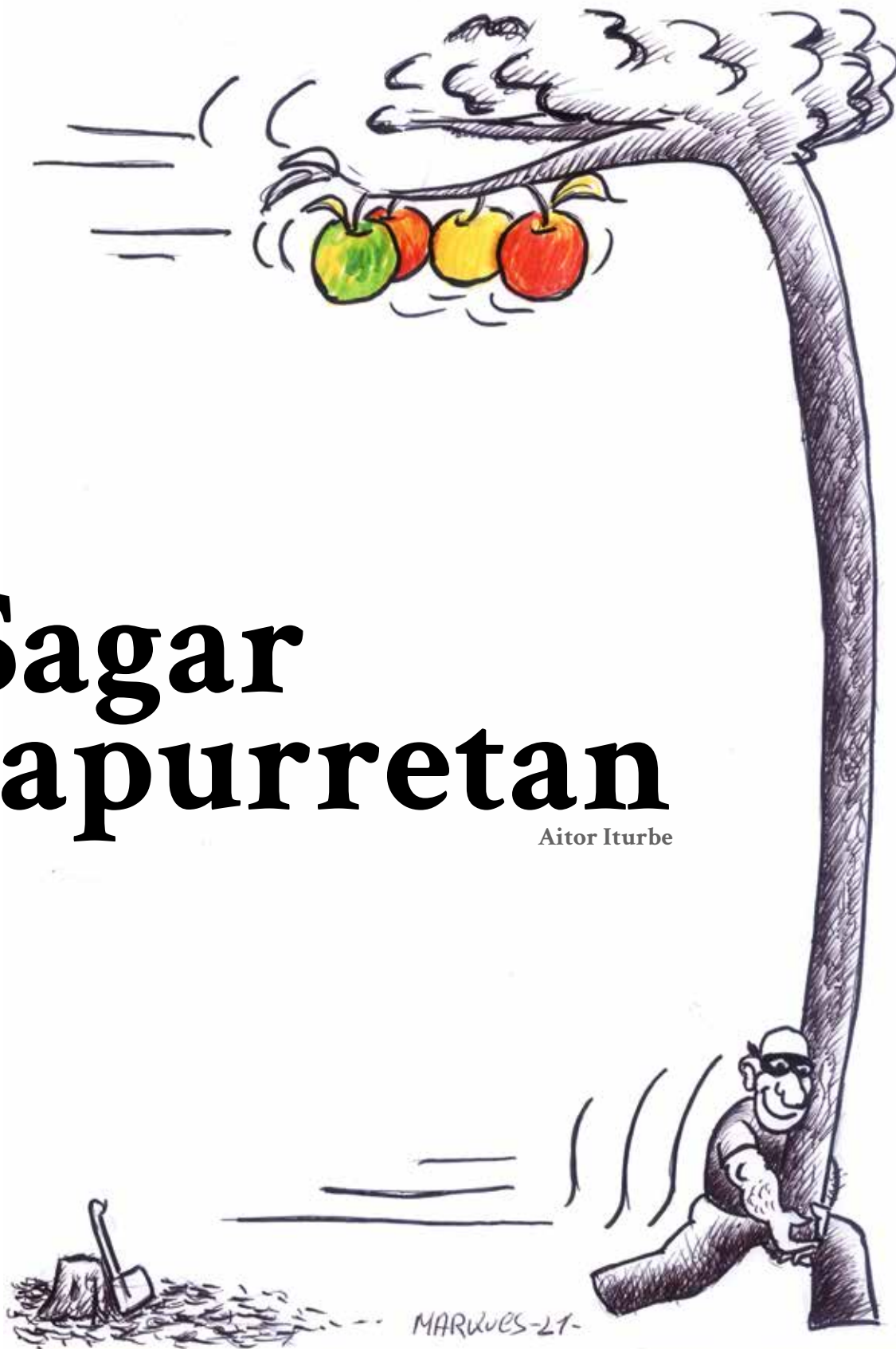


# Sagar lapurretan

Aitor Iturbe



"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED

"HOUSEHOLD WORDS"

No. 535. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1879.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

## A NIGHT WITH THE SARDINES.

"Sardina, sardina— Sardi-i-i-na frescua-a-a-a!" "Sardines, sardines—fresh sardines!"

Such was the shrill cry that roused me at dawn on the first morning of my presence in Lequeitio.

Lequeitio is an ancient and not much frequented seaport on the coast of Vizcaya, almost impracticable to the stranger even in fine weather, owing to its numerous outlying rocks, just awash, and utterly unapproachable in half a gale. It is charmingly situated on the inner bend of a small gulf, and is protected from the full force of the Biscayan waves by an island, which stands in the centre of the curve forming the miniature bay of golden sand. Legend tells us that in times gone by its mariners and galleys were renowned in the crusading fleets; and there are brasses in the crumbling cathedral-like church of cross-legged knights, who, weary of smiting the Moor within their own realm of Spain, had sailed from the Vizcaino port to strike the Infidel on Syrian shores. From here, too, were furnished six caravels, with their sailors, bombardiers, and men-at-arms, for service with the Great Armada. More recently, vessels sailed regularly for the Greenland whale-fisheries, but this enterprise has long ceased to exist.

The Basque seamen retain their reputation as being the best in Spain, and I can vouch that the fishermen of Lequeitio are as fine and handy a set of fellows as a skipper need choose from. In their long, undecked, light-built galleys, manned by a patron and fourteen oarsmen, rowing double-banked, when not under sail, they put to sea, sometimes never to return. The Bay of Biscay is not the safest cruising ground for fishing craft, and despite the weather wisdom of old salts, a fleet will creep out in a dead calm, the men pulling sturdily at

their long sweeps to make a good offing; at times striving madly, boat against boat, when a shoal of fish is sighted, for the first cast of the net is everything. I have often, from the rocky cliffs, watched the galleys darting from point to point until lost beyond the vapoury horizon line; and then, perhaps, later on, a narrow dark belt is seen in the north-west, faint and indistinct at first, but coming up, as seamen say, hand over hand. The oily swell that has lazily heaved in the sunlight loses its glassy glimmer, both sky and sea darken, and away, on the verge of sight, white crests are seen beneath the leaden cloud. They are the sea-horses racing madly in, to dash themselves against the rocky shore, scattering foam to the very summit of the cliff. Well do I remember such a scene, when, crouching behind a mass of sheltering granite, I glanced anxiously seawards. At first I could scarcely see through the watery mist, with which the howling blast filled my eyes. Where were the boats? And soon the mental question was echoed in agonised tones close by, for mothers and wives had climbed to where I stood.

"Holy Mary! Where are they?" "Mother of God! be merciful to them." "Here, Petra, take the glass, your sight is stronger than mine." "Tell us, senior, can you see anything?"

Suddenly the girl who held the glass cried, "A sail, a sail!" and one after the other eagerly scanned the storm-lashed distance; and finally the telescope was handed to me, and all were silent while I carefully got the range and swept the crested waves.

"Yes, there is a sail—wait, do not crowd me or I shall lose the line—yes, and another, and another, and still another."

Here there was a wild burst of feeling, many of the women sinking to their knees to pray, and laugh, and cry hysterically.

Now rising, now lost to sight, I counted six; at first uncertain specks, but nearing rapidly under a single sail, reefed to nothing; and there could be no

further doubt that six galleys were holding their own, and if they could wind their course through the rocky channel between the island and the mainland, they were safe. The little canvas they had spread was wanted to steady them, and they were coming on to the narrow entrance at a tearing pace, with the storm-rush nearly aft. He must be a good man at the steering-oar, for to miscalculate a yard would mean a crash and an end to further hope.

"But there should be seven; look again, señor, the other cannot be far behind."

I swept and re-swept the horizon, besides carefully going over the intervening space to the rear of the galleys, that now were almost home. The missing boat was so far behind that it would never make Lequeitio again. Turning to the women, who anxiously waited my answer, I shook my head.

They stared at me for an instant, then advanced to the very verge of the cliff, some pressing their hands tightly over the throbbing heart, some counting, again and again, the rising and falling boats, until at last there could be no earthly doubt but that a galley was wanting to complete the number. There was a terrible wailing shriek when it was realised that one might be lost, and down the steep path they rushed with uplifted arms, each praying that the missing boat might not be that which held husband or son.

But I am wandering from the occasion of my first visit to Lequeitio, and will go back, if you please, to the point from which I started. I must tell you that I am now writing of May, 1875, a period when the Carlist War was desolating the north of Spain. I had been following, as correspondent, the movements of the Legitimist forces, and being weary and worn, had made for Lequeitio in search of renovating sea-breezes and a few days of peace and quiet. The shrill cry of the fishwomen reminded me that I was no longer in the trenches about Valmaseda and Orduna, and that to see the boats come in from their night's work would be worth the rising an hour or two earlier than usual. It may be as well to mention that the fishing, at the time I speak of, was mostly carried on between darkness and daylight, to avoid attracting the attention of the government cruisers, which were in the habit of prowling along the coast; and it frequently happened that they dropped, when least expected, on the unfortunate galleys, making a prize of boat, crew, and fish. As Lequeitio, besides other Vizcaino and Guipuzcaino ports, was in possession of the Carlists, such captures were considered perfectly legitimate, and it sometimes chanced that a galley, trying to escape, would be cut in two by a shot and all hands drowned. So under these circumstances the patrons and men preferred night work, and generally managed to run in safely with their take at dawn. A very few minutes after hearing the awakening cry of "Sardi-i-i-i- na, frescu-a-a-a," I was standing on the end of the mole, amidst a throng of women and girls, who waited for the boats that were pulling through the gut between the island and mainland.

The men in the leading galley had begun to unship oars, and in the bow, with one bare foot on thwart and the other lightly resting on gunwale, stood a lines-man, about to give a cast to the two or three old salts ready to haul in and make fast. Whiz came the spinning coil, and in a second or so the boat was alongside the mole, the bowman still occupying his position, and scanning eagerly the crowd of women. He was a fine, handsome, clean-built fellow, his well-shaped athletic form being seen to advantage in his sea-man's dress of red shirt, open at throat and chest, violet-coloured waist scarf, white linen trowsers (sic) rolled to above the knee, showing the bronzed muscular leg, and a blue boina or bonnet jauntily poised on side of head.

As luck would have it, the comandante de armas, or town major, to whom I had delivered a strong letter of introduction on the previous evening, sauntered at this moment down the mole, followed by his orderly carrying a basket. The old gentleman was evidently intent on levying a contribution in kind, and when the patron of the galley caught sight of him he stepped ashore, shook hands with the veteran of previous Carlist struggles, and himself chose at least a couple of hundred of the choicest fish. The comandante then passed the compliments of the day with me, accepted a cigarette, and suggested that

I should buy a dozen or two of sardines, and have them cooked for breakfast at the seamen's tavern close by. To this I assented, but on condition that something beyond sardines should form the fare, and that he and the patron of the galley should be my guests.

"Hola, Clementi Orué!" shouted the comandante; "here is a friend of mine, a señor Inglese, who asks us to breakfast with him. What say you? I am willing, and I should think that an appetite is not what you'll be wanting."

"Where, and at what hour?"

"At the tavern of the Widow Martinez at eight." "I accept, and will send the fish."

I looked upon the advent of the comandante, just at the moment, as very fortunate, I was very desirous of making a night trip in one of the galleys, but hardly seeing how to work the project. Now matters appeared more promising, and I felt pretty certain to pull through before Clementi Orué and I parted.

The comandante then took me to a shed close at hand, to which the women and girls were bearing the catch made by Clementi Orué's and other boats. This was the store of a wholesale buyer, who that morning, thanks to the good supply, was purchasing sardines at the rate of ten reals the thousand, or twopence-halfpenny per hundred. Sometimes, owing to the presence of cruisers or an unusual scarcity of fish, the price would rise to thirty reals the thousand, or sevenpence-halfpenny per hundred; and if many boats went out, and met with a glut, four reals the thousand, or one penny per hundred, was considered a fair remuneration. Men and women were hard at work packing the sardines in baskets shaped something like a nautilus shell, and holding each five thousand. The fish were placed in layers, separated by leaves and salt, and in this state were to be despatched on mule back over the mountains, to supply the interior of Navarra and Alava, and even through the government lines into Castile. Asking what they would be likely to realise in the inland towns, I was told tenpence per hundred at the very least. Thus the buyer who had his outlet was purchasing at twopence-halfpenny, and even adding an additional twopence-halfpenny for packing expenses and transport, the profit would be fivepence on the hundred, or four shillings and twopence on the thousand; so that if, as I was informed, one hundred thousand would be sent off by this one dealer, he stood to clear twenty pounds, even allowing something for losses. Well, this gave me a tolerable notion of what the buyers were making in a fair season, but I felt more interested as to the gains of the men who risked their lives, and this is the information the comandante gave me. He said that if the patron made for himself, boat and net, two pounds the trip, the return would be considered good, and the crew would be well satisfied with twelve shillings each. Thus, supposing, four voyages a week to be made during a good season, giving two days off for repairs of gear, and no serious accident met with, the patron might pocket something like ninety pounds in three months—it being impossible to count on a longer period owing to weather and various obstacles—and the men possibly twenty-eight pounds. Of course there are the tunny, anchovy, mackerel and other seasons, but it is to be doubted, even with the best of luck, such as being able to put to sea nine months in the year, whether the patron ever gets beyond two hundred and fifty pounds, out of which he has to keep his boat, spars, sails, ropes, and above all his nets, in serviceable condition. Probably the men may realise in a good year eighty pounds. But, as the comandante observed, these calculations were made under the most favourable circumstances; and it was more than likely that, one year with another, neither patron or crew ever reached these respective amounts.

We found Clementi Orué awaiting us at the tavern, and if savoury odour meant anything, but little appetite would be needed to relish the meal. It is true there was but one common, bare-walled, smoke-encrusted, raftered room, with seamen eating, drinking, and smoking—a hearty frank set of fellows, who held their glasses towards us as we entered. A side table had been prepared for our party; and, certainly, not even in the best of fondas, would be

found a, whiter cloth or napkins, brighter knives, forks, and spoons, or cleaner plates. As to the breakfast, the Widow Martinez had excelled herself, and contentment settled on the faces of the comandante and the patron as the last glass of chacoli (a local wine made from Vizcayan grapes) was emptied prior to coffee. Then over the steaming aromatic beverage, flavoured by some genuine Jamaica rum, and under cover of vapoury clouds from the soothing cigarette, I made my proposition to Clementi Orué.

"Take you on a trip—well, I don't know what to say. There is no room in a galley for idlers, and if it came on a breeze of wind, or the net got fouled, or a dozen other things, you would be in everybody's way. Besides, the men might not like it, and you might get sick; and, after all, there isn't much to see; and I know, that so far as I am concerned, if I was not forced to it, I would sooner be tucked up comfortable in bed than getting wet."

"Well, but look here, *senor patron*, this kind of thing is not altogether new to me, though I have never been after the sardine. The fact is, I was brought up in a fishing village, and could steer and row when only eight years old, in addition, I have knocked about at sea considerably, have crossed the Atlantic four times, have run through blockades on the American coast, and might perhaps be able to bear a hand if you were pushed."

"*Hola, caballero*," exclaimed the patron with beaming face; "*hola*, so you are a bit of a salt yourself; touch there," holding out his hand. "You shall make a trip, never fear, and it just happens that I am one short of my complement."

Having noticed half-a-dozen of the crew at the centre table, I suggested to Clementi Orué that he should call them over to drink the health of the new hand. This was done, and I saw the arrangement met with their entire approval, more especially that part in which was mentioned a keg of *aguardiente* and two or three bundles of cigars. Then it was agreed that the patron should take his evening meal with me in the same place, and that, wind and weather permitting, the galley would cast off at nightfall.

Well, at the time appointed, I found Clementi Orué awaiting me, and on a chair by his side rested a formidable looking bundle.

"Here I am, *senor*, and here's your kit. There's just a steady cap-full from the north-west, which will be dead against us working out, but fair for running in. As it is more than probable we shall get a wetting, I have brought you a stout flannel guernsey and a pair of oilskin overalls, so leave your coat with the Widow Martinez. I see you wear the *boina*, like the rest of us, and *alpargatas* (canvas shoes with hemp soles), but slip off the socks—that's so—now then for the guernsey and overalls—bravo, and I'd like to see the fellow to you. *Hola, Widow Martinez; hola, chicas*; come and look at the *caballero Inglesé*; here's a *novio* (sweetheart) for the best among you."

Our supper was soon disposed of, and the patron slinging the keg of *aguardiente* over his shoulder, and tucking the cigars under his arm, we made down the mole for the galley. All hands wore in readiness to start, and amidst hearty wishes of good luck from a cluster of women and girls, we cast loose and paddled towards the mouth of the bay—it appeared that two other galleys were to put to sea that night, and had already worked out. As we reached the opening between island and mainland the masts had been stepped, and at the word "Hoist" from the patron, the two leg-of-mutton sails went up. There was a list to port, followed by a soughing rushing sound, three or four smacks against the bows, a succession of clouds of spray which soaked everything and everybody fore and aft, and then the men settling into their places to starboard, and a taughtening pull being got at the sheets, away we went on a westerly course, running diagonally outward from the coast. Clementi Orué had suggested the coiled net on the stern board as a good seat for me, and against this he leaned and worked the steering-oar. The night was rather dark, the sky being patched with clouds, and there would be no moon for an hour or more; still, as the patron said, if there were fish he'd manage to catch them without candles.

"By-the-way, it never occurred to me to ask the name of your boat—what is it?"

"*La Santísima Trinidad*." Here Clementi Orué crossed himself, as did most of the crew, so far as I could distinguish in the gloom, "*Si, señor, La Santísima Trinidad*. She belonged to three of us—three brothers; two have been drowned, I am the last. You see, *senor*, we were caught four years ago come San Pedro, off Cape Machichaco—that light away yonder on the port bow—in a tearing hurricane. It struck us almost without warning, and before we could either get sail in, or head on to it, we were bottom up. I never saw my brothers from the moment the boat capsized, and with them were lost six others. It was a wonderful business altogether; a few minutes before the sea was like a looking-glass, and a quarter of an hour afterwards there wasn't a ripple. The six saved, including myself, were taken off the keel by a Bermeo galley, and the *Santísima Trinidad* was towed in and righted. The oars, spars, sails and nets were, however, missing. But she's a good stiff boat; and will carry on, going free or close hauled, with any other, won't she, lads?"

"Ay, ay, *patron*; there's no better out of Lequeitio, or for that matter out of any of the ports on the coast; see how she flies, and well up in the wind too."

She certainly was moving along, though heading considerably to windward, and on the course we were going made capital weather and was remarkably steady.

"Well, *patron*, let us hope you have seen your last accident in the *Santísima Trinidad*; come, serve out a cigar and a glass of *aguardiente* all round, and we'll drink good fortune to the boat and long life to her owner."

This was done, the steering-oar, meantime, being confided to me, and then after about an hour and a half of the same course, to just abreast the Machichaco light, we went about, and made due north for an offing. Our speed was nearly doubled, and as the moon had risen, and now and again broke through the clouds, we caught an occasional glimpse of the two other boats, about a mile to windward. Suddenly Joaquin, one of the men, who was standing on a thwart and leaning against the foremast, sang out:

"*Sardina, sardina, sardina*—yonder away, dead in the wind."

Yes; there was the shoal, a luminous phosphorescent streak, some hundreds of yards in length.

In an instant the galley's head was brought round, the canvas shook and flapped, and in another moment down went the sails. Then the oars were got out, and away we went, thudding through the seas which came stem on. Joaquin, in the bows, had a boom with block at end ready, and a coiled line, made fast to the outgoing extremity of the net, was passed forward, and this he rove through the block, and then rigged the boom firmly, so as to project from six to eight feet. All this had been done in the twinkling of an eye, the men, the while, bending to their oars with a will.

"Stand clear of the net, *senor*, and lend me a hand when the moment comes to pay out. Give way, my lads, give way, or we shall have *Pédro Artégui* and *José Echevarria* down on the shoal before we get a cast; the wind will blow them clean on to it. Pull, *chicos*, pull, for sardines at twenty reals the thousand. They'll be well worth every farthing of it to-morrow, and only three boats out. Pull, boys, pull; *Pédro* and *José* have got a sight and are bound for the fish under full canvas. Give way—will you let a hundred reals each slip through your fingers? Pull, by all the saints in heaven, pull. Give way, *chicos*, give way, the sea's alive with them, and one cast will be a fortune for all of us—"

"Pay out, pay out!" shouted Joaquin, as the galley seemed to cleave in to a liquid phosphorescent fire, flakes of which, in the shape of sardines, flew sparkling from the oar-blades. Whilst I rapidly cleared coil after coil of the net, the patron cast it adrift, Joaquin, meanwhile, slacking out the messenger-line through the block at the end of the boom. As the last coil went over, the line with it was only allowed to run a dozen yards or so, and then made fast. The oars were now tossed in and the men commenced lifting the false flooring which fitted to about two feet above the keel, and wooden scoops were placed handy.

"Haul in fore and aft," cried the patron, and half-a-dozen men clapped on to each line, bringing the net inwards, to bow and stern, in a semicircle, the

form of which could be traced by the myriads of glistening fish that sought to escape over the floating corks. But it seemed, despite these signs, that we had been too hasty and had made a false cast, for it soon became apparent we were only on the edge of the shoal, which was making away to windward, and right on to the galleys of Pédro Artégui and José Echevarria.

"Now may the saints have you in their holy keeping, Senor Joaquin, for the good you have done us. See, there go the fish, my lads, but haul in smartly, or the few we have will manage to get away. What say you, chicos, shall we make a present of this take to buy spectacles for Joaquin?"

Joaquin muttered something, to the effect that he was not the only one in the boat wanting eyes, and that he had given the word at the right time, that the galley's head was allowed to pay off, and what further observations he made were lost in a grumble. When the whole of the net had been gathered in, the scoops barely succeeded in getting a couple of bushels.

In anything but a good humour the patron gave the word to hoist sails, and as we turned again seawards the moon rose from a bank of clouds, and in its light we could see the galleys of Pédro Artégui and José Echevarria laying over to the weight of fish they were taking. One thing was positive, that we had left them behind, and that whatever we fell in with now we should have to ourselves. Well, for hours we tacked and re-tacked, making for wherever there appeared indications, and at dawn, greatly discouraged, Clementi Orué suggested putting about and steering homewards. At this moment Joaquin, who had been perched moodily in his usual place, turned to the patron, and asked him to look in the direction to which he pointed—the north-east. There was a line of light on the water and a broadening streak of morning in the sky. Scores of sea-gulls were eddying in circles, now poising for an instant, and then swooping down to the surface.

"If that doesn't mean fish," said Joaquin in rather a sulky manner, "may I never catch another sardine as long as I live."

"Right, my lad," replied the patron cheerily; "there are sardines there by millions, and as they are to leeward we can strike them where we choose. Now then, my lads, have everything in readiness, and stand by to down sail when I give the word."

In about a quarter of an hour we were right on to, and apparently near the centre of, the shoal, which must have been a mile in length. Every rising wave was literally alive with fish, and as we struck in they leaped from the water in every direction round the galley.

"Down sail," shouted the patron, and with good way still on the boat the net was cast. Then came the hauling in, and by the dead weight there could be no doubt as to the take; indeed, as the net neared, the whole of the surface confined became solid with sardines. Half-a-dozen men with scoops leaped on to thwart and gunwale, and commenced lading the fish in, while those hauling had to keep easing to give them time to work at the dense mass; and when at last the remnants were shaken out of the strands of the net, the patron said, turning to me:

"There, senor, you have brought us luck. I never saw a finer take, and if there were millions more, we haven't room for another hundred."

And so it seemed, for we were pretty deep, and as for the flooring, the boards were just cast loosely over the fish. Then, in the exuberance of his spirits, Clementi Orué served out a glass of aguardiente and a cigar all round. As he passed me the cup, he indicated with the hand holding the bottle the land.

"And now for Lequeitio with as many sardines on board as Pédro Artégui and José Echevarria have between them. There, abreast of us, lies Elanchove, and," turning slightly, "there is Cape Machichaco, where—"

His eyes and jaw became fixed, the fingers opened, and the bottle fell into the water. Following the direction of his gaze, I saw a steamer rounding the headland, and apparently pointing directly for us.

"Holy Mary! yonder is the government cruiser Ferrolano—up sails, lads, and pray for the breeze to freshen, or we're likely to see Cuba or the Philippines on board a man-of-war."

We had a good ten miles to run, with the wind, which was increasing, on our beam. The steamer, to cut us off, would have to do the whole of fourteen, though when we sighted her she was not more than seven distant. We would both be going on diagonal lines, and ours was the shorter. It may readily be imagined that the chicos needed no recommendation to bestir themselves. The sails were hoisted in a jiffey, the galley trimmed to bear the strain, the course laid, and as the boat felt the "draw" she seemed to leap forward. Pédro Artégui and José Echevarria were already under the land, so they, at any rate, were safe. For some few minutes no one spoke, the whole attention being concentrated on the Ferrolano; and it soon became evident, from the increased volume of smoke, that she had caught sight of us and was firing up. We were well ballasted with fish, and stood the spread of canvas admirably, though the list to port, now and again, brought the gunwale level with the seething water. The wind freshened considerably, and under other circumstances it might have been a question of taking in a reef, but we held on, banking sardines and men well over to starboard. I should think we must have been going eight or nine knots, but for all that the Ferrolano rose perceptibly every few minutes, and when we were within five miles of the entrance to Lequeitio I could distinctly see the group of officers on her bridge. At four miles she was not more than fifteen hundred yards off, and she soon let us know it; for following a white puff from her bows, came a shrieking howl across our stern, which made all hands duck like a lot of salaaming mandarins. The Ferrolano gunner was trying his hand, and it was pretty certain that each succeeding shot would come closer, and so it proved, for the next struck the water on our starboard quarter, completely drenching the patron and myself.

"What do you think about it, senor; we have no chance, have we?" asked Clementi Orué of me in a low voice.

With a tolerably decent attempt at a smile, considering the awkward position in which we found ourselves, I suggested that while there was life there was hope, that I did not think we should be hit, and that every minute we drew nearer home.

I had scarcely given expression to these comforting observations, when a flat contradiction came to the supposition that we were not likely to be touched. Vrrrowwww—vrrriish—boom! and a shell struck our main-mast about three feet from the peak, bursting and sending the particles humming to port. The spar was shattered completely, and the canvas came down with a crash, partially falling on to the gunwale, and partially into the water, and as the men slid over to port at the same time, I thought we should capsize. The foresheet had also been cut, and the sail was banging and flopping terribly.

"Holy Mary! it's all over with us," gasped the patron; "we'd better luff up and give in; another shot will cut us in two."

I hardly know how to explain it, but somehow or other I found myself in command. I presume it was that I had kept my head, having, during campaigning experiences of fifteen years, been considerably under fire both at sea and on land; besides, I felt convinced that the chances were not altogether hopeless.

"Now, chicos," I shouted, "down with that foresail—unstep both masts—get that wreckage and dragging canvas inboard, and out with the oars; that's it, don't be flurried, he has not half the mark to shoot at now, besides which our jumping will puzzle him. I beg your pardon, patron, but as you are one hand short you had better took your place on the after thwart to make up the number. I will steer, only tell me if I can keep a straight course for mid entrance, without fear of rocks?"

Clementi Orué looked at me curiously and steadily for a moment, then grasping an oar and seating himself, he answered:

"Yes, direct for the entrance; it's about high water, and there isn't enough sea on to make going over the rocks very risky."

"Well, then, give way all of you, and let him shoot his best; why he'd have to be able to hit a fly to strike us vow. That's it, my lads, pull your hardest

and pull together; you are bound for Lequeitio, and not for Cuba or the Philippines."

Another shell flew over us but at a considerable height, and then one ducked and draked across the bows; and though I told the men, who could not see where the water was struck, that it was at least a quarter of a mile off, I began to have serious misgivings. The Ferrolano was overhauling us rapidly, and, in addition to her gunning, would probably soon sprinkle us with rifle shots. I had my eyes firmly fixed on the entrance, so as not to lose an inch by yawing, if I could help it, when to my utter astonishment a long puff of white smoke leaped over the wall of the platform in front of the hermitage, near the summit of the mainland point. Turning my head quickly in the direction of the steamer, I saw a flash right on her bows—she had been struck by a shell.

"Don't stop to look, lads, but give way; every minute is worth an hour just now. Someone is helping us, and no mistake, and if the second shot is an improvement on the first, we shall not have much more to fear from the Ferrolano."

"The gun must have drop from heaven," cried the patron, with an expression of blank amazement on his face, "and Santa Barbara is working it."

Again the white cloud leaped out from the hermitage terrace, and this time the shell burst on the steamer's bridge; and when the smoke cleared there could be seen great scattering and confusion among the figures that had hitherto formed a dark group. But that was not all. The helm had been put hard-a-starboard, and the Ferrolano, under full steam, headed seawards, checked and driven off by a single gun, where she thought to have everything her own way and meet with no resistance. Delighted beyond measure at our lucky escape, I suggested to Clementi Orué and the crew, that by way of a parting salute we should toss oars and give her a round of cheers, though the last might not probably be heard.

"And now, señor patron, as there are quite enough hands to pull I resign to you your post—"

"No, by Our Lady! that shall not be. You have brought us through the difficulty, and you shall take us in. When we were struck, had you not have acted as you did, I should have put about and surrendered. We owe our escape to you first, and then to the miraculous gun; isn't that so, chicos?"

"Sí, si, viva el capitan Inglese!"

As the patron and chicos insisted that I should maintain my place at the steering-oar, there was nothing for it but to obey, and splendidly they pulled in. No sooner did we round the point and come in sight of the mole than cheer after cheer went up, for it was seen we were rowing full-handed, and that consequently no one had been killed or hurt. Each of the crew had someone near and dear to him crying and laughing with joy; and the patron's wife, a portly dame, hugged and kissed her husband as he had probably not been hugged and kissed for many a year. My welcome came from the comandante de armas, and from him I got the following explanation of the "miraculous" gun.

"Just after you had put out last night, a lieutenant of artillery, with ten men, arrived in charge of a Whitworth cannon, which had been ordered here for the protection of the port—it is to be mounted on an earthwork on the island yonder. Well, when Pédro Artégui and José Echevarria came in with the news that the Ferrolano was trying to cut off the Santísima Trinidad, I roused up the lieutenant, and, obtaining any number of volunteers from among the boatmen, the gun was dismounted, and, with the carriage, was lifted and hauled up the precipitous and narrow path to the Hermitage terrace. The first shot, as you must have noticed, was good, the second excellent, and with my glasses I saw that some of those on the bridge had been hurt by the bursting shell."

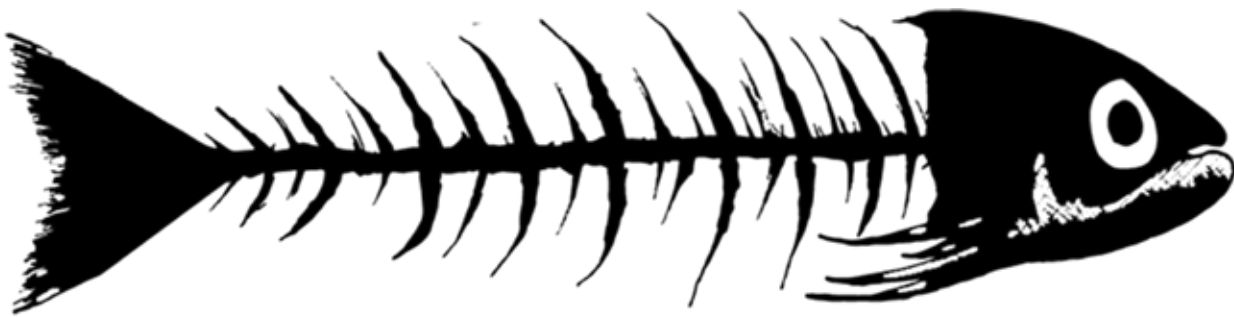
It was a very lucky accident that brought that gun to Lequeitio just in the nick of time. Without it I should probably have had but little taste for sardines after that night's adventure.

## A night with sardines

Ez dago hoberik testuak jatorrizko hizkuntzan leitzea baino baina frantsesa ikasi zutenentzat urgentziako laburpentxo hau prestatu dut. Soberan dagoena kendu diot, mamia bakarrik utziz.

### PLOT

1874ko maiatza da, Lekeitio karlisten eskuetan dago eta kazetari ingeles bat hurreratu da herrira. Atsedean hartzera dator, ez da edonor, beraz. Gainera errekomentazio handia dakar. Herriko jendea ezagutu du eta Clemente Orue deitzen den patro bati itsasora eramateko eskatu dio. Hasiera batean Klementek ez du uste ideia ona denik baina ingelesak, taberna giroan, arin konbentzitu du; Atlantikoa hainbat alditan zeharkatu edota itsas-blokeoak gaintu dituenarentzat zer da hori bada? Itsasoratuko dira baina gauzez, liberalek arrantza egitea debekatu baitiote arrantzale karlistei. Sardinatan irten dira Santísima Trinidad traineruan eta lau urte lehenago gertatu zen naufragioaren berri izango dugu. Galarrenak Klementeren anaia bi eta beste sei lagun irentsi zituen. Sei gizon, artean Klemente, eta trainerua salbatu ziren. Laster ikusi dute sardina-sarda baina huts egin dute. Ez dira sarearekin ondo moldatu, euren inguruan dabiltzan beste bi traineruk, berriz, zorte hobea izan dute. Ernegaten dabil patroia. Urrunago jo behar dute, sardina barik ezin baitira bueltatu etxera. Halakoren batean sardina-sarda ikusiko dute, oraingoan ez dute huts egingo. Zapran daude, bete-beteta dakarte trainerua. Pedro Artegi eta Jose Etxebarriak baino arrantza hobea! Etxera bueltan, bat-batean itsasontzi bati erreparatu diote. Ai ene!, Ferrolano gerraontzi liberala da. Harra-patzen baditu preso amaituko dute Filipinasen edo Cuban. 10 miliatara dago Lekeitio. Ihes egin behar dute baina Ferrolano bizkorragoa da. Kanoikadaka hasi da gainera. Patroia beldurtuta errenditzeko prest dago baina orduan ingelesak lema hartu du eta aurre egingo dio amenazuari. Ingelesa eskarmentu handiko gizona da 15 urtez gerratan ibilia. Kanoikada batek masta apurtu die, berdin dio, zailago du gerraontziak trainerua asmatzea. Hantxe bertan dago Lekeitio, baina Ferrolano hurbiltzen ari da. Helduko ote dira? Halako batean lehorretik tiroka hasi dira Ferrolanori zalantzak sortuz. Gero jakingo dugu Whitworth kanoi bat izan dela kasualitatez egun berean Lekeitiora ekarria. Jo ere egin dute. Ferrolano handiak biratu eta alde egin du, *Viva el capitan inglese!* ohiukatu dute marinelek. *Sanu eta salbu* sartu dira portura. Harrera itzela dute.



## SARDINA FRESKUA

Opari batzuk pozoitsuak omen dira. Uztailean bidali zidan Isaias Gezuragak kronika hau borondaterik onenaz. *Sardina freskua* tituludun e-mailak Ipar Ameriketako *Milan Exchange* egunkariko orrialde bat zekarren atxikia. Orria zabaldu eta irakurri nuen bidalitakoa, bizkor(regi) agian. Idazlearen izena falta zen, besterik ez. Erraz egingo nuelakoan nengoen, inozoa ni! Azaroa da eta amaitu ezinik nabil artikulua. Gustuko lanak aldaparik ez ei dauko, ez dakit ba...

Banekien egilearen izena aurkitu behar nuela ezer baino lehen baina ez nekien horrenbeste kostatuko zitzaidanik. Senperrenak ikusi ditut!

Hona hemen laburtuta egindako egonaldia (**Via Crucis**):

✠ Isaiasek egunkariko orrialde bat bakarrik bidali zidan eta autorearen izena aurkitzeko egunkariaren orrialde guztiak ikustea komeni zitzaidan. Ez nuen izenik aurkitu baina konturatu nintzen Ipar Ameriketako hainbat egunkaritan -baina data ezberdinetan- argitaratu zela kronika hori.

✠✠ Haritik tira eta tira, kronikaren iturburua aurkitu nuen. *All the year round* aldizkarian agertu zen lehenengoz. Tamalez, autorea falta zen; zorionez jatorrizko testu hau bestea baino luzeagoa zen.

✠✠✠ Nik baino gehiago dakien bati ere galdetu nion baina erantzuna *me lo pones realmente complicado* esaldiarekin hasten zen. Aditua-  
rentzat zaila bazen, niretzat...

✠✠✠✠ Orduko egunkari ingelesak irakurtzen hasi nintzen. Horretarako Newspaper's.com webguneko bazkide egin nintzen arrastoren bat aurkitzeko esperantzan.

✠✠✠✠✠ Tira, ez dut inor aspertu nahi ezta meriturik harropuztu ere, ekinaren ekinez, azkenean aurkitu nuen autore iheskorra. "Glances Back through Seventy Years" liburuan aurkitu nuen autoretzaren baieztapena, ordurako susmatzen nuena: *On one of these occasions he repaired to a little place called Lequeitio, the inhabitants of which were mainly dependent on fishing for their support...*

## POZAK EZ EI DU LUZE IRAUTEN POBREAREN ETXEAN

Autoretzaren afera argituta, zetorrenak, gertakizunen egiaztatzeak, errazagoa zirudien. Tramite hutsa! Bost W-ek (who, what, when, why) erantzuna zuten. Ez zitzaidan ezer falta: protagonisten izenak nituen, gertatutakoaren xehetasunak, data eta kokapena, zergatia... Eta gainera beste gertaera batzuen zertzeladak. Zelako zapra! Kontatutakoa baieztatzea zen gelditzen zitzaidana, gai arrunta. Protagonistekin hasiko nintzen, jarraian gertakizunak etorriko ziren... Komeriak hastear zeuden.

## WHO/Protagonistak

✠ Hanka azpiz aurkituko nituen aipatutako lau lekeitiarrak izen eta abizenak baintuen. Dokuklikeko erregistru sakramentalak etxetik kontsultatu nituen baina ez nuen kronikan aipatutakorik aurkitu.

✠✠ Badaezpada, Derion dagoen Bizkaiko Elizaren Histori artxibora joan nintzen hango liburu zaharretan ordenagailuan aurkitu ez nuena aurkitzera. Alferrik!

✠✠✠ Lekeitioko Bake Epaitegian ere begiratu nuen. Grano bat ere ez!

✠✠✠✠ Lekeitioko Udal Artxiboa ondo ezagutzen dut, akta liburuak, kontu liburuak, espedienteak, erroldak... Ezer ere ez!

✠✠✠✠✠ Azken saiakera egin nuen, Bilbora berriro, Kofradiako liburu zaharrak Bizkaiko Foru Artxiboan baitaude. Dagoeneko ezagutzen duzue erantzuna.

Hainbeste lan ezertarako ere ez!, asmatutako izenak ziren<sup>1</sup>. Hala ere, gure idazlea eskarmentu handikoa zenez, baliteke artikulua horretako izenak apropos aldatuta egotea Alfontsisistekin arazorik izan ez zezaten. Kontuan izan 1876an amaitu zela gerra eta 1879an argitaratu zela kronika.

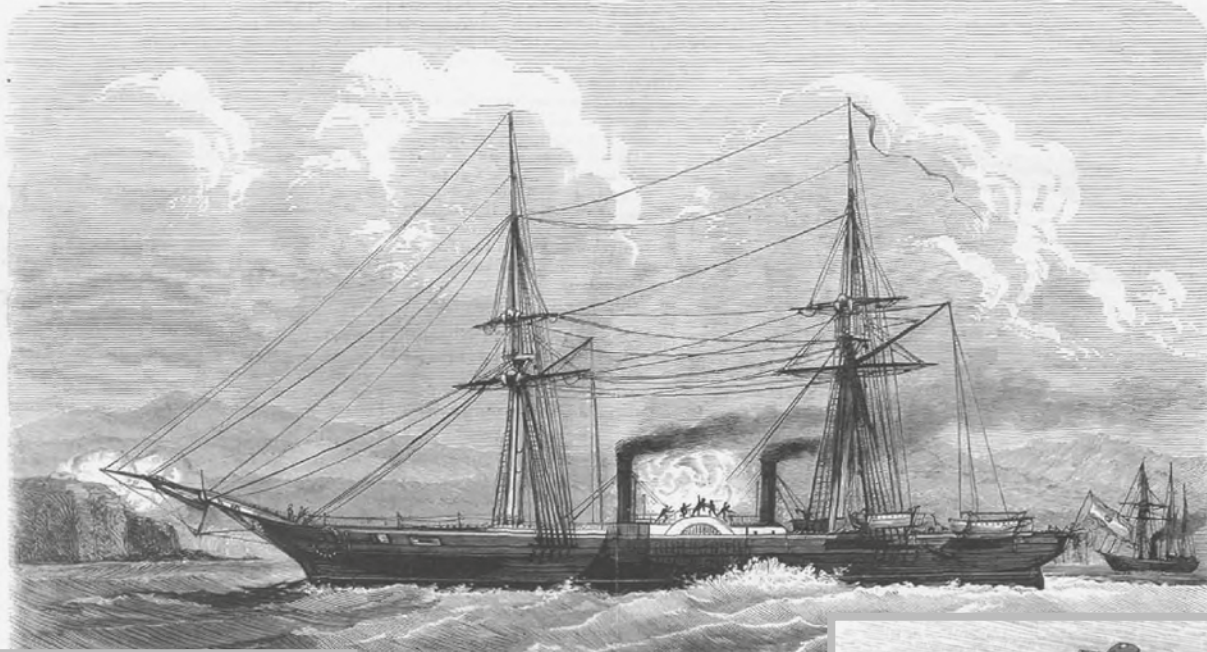
## WHAT/Gertakizunak

Ez nituen protagonistak aurkitu baina gertakizunak frogatzea tokatzen zitzaidan. Banekien ez zela erraza izango kontatutakoa txikikeria zelako! Ez zelako egunkarietan ez eta dokumentazio arruntean agertuko, are gutxiago, alderdi liberaleko prentsan. Izatekotan prentsa karlistan aurkituko nuen haren berri. Ez batean, ez bestean. Ez nuen ezer aurkitu *El Cuartel Real* egunkari ofizialean ez eta autorearen kroniketan ere. Lekeitioko Udal artxiboan eta Bilboko Aldundiko artxiboan ere ibili nintzen kurika. Alferrik!

Ez naiz erraz amore ematekoa, naufragio bat aipatzen zuen autoreak lau urte lehenago gertatua eta hainbat xehetasun ematen zituen. Hau nirea! Lekeitioko Udal Artxiboa, Kofradiakoa eta elizakoa erabili nituen eta zalantza barik esan dezaket istorio horretan kontatzen den hondoraketa ez zela gertatu. Egia da, 1872an Laredo aldean 5 lekeitiar ito zirela eta horietatik hiru anaiak izan zirela. Idazleak horren berri izango zuen Lekeitiora etorri zenean, eta seguruenik baita 1878 eta 79ko naufragioen berri ere, antza, Lekeitiora gehiagotan etorri baitzen. Baliteke, berriro ere, protagonistak babesten egotea.

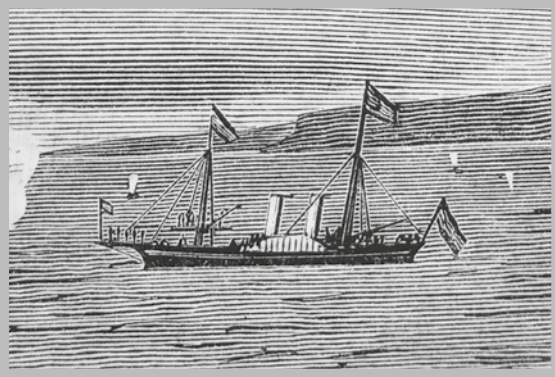
<sup>1</sup> Batzuetan, zortea dugunean, dokumentazioak ez du zirrikiturik uzten. Hainbeste jatorri ezberdineko dokumentu artean ez agertzeak pertsona horiek ez zirela esistitu frogatzen du.

## CRÓNICA ILUSTRADA DE LA GUERRA.

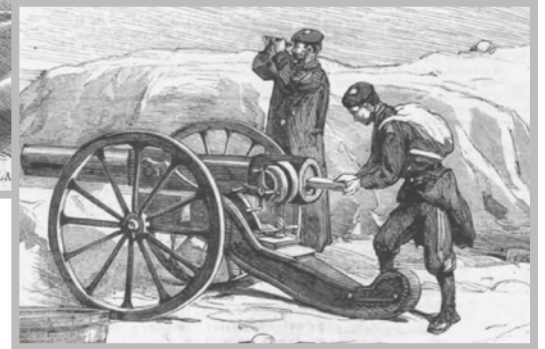


BARCAIZTEGI DEL CONTRAALMIRANTE SR. SANCHEZ Y BARCAIZTEGUI, DELA

Barcaiztegi kontralmirantearen heriotza, Mutriku aurrean izandako gatazkatzko batean. La Ilustración Española y Americana, 1875/6/8



Ferrolano baporea. La Ilustración Española y Americana, 1876/8/8



Whitworth kainoa. La Ilustración Española y Americana, 1875/4/8

Whitworth kanoi bat ere agertzen da istorioan. Ezin dut ez frogatu ez baztertu kanoi hori Lekeitio zegoenik maiatzean, dakidana da 1875 uztailen kanoi eske genbiltzala<sup>2</sup>.

Nahikoa da orain arte azaldu dudana kronika hau gezur edo fikzioztat hartzeko? Ezin izan dut kontatutakoaren arrastorik aurkitu baina

<sup>2</sup> Hala ere, ekainaren 2ko *El Noticiero Bilbainok* Santa Katalinan kanoi bat jarri zutela zioen. Egia ote?

#### NOTICIAS DE LA GUERRA

Persona que merece entero crédito nos dice, para que llegue á conocimiento de quien corresponda, que en Lekeitio, en la punta de Santa Catalina, donde se halla situado el farol, han colocado los carlistas un cañón con el fin de hostilizar á los buques de la armada, ó acaso también mercantes, que por lo general pasan con mar bella rozando la costa por el referido punto. Desde la guerra civil pasada existía un buen emplazamiento de piedra sillera contiguo á los caseríos inmediatos que dominan el faro, lo cual han aprovechado los facciosos para la colocación de la citada pieza.

ezin da baztertu gertatu izana. Kontatutakoa hain zen txikikeria eta ondorioz ez aurkitzea hain erraza, ezen aurkitu ez izanak ez du frogatzen gertatu ez zenik. Autorearen aniak behintzat egiazat zuen, eta gure idazlea saltsa handiagotetan ere ibilia zen.

Baliteke, nik azaldutakoa irakurri ondoren, istorioak irakurlea dezepzionatzea. Egia izatea nahiko genuke, denon gustuko direlako ondo amaitzen diren istorioak. Hollywoodeko filmen antzean gaiztoak eta onak ditu, harroak eta umilak eta, batez ere, amaiera epikoa; txikiak handia garaitzen du, David Goliaten aurka. **TXALOAK!!!** Halan bazan ala ez bazan, kontakizun dotorea da eta ondo dokumentatua. Zorionez, egunkari amerikar jada ordurako sentsazionalistek moztutako aipamen historiko-etnografikoak berreskuratu ditugu jatorrizko bertsioan.







### Gerra garaia Lekeitio

Testua hobeto uler dezazuen gaine-gainetik azalduko dizuet garai hartako egoera.

Gerra 1872an hasi zen baina Carlos VII.aren bigarren etorrerak 1873ko uztailean piztu zuen benetan gerra. Hiri handiak salbu, Euskal Herriko zatirik handiena karlisten eskuetan zegoen. Lekeitio ere, karlistak zeuden agintean eta ematen du 1875. urteko bonbardaketa garaian izan ezik nahiko lasai bizi zirela. Don Carlos erregegaia behin baino gehiagotan egon zen Lekeitio, aurreko errege-erreginek lehenago egin zutena egin eta, batez ere, erakutsi behar zuelako. Ez zen Isabel erregina baino gutxiago izango! Gutxienez lau bider egon zen Lekeitio, 1873ko irailean?, 1874ko abuztuan eta irailean (luzaro) eta 1875eko urtarrilean eta ekainean. Portzierto errege-erreginen bildumarako, 1872ko abuztuan Saboiako Amadeo ere etortzeko izan zen. XII.a izango zen Alfontso ere gurean egon zen ama Isabelekin 1868an baina ez zen sekula bueltatu.

Lasai bizi zirela esateko modua da<sup>3</sup>, egokiago litzateke hondamendi handirik ez zela gertatu esatea. Gerrak ez dira inoren gogoko, are gutxiago galtzailearenak; Lekeitiok Don Carlosek emandako *Fidelísima* titulua bakarrik irabazi zuen. *Muy noble y muy leal y Fidelísima villa*, karlistak inoiz bueltatuko baziren agintera!

Ez zaigu gelditu Lekeitioko artxiboan garai hartako arrasto dokumental larregirik, akaso udalbatz karlista errepresalien beldur zelako, baina ezin zen fakturen artean bazkari edo afari ederren bat -edo batzuk- falta. Horretan ez dago kolorerik ez alderdirik, errege-erregina eta alderdi orotako agintariak gogoko izan ohi dute onenetan onena: txanpaina, koinaka...

1874ko uda, antza, bereziki lasaia izan zen nahiz eta ekainean kanoikadaren batzuk jasan. Don Carlos gurean izan zen hilabete

mando gerrarik ez balego legez. Antzarrak ere ospatu ziren! Horretarako Zubietako jauregia atondu zitzaion<sup>4</sup>.

Hurrengo urtea gogorragoa izango zen; hala ere, edo horregatik, Lekeitioa hurbildu zen gure kazetari karlista bere esanetan bake eta lasaitasunaren bila (*and being weary and worn, had made for Lekeitio in search of renovating sea-breezes and a few days of peace and quiet*). Ez zelako Sanantolinetan heldu! Batzuek *Cittaslow* elkartearen asmatu behar izan dute, gu gerra garaian ere *slow city* ginen, marka da hau!

Txantxak txantxa, 1875eko ekainetik aurrera Barcaizteguiren hilketa-aren ondoren, eta ondorioz, bonbardaketak ugaritu egin ziren. Ferrolano gerraontzia zebilen tartean. *Kresaletik* bildumako *Lekeitio idatziak eta irudiak, 1325-1884* liburuan eman zen bonbardaketen berri. 75eko maiatzaren kokatzen du idazleak gertaera. *The Morning Post* egunkarira idatzi zituen eskutizetatik badakigu Donibane Lohizunen egon zela maiatzaren 2an, 16an Azpeitian, 27an Oyartzunen eta 31an Zumarragan. 12-13an Getaria aldean zegoen, antza, hango bonbardaketa deskribatu baitzuten. Tartetxo bat gelditzen da 2-12 artekoa Lekeitio egon ahal izan zena, beti ere, egiazko datekin bagabiltza. Estutu egingo dugu tartea, maiatzaren 8an Barcaizteguik bando bat argitaratu zuen harri-patutako arrantzale "karlistak" gerra-presotzat hartuko zirela esaten zuena. Horren beldur ziren Orue eta lagunak gure istorioan.

Barcaizteguiren hilketa aipatu dugu. Maiatzaren 24an Mutrikuko bateria karlistak Ferrolano bapora kanoikatu zuen eta 26an *Colon*, *Ferrolano* eta *Africa* gerraontziak bateria hori erasotzera abiatu ziren. Oraingoan punteria hobetu zuten eta *Ferrolano* eta *Colon* jo zituzten. Victoriano Sánchez Barcaiztegui, Kantauriko armadaren burua, hil zuten eta hainbat lagun zauritu. Lehentxoago, 17 bueltan, *Consuelo* bapora ia hondoratu zuten. Baliteke, istorioa une eta gertakizun horien birsortzea izatea.

<sup>3</sup> *La Correspondencia de España*, 1875/8/21

Ayer fué bombardeado Lekeitio con mucho efecto, apagando por largo tiempo la batería con que el enemigo hostilizaba á la fragata Vitoria. En la tripulación no ha habido bajas. En Lekeitio solo quedan unas 50 familias de las más necesitadas. Las demás han emigrado, por temor á nuestros buques...

*La Epoca*, 1875/8/21

Y al corroborarlo debo agregar que, según han manifestado los citados jefes y oficial, desde el primer bombardeo experimentado en Lekeitio han emigrado cerca de las dos terceras partes de la población; emigración que ha ido en aumento en los siguientes, hasta quedar solo unas 50 familias de las más necesitadas, siendo considerabilísimos los destrozos causados al caserío.

<sup>4</sup> Hemen bi modu ezberdin gauza bera kontatzeko:

*La Igualdad*, 1874/9/2

Continúa el Pretendiente recreándose en Lekeitio en el magnífico palacio del Sr, Adan de Yarza, dejando que la turba de ojalateros que le acompañan deterioren el edificio y se coman toda la fruta de su huerta.

*Boletín del Señorío* (?), 1874

SM. El Rey y su agosto padre continúan en Lekeitio tomando los baños de mar y haciendo gratísimas excursiones á los pueblos inmediatos, unas veces en carretela descubierta y otras por mar en ligeras lanchas empujadas por diestros remadores. La excelente posesión de Zubieta, propiedad de la casa Adan, sirve de morada á los augustos huéspedes.

La afluencia de gentes del país á la bonita villa por ver y victorear al legítimo Señor de Vizcaya, es considerable en estos días.



LUA, Lekeitiori Carlos erregegiak eman zion titulua. 1873



Carlos VII.a

Carlos VII.a

Gastos originarios para el Excmo. Sr. D. Juan Mañé y Flaquer y el Sr. D. Juan Mañé y Flaquer. de la Com. de Com. y abastecim.

2 Botellas de Champagne à 20 el cada una	80
1 id. de Cognac	15
1 id. de Anisete	12
El resto de la Com. de Com. y abastecim.	275
Trabaja de las Com. de Com. y abastecim. en manos del Sr. D. Juan Mañé y Flaquer para ser lo que ha de ser	54
	<hr/>
	404

Liquitio a 22 de Abril de 1878  
 Break  
 Carreras de Oriente

Vicente de Navarra

Cuenta de lo que me llevo para el mes de Julio al alojamiento del Sr. D. Juan Mañé y Flaquer de esta provincia de Vizcaya

Por 6 botellas de Champagne à 40	240
Por 2 botellas de Cognac à 20	40
Por 2 de anisete à 16	32
Por 24 cafés	24
Por 24 cigarros à 30	72
	<hr/>
	408

Liquitio a 8 de Agosto de 1874

El Cocinero  
 Eduardo Duran

Cuenta de las Cuentas del País que se hicieron en la supresion de este el Mes de Julio de 1874

Por 5 cartas de la Plaza y 2 en Carraspio à 40 cada carta por dia 25 dias que tubo en sujecion	500
Por 2 cartas que tubo 8 dias el Marqués de Salazar en Carraspio cobradas por el Sr. D. Juan Mañé y Flaquer	72
Por sueldo y detrasos y guardas de noche de Sr. D. Juan Mañé y Flaquer que se hizo por el Sr. D. Juan Mañé y Flaquer	140
	<hr/>
	712

Liquitio a 27 de Agosto de 1874  
 Juan Mañé y Flaquer

LUA, 1874 eta 75eko kontu liburua

Carlos VII.aren txanpona, 1875





Frank Vizetelly, 1860ko hamarkada. Brady-Handy photograph collection, Library of Congress

## IDAZLEA

Baliteke, bazitekeen... ba larregi, konturatu naiz baldintzaz bete dudala artikulua, ziurtasun faltaren seinale. Izan ere, idazleak esandakoak frogatu ezinak, zalantzak sortu eta sortzen dizkit. Ez ote da LITERATURA, beste barik? Azken finean, *All the year round* aldizkari literarioa zen. Eta benetako kontakizuna balitz? Kontrabandisten istorioa are sinesgaitzagoa da eta O'Shea kazetariari bidalitako gutun batek baieztatzen du. Egia da autorea txantxa zalea zela baina ez gezurtia. Luzatzen ari naiz eta oraindik ez dut aurkeztu hainbeste burukomin eta zalantza sortu dizkidan gizona. Esaten da errealitateak fikzioa gainditzen duela, gizon hura ezagutu zuen batek asmatuko zuen esaldia. Irakurritako erdiak egiak izanda ere...

Jakina, ezin izan dut nik kazetari ingeles baten biografian sakondu hango artxiobotan kontsultatzeko aukerarik ez daukadalako beraz anaia Henryk eta kazetari batzuek hari buruz idatzitakoak erabiliko ditut, batez ere. Eta hemendik bidali zituen kronikak. Tamalez egia dirudi inor ez dela profeta norberaren jaioterrian. Ingalaterran ere txakurrak oinutsik! Geuk egin beharko dugu bada ingelesek egin ez duten lana? Karlismoa eta azken gerra karlista ikertzen dutenek haren kronikak irakurri behar dituzte nahitaez. Baina ezagutzen ote dituzte?

Francis (Frank) Vizetelly Londonen jaio zen 1830ean eta Sudanen hil 1883 aldean. Bien bitartean orduko gerra nagusi gehienetan ibili zen, testigu gehienetan, partehartzaile batzuetan. Garibaldiren kanpainak, Estatu Batuetako Sezezio gerra, Prusia eta Austriaren arteko gerra, Gerra karlista eta Sudaneko gerra ezagutu zituen. Orduko ur handiko eta -ur txikiko- hainbat arrain izan zituen lagun: Garibaldi, Abraham Lincoln presidente unionista, Jefferson Davis presidente konfederatua, Don Carlos... Xarma handiko gizona zen, denak ziotenez, fanfarroia...<sup>5</sup>

Editore eta kazetari familia batean jaio izanak bidea erakutsi zion. Izatez, marrazkilaria zen, *special artist*, baina geroago kazetari legez egin zuen lan, *special correspondent*. Horrez gain, editorea izan zen sortu berri zen *Le Monde illustre* aldizkarian eta *Echoes of the Clubs* aldizkaria sortu zuen anaia batekin batera. Hainbat egunkari eta aldizkarian egin zuen lan: anaiek sortutako *Pictorial Times* eta *Illustrated Times*-en hasiera batean, gero *Illustrated London News*-en, beranduago *The Times* ospetsuan, *The Morning Post*-en...

Anaia Henry-k bidali zuen 1859an Italiara, Austria eta Frantzia (Sardinia) arteko gerra kontatzera. Frantziako armadarekin joan zen eta han ezagutuko zituen Napoleon, Victor Emanuel... Hurrengo urtean, 1860an, Siziliara joan zen Garibaldiren kanpainaren berri emateko. Lagun minak egin ziren<sup>6</sup>.

<sup>5</sup> Adibide asko irakurri ditut. Anaiak, zera esaten zuen: "He was an admirable raconteur, who cleverly mimicked the voices and action of his dramatic persons, and gave point to the simplest incidents by his dramatic method of unfolding them.

There was so much point and freshness about most of my brother's stories from Dixie's land that, urged on by gratified listeners, —all men of some note, and anxious to be amused, — he rattled them off one after another, and not a member of the company made a move towards leaving, until daylight streaming in through the clouds of tobacco smoke warned the party that it was time to break up".

F. Lauriston Bullardek, *Famous war correspondents* liburuan 1914an O'Shea jarraituz: "... the artist "ruffled it among the followers of Don Carlos," as El Conde de Vizetelly, serenely wearing his romantic and sonorous title. The bodyguard of his Catholic Majesty was composed of French, Austrians, Italians, Germans, grandees of Spain, soldiers of fortune of every sort, and behind every second man there was a story. Vizetelly was at home among these men; they liked him and he liked the guerilla warfare.

Berak John Augustus O'Shea-k, "Leaves from the life of a special correspondent", liburuan 1885ean (2. lib., 79. or.): The man with the truest artistic soul I ever knew was Frank Vizetelly, who is supposed to have lost his life at, or near, the place where the expedition of Hicks Pasha was eaten up. During the Carlist war we were standing one morning beside a clear, rushing stream at Estella in Navarre. The sun-arrows were flaming like the Archangel's sword through the arches of an old bridge, and striking the moving waters with such a vivid tremor, that one expected to hear a clash as of weapons upon a shield, and to see sparks of fire.

"That is beautiful", said Frank; "I could look at it for an hour. But you have no appreciation of the play of colour".

"Have I not, indeed! To me it is so beautiful that I could look at it not for an hour, but hours —ay, for a week".

"Lukewarm enthusiast", exclaimed Frank assuming a heroic attitude. "I, who speak to you, I could look at it for ever! Let us to breakfast".

Poor truant Frank, he would not let himself be outdone by anybody. What a rich imagination was he, what a prodigal flow of spirits, what a prankish temper! Withal he sketched well, and had a great command of nervous English. The last letter I had from him was dated from La Fonda de los Contrabandistas, in the Pyrenees. His Carlists friends, he wrote, had fallen back on smuggling as the only means of showing contempt for the Madrid Government open to patriots, and he was with them, loyal to his comrades of the lost cause. From Spain he drifted to Tunis, at the time of the French invasion; from Tunis to Egypt; from Egypt to the Soudan; thence to the unknown.

At latestest advices, there is some hope that Mr. Vizetelly survives and charms the followers of the Mahdi with his sketches.

<sup>6</sup> Bere iloba zen Ernest Alfred Vizetelly zioen *My days of adventure* liburuan: During the Easter holidays of 1864 Garibaldi came to England. My uncle, Frank Vizetelly, was the chief war-artist of that period, the predecessor, in fact, of the late Melton Prior. He knew Garibaldi well, having first met him during the war of 1859, and having subsequently accompanied him during his campaign through Sicily and then on to Naples - afterwards, moreover, staying with him at Caprera. And so my uncle carried me and his son, my cousin Albert, to Stafford House (where he had the entree), and the grave-looking Liberator patted us on the head, called us his children, and at Frank Vizetelly's request gave us photographs of himself.

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



No. 1039.—VOL. XXXVII.]

SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1860.

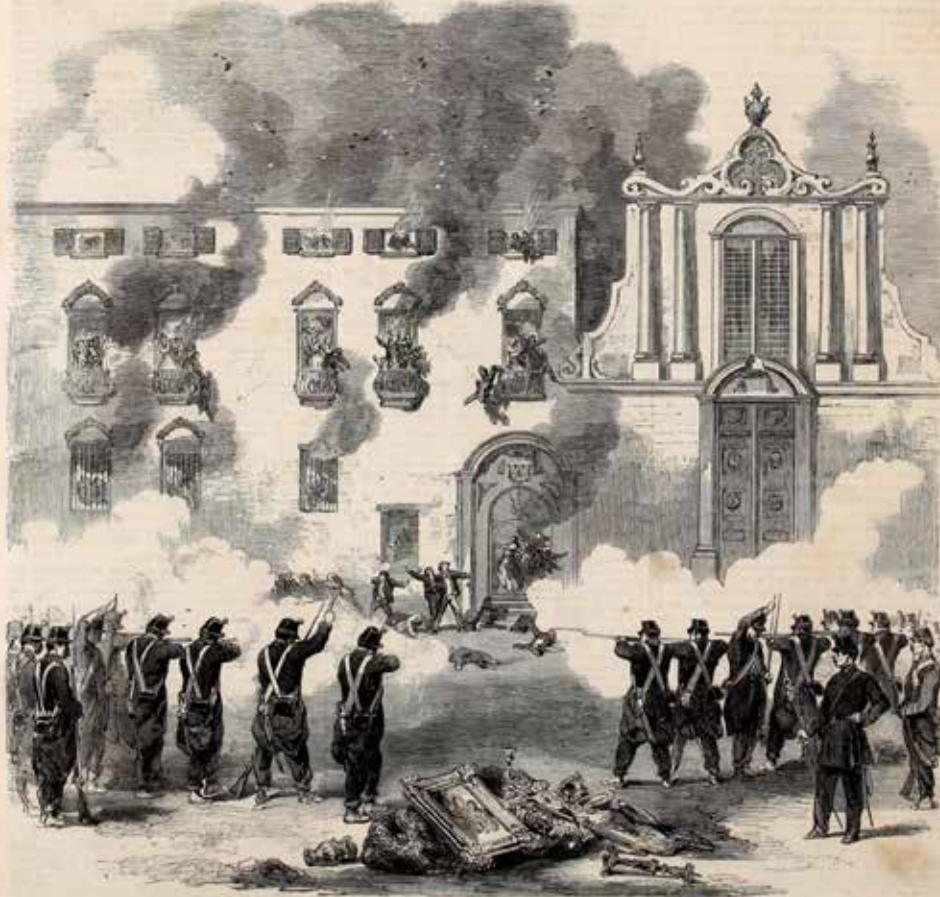
[WITH A SUPPLEMENT, FIVEPENCE.]

## THE LORDS AND THE COMMONS.

SWIFTLY AND THE CASE, DELIBERATE, AND PERHAPS DESIGNATED, also matters in which the Government, as representing the House of Commons, is dealing with the question of privilege of the Lower House which is involved in the rejection of the

Paper Duty Bill by the Lords, there can be little doubt but that the matter has been growing into an importance which ought not to be overlooked. Viewing the subject as we do, as one into the dealing with which no heat or rashness should be imported, we have not been inclined to dwell at the course which

has been taken. If hereafter the matter should resolve itself into a constitutional struggle, which must terminate in a final and unimpeachable definition and settlement of the rights and duties of two of the estates of the realm, much will have been gained by the supporters of the innovation



THE REVOLUTION IS SWIFT.—MARCHES OF PEOPLE BY THE ROYAL TROOPS AT THE CORNER OF THE WHITE SHERIDAN'S, FAIRING.—FROM A SKETCH BY FRANK VERNER. SEE SUPPLEMENT, PAGE 10.

The Illustrated London News, 1860/7/7

Artikulu honetan agertzen diren grabatu guztiak F. Vizetellyk marraztutakoak dira.



The Illustrated London News, 1860/6/9



The Illustrated London News, 1860/11/10



The Illustrated London News, 1861/1/26

Hain sona handia lortu zuten *The Illustrated London News* aldizkariak argitaratutako Garibaldiren irudiek eta kronikak, ezen Estatu Batuetara bidali zuten 1861ean Sezesio-gerra jarraitzera. Gogora ezazue gerran batasunaren aldekoak alde batetik (Unionistak, federalak, nordistak hitzez ezagunak) eta banaketaren aldekoak bestetik (Sezesionistak, konfederatuak, sudistak). Italiako antzean, pasadizo eta abentura itzelak bizi izan zituen, hasiera batean ejerzito federalarekin, gero konfederatuarekin. Bertso askea, federalek euren gustoko ez ziren notiziak ematearren oztopoak jarri zizkiotenean (Unionistek ez zioten parkatu First Bull Run-eko ihes lotsagarria erakutsi izana), beste alderdira pasatu zen. Lagun berriekin ezin hobeto konpondu zen; hain ondo, gerra amaitu zenean alde egin behar izan zuela Unionistek/federalek harrapatu eta hilko zuten beldur. Atsekabean, Davis presidentea ihesean ibili zenean, Vizetellyren laguntza izan zuen, baita ekonomikoa ere<sup>7</sup>. Ez dugu uste sekula Estatu Batuetara bueltatu zenik. Gure kontakizunean idazleak

<sup>7</sup> *The Graphic: An Illustrated Weekly Newspaper, 1883-12-1*

Mr. Vizetelly was with Mr. Jefferson Davis up to within a few days of his capture, and was forced for his own safety to make his way to a sea-port town, under an assumed name, owing to a threat of the Federals to execute him as a spy, should they succeed in laying hands on him

harro aipatzen zuen garai hura: *I have knocked about at sea considerably, have crossed the Atlantic four times, have run through blockades on the American coast...*

1865. urtean bueltatu zen etxera eta 1866an Prusia eta Austriaren arteko gerra piztu zen. Pare bat hile baino ez zuen iraun, beraz, gerra-kazetariak ez zuten lan askorik izan<sup>8</sup>.

Bueltatu zen Ingalaterrara eta hurrengo urteetan egunkari eta antzerki lanetan jardun zuen<sup>9</sup>. Aldizkaria ere fundatu zuen "*Echoes of the Clubs*". Baina, antza, bizi lasaiegia zen gerra-kazetariarentzat. Espainian piztu zen gerra karlista aitzakia ona izan zen hain maite zuen bizimodura bueltatzeko.

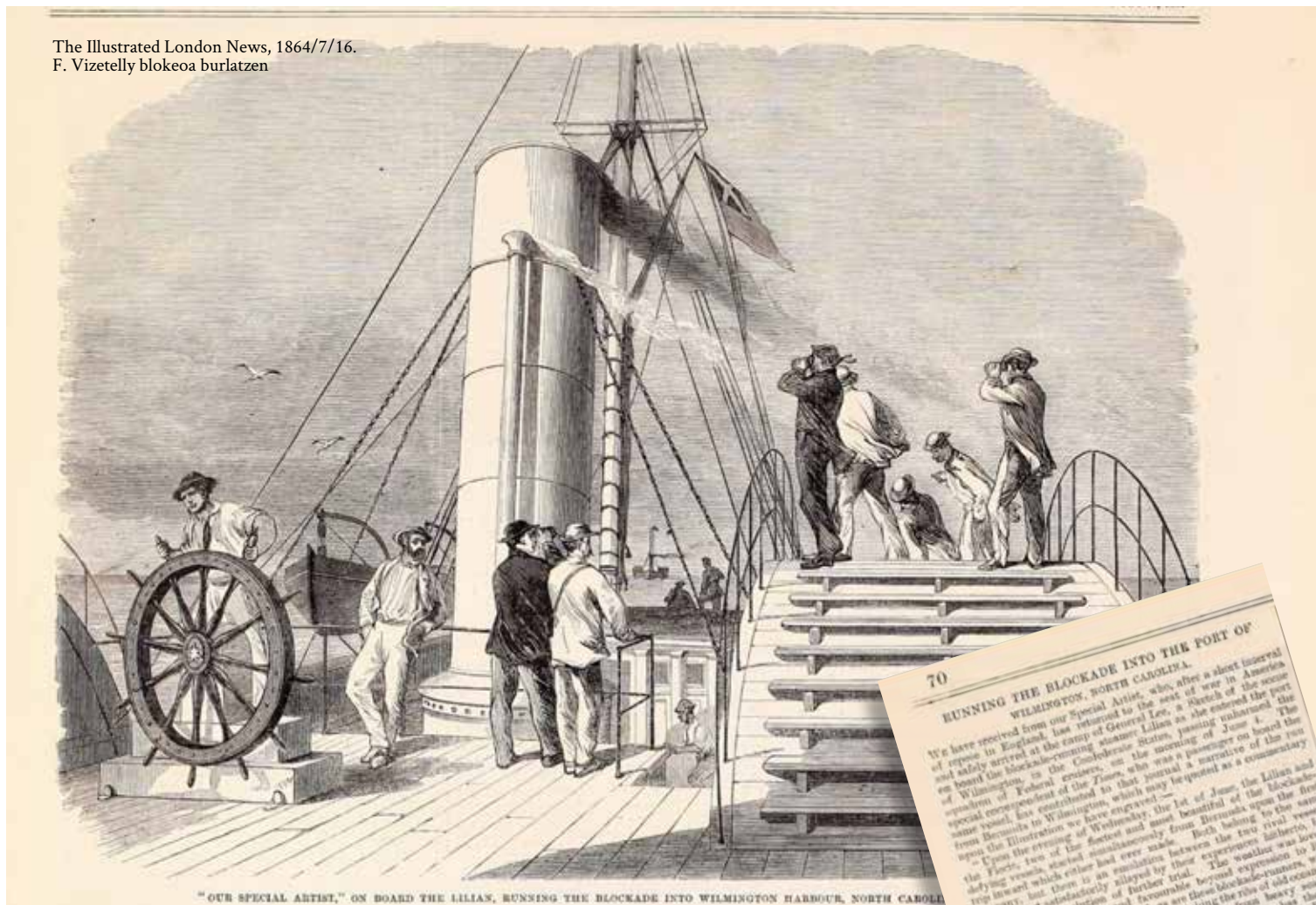
<sup>8</sup> *The Graphic: An Illustrated Weekly Newspaper, 1883-12-1*

When the Seven Weeks' War between Prussia and Austria broke out in 1866 he set out as representative of the Illustrated London News to join the forces of the latter power.

*Glances...*, Henry Vizetellyren memoriak: When war broke out between Prussia and Austria in 1866, Frank Vizetelly was sent by the "Illustrated London News" to Vienna, and duly reported himself at the headquarters of Marshal Benedek, of whose defeat at Solferino he had been an eye-witness some seven years before.

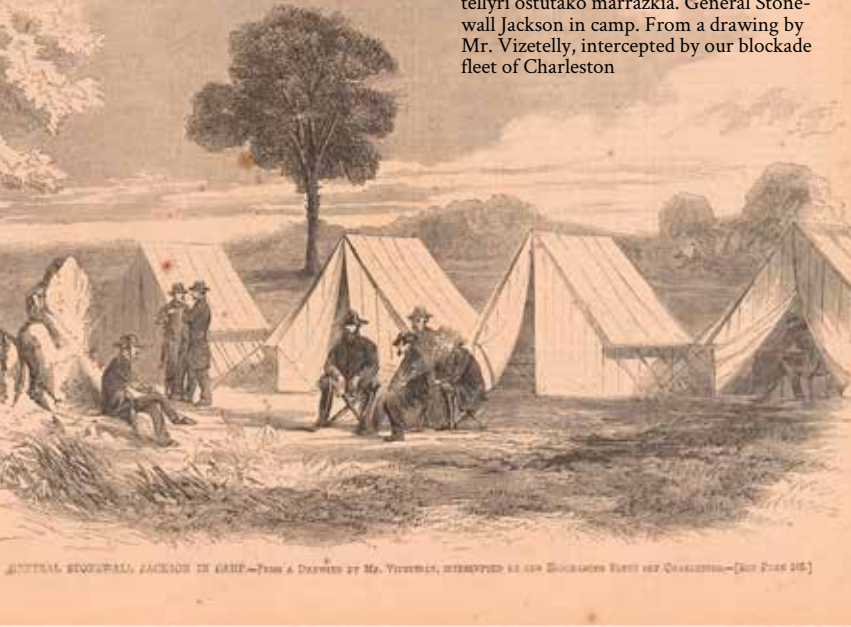
<sup>9</sup> Harritu egiten nau. Antzerkiko jantziak diseinatzeko ere gai zen: "The "Frolics of the Wood Nymphs" reflect credit upon two gentlemen... and secondly to Mr. Frank Vizetelly, who has designed the beautifully picturesque and appropriate dresses".

The Illustrated London News, 1864/7/16.  
F. Vizetelly blokeoa burlatzen

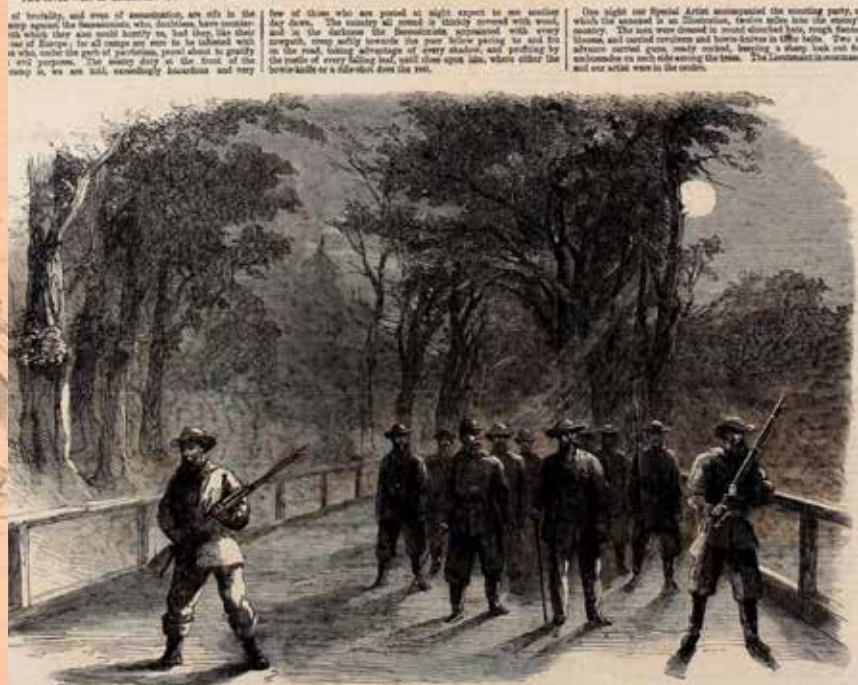


"OUR SPECIAL ARTIST," ON BOARD THE LILLIAS, RUNNING THE BLOCKADE INTO WILMINGTON HARBOUR, NORTH CAROLINA.

Harper's Weekly, 1863-2-14. Frank Vize-  
tellyri ostutako marrazkia. General Stone-  
wall Jackson in camp. From a drawing by  
Mr. Vizetelly, intercepted by our blockade  
fleet of Charleston



GENERAL STONEWALL JACKSON IN CAMP—FROM A DRAWING BY MR. VIZETELLY, INTERCEPTED AT OUR BLOCKADE FLEET OF CHARLESTON.—(SEE PAGE 216.)



THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA: A RECONNOISSANCE PARTY IN THE VIRGINIAN WOODS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF ALEXANDRIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY STEPHEN ALBERT.

F. Vizetelly Amerikako guda zibilean unionistekin patruilatzen.  
The Illustrated London News, 1861/7/13



Waud drawing of Gen Sickles  
with F. Vizetelly (1861)



THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA: "MY RECONNOISSANCE WITH GENERAL SICKLES IN THE POTOMAC,"—FROM A SKETCH BY

F. Vizetelly Sickles generalarekin Potomac ibaian. The Illus-  
trated London News 1861/12/7. Marrazkia: F. Vizetelly

572

run the blockade by hugging the Maryland shore closely, where the water shoals considerably. Heavy vessels dare not risk it, as the blockade of the Potomac may be looked upon as effective. We on our side watched the little ships anxiously as they came within range of our country's guns, which they no longer did than a harmless fire-ship, and which opened upon them their own shells. We, the spectators, ran probably more than the Confederates' navy, and shells came over to our neighborhood, bursting in some proximity to where we stood. One time then came, one of the Confederates' vessels from the Bay of Chesapeake, one of the Potomac's was a privateer, and possessing a stronger armament. My reconnaissance was a success, and I had the honor to be present at the capture of the vessel, and three quarters in breadth. The river is in the whole time we had to wait for it, sometimes even swimming it, sometimes had it

### CHAPTER III.

#### EL CONDE DE VIZETELLI.

Cipriano and Liberato—The Squadron of Legitimacy—The Cavalry  
Rank and File—A Simple Correspondent—Started in Estella—A  
Cheery Cookery—A New Way of Paying Old Debts—The Carlin  
Executioner—Slaughter by Charcoal—A Miraculous Apparition  
—"Follow your Nose"—Naked Devotions—The Combat of  
Masters—An Interrupted Duel—The Use of the Globes under  
Difficulties—A Gossip by the Gibbet.

EL CONDE DE VIZETELLI. Such was the title, romantic, grandiose, sonorous, under which my old companion of London, Frank Vizetelly, ruffled it among the followers of Don Carlos. I take credit for modesty that I did not bestow a dukedom on myself when I careered through Navarre with two squires, Cipriano and Liberato, two chargers, and a sumpter animal which seemed to be a cross between a mule and a pony. One horse I had bought at Bayonne and paid too much for, the other I had acquired a bargain from Azamat Batuk, who threw in the nondescript as a bonus on condition

EL CONDE DE VIZETELLY.  
Such was the title, romantic,  
grandiose, sonorous, under  
which my old companion of  
London, Frank Vizetelly, ruffled  
it among the followers of Don  
Carlos... O'Shea, J. A. (1892).  
Roundabout Recollections.

that I  
Cipriano  
strong  
campai  
such t  
shoul

a long narrow  
been assigned to me as orderly by  
Ollo (afterwards killed in action), was a thin  
wiry stripling of twenty, hardy as a snipe and  
true to his salt as the Douglal creature. I had  
orders for rations and forage, but as I always  
insisted on paying for what I got, I might  
reasonably have claimed grandeeship, and the  
peasants would have willingly humoured me.  
I was satisfied to be a simple *caballero*, Don  
Giovanni, but Cipriano was not content with  
that; it reflected on his dignity. Similar to  
Hindoo servants, the Spanish are fond of exalt-  
ing the status of their masters; consequently,  
I was, without my knowledge and in spite of  
myself, made one of the Squadron of Legiti-  
macy, the body-guard of his Catholic Majesty,  
a *corps d'élite*, all comprising which ranked as

#### VIZETELLY GUREKIN-EL CONDE DE VIZETELLY

"Kondeak" eman didan lana!

Amaituta neukan artikulua eta gainera maketatuta baina bitartean John Augustus O'Shea kazetariak idatzi zuen "Roundabout recollections" Ingalaterratik zetorren, prisa barik, slowly, Brexita dela-eta edo. Bonba-paketeak ere arinago ailegatzen dira! Halako batean, hilabete berandua-go, heldu zen Sarean kontsultatu ezin izan nuen liburua. Vizetellyren anaiak O'Shearengandik hartutako pasarteak nire begiekin ikusi nahi nituen. BADA EZPADA. Han zeuden, hain zuzen ere, aipatutako pasarteak baina informazio gehiago zekarren. Eskerrak zuhurra izan naizen!

Uste nuen eta idatzita neukan Vizetelly *The Times* egunkariak bidalita heldu zela Euskal Herrira karlisten alderditik jarraitzeko gerra baina ez nenbilen zuzen.

Vizetellyren anaiak errarazi zidan *The Times* egunkariko korrespondentsala izan zela esatean: *Always in a fever of excitement whenever there was a warlike outbreak in any quarter of the world, no sooner had the adherents of Don Carlos raised his standard in the Basque provinces than my brother hastened to Spain, where, throughout the insurrection, he was "the Times" correspondent with the pretender's forces.* O'Shearen hitzak zehatzagoak ziren: *Burnaby was much attached to Frank, and Frank in return almost worshipped him. At leaving, the kindly guardsman bequeathed him his functions as Times correspondent, but Frank, though excellent as an artist, had not in him the timber of a contemporaneous war-chronicler...*

Sisifo amaiera gabeko lanean

VIZETELLY EUSKAL-HEBRIAN

Zortia izan zuen Vizetelly, The Times egunkariaren artzain erretiroa. Ez zen edonore gure kazetariak Karlisten kanpamendura heldu berean alborra gora bakarrik falta izan zitzaion. Nicolai Thieblinnek "Spain and the Spaniards" ikerlanerako libururako dotore kontatu zuen egunkariak gizon zuen miresmena, karlisten artean.

The Times egunkariaren artzain, who afterwards the Carlists were particularly anxious to secure, was naturally the most coveted man, and there was no sort of complaint that Don Carlos and his Generals did not pay to the correspondent of that leading English journal, in the vain hope to make him and his paper serve their cause. The arrival of that gentleman produced quite a sensation in the Carlist camp. He came with several horses and a couple of English servants. This was already something to astonish the Carlists. But the pink envelope, with the printed address of the Times on it, produced a still stronger impression upon Don Carlos, when one of that journal's letters happened to be handed to him for the purpose of sending it over to France with his courier. It seemed as if the pink envelope, containing the record of his death, made him appear greater in his own eyes. Karlistek, sukurra dion moduan, ez zuten lotu The Times erretiroa alde jakin baina karlistak zuten bai, Vizetellyren konplazentzia.



Er gaitzaren aurkeratuz, Vizetelly Bartzilera heldu eta ala egun batzuk gelditu zen diru prestatzen. No Dore emanen, zuespazeko burua, zaldia erretiro... J. Handed Don Carlos Lopez's name about ten articles before he arrived, Karlisten kuartel Nagasia. Geroan azuden eta erretiroa non kuartera lan, Biharromanen beran ez zen gertatzen karlistarik. Hurrengo egunetan argitaratu ziren kronikak kazetaria nondik zetelien argituzen diruak abuztuzten 31an Ekandun, 24an Alton Kuartel Nagasia, 24an Dicastillon Kuartel Nagasia, 24an Estellan Kuartel Nagasia... 31an Araganen kuarter Nagasia eta handik botalet zuten

8 Twicken gemnasium... 10 Mann eta Wright-en biografietan ematen da Burnabyren berri baina 1873ko gertaerak 1874an kokatuz (Wikipedian ere akats bera egiten da). Bestela zuzen dabilta. Mann, R.K. (1882). *The life, adventures and political opinions of Frederick Gustavus Burnaby. Wright, Thomas (1908). The life of colonel Burnaby.*

Thieblinnek behin betiko argitu zidan duela The Times-eko kazetaria militarra zela zehaztean (Burnaby, Royal Horse Guards Blue erregimentuko ofiziala zen)

Thieblin, Nicolas (1874). *Spain and the Spaniards*, (134. or.): The Times correspondent, whose authority on military subjects (as that of a captain in the Guards) will scarcely be questioned, gave the following account of the battle of Dicastillo fought on August 25th...

Alferrrikako lana! Artikuluaren aurreneko bertsoia

Akats edo bekatu original honen artzetik beste batzuk etorri ziren: Vizetellyri egotzi nizkion Burnabyren kronikak (orain dakit hori) eta horren inguruan ehundu nuen istorioa. Jakina, berehala izan nuen Burnaby delako horren gorabeheren berri. Bereak ziren *The Times*-eko abuztu eta urri arteko kronikak (From our special correspondent with the carlists)<sup>10</sup>.

Ez zidan idatzitakoak balio. Sisiforen antzean, tontorrera heltzear nengoela harria/artikulua jausi zitzaidan. Ez dut sekula ahaztuko Vizetelly eta haren familia! Tira, aurkitu dudana azalduko dizuet.

Ez zuen *The Times* egunkariak bidali baina zoezertxo idatzi zuen. Askorik ez, O'Sheak esandakoa kontuan badugu: *He was too finical in his style; would tear up half-a-dozen sheets of paper before he was satisfied with his opening sentence, and so when his account, vivid in language and faultless in composition, arrived in London, the event it described had well-nigh passed out of the domain of public interest.* Baliteke azaroko Montejurra batailako kronikak bereak izatea, baina sinadura faltan ezin daiteke ziurtatu.

Ez dakit noiz heldu zen Euskal Herrira Vizetelly, baina O'Shea 1873ko udan karlisten kuartel Nagasia heldu zenerako bertan zen. Badakigu baita bere kabuz etorri zela, News-entzat (*London Illustrated News*) lan-txoren bat egiten zuela eta armada karlistako partaide zela ere: *The day*

10 Mann eta Wright-en biografietan ematen da Burnabyren berri baina 1873ko gertaerak 1874an kokatuz (Wikipedian ere akats bera egiten da). Bestela zuzen dabilta. Mann, R.K. (1882). *The life, adventures and political opinions of Frederick Gustavus Burnaby. Wright, Thomas (1908). The life of colonel Burnaby.*

Thieblinnek behin betiko argitu zidan duela The Times-eko kazetaria militarra zela zehaztean (Burnaby, Royal Horse Guards Blue erregimentuko ofiziala zen)

Thieblin, Nicolas (1874). *Spain and the Spaniards*, (134. or.): The Times correspondent, whose authority on military subjects (as that of a captain in the Guards) will scarcely be questioned, gave the following account of the battle of Dicastillo fought on August 25th...

of my arrival in Estella, I was strolling under the colonnade in the Plaza, or public square, when I heard my name roared in tones of Stentor... An then it flashed upon me that this big buff apparition in the out-of-the-way was Frank Vizetelly - a Frank older and more portly than when I had seen him last, but as hearty, careless, and full of resource, as ever... To my query as to what had brought Frank to Spain, he answered nonchalantly - "Freelancing, my lad; striking a blow for the good cause, and throwing off an occasional sketch for the News to amuse myself and strengthen the sinews of war... What corps are you in, Frank?" "I'm on the staff," he replied... (O'Shea, Roundabout recollections, 46-48 or.)

Milaka abentura bizitako kazetaria berriro masian zebilen. 1874ko maiatzeko da *The Morning Post*-en aurkitu dugun *From a carlist correspondent* sinadura duen lehen kronika. Baliteke bitartean eta arinago ere haren kronikak eta marrazkiak orduko egunkariaren batean argitaratu izana baina, ez dut astategia izan nahi, sinadura ezak ia ezinezko bihurtzen du ikerketa lan hori<sup>11</sup>. Dena dela, 1874ko maiatzean hasi eta gerra amaitu arte hainbat kronika idatzi zituen. Horiekin konformatu beharko dugu, ez dira gutxi-eta.

### THE GOOD CAUSE

Zer dela eta egin zen karlista Vizetelly? Anai Henryk uste zuen UK Karlosek titulu baten promesarekin "engainatu" zuela<sup>12</sup>. Baliteke, guk baino hobeto ezagutzen zuen anai baina O'Sheak hobeto ezagutu zituen gorte karlista inguruan pilatu ziren saiatuak<sup>13</sup> eta haren ustez bazeki-

11 Irakurri dugu *Illustrated London News* aldizkarirako lanen bat egin zuela. 1873ko uztail eta abendu arteko zenbakiak kontsultatu ditugu eta ez dugu ezer aurkitu.

Burnabyk aipatu zuelakoan nago 1873-9-6ko *The Times* egunkariako pasarte honetan: "What a good picture *El Rey would make now!*" said an Aide-de Campe, as Don Carlos put down his glasses and began to eat a large melon, without either fork or spoon. The correspondent of the Illustrated London News evidently thought so too, and was rapidly sketching the group "Mais, mon Roi, vous mangez trop vite votre melon" cried the unabashed draughtsman, as Don Carlos, taking rather a larger mouthful, slightly changed his position. The bystanders laughed... Eta Thieblinnek *Spain and the Spaniards* liburuan aipatzen duen kazetaria bera izan behar da (230-31 or./ 1875eko edizioa):

As there was a piano in the drawing-room, and one of the chamberlains appeared to be an excellent musician, not only the singing was continued, but dancing was added to it, and it was not without interest to see that the palm for national Spanish dancing was on that night carried off by an Englishman. A stout, powerful man, of fully forty years of age, my worthy colleague of the Illustrated London News, had succeeded in mastering the fandango as few Spaniards ever did. This was, however, not the only point which rendered him quite a notoriety among the Carlists. As soon as he arrived in their camp, he entered so thoroughly into their ways and manners as to dress, live, and march like the common volunteers. He was frequently to be seen on foot, marching with the columns, in hempen sandals, Carlist cap, and a red woollen scarf, worn as a waist-band (*faja*). Twenty and thirty miles a day, under a burning sun, were nothing to him, and garlic and rancid oil seemed to have become his greatest luxuries. His natural serenity never abandoned him in the midst of all these fatigues and privations, except, perhaps, when he was disturbed in the enjoyment of a sound sleep by the constant ringing of the church bells. His invariable remark, on being awakened on such occasions, was, "I wish people were not so d--d religious in this country".

12 "Glances back through seventy years: autobiographical and other reminiscences", Henry Vizetelly, 1893.

From reports which reached London it would appear that he ingratiated himself with Don Carlos and obtained an appointment on his staff - rather an odd transformation for an ex-Garibaldian - with a promise of the title of count or marquis and the customary grandeeship of Spain as soon as the pretender should have conquered the Alfonsists, and been proclaimed king at Madrid. The wished-for consummation was never brought about; still this did not prevent F. V. from parading himself as "El Conde Francisco," so long as he remained in Navarra.

13 (61. or.) These warriors by predilection owned their own horses, and were supposed to serve for honour and glory, with magnificent perspectives of pomp and pension when they got to Madrid. But many of them, I conceive, felt as surely as myself that they had small likelihood of watering their steeds in the Manzanares. Outside the hilly Carlist region, the cause was hopeless. In fact, as I freely told them in private committee when they sought my opinion, they were unconsciously labouring in the interest of Isabella's son. But they did not worry much how the strife might end, so that it brought exhilaration while it lasted; and, by my troth, it was a merry, healthy, happy-go-lucky life, with the fascinating spice of hazard. When the foe did not supply them with blood-quickenning fillips, they were equal to providing them out of their own resources...



ten titulu horiek inoiz ez zirela helduko. Ultramontanoak ziren batzuk, gehienak beharbada, baina batez ere abenturazaleak, antigoaleko erro-mantikoak<sup>14</sup>. Bere saltsan zegoen Vizetelly halakoen artean.

Aurreratu dugu *The Morning Post*en argitaratu zirela bere kronikak. Baina zelan dakigu sinatu bako kroniketari agertzen zen From a carlist correspondent bera zela? 1876-3-6 ko *The Morning Post* egunkarian aurkitu dugu erantzuna: ... *Don Carlos commented on the great number of English journalists in Spain, and mentioned the name of Mr. Vizetelly as being one of them. I may be excused for adding that the King spoke in very high terms of the gentleman whose letters, headed "From a Carlist Correspondent", have frequently appeared in the columns of this journal during the war, and the last of which gave a vivid narrative of the closing scene in the Prefecture of Mauleón, where, so recently as a fortnight ago, Don Carlos, wrote the correspondent, was "a kind of State prisoner". It was peculiarly agreeable to one who had had an opportunity of seeing something of campaigning to hear Don Carlos pay a colleague the high compliment of saying that he was "a remarkably brave man".*

*The Times*-en antzean egunkari kontserbadorea zen eta haren bezala karlismo eta, batez ere, Don Carlos-en kontrakoa. Hala ere, Vizetellyren kronikak argitaratu zituen eta horri eskerrak alderdi galtzailearen ikuspuntua ere ezagutzen dugu. Izan ere, legitimistek gerra apur bat emateko gai ziren arren, ez zuten garairik onenak bizi Europan. Kazetari karlista bakarrenekoa izan zen Vizetelly<sup>15</sup> egunkari karlista gutxi batzuk baino ez zeudelako orduan Espainian eta gainera debekatuak izan zirelako. Esku bateko atzamarrekin zenba zitezkeen karlisten alde zeuden atzerriko egunkariak. Egunkari britaniarrak esaterako, liberalak zein kontserbadoreak, Gobernu errepublikarraren (alde) hasieran eta gero alfonsistaren alde egin zuten. Badakigu karlistek esku zabalik hartu zituztela atzerriko kazetariak baina bataila hori hasi baino lehenago galdua zuten.

Horregatik, Vizetellyren kronikak zerutik jausitako mana dira<sup>16</sup>. Ez nuke sineskorregia nahi izan baina nire ustez karlista aitortu ho-

14 O, Shearen hitzak agian "errorantikoegiak" dira baina: ... in sum, a mixtum-gatherum of chartered filibusters from courts and salons, who affronted fatigue and privations with a smile and a song, and went into the thick of gunpowder smoke after kissing the hand of a princess and craving the blessing of the Church. There was a story behind every second man in that daredevil legion, but I fear the gaming table and blighted affections had as much to do with their war-like ardour as political enthusiasm.

15 *The Morning Post*, 1874-8-1

The generality of the English newspapers accept with unexampled credulity every statement that is made by the Madrid periodicals, although aware of the fact that the journals of the Spanish capital are prohibited from publishing news concerning the Carlists other than what has appeared in the Official Gazette. The barbarities practised on the wounded at Estella have fortunately been proved to have taken place only in the heated imaginations of over-zealous correspondents, and luckily for the Carlists the Republican doctor in charge of the hospital and Mr. Furley have had the kindness to come forward and make known the truth. Apart from political opinion, Englishmen like to see fair play and hear the truth, but **unfortunately all the special correspondents are with the Madrid army, and there is not a single "special" in the Carlist camp.** The consequences are evident, for the correspondents believe every tale of alleged Carlist barbarity, whilst there is no one on our side to deny the falsehoods.

16 Balio handiko kronikak dira. Lehen eskuko testigantzak direlako eta hau nire ustea da, Vizetellyk, berak esaten zuen moduan, egia bilatzen zuelako: *Apart from political opinion, Englishmen like to see fair play and hear the truth. The Guardian* egunkariaren goiburua ere horixe zioen: *Comment is free but facts are sacred.* Espainian, berriz, inork ez zuen esan ez entzun nahi egia. O'Shea eta Burnaby ere kezku ziren. O'Shea Romantic Spain: A Record of Personal Experiences liburuan (1887): "Victories are always claimed by both sides in this civil struggle. To get near truth one must read the narratives for and against, compare and balance them, and by jealous analysis of evidence it is possible one may light, in a haphazard way, on something vaguely resembling what actually happened" eta Burnaby, 1873-10-14ko *The Times* egunkarian: "Unfortunately, in the Peninsula there is a great tendency to diminish the list of casualties even at the expense of veracity, and this renders it very difficult for a correspondent to arrive at a anything like a correct return".

nek, inguruko kazetariak baino zorrotzago zaindu zituen neutralitate eta objetibitatea<sup>17</sup>.

*The Morning Post*-era bidali zuen lehen kronika, 1874ko maitzaren 4koa, adibide ona da. Honelaxe hasten zen kronika: "*The siege of Bilbao is over, and the town has still a right to call itself the "Invicta Villa." Horseflesh and cats have been replaced by beef and mutton, and Concha has accomplished the task confided to his care, and proved himself a better general than either Moriones or Serrano...*". Ondoren "aitzakiak", normala denez, karlista zen eta: liberalak gehiago zirela, hobeto armatuak nahiko eta soberan egin zutela karlistek halako egoera batean... Batailaren garailea ezagutzeko modurik onena -errazena eta argiena- hildako, zauritutako eta preso kopuruak zenbatzea zen; esan gabe doa benetako batailari zenbakien bataila odoltsuak jarraitzen ziola. Bada, Vizetellyk ez zuen arazorik izan galera handiak izan zituztela onartzeko. Ez zen orduan ez eta gaur hori normala! (*Of course our losses have been heavy/ As yet no account of our losses has been published, but although they are no doubt heavy in proportion to our numbers*)<sup>18</sup>.

Batzuetan, ez baneki eskarmentu handiko gerra-kazetaria zela, ino-zoegia zela ere esango nuke<sup>19</sup> baina halakoxea zen, antza, *nortasun eta izate, hil arte*. Behin baino gehiagotan goraipatu zuen etsaia eta etxekoa kritikatu baina azken momentura arte egon zen Erregegiarekin<sup>20</sup> lehenago Davis presidente galtzailearekin egon zen moduan. *Esana da egina*, ez zituen lagunak larrialdian bakarrik utzi. Amaitzeko, nire ustez hunkigarriena den kronika utziko dizuet, bide batez ingelesa praktikatzeko.

17 Jakina, onartu beharra daukat iritzi, intuizio, susmo kontua dela, Vizetellyren idatzietan soilik oinarritua, ia fede kontua. Frogatu egin beharko nituzke kazetariak konstatutakoak egia direla baina hasi aurretik galdutako bataila ote den nago, gerrek, anaian artekoek batik bat, irauten duten artean ez dutelako galtzailerik -ez irabazlerik-. Porrotik handienak garaipen bihurtzen direlako eta alderantziz. Basakeriak (suteak, erahilketak, lapurretak, bengan-tzak...) etsaiari esleitzen zaizkio, egia izan ala ez. Beleak zozoari eta zozoak beleari "lpur baltz".

18 Adibide gehiago ditut:

*The Morning Post*, 1875-7-19: "... The number of prisoners which have fallen into the hands of the enemy is, it appears, much exaggerated, but of course it is useless to deny that the fall of Cantavieja is a serious contretemps to our arms..."/ *The Morning Post*, 1875-11-27: "One of the most senseless customs in Spain is the habit of giving false lists of the killed and wounded in all military operations, and I do not mean to exclude the Carlist generals from the charge..."/ *The Morning Post*, 1876-2-3: "The losses of the enemy have been very heavy. I shall not, however, attempt to give an estimate until I have been again over the field of the battle. The Carlists, too, have suffered severely...".

19 *The Morning Post*, 1875-3-1

Would it not be better to select a few champions from both sides and let them determine the quarrel after the manner of the Horatii and the Curiatii. This unfortunate country, which is being ruined by the war, would, I am sure, be the better for such a sensible determination.

20 *The Morning Post*, 1876-3-3

ENTRY OF DON CARLOS INTO FRANCE

From a carlist correspondent

Mauleon, Feb. 28

The last shot of the Carlist war has been fired and the flag of "Dios, Patria, y Rey" no longer waves over the mountains of Navarre. The sole battalions which remained faithful have crossed the frontier, and Don Carlos himself is in the hands of the French authorities. I have never had a more painful task to perform than that of relating the events of the last month, and it was, I am not ashamed to confess, with tears in my eyes that I saw Don Carlos step on French soil. I am utterly incapable of explaining how the army whose discipline and valour I have so often extolled changed in a few days into a disorganised and mutinous crowd, and how the very soldiers who a month ago drove the troops of Don Alfonso at Mendizorrotz were the first to shoot down their officers and desert en masse to the enemy.

... Arrived at Mauleón, I had the honour of a long interview with the prince, and I was never struck so forcibly with the sympathy and affability which has made Don Carlos so loved by all who know him. He said to me, "I have done that it was possible to do to obtain what I consider my rights..."

I have seen Don Carlos in his palace in Tolosa, and I have seen him on the field of battle, calm amid the whistling of bullets and the bursting of shells...

# The Morning Post.

LONDON, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1874.

PRICE THREEPENCE.

The Morning Post, 1874-11-16  
THE FATAL CARLIST MARCH  
From a Carlist correspondent  
Lesaca, Nov. 13

I have witnessed many nasty scenes during my campaigning, and have seen death in almost every form, but God grant that I may never again pass through like scenes of agony to those of yesterday. Death in any form brings with it a feeling of awe to the spectators, and whether assisting at a peaceful deathbed, or watching the distortions of one dying of a bayonet wound, one always feels more serious and thoughtful after a spirit has taken its flight. Yesterday, however, it was reserved for me to see the agonising sufferings of more than 50 poor wretches freezing to death. To explain the occurrence it will be necessary for me, though greatly against my will, to refer to the famous siege of Irun. I say greatly against my will, for it is painful for me to mention an event replete with culpable negligence, disgraceful ignorance, and incomprehensible incompetence. Although the above remarks may cost me my commission, I cannot maintain silence; and, besides, I wish to show that, although a Carlist officer, I am just as ready to denounce a piece of bungling when it occurs as to fulfil the much more agreeable task of signalling a victory. However, to return to my subject. It was deemed necessary to send reinforcements from our division of Biscay to assist in the siege of Irun; and as we were ordered to march as fast as possible General Berriz ordered me to accompany a battalion to Oyarzun, and to explain that another battalion would follow as quickly as possible. The poor boys were only too delighted to know that they were going to smell powder, and in two days we reached the Andoain, distant 64 miles from the point of our departure. The day succeeding our arrival we were placed under the command of Brigadier Salduendo, of whom I shall say nothing. During this day our brigade, composed of four battalions and four steel guns, remained in complete inactivity, notwithstanding that we could hear the guns of the Republicans attacking Oyarzun, and had we advanced in co-operation with our forces in the town we should have placed the enemy between two fires. However, the Brigadier Salduendo knew better, and so we remained in inactivity. Yesterday, as all our positions had been lost in detail, and as there was nothing more to lose, the brigadier, in order to carry out some strategic plan which had only existence in his brain, ordered a forced march of 35 miles over a mountain path leading over the highest mountains in this portion of Spain. The day was bitterly cold, with a cutting wind, accompanied by a drizzling rain, a lay when 10 miles would have been too long a march for any troops in the world, but bravely the poor lads breasted the mountain, and for three or four hours advanced perfectly against the wind and rain, badly clothed and booted, or, to speak more clearly, neither clothed nor booted, as they had nothing but blouses and aspargatos (sic) (cloth slippers with cord soles). As we ascended higher and higher, what had been rain below

was here a blinding snow, and of course the cold had increased terribly. The path is the bleakest of the many bleak ones in Guipuzcoa; not a single house is to be seen in the whole 35 miles, and adding to this the blinding snow, at a height of at least 3,000ft., a mild idea may be formed of our road yesterday. At twelve o'clock we halted for half an hour, but did not give the men sufficient time to make fires, so that we stood shivering in the freezing cold for 30 long minutes. From this moment commenced the frightful scenes to which I have referred. Our battalion formed the rearguard, and shortly after leaving our halting ground I saw a man staggering along the path. I thought he was drunk, and spoke roughly to him, but, in reply, he only gazed vacantly at me and tried to speak, but could not. I then observed that the poor fellow was shivering like an aspen leaf, and his teeth were chattering. I then ordered two men to help him along, and made him run to try and renew the circulation, but the attempt was in vain, as he was barefooted. A few minutes afterwards we found another unfortunate wretch lying curled up in a ball, moaning with pain and evidently dying. Shortly afterwards I saw two poor comrades lying together with a blanket over them, and, raising the blanket, the glazed eye and the solitary spot below the eye told the sad tale. Like scenes now became more frequent, and many lay dead in the path, our horses jumping over the bodies. A dreadful terror now took possession of all, and it now became a regular race, the men running at racing speed, and soon I found myself one of the last, as I too was on foot, it being impossible to ride, such was the frightful cold. I am powerless to describe the events as they occurred, as I am perfectly unnerved and unstrung, as I remember the pleading looks of the unfortunate wretches and the agonised shrieks of the dying. Some were sitting on a bank laughing vacantly, and others were on their knees hugging their rifles, and some were quietly eating bread as if nothing was happening; but of all those who once sat or fell down not one is living to-day. One sergeant I lifted on to my horse, and brought him along for four or five miles, when he could sit or the horse no longer and fell off. I then carried him on my shoulder until I felt the frightful fatal numbing cold stealing over my whole body, and felt my brain going. Then, and not till then, I placed him down, and -the thought is awful—left him to his fate. I knew there was no remedy, as had I continued I should certainly have fallen myself without saving him. But still the thought is frightful; and his frozen look of despair as he said "Dejame no puedo mas" will accompany me to my tomb. Along the road were scattered rifles, knapsacks, cartridges, and accoutrements, and I saved more than one by making him throw away all impedimenta and run frantically. I saw an old man on his knees praying his last prayer, and other scenes enough to drive one mad.

The list has not yet been called, but I expect the number of deaths during the fatal march was not less than 100, as I saw myself 50 dying fellow creatures. I can write no more. All I hope is that a just punishment will fall on the shoulders of those guilty of the barbarous murder of so many poor fellows.



C. Austin  
Times Correspondent



Comte Louis  
Lagarde



A. Murphy  
de Toledo



Michel Bourdon  
Independence Policy



J. de Contreuil  
cont. of the press



A. P. B. B. B.



S. W. H. A. H. A.  
de la Revue des Sciences



Albert Robert, correspondant  
de la Gironde.



S. de la Presse  
de la Presse



M. Arons  
de El Imparcial

Dieck  
de la Presse universelle  
et de la Presse de la Presse

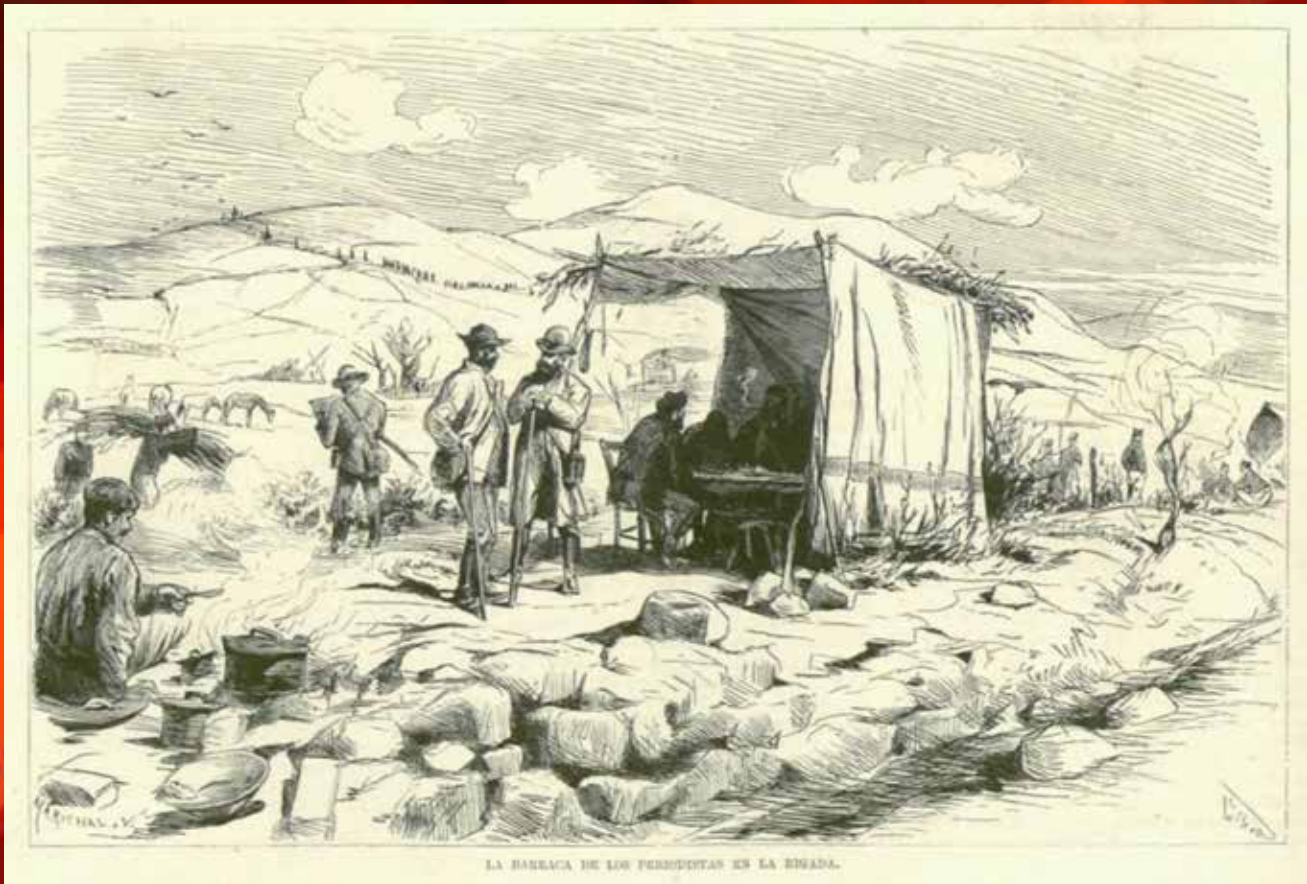
Angel Moury  
Ramon Ochoa  
de la Gironde



La Tribune  
Española y Americana

CORRESPONSALES DE LA PRENSA NACIONAL Y EXTRANJERA AGREGADOS AL CUARTEL GENERAL DEL EJERCITO DEL NORO.

La Ilustración Española y Americana, 1874-5-22. Iparraldeko Armada liberalaren Kuartel nagusian esleitutako/ atxikitutako gerra-kazetariak



La Ilustración Española y Americana, 1874-5-22. Gerra kazetarien txabola

### GERRA-KAZETARIAK/War correspondents

Milaka urte daramatza gizakiak gerran eta ia beste hainbeste gerrez idazten, Homeroren garaietatik batzuen ustez, Herodotorenetik beste batzuen esanetan... Baina gerra-kazetaritza, jakina, egunkariak agertu eta ugaritu zirenean sortu zen, kazetari batzuek gerrez arduratu zirenean. Krimeako gatazkak (1854-55) gerra-kazetaritza modernoa inauguratu zuen eta William Howard Russell *The Times*-eko kazetaria izar bihurtu zuen. Lauriston Bullardek 1914an argitaratutako *Famous war correspondents* liburuan, ingelesez idatzi zutenen artean hurrengo hauek izendatzen zituen: William Howard Russell, Archibald Forbes, Januarius Aloysius MacGahan, Frederic Villiers, Bennet Burleigh, Edmond O'Donovan, Vizetellytarrrak... Badirudi XX. mende hasieran oraindik gogoan zituztela Vizetellytarrrak.

Asko izan ziren gerra karlista zela-eta Espainiara hurbildu ziren kazetariak, gehienak anglosaxoiak eta liberalen aldekoak, karlistek esku zabalik hartu zituzten arren. Hasieran kontakizunaren autorea ezagutzen ez nuenean, itsuitsuan ibili nintzen hemendik ibili zirenen atzetik. Zerrenda amaiezina zen: Nicolas Leon Thieblin, Vicent Kennett-Barrington, John Furley, John Augustus O'Shea, Irving Montagu, William Walton, Richard Forbes, lord Melgun, Edmond O'Donovan, Frederick Burnaby... Gehienak kazetariak zi-

ren, gutxi batzuk marrazkilariak. Lehenak *special correspondent* izenaz ezagunak ziren, azkenak *special artist* izenaz. Irakurleek artista berezi horien lanei esker lehen aldiz gerrak (azainak eta hondamendiak) ikusi ahal izan zituzten. Aldizkari ilustratuak ugaritu ziren. Espainian onena duda barik *La Ilustración Española y Americana*, eta marrazkilari onenen artean Josep Lluís Pellicer. Haren ilustrazioak aukeratu ditut; hori bai, liberalen alderdiko kazetariak bakarrik ageri dira.

Argazkia asmatuta egon arren ez zen mugimendua harrapatzeko gai, horregatik, bataila eta bestelakoen berri emateko marrazkilarien irudiak erabili ziren. Di-da harapatutako zirriborroak (sketch) erredazioara bidaltzen ziren eta han beste artisau batzuek grabatu bihurtzen zituzten egunkarian argitaratzeko. Frank Vizetellyren marrazkiek, Italiakoek zein Ameriketakoek, arrakasta itzela izan zuten.

Euskal-Herrira etorri zenean onenak emanda zegoen baina bere esanetan *The Illustrated London News*-era zirriborroren bat edo beste bidali zuen, argitaratu ote zioten beste kontu bat da. Argitaratuta ere ez da erraza aurkitzea gehienetan ez zelako marrazkiaren egilea agertzen. Hurrengorako utziko dugu lan hori. Ez dut uste Lekeitiora, eta badirudi behin baino gehiagotan hurbildu zela, arkatx eta koarderno barik etorri zenik.

Hori da amaitzeko modua? Epilo, epilo, epilogo faltatu zaio. Norberak amaitu beharko du honek ganoraz amaitzen jakin ez duen artikulu hau. Gerra amaitu eta artikulua amaitu? Amaitu larregi, ezta? Tira, Paxi zaharrarekin amaitzea, hobeto bukatzea, ez zen erraza. Frantziara ihes egin zuen eta aspertuta edo kontrabandista sartu zen. Haren orduko azainak (*Contraband in the Pyrenees*) 1879-7-1eko *All the year round* aldizkarian irakur ditzakezue. Ez zaretela fidatzen ez nigaz ez tunante haregaz, neu ere ez nintzateke fidatuko, anaia Henryren memoriak (*Glances...*) dauzkazue edota O'Shea kazetariaren hitzak 4. oharrean. Gero -ia- desagertu egingo da. Badakigu Frantzian egon zela aldi batean, eta ondoren Tunez eta Egipto<sup>21</sup>. Amaitu, berriro amaitu?, Sudanen amaitu zuen -edo igual ez-. 1883an Hicks Pasharen ganora bako espedizioan parte hartu zuen *The Graphic* aldizkariak bialduta. Enboskatu eta europar guztiak hil zituzten baina Vizetellyren gorpurik

21 Neuk ere ikasi dut oharrak sartzen. Sasihistorialari artean ibiltzeak zeozertarako balio izan dit. Anaiaren hitzak argituko digute garai ilun hori: The insurrection over, the restless artist crossed the Pyrenees into France and lived for a year or two at Hendaye. With careless audacity, he organized a band of former followers of Don Carlos into a company of smugglers. They were experienced mountaineers, reckless of consequences and very willing to embarrass the customs authorities of one country or both.

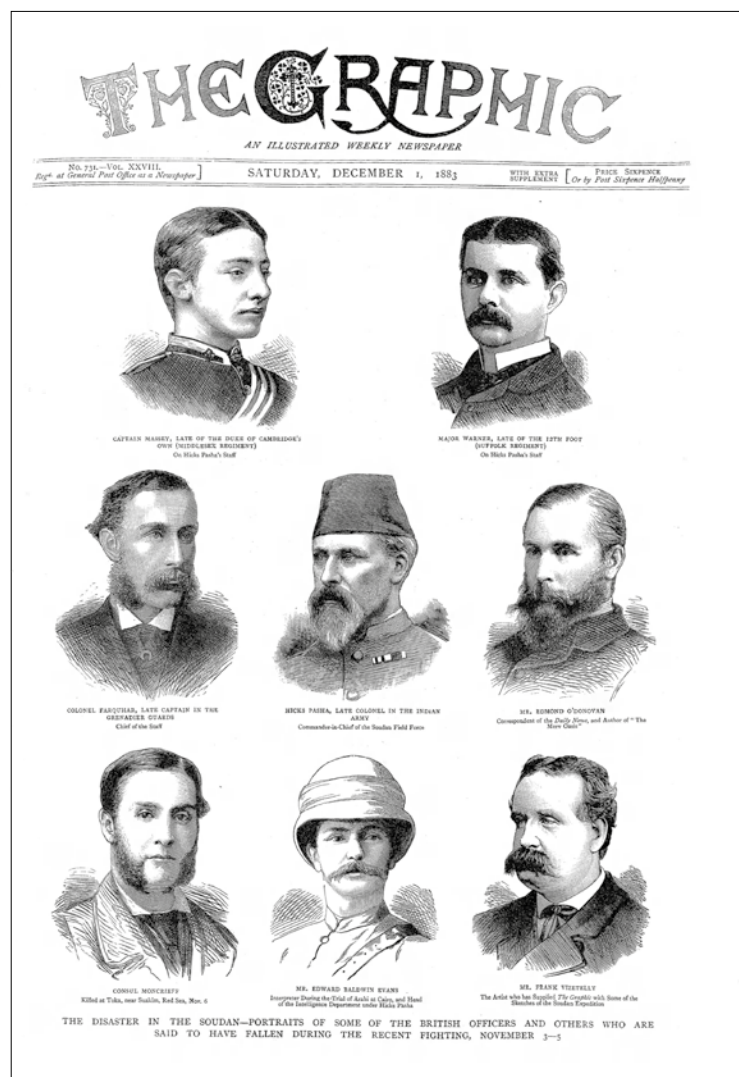
Quitting Hendaye, he made drawings of chateaux and vineyards in the wine districts of France. Next he visited Paris. After Paris came Tunis, and after Tunis, Egypt,...



ez zen aurkitu. Azken txantxa? Lantzean behin notiziaren bat heltzen zen esanaz bizirik zegoela... O'Shea lagunak 1885ean Mahditarrekin egongo zen esperantza zeukan: "*At lastest advices, there is some hope that Mr. Vizetelly survives and charms the followers of the Mahdi with his sketches*". Azkenean agertzen ez zela eta, hiltzat eman zuten. San Paul katedralean Sudanen hil ziren gerra-kazetari 1888an eraikitako memorialean deskantsatzen du -geldirik ez da egongo- beste tunante bategaz, O'Donovanegaz.

Anaiaren hitzekin amaituko dut: *It must be confessed, however, that although he was no one else's enemy, he was certainly his own. This, alas! is "the pity of it"*.

Egon apur bat, ez naiz Iturbe baino gutxiago izango, amerikera hobe dezazuen, Filadelfiako *The Times* egunkarian, 1894-6-7an irakurri nituen abenturak utziko dizkizuet eta ingelesa praktikatzekeo anaiak Glances... liburuan batutakoak, denak XELEBREAK!. Portzierto dagoneko konturatuko zinen, irakurle maitea, euskara dotorea erabili dudala, eskoladunen artean ibiltzearen abantailak!



The next fellow, whom I must denominate as D, had been a war correspondent, and seen a good deal of service. He told us several capital stories of his two companions in the saddle, O'Donovan and Frank Vizetelly.

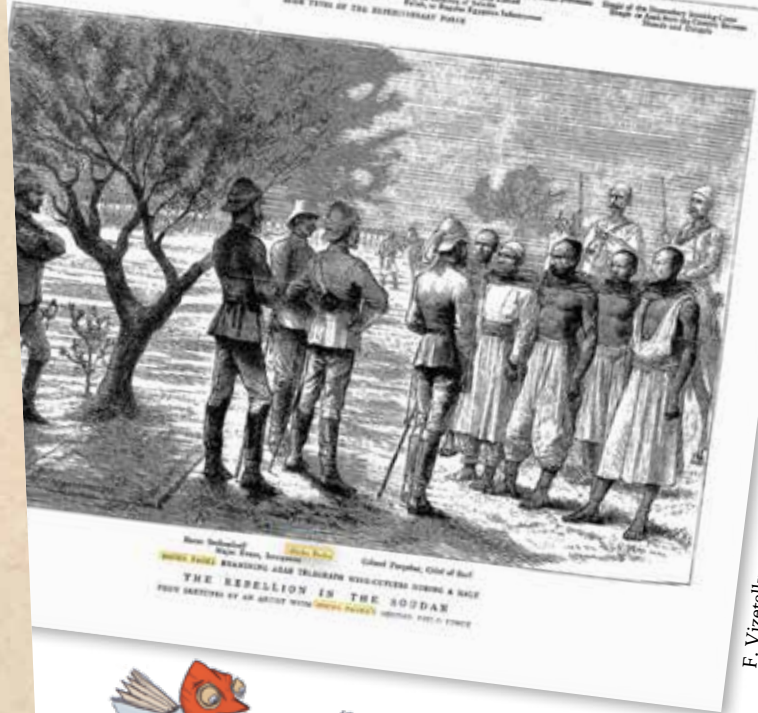
"Frank Vizetelly," continued our friend D, was a rare hand at exaggeration. He told me that he once traveled with a bald-headed man as hard up as himself, but turned an honest penny by delivering an

illustrated lecture on the use of the globes. Having no money to buy maps or diagrams, he painted the Eastern Hemisphere on his mate's bare skull, and gave a most instructive and entertaining discourse. As showing the smallness of the world, Mr. Vizetelly narrated how he had once been called upon to act as Judge Lynch somewhere down South, and in that capacity had sentenced an Irishman to death. Another Paddy, who had been cho-

sen by lot as executioner, was recognized as an old friend by the doomed man while the latter was being pinioned. The two began chatting and, on the Sheriff becoming impatient, the hangman remonstrated, saying: "Blud-an arms, sir! we must have a dhrop of the hard stuff on the strength of this meetin', anyhow. He's an old pal.' They had it, and by-and-by the malefactor was strung up to the soothing strains of 'Auld Lang Syne.'



Lagar-tuari



Anaia Henryk ere kontatu zituen haren xeblekeria batzuk, esaterako: ... my brother Frank, who had just arrived from the seat of war in the Southern States, having run the Northern blockade for I think the second time, chimed in with a few of his recent experiences. He was an admirable raconteur, who cleverly mimicked the voices and action of his dramatis persons, and gave point to the simplest incidents by his dramatic method of unfolding them. Full of the recent experiences he had passed through, he was literally brimming over with battlefield anecdotes; among others, that of the mortally wounded Virginian, who, when his last moment drew nigh, on being impressively appealed to by the army chaplain as to whether he died in full faith of the life to come, had just strength enough to gasp out, "Stranger, now is this a time to be asking a man conundrums?"

Another story referred, I remember, to a practical joke played off prior to the war upon a couple of planters, intimate friends, who, on their way to some slave auction at a considerable distance from their own homes, had to seek accommodation in the house of another planter for the night. Here several guests chanced to be already staying, and during the evening gambling went on for heavy stakes, and old Bourbon whiskey was freely consumed...

Our mutual friend, O'Shea, who, as a "Standard special", went through the Carlist campaign with Frank Vizetelly, has told many an amusing story of this portion of my brother's career ("Rambling Recollections." By John Augustus O'Shea). (Txarto zebilen, Roundabout Recollections deitzen zen)

When Don Carlos had his headquarters at Estella, Frank lodged in the house of a devout old lady, into whose confidence he had ingratiated himself by a daring artifice. O'Shea mentions' that one night when F. V. was about turning into bed, he was struck by the expanse of white wall immediately behind his bedstead and an idea occurred to him, which he at once acted upon.

With a bit of charcoal he made a rapid sketch of the Virgin and Child just above his pillow, then hastily jumped into bed, and was soon sound asleep. "Next morning," says O'Shea, "Frank lay a-bed late. The old lady entered his room to wake him, and drew aside the curtains. He was snoring at high pressure. As she raised her eyes to the wall she caught sight of the sketch; she was startled, crossed herself, gazed attentively, recognised the sacred likeness, and sunk upon her knees. Frank, who had been simulating sleep, gave a turn, threw his arms over his head, yawned, and cried, "Mother, is that you? On your knees? What's the matter?" She pointed to the Virgin and Child. Frank raised himself on his elbow and looked at the sketch. His face was a changing chart of amazement and delight, with shadings of doubt and terror, and finally he assumed a rapturous expression of worship. The lips of the crone were moving in prayer. From that morning she ceased to be Frank's landlady and became his hostess. He was a man marked by protection from on high, for had not the marvellous manifestation been made above his head?"



F. Vizetellyren marrazkiak. The Graphic, 1883/11/14