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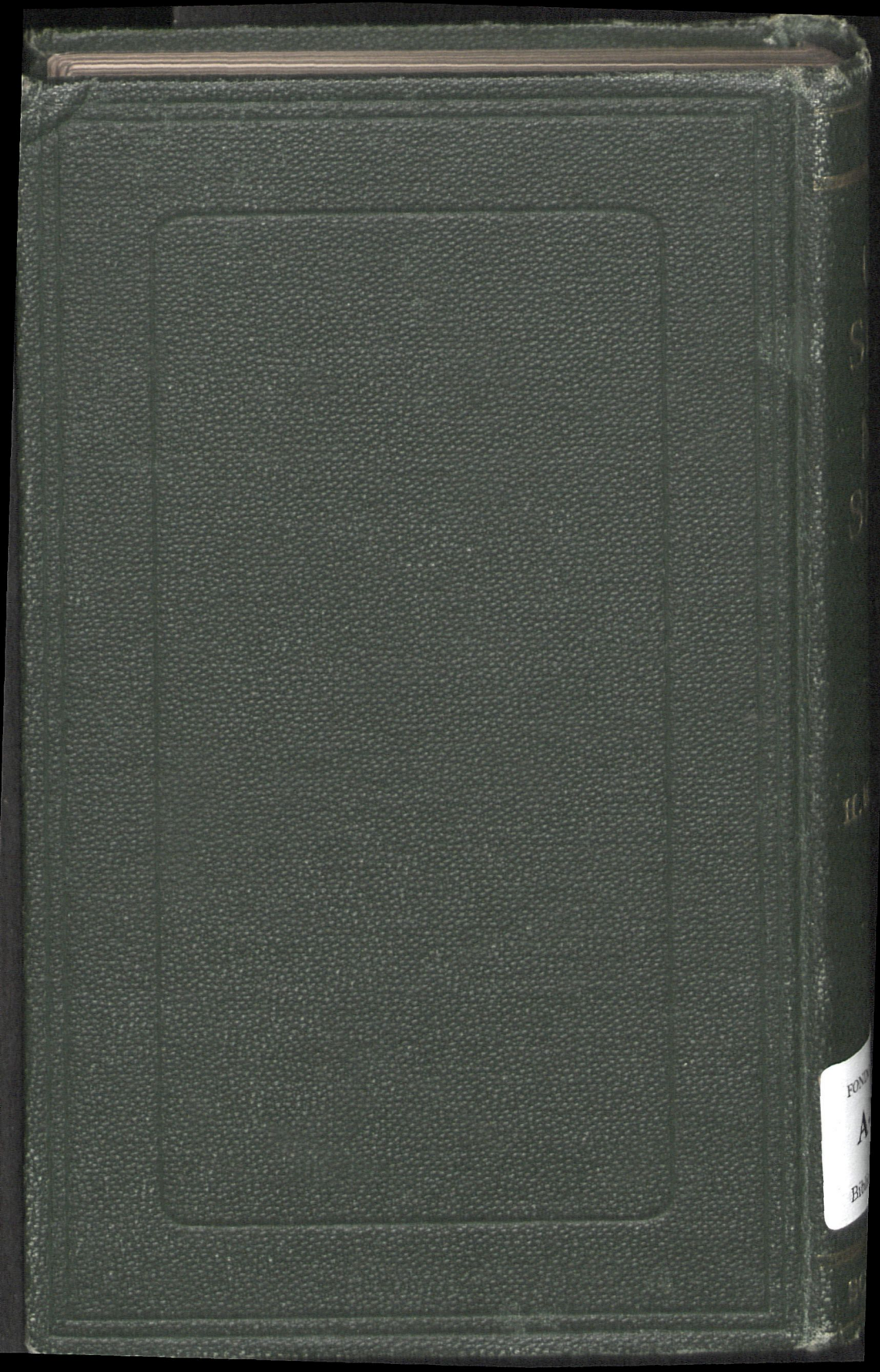
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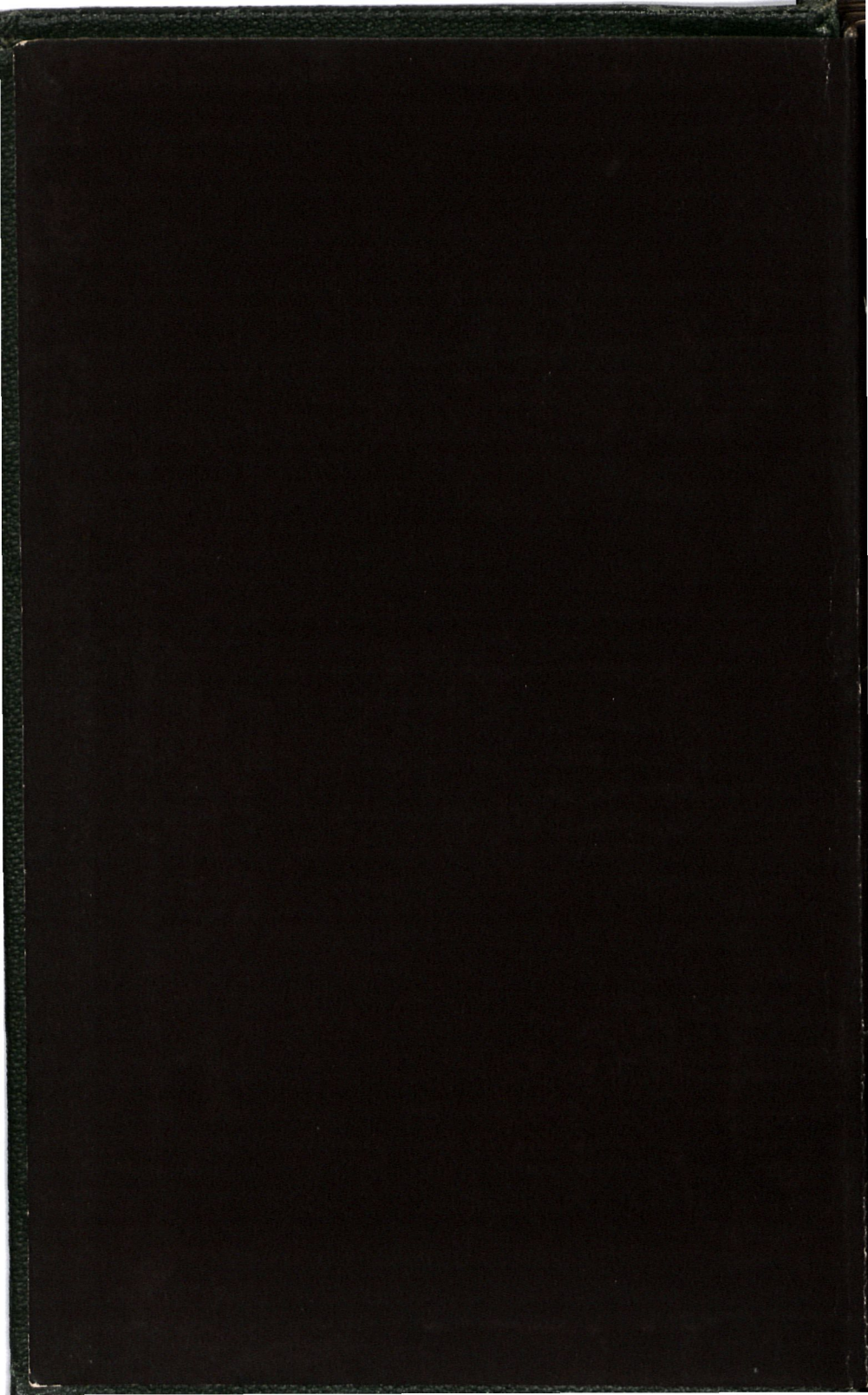
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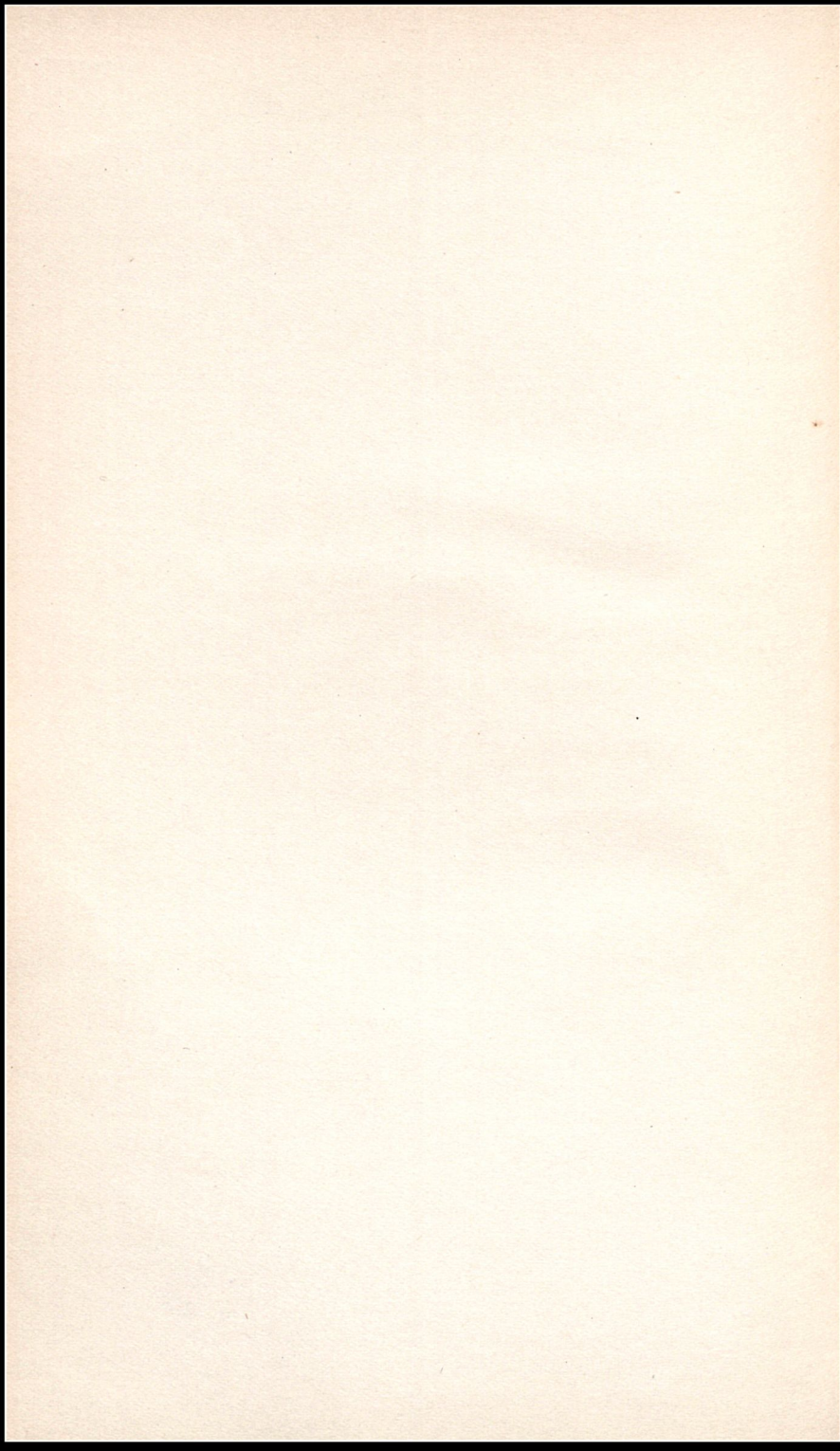
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OLD SPAIN AND NEW SPAIN

BY HENRY M. FIELD, D.D.

AUTHOR OF "FROM THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY TO THE GOLDEN HORN,"
"FROM EGYPT TO JAPAN," "ON THE DESERT," "AMONG THE HOLY HILLS,"
AND "THE GREEK ISLANDS AND TURKEY AFTER THE WAR."

NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
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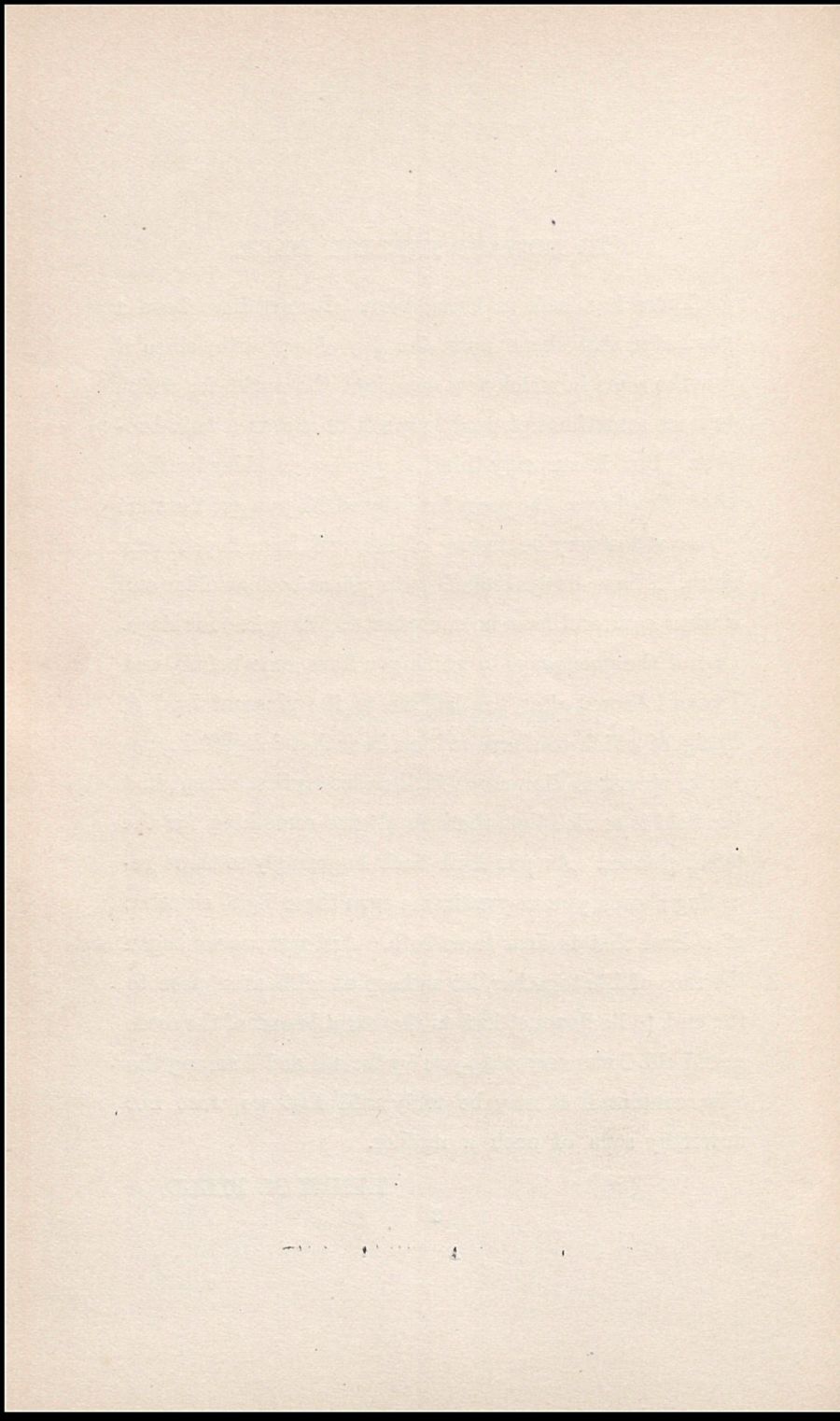
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TO EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

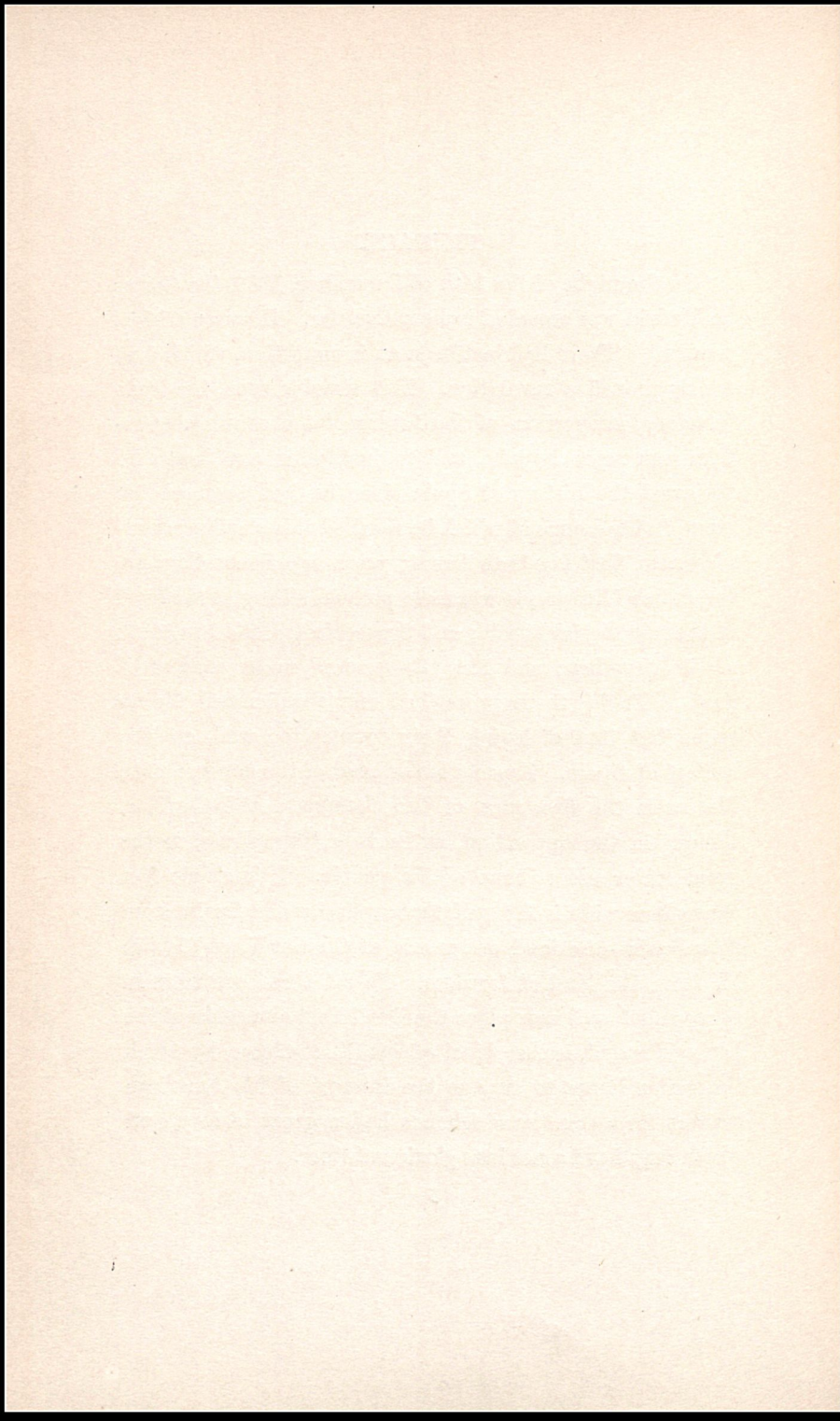
There is a luck in being born. It must have been a good star that shone upon the day of my birth, since it was the same in which you came into the world, for which you are sometimes pleased to speak of me as a twin-brother. But I can only think of you as an elder brother, conceding to you the precedence by which you got the start of me at the very beginning of life, and have kept it ever since. I have always looked up to you as both an older and a wiser man, and have been content to follow in your steps. One of the good ways in which you have gone before, and I have followed after, has led me to the pleasant land of Spain, of which you have written in such a delightful manner as almost to discourage further description, except that the field is so rich that there is always something for the latest gleaner. As you look back lingeringly to those receding shores, you may welcome even these light sketches of a land that is dear to us both. And now, as we began the race of life together, let us keep on with even pace to the end, to lie down at last on the warm breast of the same grand old Commonwealth, you by the sea and I among the hills, content if it may be truly said that we were not unworthy sons of such a mother.

HENRY M. FIELD.



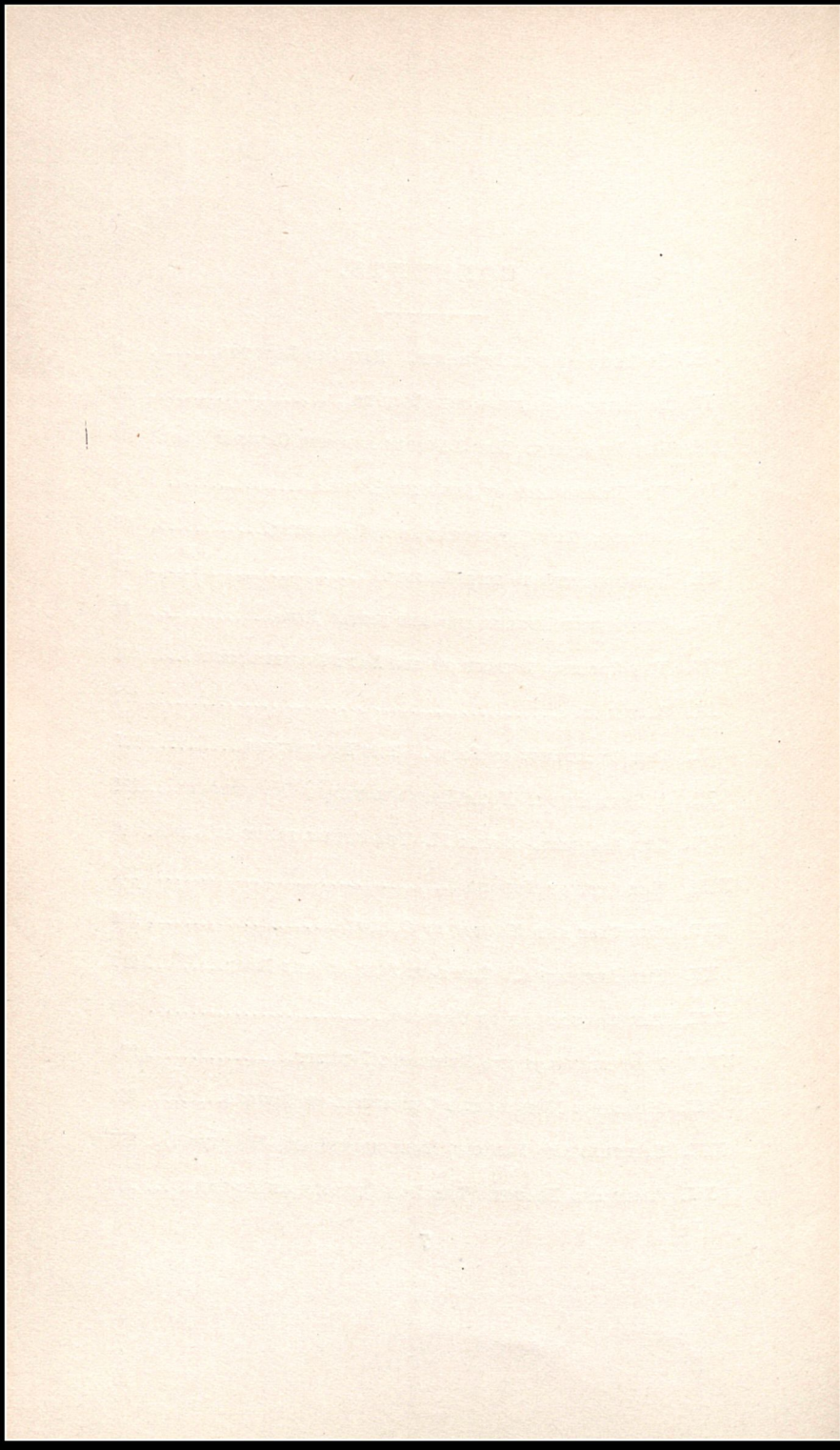
PREFACE.

On the night of the 14th of December, 1886, the Cortes in Madrid was crowded to hear Castelar. It was a critical moment. There had just been an insurrection, which had nearly proved a revolution. This sinister event led some to take gloomy views of the future of the country. Castelar was more hopeful, and to justify his confidence he reviewed the history of Spain since he had been on the stage, in the course of which he recalled this startling reminiscence : that less than twenty years ago Senor Sagasta, the Prime Minister, to whom he pointed sitting at the head of the ministerial bench ; and Senor Martos, the President of the chamber ; and himself—*were all under sentence of death !* To-day these proscribed men, condemned for no crime but that of loving their country too well, are the leaders of Spain. Sagasta is the head of the government ; Martos is the first man of the chamber ; and Castelar, though in the opposition, as he is a Republican, is the great orator and tribune of the people. This single fact shows how wide is the gulf that separates Old Spain from New Spain—the land of tyrants, of Charles V. and Philip II., from the land of freedom. To set these contrasts in sharp relief, and thus place the Dead Past alongside of the Living Present, is the object of this little volume, by which the writer hopes to engage the interest of his American readers for a country which has had a great history, and which may have a not less glorious future.



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CHAPTER I.

IN SIGHT OF THE PYRENEES—PAU AND LOURDES.

Spain may be said to begin as soon as we come in sight of the Pyrenees; and no sooner did that chain of mountains show itself above the horizon, than I felt that I was coming into a presence which should not be too suddenly approached. I do not like to rush into a new country, but would linger on its borders, taking a distant view, before entering on the unknown: especially with a country like Spain, which (strangely as it may sound) *begins in France*. For, though the Pyrenees divide the two countries, and he who stands on their ridge can look down into both, yet the mountains are more Spanish than French. The tide of invasion and conquest has flowed and reflowed through their passes from Hannibal to Napoleon, so that their populations have become intermingled; and to this day the Basques, the most ancient people of Spain, are numerous in the French province of the Lower Pyrenees as well as along the shores of the Bay of Biscay.

The Autumn of 1886 had nearly gone: it was almost the very last day, that I came from Paris to Bordeaux, from which I might have gone on directly to Bayonne, and in a few hours been in Spain. But I could not pass

the fourth city in France—Bordeaux ranking next to Paris, Lyons, and Marseilles. We did not arrive till after sunset, but as we rode across the long bridge which spans the Garonne, and saw the lights reaching far up and down the river, and afterwards rode through the streets and squares, we saw enough to show us how large and beautiful it was. As a port it has not the same advantage as Havre, in being directly on the sea. It is approached by a river, but so is New Orleans, so is Liverpool, so is London itself. The Garonne broadens as it approaches the sea, and forms a basin in which a whole navy might find shelter. It was crowded with ships from every part of the world, including steamers from almost every European, and from some transatlantic, ports. Bordeaux has always had a close connection with America. Here Franklin landed more than a hundred years ago, when he came to seek the aid of France in our War of Independence—a pleasant memory to an American that evening, as he walked about the brilliantly lighted city. The next morning, as the train left very early, I had to rise while it was yet dark. The lamps were still burning as I rode through the silent streets; but the dawn was beginning to appear, with the promise of a beautiful day, and the masts of the shipping stood up tall and clear against the sky.

For an hour or two, as we keep southward, the landscape is cheerless almost to desolation. No part of France is more dreary than the Landes—those long stretches of unbroken plain, grown up with pines. But as you turn eastward, and bear away from the coast, the change is complete. The monotonous landscape gives place to an undulating region, where pleasant villages, with their thatched roofs, and the one church tower rising out from among the trees, indicate that we are entering that beau-

tiful portion of Southern France which lies along the slopes of the Pyrenees. As we advance nearer to the mountains, we come into their very shadows, which the southern sun casts northward into the valleys of France. Under those mighty shadows we feel that we are indeed in the presence of a new country and a new people.

One o'clock brought us to Pau. The train stops beside the Gave, a river issuing from the mountains, which, when swollen by the melting snows, becomes a torrent that carries destruction in its path. Above the river-bed rises a hill a hundred feet high, that furnishes the magnificent site of the town. Here it stands on a broad terrace looking southward, so that it at once faces the mountains, and gets the full force of the Winter sun. Climbing the steep ascent, I was soon installed in the Hotel de France, in a room which took in the whole view, embracing the valley bounded by the *Coteaux* (or as we should say, the Foot Hills), beyond which rose the long line of the Pyrenees. What a vision! I had not seen such a sight since that day, never to be forgotten, when I stood on the lower range of the Himalayas at sunrise, and looked away a hundred miles to the awful heights which form the backbone of Asia. A comparison which will be familiar to a greater number of my readers who have travelled in Switzerland, is the view from Berne of the Bernese Oberland. But there is no need of comparison. That glittering chain of snow-covered peaks instantly fascinates the eye—a fascination which I enjoyed without an interruption. For three days that I was in Pau, the view was not once obscured. I had it by sunrise and sunset—I cannot say by moonlight (for it was not the time of the full moon), when the effect must be still greater, as the silent peaks stand like sentinels keeping their midnight watch along the heavenly battlements.

Besides its picturesque situation, Pau is a place of great historical interest. It has one of the grandest castles in France, five centuries old, in which Henry IV. was born, and where they still show his cradle. It is hard to think of a King, whose figure we are accustomed to see on monuments and statues, clad in mail, as a baby that was rocked in this pretty shell! But here he was carried about in his nurse's arms, and played under the trees, and grew to boyhood and manhood, till he became the great "Henry of Navarre," whose "white plume" was always in the front of battle.

The grounds about the castle are laid out in pretty walks, which in the season are thronged with strangers from many countries, most of all by the English, who are attracted by the climate, which is as soft as at any place on the Riviera. Every Winter there is a large English colony, with its English church and its English club; with the usual accompaniment of parties and balls and races; by which those who cannot exist without such excitement, keep up a perpetual round of gaiety. Happily the place is not confined to them. Others of a more quiet turn can enjoy the delicious climate, and the excursions through the valleys and over the hills, and even (if they so incline) to the tops of the mountains. How beautiful all this country is, I too felt one soft, summery afternoon, when I took a ride across the river to the top of the neighboring hills. These *Coteaux* lie not parallel to the river, but at right angles to it, and in ridges, up which the carriage climbed slowly, winding hither and thither to gain the ascent, from which we looked down into deep valleys on either side, richly cultivated; while in every direction were seen the chateaux of wealthy Frenchmen or Englishmen (one was pointed out to me that had been recently purchased by an American lady), who make it their retreat