p.m., and back at sunset, running thus—for they never walk, they trot—barefooted, something over fifty miles a day; and in the evening, after the completion of their laborious task, they were dancing on the beach of St.-Jean.

This dancing is another quite original affair here. The *cascarottes* dance almost the same *fandango* as the Basques, but they dance it without music, to the singing and the clapping of hands of the spectators. The more regular Basque *fandango* can, however, be always seen on Sundays, either at the special squares arranged in every village

for the *pelota* (*jeu de paume*), or at St.-Jean, in front of the bathing establishment. The orchestra consists, as a rule, of a bad violin and still worse horn. Two big empty casks with two planks on them, two old chairs on these planks, and two bad musicians upon the chairs, are deemed sufficient to enliven the dance. The sounds they get out of their instruments are something horrible; nevertheless, you can sit for hours looking at the graceful movements of both men and women. Perpetual wars have developed in the Basque a taste for bodily exercise, and bodily exercise has produced agility and gracefulness. Every one knows what fierce and invincible fighting material was at all times found in these more or less direct descendants of the Iberian tribes which, as traditions report, used, when besieged and reduced to the extremity of hunger, to eat their wives and children, salting such parts of the flesh as they could not consume in a fresh condition. The Roman soldiers who went out to fight the Vascons were sure never to return; and the Moors, after having conquered the whole of the Peninsula, could never cross the limits of the so-called Basque provinces of Spain, the population of which is absolutely the same as on this side of the Pyrenees. The only difference between

the French and the Spanish Basques is that the former looks much more civilised, much more tamed down, a circumstance which may be, perhaps, accounted for on the principle of that process to which M. Michelet alludes, when he says that the people of France are a nation of barbarians civilised by conscription. The Spanish Basque, who never knew what conscription was, and always fought for his privilege of not being compelled to fight, remains in a state of comparative savagery when put into juxtaposition with the peasant from the Basses Pyrénées. Yet, if the improved Vascon has all the merits which can be wished for in a citizen of an orderly community; if he is steady, hard-working, and intelligent; if his religious and moral character is irreproachable—woe nevertheless to those who are dependent upon him; he will suck the last drop of blood out of them; and there is no greater misery to be seen in France than where the small Basque capitalist comes into contact with the labourer of a neighbouring and poorer county.

Yet the Basque is good-natured, kind, and rather poetical in his aspirations. The Basque literature, which is almost all manuscript, or even oral, as preserved in the national ballads, is said to be rich, and to have many charms in its way.

I give here a verse of a popular song, which may at least show how the language looks in print, and a French translation to it, borrowed from a local writer, as I have never been able to catch, myself, a single word of Basque except "Urre," or "Urre," which means, I think, water.

Tehorrittona, nourat houa,
Bi hegalez, aïrian ?
Espagnalat jouaïteko,
Elhurra duk bortian :
Algarreki jouanengutuk
Elhurra hourtzen denian.

Petit oiseau, blanche nacelle,
Qui fait en l'air voguer son aile,
D'Espagne gagnes-tu les monts ?
Dans les ports que l'hiver assiège,
Laisse, crois-moi, fondre la neige :
Ensemble nous les passerons.

Although neighbours, as a rule, seldom live on friendly terms, the Basques manage to keep quite as profound a peace on the Spanish frontier as that which reigns on the Dutch-Belgian. An explanation of this may be found in the fact that it is not actually Frenchmen and Spaniards who meet on that frontier, but the Basques of France and the Basques of Spain ; and as all the Basques of Spain are Carlists, they turned the French

Basques into Carlists too. At all events, the personal support which Carlism obtains in the frontier villages is quite as efficient as the material support which its leaders receive at Bayonne. Every Carlist that has, for some reason or other, to enter France, is sure to find a safe and hospitable home; and the curé Santa Cruz has lived at St.-Jean-de-Luz for months and months, both before entering Spain and after having fled thence, and though the police and the gendarmes were daily and nightly on foot to discover him, they had never any chance of success.

As with every other place on the shores of the Gulf of Biscaya, St.-Jean-de-Luz was full of Spaniards this year, but the Carlists who were predominant among them were not of that pure royalist type which distinguished Bayonne. They belonged here to the Cabrera faction, and fomented in the quiet town of St.-Jean a good deal of the dissension which occurred in the *Campo del Honor*. The Carlists actually working in the field do not, however, take particular notice of what the Carlists residing in France are doing. They speak of those French residents as of gentlemen engaged in the peaceful and harmless process of *rascar la barriga*, a not sufficiently proper sort of occupation to be denominated

in English, for it means to rub one's belly. Nevertheless, some of these *rascar la barriga* gentlemen are men of means, and might have been well turned to account by Don Carlos if he had been an individual capable of better management of his partizans. Since the advent of Marshal MacMahon, they certainly might have been all put to work, as they were no longer molested in France, and the importation of arms and other war material had been greatly facilitated by a new decree, which practically abolished one of the custom-house lines.

There exist in the south of France two lines of custom-house: the first runs through Bayonne, along the Southern railroad; the other along the frontier itself. A decree of M. Thiers, of March last, prohibited the transfer of arms and war material beyond the first of those lines, so that anything that the Carlists wished to bring into Spain could be stopped at Bayonne, and all along the road from Bayonne to the frontier. The chances of such materials being captured were thus greatly increased. But with the advent of Marshal MacMahon, the French Legitimists in Paris managed somehow or other to have that decree annulled, so that arms and war material can be brought now close to the frontier

without interruption by anyone; and as there is nothing more easy than to smuggle them during the night through the endless mountain and forest paths, it is clear that all those who wish to support the Spanish Pretender can find useful and even profitable employment. But of course the gentlemen residing at Bayonne and St.-Jean-de-Luz do not intend serving Carlism in such menial positions. Everyone of them wants to be a general, and as Don Carlos has already more generals than he can possibly afford to keep, or to furnish either with a command or even with a horse, several hundred well known partizans of Spanish legitimacy are now from morning till night engaged in congregating on the *Promenade* of St.-Jean-de-Luz, spreading false news "from the best sources," and carrying on that silly sort of talk which is so characteristic of voluntary political exiles.

I begin to think, however, that we ought to progress more speedily towards those mountains. We touch already La Rhune, the first Pyrenean height in this part of the country, and the only one which Paris excursionists attempt to ascend, when anxious to have a look at the Spanish territory. But we have to go much farther than they go, and though in Spain things *se em-*

piezan tarde, y se acaban nunca (are commenced late and finished never), in this business-like country the same principle "would not answer." So let us get rid of Biarritz, Bayonne, and the Basques, and proceed at once to the sad but charming land *tras los montes*.

CHAPTER II.

FIRST VISIT TO THE CARLIST CAMPS.

A LONG with other newspaper correspondents, I made too sad experiences during the last French war to think of starting once more in an expedition of that sort as a mere amateur or spectator. The unlucky journalists who, like myself, followed the French army, had constantly to submit to insults, imprisonment, and to the threat of being shot as spies by one or the other of the contending parties. I had, therefore, quite made up my mind that this time I should have all the safe-conducts and credentials necessary to prove my right to be amongst the gallant warriors, whether Republican or Carlists. Accordingly, not satisfied with having several letters from the London Carlist Committee, I called, on my way through Paris, upon Count d'Algara, Marquis de Vergara, the Carlist repre-

sentative in that city. Like a great many others of the old Carlists, who were compelled to leave Spain after the Seven Years war, Count d'Algara had to take to trade as a means of subsistence, and he has still somewhere in the Rue Lafayette, I believe, an office where he is known as Señor Something-very-plain, commission merchant. But at the Rue Blanche he is *Monsieur le Comte*, and a very amiable count too. When I had submitted to him the object of my visit, he at once agreed to give me all the necessary introductions, and began to explain his views on Spanish affairs and Carlism, with an evident intention of duly preparing me for the work I was about to enter upon.

First of all he was anxious to point out to me that the Paris and London Committees were two different bodies, acting quite independently of each other; the London Committee being more concerned with money and armaments, while the Paris Committee had charge of the diplomatic part of the business. "But, of course, we don't neglect money matters either," said the Count, and showed me the subscription list which the Committee had just started, and which within the first day reached the sum of twenty-two thousand francs, both French and Spanish royalist

families figuring on it for various amounts. The number of subscribers did not exceed fifty when I saw the list, and among the names there were hardly half a dozen without some sort of title; but, on the other hand, there were several marquises and viscounts who put themselves down for as little as twenty francs. Count d'Algara said the subscription in London was much more important, but added that the Carlists had never troubled themselves much about money during all the long time they had been defending the sacred cause of their King. As far as I can remember, this is about what the Count tried then to make me understand.

“Money is with us of much less importance than people would be disposed to think; and as a man's wealth is much better estimated by his expenditure than his income, so is ours too. A man can be rich with six thousand francs, and poor with six hundred thousand francs, according to his establishment and style of living. When I had the honour to take actual part in the war of our King, and that was long ago, I had, in addition to my ration of bread and bacon, something like sixty francs as three months' salary, and even this was always in arrears by several months. And I was then a major. Since

then our cause has never been abandoned, though it was often considered as being a desperate one, and money has certainly not been flowing in. Our soldiers have the moral satisfaction of their work, and they often come to enlist themselves in our ranks quite armed, having bought a gun out of the proceeds of the sale of a watch or clothes. All that is published here about the Carlist extortions and requisitions is calumny. We do nothing of the sort; and it is madness to believe that our troops would have been so welcomed and supported, had they behaved themselves as they are reported to do. The *Agence Havas* is paid by the Republic, and was formerly in the hands of the usurpers of the Spanish throne; and all the false news is spread through the telegrams of that agency. But now, since the whole North is already in the power of King Charles VII., a regular telegraphic and postal service is about to be established with Europe, and everybody will have the opportunity of getting correct information, instead of infamous lies about women being shot and peasants bastinadoed to death."

I then asked the Count whether really the whole North could be considered as being in possession of the Carlists.

"Most certainly," he replied, "we have now

eight provinces in our possession, and our strategy is to occupy as soon as possible the line of the Ebro. In that way our flanks will be secured by the two Oceans, and the King will at once establish a regular government in the whole portion of the Peninsula north of the river. His Majesty must have crossed the frontier at the present moment. His military staff, as well as his Cabinet, is already formed around him, and his appearance among the loyal people of Catalonia, Navarre, and the Basque Provinces will have results to astonish the whole of Europe."

I soon perceived that the Count's statements had a strong odour of *double extrait* of Franco-Spanish flowers of rhetoric and inaccuracy, but the enthusiasm evinced by him was apparently so sincere, that I had not the courage to wind up the conversation, but rather encouraged it, by asking the Count at what strength he estimated the total Carlist forces.

"In the North we have not much more than twenty thousand; but there are at least ten thousand more scattered over Spain, and in some instances in places from which no news of them has yet come. As soon, however, as the King appears in the country, the number of his followers is sure to be three or four times as great. No

doubt a considerable portion of them will have only a lance or a revolver for a weapon; but our flag and our faith will do more than all the Remington and Berdan rifles of the Republic. You must not forget that the country will supply us with everything, while the Republic must pay and bribe everywhere, and they have not got more money than we have. The proceeds of the Rio Tinto mines, sold to an English firm, have been spent to the last penny, and a new loan of five millions has been made under the mortgage of the Porto Rico mines. That will last them exactly five days."

As I pointed out to him some little inaccuracy in this statement, he turned the conversation to what he called his own, the political field, and exclaimed: "Has any European nation, except Switzerland, which is no Power, acknowledged the Republic? You must not think the fact of the European Governments not having done so to be without significance. They are all equally interested in the re-establishment of the monarchy in Spain, and will certainly take the first opportunity for helping it. The legitimist movement in France is now in full swing. England, Germany, and Russia are getting more monarchical than ever, under the influence of the dread which the International has



spread throughout the orderly classes of those countries. And even Victor Emmanuel, though a revolutionary king, is exerting his best efforts to rank himself among the legitimate representatives of royalty. So, *vous voyez d'ici*, what Europe is to be in a few years, and no one can entertain any doubt as to the success of monarchy in Spain, where the mass of the people are more devoted to the cause of their religion and their legitimate sovereign than in any other country."

"America only—oh! I am very sorry for America," exclaimed the Count. "She has made a great mistake in having so hurriedly recognised the Republic. The American Government was utterly misinformed as to the real state of affairs in Spain, and I am surprised that a country carrying on such a large trade with, and having such considerable interests engaged in Spain, should have taken so hasty a step. Look what a position the United States Government has been placed in with reference to our country. They were friends of Christina, friends of Isabella, friends of Prim, friends of Serrano, admirers of Amadeo; they are now the only supporters of men like Figueras and Castelar, and all that within a very short time indeed. Such an attitude towards Spain will hardly be approved by

any impartial judge, and will, in the long run, certainly not improve the relations of the two countries."

Apprehending that this lecture on the political resurrection of the world might tire the Count and take too much of the limited time I had to spend in Paris, I delicately pointed to the amiable lecturer the original purpose of my call upon him, and the necessity I was placed in to leave in a few hours for Bayonne. He took up the hint most kindly, sat down to a beautifully carved ancient oak writing-table, and within a very few minutes supplied me with several letters to all sorts of *Excelentisimos Señores*. And after having, in the evening, duly digested the distinguished gentleman's eloquent argumentation to the tune of Madame Angot's daughter :

C' n'était pas la peine, assurément,
De changer de gouvernement,

I whistled merrily off to Bordeaux.

Never would I have thought on leaving London that I should have to take to smuggling, and be transformed into a mysterious Spanish *contrabandista*. Yet such was the case. To be able

to get on a sure footing among the partisans of Charles VII., I wanted to see, first of all, General Elio, and get from him the necessary permission and safe-conduct. But the General being in the mountains, I had to depend upon Carlist representatives at Bayonne for finding out his whereabouts. One of them, a most accomplished gentleman, said he would do everything in his power, provided I would not object to going somewhat out of the usual way of travelling, and would for a few hours submit to certain restrictions of my free-will. It was impossible to go straight by the high road to the frontier, for M. Thiers' gendarmes and soldiers, posted at all the frontier custom-houses, had strict instructions to let no one pass into such portions of Spain as were occupied by the Carlists. Those who wished to go to the Peninsula had to go either *viá* Irun, the only frontier town still in Republican hands, or to take a steamer at Marseilles to Barcelona, or at Bayonne to San Sebastian, Bilbao, or Santander. But, as I have already said, it was only in theory, not in actual practice, that communication with Carlist territory was cut off, for both arms and men did cross the frontier, only they did not cross it by the high roads, on which watch was kept.

There are two railway lines from France to Spain; the one runs *viâ* Bayonne, the other *viâ* Perpignan. Between these two lines, on the whole length of the Pyrenean chain, are several roads, with post coaches, old-fashioned inns, little custom-houses, stupid *douaniers*, most clever *contrabandistas*, and all the rest of it. These roads are excellent and most picturesque, and the horses and mules of the locality think nothing of eight or even ten miles an hour, notwithstanding the road running all the time sharply up and down hill. It was on these roads that the close watch on Carlists had been established by M. Thiers. Every cart was searched, every carriage examined, every rider and pedestrian asked to give a full account of his intentions and his destination. But right and left of everyone of these high roads are forest and mountain paths trodden out by shepherds and smugglers since times immemorial, and, as to their number and directions, defying all calculation. A few of them are comfortable enough for a clever mule to pass with its burden; but no gendarme or *douanier*, however sharp he may be, has ever ventured to enter them *ex officio*. He would be lost if he did not meet any smuggler to show him the way, and would be murdered if he attempted to

interfere with the man's avocation. These rocky, lonely tracks were now the leading thoroughfares of Carlism.

On the day fixed for my starting, at about five o'clock in the afternoon, an elegant carriage and pair drove to my hotel at Bayonne, and the waiter came to inform me that a gentleman was waiting for me. It was agreed beforehand that I should have nothing in the way of luggage except an umbrella, a plaid, and a pocket revolver, upon the carrying of which I insisted, and which proved perfectly useless. I took good care not to make my friend wait, and found him in the carriage, in company with something very similar to a coffin. It occupied the whole width of the front seat of the carriage, and was covered with a black cloth. Some passers-by began already to assemble as we drove away, and my companion said that he was not sure that inquiries would not be made at his house as to whether any of his children had died. "If I had not to fetch you, I would have avoided the leading street," said he; and on my inquiring what the coffin-like box contained, answered with the heartiest laugh, "One of the two cannons you have seen the other day at L——'s country-house. But don't be uneasy about that. We shall get through

all right. Besides, I told you you had to submit to my orders if you wished to pass." Of course, I answered I was not uneasy, though I had full reason to feel that, if the French authorities caught us, we should have no end of police troubles, while the Spanish would be almost justified in shooting us at sight. But, somehow or other, as soon as we were out of the walls of Bayonne, on the long and beautiful road of Doncharinea, I forgot all about the uncomfortable article we were carrying, and the purpose for which we carried it.

The weather had speedily changed on that afternoon. Towards six o'clock the sky was quite covered, and towards eight so heavy a rain and so perfect a darkness set in that we both began to slumber. All at once the carriage stopped, and a number of suspicious-looking persons appeared at both the doors. I was just about to ask my companion whether I should be permitted to get "uneasy" now, when I heard, "Ah, here are our men," and was asked to alight. I had still not made out what we were about, when the coffin-like box was taken out of the carriage and carried off like a bundle of bamboos into an apparently quite impracticable wood bordering the road. It was done in the twinkling of an

eye, and the six men who carried away the heavy case looked, under the light which the carriage lanterns threw upon them, like so many gigantic highwaymen of some sensational English novel.

"It is their business now to carry that piece across, and we have nothing more to care about," said my friend. "A couple of miles more drive and we shall have a good supper and a first-rate guide, and I am only sorry that the night is so shockingly bad, else I am sure you would have enjoyed the trip."

About a mile this side of the Doncharinea bridge, in the middle of which passes the actual frontier line between France and Spain, and on which any person fond of majestic positions can easily have the treat of trampling with one foot anarchical Spain, and with the other disreputable France, is a little village of the name of Ainhoue, the last French village on that road. The large village inn here, is kept by four exceedingly tall, exceedingly dark, and exceedingly sharp sisters. The eldest, a spinster about 45, is the manageress of the concern, and should I ever know a man in want of a heroine for a romance, I shall send him to the auberge of Marie Osacar, to study that remarkable specimen of womankind. French, Spanish, and Basque tongues are not only at

her command, but are each used with something of a classical elegance. There is, besides, scarcely any *patois* in which she does not feel as comfortable as a fish in the water. On my expressing my astonishment at her versatility, she merely remarked that her line of business required it. And what this "line of business" is, would be by no means easy to describe in a word or two, as it is done when one speaks of commonplace human creatures. Besides being an inn-keeper, this worthy spinster is a money-lender, a political agent for Don Carlos, a police agent for the French prefect, a commission-merchant, the head of a band of smugglers, and a perfect master of all the gendarmes, custom-house officers, and every other local authority, Spanish as well as French. When we arrived at her inn, she shook hands with my companion in a manner that showed that they were old and intimate friends. Some significant twinkles of the eye were exchanged, some unintelligible Basque sentences uttered in an undertone voice, and all seemed to have been settled immediately. An excellent rural supper was served to us, with a bottle of Bordeaux wine of very fair quality, and as there were other people in the dining-room, we were officially informed by the amiable landlady,



about ten o'clock, that our beds were ready. But that was simply a stroke of strategy calculated to make local customers retire, so as to enable her to put out the lights. The gendarmes were getting very particular, she said, and would not give up watching the house as long as they saw lights. So we had to lie down in bed for a while, and at about midnight she gently knocked at the door, informing us that "everything was ready." This "everything" consisted of a mysterious and by no means attractive individual, wrapped in a nondescript rug, and armed with a heavy stick.

"Pray don't make the slightest noise, gentlemen," recommended the clever spinster. "Your very steps should not be heard, else the dogs are sure to raise an infernal barking all over the village, and you will at once have the gendarmes rushing at you. Don't open your umbrellas either, for the fall of rain upon them would certainly be heard."

Such and similar was the experienced female's advice, all of which we duly complied with, and passed the village as successfully as any escaping robber ever did. Our guide, in his soundless sandals, was, while marching ahead of us, no more audible than our shadow would have been, and

we really did all that was in our power to imitate him, and began to breathe freely only when we were quite out of the village, and away from the high road.

It would be quite idle on my part to attempt to describe this pedestrian night tour. We were thoroughly wet in a few minutes, and had some seven miles to scramble over forest and mountain paths, in themselves probably very picturesque. But I saw nothing but darkness, and felt nothing but rain and most slippery mud. Now and then our guide stopped and seemed to listen to something, but nothing was to be heard except the heavy fall of rain on the trees and the distant roll of mountain streams. It took us two monotonous and tiresome hours to reach the actual frontier, and to bring ourselves out of the jurisdiction of the French gendarmes, and another hour's quite as fatiguing walk put us face to face with the first Carlist outpost.

Of course, there came the usual "Halt!" "Who are you?" "I will shoot you!" and similar exclamations, more or less justified by the profound darkness we were plunged in. By-and-by, however, everything was satisfactorily explained, and we were escorted to the old deserted monastery of the first Spanish village, called

Urdax, where a couple of rooms were provisionally fitted up for General Elio, the actual commander-in-chief of the whole Carlist army, but nominally "the Minister of War and Head of the General Staff of His Majesty Charles VII., King of the Spains."

It was nearly four o'clock in the morning, and as one may easily imagine the old gentleman we wanted was sound asleep. But a Carlist colonel, quite as old as the general himself, a companion in arms of his in the Seven Years' War, and now his temporary aid-de-camp, said that he had orders to awaken *El Excelentísimo Señor General* whenever anyone arrived or any news was brought; and with a tallow candle, without even a substitute for a candle-stick, in his hand, he showed us the way to the general's bedroom. On an immense old-fashioned bed, with discoloured chintz curtains, was lying an old man with a full grey beard, and a coloured silk handkerchief tied on his head. There was not the slightest vestige of any military attribute in the room, and looking at the old man in his night garment, one would have taken him for a retired lawyer, retired medical man, retired tradesman—for anything retired, but never for a general in active service at the head of an incoherent mass of

volunteers, bearing, to the common belief of the outside world, a very close similarity to brigands. The old gentleman gave me full leisure to examine him and his *entourage*, for he did not take the slightest notice of me till he had put on his spectacles, lighted a cigar, and looked through a large bundle of letters which my companion had brought him. Now and then he put him a question, or asked him to read something he could not make out himself, and it was only when he had gone through the whole correspondence, that he asked my fellow-traveller who I was, and what he brought me for. I was then introduced, handed him my letters, and explained the object of my visit.

“Oh, I shall be very glad,” answered he, with the kindest smile, “to give you any information I can, and, if I were a quarter of a century younger, I should have at once got up and had a talk with you. But I am too old for that. Besides, I suppose you want something more than to have a mere talk. You want to see something. So we will arrange things differently. Your friend will return to Bayonne, while you had better stay here over night, and we shall see to-morrow what we have to do. Meanwhile, I advise you both to dry your clothes, and to have

a glass of *aguardiente* with some hot water, if there is any to be had. That will answer for punch." And thereupon the old *pro tempo* aide-camp was ordered to take care of us, the general wishing all of us *buenas noches*.

In the next room a stout old priest, in a rather greasy cassock and a little black cap, his house-keeper just as stout and greasy as himself, and wrapped in an old-fashioned shawl, and a couple of old Carlist officers, were already assembled. The news of the arrival of strangers had evidently spread amongst the inhabitants of the deserted cloister, and they all got up, anxious to hear whether there were any *noticias*. Some chocolate, *aguardiente*, sugar, water, and cigarettes were in readiness on the table, and a bright wood fire was pleasantly crackling in the huge, ancient-looking firegrate. The reception was most friendly and homely. An apology was made for the absence of any fresh socks, but two pairs of new hempen sandals were brought forward, to enable us to get rid of our wet boots, and the curé insisted even upon our rubbing our feet with some salt and vinegar, as a *cosa muy buena*. And while we were thus drying, cleaning, and restoring ourselves, all sorts of questions poured upon us like another shower. "Where was S. M. El Rey?

What was said in Europe? Did many people in France, England, and America turn into Carlists? Were there any arms going to be sent? Was any money forthcoming in support of the great *causa*? Would Henri V. soon ascend the throne of France?" and so on. We were anxious to satisfy our hospitable hosts to the best of our ability, but still more anxious to ascertain whether there was any chance of procuring a rideable beast for my companion and a bed for myself. The old housekeeper was the first to perceive our cravings, and, thanks to her, after about an hour and a half of gossip, I was lying in a hard but clean bed, and my friend carried off as far as the frontier by the old yet still sure-footed mule of the fat *Señor cura*.

My bed was in the same room where we were drying ourselves. It was looking very unattractive when we came in, but as I noticed that the sheets and pillow-cases were changed by the stout housekeeper, whilst our conversation was going on, I lie down in full confidence, and slept as sweetly as if I had been in some friend's country-house in Kent or Derbyshire. Early next morning—or rather in a couple of hours, for I went to bed after five A.M.—I was awakened by some noise in the room, and saw, much to my

astonishment, the old colonel busily engaged in instructing a *muchacho*, or volunteer lad, how, if not exactly to polish, at least to clean my boots. I jumped out of the bed as quickly as I could, and tried to persuade the colonel that there was no occasion for his taking any trouble of that sort; but my exhortation made the matter only worse, for he took the brush and boots out of the lad's hands and began violently to brush them himself. A regular struggle ensued between us, and though I managed finally to get the boots out of his possession, things did not much improve on that account; for in a few minutes he appeared with a basin of water, wherewith I had to wash myself, and a little later with my coat, plaid, and umbrella perfectly dried and cleaned, and I learned also that the bed I had slept in was his bed. It was evident that he mistook me for some important person, and wishing to render himself generally useful, overdid the hospitality which one is always sure to meet on the part of the simple-minded country folk in Spain. That our colonel was very simple-minded indeed, will probably be clear without my pointing it out. He entered the ranks of the Carlists as simple volunteer in 1833, and rose to a colonelcy through sheer courage. He retired to his native village

when the war was over, and had now reappeared, again to take part in the struggle. His occupations at home were, perhaps, of a nature which caused him to look at boot-cleaning as quite a pleasant sort of work for a change, since boots are a thing almost unknown in the Basque provinces, scarcely anything being used but hempen sandals. Still I must avow that the sight of a boot-cleaning colonel, when one first visits a foreign army, produces a rather queer impression. Yet I saw that man frequently afterwards, tried to study him, and never found in his nature anything but profound self-esteem, unlimited courage, and quite an un-Spanish sense of duty. Only, good gracious! what a thick skull that old fellow had!

Scarcely had I time to dress, when the colonel appeared again, saying that *El Excelentísimo Señor General* asked for me. I went into the next room, and found the old gentleman seated at a table, answering the letters brought to him during the night. He was dressed in private clothes, and a casual visitor, on seeing his venerable face and peaceful spectacles, would have probably taken him for a medical man writing prescriptions. Two little cups of thick chocolate, with bits of dry toast, and two

glasses of water, were brought in by the old aide-camp, and the General invited me to take breakfast.

"I am glad you have arrived so timely," said he to me; "I am going to have an inspection tour this morning, and, if you like, I can offer you a seat in a little carriage which they have provided for me. We may remain on the tour for several days, and may have sometimes hard fare, and perhaps hard lodging, certainly rain; but that, I suppose, will not frighten you, else you would not have come here."

I thanked the General, and gladly accepted his invitation, but, being then fresh to Carlist work, wondered only how I should proceed on an expedition of several days, having not even a shirt or a tooth-brush with me. As he said, however, that he had some more letters to write, and that I had time to take a walk about the village, I thought I might get a chance of sending a note to Bayonne, and receive some of my things, if not the same day, at least at some future date.

Urdax is a miserable little village, situated in a kind of loophole, and within about a mile from the French frontier. It consists of scarcely a hundred houses, but the village must have

been a prosperous one formerly, for some of the houses are of a very substantial appearance, with coats of arms on the entrance-doors, and with everything to denote that the proprietors were enjoying a comfortable income. As a matter of course, the chief occupation of its inhabitants was smuggling. But, at the time I was at Urdax, no business of any sort was transacted, nor was there anyone to carry it on, the whole village being occupied by Carlist volunteers, only a few of whom were armed, the majority being all day long engaged in the village square either in being drilled with sticks in their hands as substitutes for rifles, or else in playing ball. The upper floor of the deserted convent, in a room of which the General was lodged, served as barracks for those volunteers who could not find lodging elsewhere, while the basement, evidently containing formerly the monks' refectories and conversation-hall, was transferred into stables for the few horses and mules which the Urdax force had in its possession.

When I came down into the square, I found the old colonel engaged in looking after an old four-wheeler inscribed *Servicio Particular*, and which was probably a remnant of some postal establishment. Five mules were being harnessed

to it, and three volunteers were to form the General's guard on the journey. I wondered in what way the colonel meant to make them escort us, but I soon found that the problem was very plainly solved. One volunteer got on the box by the side of the driver, and two inside the carriage together with us, and when the General was ready with his letters, away we rattled with a certain serious gaiety, for there is always some sort of pleasurable excitement in getting off, no matter under what circumstances. Our cheerfulness was, however, justified by the fact that the cannon which I and my companion had left in the wood on the previous night, was now lying on the ground in the middle of the square, and some five hundred volunteers assembled around it were getting quite mad, crying *Viva Carlos Setimo! Viva El General Elio! Viva el cañon!* and *viva* a good many things else. The six contrabandistas got two hundred and fifty francs, plenty of wine, plenty of cheers, and started back with fresh instructions to be carried out on another point on the next day. "The cannon has not yet either a gun-carriage or any ammunition," said to me the General, "but still it is something that we have got this much. Don't they look happy, the *chicos!*" (little ones) added he, with a smile

of satisfaction, and leaving them in their martial exhilaration we entered the carriage, the old boot-cleaning colonel, who did not go with us, promising once more to forward my note to Bayonne, and thus giving me the prospect that, at least on my return to Urdax, I should get a clean shirt.

General Elio is the oldest leading member of the Carlist party, and is, at the same time, regarded as their ablest man. Constant personal intercourse during our journey, and the frequent opportunities I had subsequently both of seeing the General at work and of talking to him, entitle me to say that I found him to be a most accomplished and able man—I was almost going to say a genius in his way—and, strange as it may sound, one of the most liberal Royalists I know either in France or Spain. He has lived many years an exile in France, Italy, and England, and has thus acquired a thorough knowledge of the institutions of those countries. It is impossible for anyone to look more like an old Englishman than the General does, when travelling with his English passport, and with his umbrella, gaiters, felt hat, and similar articles, nearly all marked with the names of London makers.

This old soldier began life under Ferdinand VII., as an officer of the Royal Guards. He was a colonel at the time of the death of that King (1833), and was among the first who formed the Carlist party upon the abrogation of the Salic law, by which abrogation Carlos V. was deprived of his rights to the inheritance of the throne of Spain after the death of his brother. During the war for the rights of the aspirant thus put aside—known in Carlist history as the Seven Years' War—Elio commanded a brigade, and driving now up and down the hills of Navarre he constantly pointed to me villages and other places where there were combats in the old time, evidently regretting that he no longer possessed the physical vigour of forty years ago. In 1839, through the treacherous capitulation of Rafael Maroto, the Carlist struggle came to an end. Elio then went abroad with Charles V., and had but few opportunities to take any part in politics until 1860, when he joined Ortega's attempt to bring upon the throne Count de Montemolin (Charles VI), which was made at San Carlos de la Rapita, near Tortosa. Ortega was Governor-General of the Balearic Islands, and conceived the idea of raising the garrison under his command in favour of Charles VI. He landed with

his adherents on the Catalonian coast, near Tortosa; but the attempt proved a failure, and both Ortega and Elio were captured and condemned to be shot. During his long residence in France Elio had, however, formed many friendly relations in that country; his sister was married to the Count de Barraute, a wealthy land-proprietor in the French Pyrenees, and there were, therefore, plenty of influential persons anxious to exert their best efforts to save the life of the General. Means were also taken to enlist the sympathies of the Empress Eugénie in his favour, and her mother, the Countess of Montijo, though by no means a partisan of the Carlists, lost no time in exerting all her influence in Madrid, to save the life of one who both there and in Paris had gained the reputation of being one of the most charming and amiable of men. These efforts proved so successful that Queen Isabella was ready to pardon Elio on the condition that he should swear allegiance to her. But when the decision of the Queen was announced to the General, he said he would not purchase his life at the price of an oath which his honour prevented him from keeping, and Isabella seems to have found the answer so honourable that she ordered the immediate release of Elio, but upon the condition of absolute banishment from Spain.

Ortega, however, who was the chief leader of the whole rising, and against whom O'Donnell had many personal grievances, was not allowed to escape, and had to pay with his life for the unsuccessful attempt he had made.

General Elio still remembered warmly the clemency of Isabella, and spoke of her as a much better woman and a much better Queen than Spaniards generally admit her to have been.

"She was ruined politically," he said, "by people like Louis Philippe, Montpensier, and Narvaez, and morally by Serrano. It is possible she would always have had a favorite; that is question of temperament, and with her it was also a question of conjugal unhappiness; but in the hands of Serrano she became demoralized to the heart's core. And this despicable person had the effrontery not only to overthrow his mistress and his benefactress, but to sign a declaration in which it was stated that Spaniards were obliged to conceal from their wives and daughters what was going on in the Royal Palace."

Since the days of Ortega's attempt, the General has had again nearly twelve years of exile to endure, and it is only now, when he is quite seventy years of age, that he has again the chance

of serving the cause he had—rightly or wrongly—once embraced and never since deserted. At the present moment he is the leading spirit of Carlism, for nothing is done either by Don Carlos, or by any of the Carlist leaders except under the advice—sometimes under the very peremptory orders of old Elio. The latest years of his exile the General spent almost wholly in Florence and Paris, but his capacity of disguising himself as an old Englishman has not deserted him, and it is highly amusing to see with what a hearty laugh he speaks of the necessity of this masquerading. One day last Summer he had some important business to transact at Bayonne, and, notwithstanding his advanced age, he thought nothing of travelling on foot, at night, some eight miles of mountain paths in order to cross the frontier, and then of driving twenty miles to Bayonne, and walking all day long about the town under the eyes of all imaginable sub-prefects, gendarmes, and detectives, by all of whom he was very much “wanted,” for the purpose of being at once locked up in the citadel of some distant fortress. So little indeed does the General look like a military man, and so un-Spanish are his appearance and manners, that, if we had not

been escorted on our journey by the three volunteers, we should certainly have been several times stopped by his own forces.

Later on, when I saw him in the field with Don Carlos, his civilian habits and manners had become quite proverbial on the Staff. He never wore either spurs, sabre, or any other military weapon or ornament. His costume consisted of a dark blue, rather long buttoned-up surtout, the few copper buttons of which were the only glittering or military-looking appendage about him. His red trousers, always very large and without any vestige of riding straps, got so rucked up, when he was on horseback, as to show the very tops of his soft, heelless half-Wellington boots. His white national beret has not even the customary golden tassel on it. When there were processions or other ceremonies at the time of the reception of Don Carlos in the various villages, and the General, much to his dislike, had to be present, he had always to borrow from some of his aid-de-camps, sabre, scarf, tassel, and everything that was necessary to make him assume an official and military appearance.

Under the enemy's fire old Elio is imitable. The greater the danger the more he smokes; and the more he smokes the more se-

rene he becomes, quietly smiling as he looks over his spectacles, and slowly and distinctly, without the slightest hurry or appearance of excitement, giving his orders to the members of his staff. Invariably mounted on a little white pony, under which his legs would easily meet, he frequently exposes himself to quite an unnecessary amount of danger, and when his attention is called to such a fact, he gives a soft, spurless kick to his little beast, makes a demi-tour, and, as a rule, comes back to the same place again. By-and-by, as the Carlist war was progressing, the General received no end of applications from old friends who wished to send him their sons and nephews to be attached to his person; and in this way he has around himself, and, much to his displeasure, an endless staff of officers, some of whom are not particularly fond of going too much under fire. It happened several times that, out of something like twenty aid-de-camps and ordnance officers, the General, when under fire, had by his side but three or four men. Yet I never saw him make any reproach to those who were absent. Without ever turning his eyes from the battle-field he calls out the name of the officer to whom he wishes to give an order, and if he is not there, he calls another, and, should he not be

present, a third. If none answer, you are sure to hear "Juan!" which is the name of his son, invariably to be found by his side, and who, with a curé of the name of Don Ramon, serving him as a private secretary, is, I believe, the only person initiated into the plans of the General.

This Don Ramon is also a most curious sort of individual. Sharp as a needle, indefatigable at work, and thoroughly conversant with all the details of Carlist military administration, he is certainly more fit to be a *cabecilla* than a priest. He rides on horseback quite as well as any Spanish cavalry officer, and if he is seldom visible in a cassock, he may, on the other hand, not unfrequently be seen officiating in the presence of Don Carlos and the whole staff in big top-boots and spurs, and despatching what is called a grand mass in the short time of twelve or fifteen minutes.

The military abilities of General Elio are, as far as I am able to judge, of a very high class, indeed. To do what he has done in less than six months, with the little means he had at his command, is something incredible. Small bands of fifty miserably-armed men, which I saw in April, were transformed by the beginning of September into well-armed battalions, about eight hundred men strong each. Out of a nucleus of a few thou-

sand men, scattered in small bands over the country, something looking like an army of over thirty thousand men was formed and under the orders of the General a few months later. Although there was not much discipline, in the strictest sense of the word, there was unlimited obedience to the orders of the leaders; and although there was very little regular drill, volunteers were somehow or other brought to pretty fairly understand what the orders of their commanders implied. But the mere organisation of the troops did not so much puzzle an observer, as the manner in which they were provided for. When the raw fighting material was obtained, and arms for their use provided, it was not difficult to form battalions; but to feed them, in a country which, though rich, was already affected by a protracted war, was a problem of a very different sort. I believe that no partisan warfare has ever presented facts like those which were to be seen amongst the Carlists. In Mexico, the celebrated flying squadron of Count de Clary, only about four hundred strong, was not unfrequently without food for several days, in a country incomparably more abundant in natural food products; while here a column of six, seven, and sometimes upwards of ten thousand men, marches out in

the morning without the General knowing where he will be compelled to spend the night, and yet his troops never miss their rations. How Elio managed his commissariat department is quite a puzzle to me. True, that the population of the country is very favourably disposed towards the Carlists; but there still remains the emergency of a General who, intending to move towards a certain point, has ordered his supplies accordingly, and is suddenly compelled by circumstances to change his march to an opposite direction, and to trust to chance and good fortune to find the necessary provisions for his men.

If the Carlists experienced any difficulty at all it was only for cartridges, but that was not Elio's fault. The force was to be armed quickly and anyhow; consequently, it had rifles of all imaginable patterns, to which cartridges could not be made on the spot. Some occasional unpunctualities in the supply from abroad naturally arose too. Besides, after the entry of Don Carlos into Spain, the affluence of the volunteers became so great that, the Carlist chiefs not being disposed to allow the popular enthusiasm to cool down, all moneys had to be invested in the purchase of guns, and but little was thus left

for the purchase of cartridges. There can be no doubt that, with ten or fifteen thousand men well provided with ammunition, the Carlists would have made more progress than they made with thirty thousand men imperfectly appointed; and if Elio had been quite independent of Don Carlos, he would probably not have allowed the force to rise so speedily in numbers, and have employed the money collected in a different way. However, except on this point I have never seen any deficiency.

Though our little voyage was exclusively limited to the province of Navarre, it lasted for fully five days, for we had to stop in nearly every village where troops were to be inspected, the municipal authorities conferred with, and all sorts of orders and instructions issued, which hindered a more speedy progress. But when the business was transacted, and we were either driving on the high road or quietly sitting at the fireside of our night's lodging, the General would now and then willingly talk on Carlism, as well as on the general state of Spanish affairs, and I must avow that I still remember with delight the hours I spent

with the old gentleman, and still imagine I hear the low and slow voice in which he gave vent to his thoughts and observations, always moderate, always intelligent, and always full of that quaint sort of scepticism which is all the more attractive because the man himself is not conscious of it.

We spoke, of course, of all sorts of things, and it would be utterly impossible to reproduce here all the General said; but some of his ideas and observations impressed me forcibly enough to admit of my reproducing them.

The organization of the Carlist forces was naturally the first subject touched upon, and as we had two lads sitting with us, the General, not wishing to initiate them into all the conversation, took care to speak in French, a language which he possesses in perfection.

"Some eager partisans," said he, "talk everywhere of our having thirty thousand men at present. That is not correct. We shall undoubtedly have even more than that number, but by-and-by only, when we shall have arms. As far as the present number of properly armed men is concerned, I could not estimate it beyond ten thousand; but I do not know it exactly. We do not keep, as you may easily imagine, any of

those lists, or registers, which are kept in regular, well organised armies, and which have been shown so often and so greatly to differ from the reality. We may perhaps begin to keep them some day, but I am not particularly anxious about that at present, and have no officers for carrying on that sort of business. Our armament comes in the way that cannon came last night: and until we have more money, and can afford to charter vessels, we shall have to limit ourselves to the expensive and risky procedure of smuggling. Smuggling is, however, not so very difficult on the French frontier, for the bordering population in both countries are smugglers by "birth and education," as the English phrase goes. In addition to the natural proclivity of all borderers towards unrestricted *libre échange*, some special causes are at work here to produce more smuggling than would be apparently justifiable. There exists a considerable difference in the duties levied in Spain and France on certain articles. Since the last war was concluded, and France has had to pay a heavy indemnity, French duties have been raised, while on the northern frontier of Spain, where they were lower, we gave instructions to lower them still at all points where the custom-houses are in Carlist possession, for



we do not make any secret that we want money, and I know that the lower the duties are, the more in the long run will they return. Consequently, many articles are now sent by foreign merchants to Spain by sea, or in transit across France, in which case they have nothing to pay in the latter country. On reaching Spanish soil, they pay the import duties either to the Republicans or to us, and then in a couple of days are smuggled back again into France. The differences between the French and Spanish duties having existed since time immemorial, and having even formed part of the Spanish fiscal policy, it is quite natural that the frontier population in both countries should have made a regular profession of smuggling. The same thing is, or was, though in a reverse form, going on about Gibraltar, where the English were playing with reference to Spain the same trick we play here with reference to France. To prevent this traffic is almost utterly impossible, as long as the difference between the duties exists. Nothing short of a line of officers posted along the whole length of the frontier, and almost close enough to touch each other, could prevent this smuggling. The goods marked "transit" go into Spain by the high roads, and return to France by the innumer-

able mountain paths, of which you saw one when you came, and upon these the French *douaniers* are by no means disposed to enter. M. Thiers has done all in his power to stop our movement, but without any success whatever. What he has stopped, is the regular intercourse between the two countries. From the Atlantic across to the Mediterranean all ordinary traffic between France and Spain has been paralyzed, yet you see that we pass freely, and when the weather is not so bad, even comfortably. However, M. Thiers gives us much trouble, and I am most anxiously waiting for the time when he will be overthrown; for I suppose he has not much longer to rule France; and any change that may come will be to our advantage, for French Conservatives are all Legitimists, and therefore all in our favour, while the Gambettists, should they come to power, would only exasperate the population in the South of France, and dispose it still more to help us."

The General's allusion to France turned the conversation to what was said abroad about Carlism, and the reputation for cruelty, which had been gained by the Spanish Legitimists, caused the old gentleman to speak rather vehemently on that subject. He simply called "miserable lies" everything that has

been said about the atrocities committed by the Carlists.

“Our policy,” said he, “is just the reverse of this, and I have been already over and over again reproached by old Carlists for being too lenient towards the Republicans, and even towards spies. What we want is to attract people, not to frighten them. I have given strict orders that whenever prisoners are taken they should be disarmed and released, as we neither want to keep them, nor desire to shoot them. The more Republicans we release, the more will their ranks get demoralized. A man fights quite differently when he knows that, if captured, he will be executed. He prefers then to die on the battle-field, while now, by releasing prisoners, I induce them to fight less steadily and to surrender more easily. What does it matter to me that the same man will appear three or four times in the ranks against my troops? The more times he appears, the more I am sure of his being a bad soldier.”

These words of the General often came to my memory subsequently, when I saw Carlists fighting, and when I witnessed, as in the case of Estella for instance, over six hundred prisoners disarmed and sent under escort to Pampelona, so

that the infuriated Navarre peasants should not attack them on their journey. And the policy of, in this way, demoralizing the enemy's ranks has—whatever its moral merit may be—certainly been one of the most successful measures the General has adopted.

“Of course,” continued he, coming to this subject over and over again, “I cannot be answerable for occasional accidents which may occur now and then. A chief of a *partida volante* might capture sometimes a few militiamen (*Migueletes*) against whom the Carlists are particularly angry because they are voluntary, not *per force* soldiers. Such men might be sometimes killed, without or with the sanction of the commander of the band, but these things cannot be helped in war. Then again, where is justice when people speak of us being murderers and assassins when we shoot a spy, while the Republicans, when they torture and massacre men whom they suspect of Carlism, are simply said to be using just measures of severity. My own brother, the Vicar of Pampelona, has now been for several months imprisoned in an underground cell of the citadel of that town, and as he is almost as old a man as myself, he is pretty sure to see his life's end there. Dorregaray's mother

and sister are also in prison at Santander, and when in the skirmishes any Carlists are taken prisoners, they are not only shot but their bodies are mutilated. People talk also about our enlisting men forcibly. Well, you will see yourself, if you remain here some time, that we have more men than we can possibly make use of. Why should we take men by force when we have not arms enough to give to those who come willingly? All the miserable calumnies spread about us will cool down by-and-by, I am perfectly sure of that. They are remnants of the impressions left by the old Seven Years' War, which was really a very fierce one. Zumalacarregui would not, and could not, give quarter, and he achieved all his successes chiefly by inspiring the Christinos with terror. The Generals of Christina treated the Carlists in such a way that retaliation was a matter of absolute necessity. We had also, as you know, a foreign intervention upon our hands. The English Legion, the Portuguese Legion, and the so-called French Foreign Legion had been sent here to fight us, and we were compelled to have recourse to greater severity just to warn foreign adventurers not to come to this country. They had no business to interfere with us. But as nowadays no interference is probable,

or even possible, for France has too much to do at home, while England is not a country likely to repeat twice the same stupidity—we can afford to be more lenient, and I mean that we shall be so, so far as it depends upon myself.

“There are also one or two points more in which public opinion in Europe abuses us. One is our stopping the railway traffic in the North of Spain, and the other our alleged attacks upon, and robbery of, peaceful travellers. With reference to the railway traffic, I can tell you I am constantly in negotiation with the same M. Pollack whom you have seen at Bayonne, and if we have not arrived yet at any result, it is not our fault. I told him over and over again, and urged him to use Pereira’s influence, since he is the chief proprietor of the railway, for re-establishing the traffic upon the condition that no troops or war material should be carried by rail. If Pereira and his agents cannot arrange that matter with the Madrid Government, we, on our part, cannot permit the enemy to turn against us the advantage which would be derived from railway communication. As to our attacking and robbing peaceful travellers, and especially women, that is pure nonsense. I don’t believe that any man, and certainly no woman, has ever been molested or

robbed, except by bandits, who may, on a lonely road, attack a travelling party and give themselves out as Carlists. All I could do was to give orders to shoot off-hand every man who could be proved to have been guilty of anything of that sort. The curé Santa Cruz himself is now under sentence of death for having disobeyed the commander of his province, General Lizarraga. Several reports had been circulating that Santa Cruz's men, who formed at the outbreak of the war a very useful flying party, had lately committed many acts of violence. How far this was correct, I have not yet been able to ascertain. I believe the reports to have been greatly exaggerated. However, I directed Lizarraga to incorporate Santa Cruz's men into his own force, and to put Santa Cruz himself under more stringent control. The curé refused to obey this order, and I have, without the slightest hesitation, confirmed Lizarraga's sentence, by which Santa Cruz is to be shot as soon as he is caught."

While we were thus talking about the now sadly celebrated curé, our carriage was driving close to Elizondo, and on the right hand side of the road, the General pointed out to me a little village high up in the mountains.

"Do you see those little houses?" asked he;

"Well, that village is called Lecaroz; I had often to stay there during the Seven Years' War, and for the fact of my having been there, and its inhabitants not having communicated to the Christians information of my whereabouts, and of the number of men and the quantity of arms I possessed, the whole of the village was burned to the ground; and the male population were ranged in a line, and every tenth man of them shot by Mina. Now, we have never done anything of that sort. That was the work of the Liberals, supported by the English, the Portuguese, and the French."

Several times, also, did the conversation turn towards the present Pretender to the Spanish throne, and mentioning the severe criticisms passed on him, I asked the General how it was that Don Carlos did not put himself at the head of his troops.

"Ah!" said he, "we have had great trouble in keeping the King quiet, and preventing his rushing precipitately across the frontier, as he did last year when we were defeated, and he had to retrace his steps. Should I be defeated or captured, or should the same events happen to Dorregary, you can perceive that matters would not be beyond remedy. But suppose either to happen to the King, what then? And both defeat and capture are clearly possible to any of us, no



better armed nor stronger than we now are. True, neither is very likely with the disorganised enemy we have, but we must not trust our cause to unnecessary possibilities. It is true that the King's arrival here would greatly increase the movement in his favour; but an untimely enthusiasm may waste the grandest opportunity. We should have the peasants by tens of thousands thronging to us and demanding arms. And as we have no arms to give them, discouragement would follow delay in such a matter, and our young fellows would go off to their homes disheartened and reluctant to rally to our colours again. All that we must avoid. No, no; in a few weeks more we shall have arms—arms, our great necessity!—and munitions of all kinds. There will be plenty of men whenever we make the signal, and then we will occupy what points we need; and I will ask you to come and see us at work."

On my expressing some curiosity as to what sort of person "the King" was, General Elio spoke, as nearly as I can remember, something to this purpose:—

"He is intelligent, very kind-hearted, and of undoubted personal courage, but I am unable to say whether he will be distinguished as a states-

man; for this is a subject upon which a fair opinion can only be formed *a posteriori*, and not otherwise; we must judge of it from the facts only. Many intelligent men have failed as statesmen, while many persons of inferior intelligence have proved quite equal to the little statesmanship required in a sovereign. Several countries, we know," added he, with his good-natured smile, "could, I believe, supply illustrations of this."

I agreed with him, but remarked that he was not quite justified in referring to constitutional governments, when Don Carlos was commonly recognised as the representative of absolutist theories, and his answer was:—

"You are greatly mistaken if you think that the King ever dreamed of absolute power. He knows, and his counsellors know still better, that absolutism is impossible in our age. He understands also the bad policy of giving now-a-days any secular power to the clergy. The legitimate monarchy in Spain will not only rule with the advice of the Cortes, but will restore all the ancient franchises—the *fueros*, as we call them—which have been violated in turn by all the progressive parties. It will support religion, of course, but will not go a step beyond what the religious feeling of the people requires in that

respect. Our enemies say *we* will overrun the country with monks and priests. This is simply nonsense. If any person is disposed to a monastic life, government, it seems to me, has as little business to oppose it as to encourage it. There is—or rather was—among our peasantry, and even among our educated classes, a religious fervour that may be deemed fanatical; and if our monks were fanatics it was not because they were monks, but because they were Spaniards. If I should call a good Carlist in the next village. and tell him myself that one of our detachments had been beaten somewhere, he would not believe me. He would answer that God would not permit *Carlistas* to be beaten. You cannot make such people less fanatical or less religious by closing the monasteries, as the Progresistas did. A foolish and unjust measure like that could never have had any other consequence than what we see—that is, the increase of the very fanaticism it strove to stamp out. And, say what you may against the monks, if you studied the Basque provinces, where priests and monks have always been powerful, you would see much in their favour. There is not a single peasant in these provinces—man or woman—who does not write grammatically and in a clear hand the Basque language, and many write equally

well the Spanish language too. Their good health is the result of their morality. Not only are there no beggars here, but distressing poverty is almost unknown. Much of this is due to the priesthood, and the remainder to what the priests help them to maintain—the ancient privileges of the Basque provinces and Navarre. We enjoyed here, up till Christina's time, perfect self-government, and never knew what conscription meant. Over and over again have I voted here as a landlord of Navarre on a footing of perfect equality with the poorest of my farmers. You are surprised at the strength and courage of our young volunteers, some of whom, as you have seen, are scarcely sixteen years old. It is the result only of their pure lives and the absence of that source of ruin to the young men of other countries—the conscription, with its barrack life and all the vices of large cities. It is not amidst the fresh air and rocky soil of these mountains that people can ever get demoralised. Some of these lads have never been even as far as Pamplona or Vitoria, and all they know of the world at large is what the *cura* and the muleteer tell them. I can assure you that every one who has lived here feels as certain as I do, that neither the intense religious feelings, nor loyalty to the ancient monarchical institutions,

can ever be eradicated from the minds of the people in the Vasco-Navarre provinces, unless the very face of the country is changed, and these mountains are levelled to the ground. I believe that all the rest of Spain can be easily enough made monarchical, but never will the mountaineers be made republicans. And we have mountains and mountaineers everywhere over the Peninsula."

As a matter of course, a journalist representing an American paper could not leave the question of Cuba untouched, and I had naturally enough to bring the General on the subject.

"Well," replied he, "it is difficult to say anything positive on that subject at present. Slavery, of course, will be abolished, and a special constitution will be granted to the colony. But you are probably anxious to know whether the King could be induced to part with any portion of the Spanish dominion in the New World. To this I must say that no government could safely venture such a policy. Its declaration to that effect would be its own death-warrant. It would give effective ground to every element of opposition, for it would appear to balance meaner considerations against national feeling. My own opinion is—and I believe that, to a certain extent, this is also the King's opinion—that colonial policy is simply

a consideration of debtor and creditor accounts. If a colony pays, keep it; if it is a loss and a burden, cut it adrift. The English colonial disintegration party is rational. But the subject is entangled with sentiments of nationality and pride; and you see that even the English government, so strong and powerful, dare not declare plainly the Colonial policy in which they seem to believe. How, then, can any Spanish government be asked to do so? If we could sell Cuba, we should, by a stroke of the pen, restore our national finances. But to make such a sale a most powerful hand is needed, and no hand can be powerful—and in Spain less than anywhere—unless it holds plenty of money. Thus there is a vicious circle: we could not sell Cuba, save in a condition that would make its sale superfluous. This is a vital topic with us. It will come up often, and we must only endeavour to prevent by all proper good-will and courtesy toward the American government the arising of any pretext for their occupying the island.”

Though when we started the General threatened me with the prospect of bad lodging and bad fare, we never saw either on the whole of our

journey. He was everywhere received with open arms by the population, and either at the houses of the curés, or at those of some leading inhabitant, comfortable meals were invariably waiting for us—so far comfortable, at least, as Spanish cooking allows. At the house of a rich proprietor at Elizondo, among others, we had a bottle of sherry, the taste of which I still remember, and which cannot be obtained anywhere except in those cathedral-like vaults called *Bodegas*, which are the great attraction of every English traveller at Jerez.

At night we almost invariably returned to the little *palacio* of Bertiz, the property of General Elio's sister-in-law, which is situated on the junction of the San Estevan and Pamplona roads. The capital of Navarre was within a few miles of the place where we thus took our night's lodging, and half-a-dozen of German Uhlans would certainly have captured us there most easily. But, in the first place, there were no German Uhlans at Pamplona, and, in the second, the population around Bertiz would never have even inadvertently betrayed the temporary residence of the General.

"We are quite safe here," said the old gentleman to me, on the first evening we went there to bed, "I have drawn some curtains on the

road from Pamplona. Two little flying parties, numbering about twenty-five men altogether, but commanded by two very old and experienced officers, are watching the road at a distance of a few miles from here, and should any suspicious move be made from Pamplona, they are sure to awaken us in time. For the little risk run here we have the advantage of good beds, and of suppers without oil and garlic, which you seem to dislike so much."

And really our beds were excellent, and garlic and oil were banished from the bill of fare, except in that kind of thick bread soup, which is quite a national supper dish in Spain, and which the old gentleman seemed to be exceedingly fond of. But it was quite easy for me to dispense with it, since the supper was always so copious and the vegetables so delicious, that the most voracious appetite might have been contented. Never in my life shall I forget the little artichokes, not larger than a middle-sized fig, and melting in one's mouth, outer leaves, brush-like core, and all else included. One could scarcely believe it to be the same vegetable that gives so much trouble to cook and consumer in other countries.

During the day when the General was trans-

acting his various business affairs, I walked about the villages, watching the country life of Navarre people, and the first efforts of the Carlists to organise themselves into something like an army. I must frankly say that the pictures I saw in these and subsequent wanderings contained much of ugliness, dirt, ignorance, and superstition ; but they contained also many elements of that sort of primitive virtue, self-denial, and courage, which always offer the most refreshing sight to a mind intoxicated and bewildered by the contemplation of all the blessings of our much extolled civilization.

CHAPTER III.

DIOS, PATRIA, Y REY.

THE heading of this chapter—*God, Fatherland, and King*—is the great Carlist motto, and the watchword to which every peasant of the northern provinces of Spain answers by rushing to take up arms. *Patria* plays, indeed, a much less important part in it than *Dios* and *Rey*, for, whenever joyous shoutings are heard among Carlists, Fatherland is seldom mentioned. It is always “*Viva Carlos Setimo*,” “*Viva la Religion*,” “*Viva los Carlistas*,” or *Viva* this or that special Carlist leader. *Patria*, means among the Carlist volunteers, as a rule, their own particular province, often even their village only. Of Spain, as a whole, they don’t know much, and care less still about it. Half of these men, being pure Basques, do not even understand Spanish at all.

“*Carlos Setimo*” sounds well enough when

cried out by the enthusiastic and strong-voiced lads, but it looks rather queer when represented by the Pretender's crest figuring on the buttons, arms, and colours. It assumes then more the aspect of some chemical formula than of anything else, for it is written in the plain way of C₇., not in the form of a C more or less picturesquely intertwined with a VII, as one would expect it to be.

That the shouting and enthusiasm are sincere in the Northern provinces of Spain scarcely anyone will doubt, when Carlism has risen to the power it holds at present; and we must always bear in mind that it has so risen in defiance of every sort of Spanish as well as international law, and with almost no money to support it.

Of the present Pretender, the Navarre and Basque people know but very little. It is quite enough for them that he is *El Rey*, and that his name is Carlos. They venerate in him the old tradition. And I am almost sure that the great majority of them firmly believe him to be the son of Charles V. under whom their fathers—in some cases even themselves—fought forty years ago. Thus to general causes which make these mountain tribes rise against any government

established in Madrid, is now added the intense feeling of hatred against those who inflicted upon the Basque provinces the calamities which these provinces had to bear during the Seven Years' War. So strong indeed is this feeling, that I have constantly heard the Republicans called by the name of *Christinos*, which means soldiers of Queen Christina, a denomination evidently preserved from the former war. It is only the more civilized portion of the Carlist Volunteers which understands that the present Government of Madrid has nothing whatever to do with Christina, and accordingly calls the Republican forces by the nicknames of "Negros," "Liberales," "Progresistas," and the like. The mutual hatred and jealousy amongst all the Spanish provinces has assumed in the Vasco-Navarre parts of the Peninsula such an intense form that nothing short of some Madrid dictator accepting the American principle, "Good Indians are only dead Indians," can put a stop to Carlism. Zumalacarregui, whatever might be thought of his humanity, was certainly not very wrong when he made up his mind to give no quarter to the enemy, a resolution to which the "Eliot Convention" put a stop. He seemed to have accepted the rather plausible,

theory that the more enemies he killed, the fewer would remain. Such a principle, barbarous as it may look, was at all events sure, if acted upon on both sides, to lead to a speedy conclusion of the war, and probably to the final settlement of a pending question; while as long as the war is continued in the manner it has been carried on since Zumalacarregui's death, peace will probably remain an unknown thing in the unhappy Peninsula.

In the Spring of this year matters might yet have been mended, and the war put a stop to, by some "military genius" taking the reins of the Government of Madrid. But, at the point which the Carlist organisation has reached now, every hope of this must be given up for a considerable time to come. The Carlists are perfect masters of the whole of the North. They are well organised into something very similar to several distinct army corps. They are in the course of establishing cartridge manufactories, and they are manufacturing arms at Eibar and Placencia, the two establishments being capable of supplying over six hundred guns a week, a number more than sufficient for keeping them in a perfect state of readiness to meet any effort on the part of the Republicans.

The sufficiency of the natural resources of the country for the demands upon them presents the only somewhat questionable point, since it is now quite a year that war has been carried on, with the products of a comparatively small district, and without reckoning that it had also lasted for a couple of months in the preceding year. But, in the first place, agriculture has not suffered much as yet. Bread, wine, and cattle are still plentiful both in Navarre and in Guipuzcoa, and the only difference is that, instead of selling what the peasant can spare from the quantity requisite for his own use, he is now compelled to give it to the Carlists. He has consequently become short of cash, but he is a man who does not want much of it, and who will probably endure without grumbling the privations which the want of ready money entails, when it is for a cause to which he is so much attached. He is, besides, constantly encouraged in this sentiment by the priests, by the leaders of the Carlists, who are chiefly landed proprietors of his own province, and by all the lads of his village, who have entered the Carlist ranks, and who are now often coming on visits to their homes to tell long stories about the great battles they have fought and the glorious progress the great *causa* has made.

But suppose, even, that the resources of Navarre and Guipuzcoa should soon get exhausted, Biscaya and the country along the Ebro can easily support the Carlist army for twice as long a time as the two other provinces. And the risings in Lower Aragon, Catalonia, and Valencia will always give to the Navarre and Basque forces the possibility of changing their field of operation whenever the want of supplies begins to make itself felt in the districts now supporting them.

No one could form anything like an exact idea of the extent to which Carlism is rampant all over the Northern provinces, unless one has travelled through them both with the Carlist column, and by himself alone. When you pass with troops, a suspicion may always arise within you that fear makes the population welcome them. But during my six months wanderings through the North of Spain I had to pass over and over again through almost every village of the four provinces with no other escort than a little Navarre servant boy, fifteen years old, and nowhere did I meet with anything but hospitality, to which all sorts of *vivas* were immediately added, when it became known that I had friends among Carlists, and could thus be fairly supposed to be a Carlist myself. Naturally enough, the

innkeepers may have occasionally cheated me, or robbed the food out of the manger of my horses. But this had nothing to do with hospitality—it was purely matter of business, transacted in a way which is not necessarily peculiar to Basques or Navarrese. It was not the innkeeper's fault that I had money, for if I had had none he would have given me the same fare without asking me a penny. It was also not his fault that maize and barley had risen in price, and that his mules' food was thus rendered almost dearer than his own. If I had been disposed to go to the *alcalde* to ask him for rations, and to draw for them upon Don Carlos' future exchequer, I should have had the horses feed for nothing, and then the innkeeper would not have touched their food, for he would have considered it Carlist property, which is, of course, a more or less sacred thing.

The enthusiasm for the Carlist cause is still more emphatically shown by the women and children of these backward regions. Whenever a Republican corps passes through a village, scarcely a child is to be seen in the streets. They all hide themselves in the stables, in the garret, or in one of those uninhabited rooms of the first floor where Indian corn is habitually stored in these countries. It is evident that, somehow or

other, these little things have been frightened away from the Republican soldiers; and they know them, for sometimes the notice of the approach of such a column to the village is first brought by little boys and girls of six or seven years, out watching their pigs and sheep somewhere on the hills. But when the Carlists approach, all the children rush out to the entrance of the village with cries of welcome, dancing and springing in their delight, and meeting them with all sorts of joyful manifestations. At the outbreak of the movement, when so many Carlist volunteers were armed with no more deadly weapons than sticks, there was to be seen in every village an auxiliary force of little boys and girls playing all day long at Carlists. And when a band passes some isolated farmhouse in the mountain, the whole of the family is sure to be found at the entrance-door ready with jugs of fresh water, or sometimes even glasses of wine, for the wearied soldiers. Yet none of them would ever dream of accepting any payment, the very proposal of which would be taken as an offence.

The women, both in Navarre and the Basque provinces, do not possess much in the way of carpets, or coloured tissues of any kind, but they