

ward," but was ready to exhibit herself at all sorts of places, at all sorts of times, and in all sorts of costumes. One who saw her often at Santander, where she spent a Summer, described to me the public way in which she took her baths. At a certain hour every morning she rode down to the shore, where a crowd was assembled to see her. When she put on her bathing suit, as she is very stout, the costume which clung to her portly person did not show her to the best advantage, and she did not look exactly like a sea-nymph. But undismayed at her appearance, she marched bravely to the water, her physician at her side to feel of her pulse before she took her first dip, and then, like Cassius,

"Accoutred as she was, she plunged in."

As she was a good swimmer, her very size perhaps aiding her to float more easily, she disported herself in the surf like a mermaid. After a sufficient time she came out, and extending her arm to the physician, who felt of her pulse and pronounced her all right, walked majestically through the crowd and departed. This does not seem to republicans like a very dignified exhibition of royalty; and yet, after all, it is only a reproduction in modern times of what was considered quite the proper thing two hundred years ago, when Louis XIV. at Versailles not only ate his breakfast, but took his medicine, in public, in the presence of his wondering, if not always admiring, people. In the present case, no doubt the exhibition delighted the exhibitor as much as it entertained the spectators. So much was Isabella accustomed to this display of herself, that she would probably have been very much chagrined if she had been obliged to take her daily bath in private. A queen—at least such a queen—must always be on exhibition on land or sea, in the water or out of it.

In another walk at San Sebastian, we climbed the Castle hill, ascending by a zigzag road which winds round and round till it ends on the highest plateau, from which we ascend to the very roof of the castle, that commands a view of land and sea quite equal to that from Biarritz. The whole line of the horizon is piled with mountains, from the Pyrenees on the east, till the mighty chain sinks away in a blaze of glory against the golden sky where the sun is going down. The castle, which is many centuries old, has borne its part in many wars. As San Sebastian is so near the frontier of France, it comes in the track of contending armies, forcing their way northward or southward. In 1813, when Wellington had driven the French to the very border, they still held this town and the castle above it, which from its great height seemed to defy assault. But the English were not to be daunted by any obstacle; they were ready to attack any position, even though it were almost in the clouds; and so they climbed the heights in face of the fire from above, bayoneting the men at the guns, and carried the castle by storm. Of course many fell in the desperate charge, and were buried on the green hillside, where their graves may still be seen. Standing on that dizzy eminence and looking down to the depth below, it seemed utterly impossible that flesh and blood could surmount such barriers held by a garrison of three thousand men, and I could only explain it by the fact that the English commander had gained a series of victories which inflamed the courage of his men to such a pitch that they would have stormed the Alps, while successive defeats had disheartened their adversaries. There are no braver troops in the world than the French, and yet none are more easily demoralized when they see that the battle is going against them. In the late German war they were so dispirited by the first defeats that they never

recovered from them. They were no longer the soldiers that under the First Napoleon had overrun Europe, and towards the last it seemed as if, when drawn up in martial array, they were ready to surrender before the battle was begun. The same demoralization overtook them near the close of the Peninsular war, or surely they would not have yielded a position which by nature is as strong as Quebec.

It is a pity that the glory won by the British on that day, should have been tarnished by their conduct in the hour of victory. But the fact remains that they got so drunk (not with glory, but with rum), that they set fire to the town, and the greater part of it was burned to the ground. This was such a mortification to their proud commander, as to take away much of the satisfaction which he derived from the great military achievement.

All this seems very, very far away, almost like ancient history, although a gentleman of this place who is eighty years old, tells me that he remembers distinctly, when a boy, seeing the French soldiers in a town not far from San Sebastian, to which his father had taken his family that they might be in a place of safety out of the track of war.

More than half a century after Waterloo, indeed less than twenty years ago, in 1868, San Sebastian saw the end of a revolution, when Queen Isabella, who was taking her royal pleasure at this sea-side resort, received a message from Madrid that she need not return to her capital. The Spanish people had had enough of her : they were scandalized by her immoral life, while she left the country to be ruled by the worst of Ministers ; and they thought they could dispense with her presence, and gave her perpetual leave of absence. Her last night in Spain was spent in the large house on the corner opposite our windows, and the next morning she was politely escorted down this very street to the station, weeping bitterly over the sad fate

which had overtaken her. Thence it is but an hour's ride to the frontier, where she was delivered to the hospitable attentions of the French authorities. The house has since been turned into a hotel, at which many of our American friends have stayed when in San Sebastian, among others Dr. and Mrs. R. D. Hitchcock, who slept more tranquilly than the haughty Queen the night before she left her kingdom.

Since the accession of her son Alfonso, the poor old Queen has been considered harmless, and been allowed to return, and the very parties that sent her away, go down to the station to bid her welcome to the kingdom which is no longer hers.

But the most interesting study in this part of Spain, is the people. We are now in the Basque Provinces, among those who are not Spaniards in race nor in language. Who are they? And where did they come from? These are questions that many books have been written to determine. The Romans found them here; and nowhere in all their marches into new countries, not even in the forests of Germany, did they find a people whom it was harder to fight, or more impossible to subdue. From that day to this they have clung, like the Swiss, to their mountains with an unconquerable love of liberty. Their country is a portion of Spain, and yet they have preserved a greater degree of independence than any other part of the kingdom. They have always enjoyed peculiar privileges, and even to this day, under a monarchy, the Basque Provinces form what is virtually a little republic, managing their own affairs in their own way. This right is secured to them by a compromise with the general government, by which they pay, what in England would be called "a lump sum," \$300,000, as an equivalent for all taxation, in consideration of which they are allowed to govern them-

selves. They have complete civil and municipal administration, and are free from the intrusions that vex the souls of other Spaniards. No public tax-gatherer darkens their doors. Whatever revenue is to be raised, is collected by themselves, and I am assured by the leading banker of San Sebastian, that this is managed with such true political economy, by a system of indirect taxation, that the people do not feel it. Thus the burden of government rests very lightly on the shoulders of these brave mountaineers.

We cannot but feel admiration for such a people, even though their manners may not be highly polished, and the cabins in which they live in the mountains may not be equal to the comfortable dwellings of our American farmers. Their agricultural implements are of the most primitive character. My good neighbors in the country would stand agape with wonder to see their teams of "oxen," in which half the oxen are cows! This is hard on the poor "mooleys," that, after doing duty over the milk-pail, they should be put to this further service. Yet so it is that a cow and an ox are often harnessed together: I say harnessed, not yoked, for they are not yoked at all, this extraordinary team being lashed to the cart by ropes wound about their horns and heads, the whole capped with a red cloth, which, if flourished in a bull-ring, would make the bulls paw the dust and rush madly at the sign of blood. In keeping with the teams are the carts, which are so rudely constructed that the wheels make a fearful squeaking as they go toiling up the mountains. But this has its domestic use, for it is said that every cart has its own peculiar squeak, so that the good housewife knows when her "gude mon" is coming home!

It seems strange that a people so fond of liberty, and so jealous of their independence, should be arrayed in politics and in war on the side of despotism. And yet the

Basques were the chief supporters of Don Carlos in the late civil war, the theatre of which was chiefly in this Northern part of Spain. The explanation is, that he was the representative of the Ultramontane party, and as they are devout Catholics, they were easily stirred up by the priests to take the side of a Pretender, who was at once the champion of their Church and their rightful King. He could not have had better soldiers. If not trained to bear arms, yet they are all practised marksmen, having been accustomed from boyhood to the use of firearms; and when fighting in their own country, where they know all the paths of the mountains, they are almost invincible. Operating as guerillas, they could hang on the skirts of an army, and harass its movements, and thus slowly wear out its strength. Armed with such irregulars, besides his more disciplined troops, Don Carlos fought over all this country. He did not take San Sebastian, though he was a long time in sight of it, encamped on the hills around, and now and then sent his shells into the streets. Hernani, which is almost in the suburbs of the city, was more severely treated. Mounting a battery on a neighboring hill, the Carlists opened fire on the town, to which the inhabitants replied by dragging a cannon to the top of the church tower, and firing from the belfry! But the Town Hall was destroyed. For these ten years it has lain in ruins, and as we drove through the place, we saw workmen tearing down the ruined walls, to clear away the rubbish and build anew.

The injury inflicted upon the country by this civil war, was beyond calculation. Business was at a standstill; communications were interrupted, railroads torn up and stations burned, till we are told, what seems almost incredible, that for nearly three years there was no communication between Spain and France except by sea. A traveller

wishing to go from Madrid to Paris, must needs proceed to Santander on the coast, and take a steamer for Bayonne. That a country could survive such a continued strain as this, shows that it has a prodigious vitality, in spite of the misgovernment of centuries, of the wreck and ruin of innumerable wars.

But times have changed, and changed for the better :

“ Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front.”

We can well spare some picturesque scenes for the sake of public tranquillity. If to-day, in passing through the country, we do not see tents pitched on all these hills, and the soldiers of two hostile armies in their respective camps, we see what is far better—a whole people pursuing their occupations, tending their flocks and ploughing their lands. I had rather see the little donkeys with their heavy-laden paniers, than the proudest war-horses that ever bore Spanish cavaliers to battle. Better the song of the reapers than the ear-piercing fife and the stirring drum ; better the squeak of the ox-cart than the rumble of caissons of artillery ! Yes, and there is even a humbler exhibition which is not ungrateful to my peace-loving eye. Every Monday morning the women of the country round come into San Sebastian with their little donkeys to get the week's washing, which, after undergoing its purification, is hung out to dry on yonder hillside, and those nether garments floating in the wind are better than all the ensigns of war ever flung to the breeze ! Happy the land that is at peace !

But leaving these grave subjects of peace and war, it will be a pleasant change, before we bid farewell to the Basque Provinces, to take one more drive over the surrounding hills. San Sebastian is a very convenient place from which to make excursions. Go in any direction, you will find bold scenery, with quaint old towns nestled in deep valleys.

Pasajes, less than an hour's drive, is interesting to us as the little port from which Lafayette embarked for America. Perhaps he found it not so easy to embark from the French coast, and so took his departure from the nearest port in Spain.

A little farther away is the old hamlet of Fontarabia, situated on a neck of land running out to the sea, and terminating in a low hill, which is crowned, as such positions were apt to be in feudal times, by a castle and a church. The town, such as it is, lies along one narrow street, over which the projecting eaves of the houses almost touch each other. It does not seem a place for much of pride and splendor. But almost every house has its coat-of-arms, as a sign that the place has seen better days, and on extraordinary occasions it can get itself up in very effective style. Father Hyacinthe happened to be here on the anniversary of the day on which the siege of the place by Don Carlos was raised, which (miraculous combination!) happened to be on the day of the fête of the Virgin of Guadalupe, the patron saint of the place (who, then, could doubt that it owed its deliverance to her intercession?), and common gratitude as well as religious fervor demanded that the event should be duly celebrated, as it was with three days of rejoicing. The people flocked in from all the country round. On the last great day of the feast, a procession with waving banners crowded the little street, and marched to the church, where it paid due honors to the deliverer of the place from siege; after which all mustered in the Plaza, or public square, and continued the fête with dancing and firing of guns, as if a feeling so intense could not be uttered by human voices, but must find vent in sharp explosions; and they even dragged out a little cannon, and banged away to the glory of the Virgin of Guadalupe! And then, to crown all, as the



highest expression of Spanish joy, they wound up the day with a bull-fight! Surely human gratitude for divine mercies could no further go.

The castle, I grieve to say, is in a very tumble-down state, and, though it bears the name of the great Emperor Charles V., is *for sale!* This I mention privately for the information of any enterprising American who may wish to buy. To be more precise, I can give the very notice painted on a board and hung on the wall. Here it is in its exact type and spelling :

FOR SALE  
THIS ROYAL PALACE AND  
CASTLE OF THE EMPEROR  
CHARLES V. APPLI. FOR IMFORMATIOMS, &C.

But one thing neither time nor decay can destroy—the wide expanse of view from the top of the castle. From the roof one takes in the border-land of France and Spain. Below us is the “sandy barrier” over which “the waves of the Bay of Biscay mingle with the waters of the Bidasoa stream” : for there is the stream itself winding its way amid the sands to find its path to the sea. Yonder pillar on a sand-bank which divides the stream, marks the exact boundary between the two countries—a line which it needs no Colossus of Rhodes to bestride, for any French or Spanish boy may stretch his little legs across the space which divides country from country, on the two sides of which lie two great nations, “enemies in war, in peace friends.”

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE BIRTHPLACE OF IGNATIUS LOYOLA.

In coming to Spain, one spot which I desired to visit was that where Ignatius Loyola was born. I am not a hero-worshipper, and yet I cannot repress a strong feeling in coming to a place associated with one who has acted a great part in history; and surely few men—priests or kings or conquerors—have had a mightier influence in shaping the course of human affairs than the Founder of the Order of Jesuits. Born eight years after Luther, he was the chief antagonist of the Great Reformer, and did more than any other man to prevent the religious movement which had swept over the North of Europe, from sweeping over the South also.

Many years ago I read in the Reviews of Sir James Stephens, which are, like those of Macaulay, a series of splendid Historical and Biographical Sketches, one on "Ignatius Loyola and his Associates," which took strong hold of my imagination. I read it over and over again, and was enchained by the story of one who combined in himself the Spanish knight and the spiritual crusader, and would have gone far to see the spot where he began his wonderful career.

Ignatius Loyola was born in Azpeitia, a little village in the North of Spain, twenty-five miles from San Sebastian, making it a long day's journey (as it is over a mountain road) to go and return. The weather did not look promising for the excursion. The day before it had rained in torrents, and the prospect was of a like experience on the morrow. But I took heart from the good old saying :

“When it rains, you must do as they do in Spain.”

“And how is that ?” “Why, let it rain !”

I did my best to guard against contingencies by engaging a carriage, the top of which might be opened or shut as the skies shone or lowered, and—as I had the promise of good company in Mr. and Mrs. Gulick, and Miss Richards, a teacher in their school—resolved in my secret mind not to be kept back by the elements from what I had so much at heart.

The morning opened dark and cold, and the clouds swept over the hills. But we did not mind it ; indeed our spirits rose as we faced the angry sky. Our three stout horses, harnessed abreast, started off at full speed, their bells jingling merrily as we swept round the bay and began to climb the hills. As we get farther into the mountains, the roadway has in many places to be cut into their steep sides, or supported on embankments ; but for all that, it is so hard and smooth that our horses trotted at a brisk pace, and we had the full enjoyment of the changing views, as now we looked down into a deep valley among the hills, and now rounded some projecting point from which we took in a wide sweep of the Bay of Biscay. Though the Winter had but just begun (it was the second of December), the mountain tops were covered with snow. Now and then the driving rain dashed in our faces. But what cared we ? We only crouched under our canopy, which, as soon as the clouds broke and the sun shone out,

the driver threw back, and opened before us the whole glorious panorama of mountain and sea.

Four hours' drive brought us to Azpeitia—a village with one long street, at the end of which rises a majestic pile, worthy of the name it bears, and to perpetuate to all generations the fame of Ignatius Loyola. In the open plaza before it stands a statue of the saint—a grand figure, which is an object of special homage at the time of the year when the place is thronged with pilgrims. But to-day, as we approach the great building, and ascend the steps, we find them thronged, not with pilgrims, but with beggars of the true Spanish sort, squalid and importunate, who swarm upon us with piteous moans, asking for alms; but a few pence quiet them, and we are left to make our observations in peace.

Turning to the massive structure before us, we find that it serves a double purpose, including both a church and a monastery. The former merits little attention, although it is vast in size, and of somewhat pretentious architecture. It is round in shape, following in this its model, the Pantheon at Rome; and its lofty dome rests on enormous pillars of many-colored marbles, with chapels on every side, at which "in the season" masses are daily, almost hourly, said for the innumerable worshippers.

But the chief interest of the place is in the *santa casa*, or holy house, in which Loyola was born. This remains intact, as it is infused through and through with the odor of sanctity, which renders it too precious to be destroyed. It is therefore preserved with religious care, like one of the holy places in Jerusalem, the monastery being built over it and around it, to protect it with its mighty walls.

Observing that the latter was entered by a door at the end of the long vestibule, we rang the bell, which was answered by the opening of an aperture no larger than

a pane of glass ; and to our request for admission, a voice replied that, as it was the hour of noon, the fathers were in the refectory at their mid-day meal, and the convent could not be opened to visitors till one o'clock.

At that hour we rang again, and were rewarded by the appearance of a priest, perhaps sixty years of age, who, with the proverbial politeness of the Jesuit, took us in charge, and conducted us first through the house of Loyola, which remains just as it was four hundred years ago, when Ignatius was born. It is a baronial mansion of the Middle Ages, whose dimensions show that it was built for a Spanish grandee. The family of Loyola was one of high rank in Spain, and this house of his father was not only a home, but a castle, its walls being four or five feet thick, and loopholed for the firing of cross-bows or musketry, so that in case of need its lord might gather his retainers within the walls, and stand a siege. But whatever military purpose it may once have had, is now entirely superseded by its sacred character, as appears by the inscription in Spanish over the door :

CASA SOLAR DE LOYOLA.  
 AQUI NACIO S. IGNACIO EN 1491.  
 AQUI VISITADO POR S. PEDRO Y LA S.S. VIRGEN,  
 SE ENTREJO A DIOS EN 1521.

FAMILY HOUSE OF LOYOLA.  
 HERE ST. IGNATIUS WAS BORN IN 1491.  
 HERE, HAVING BEEN VISITED BY ST. PETER AND BY THE  
 MOST HOLY VIRGIN,  
 HE GAVE HIMSELF TO GOD IN 1521.

Mounting the great oaken staircase, we come at the first landing to a wide hall, which is furnished with confessional-boxes, where at the time of the annual pilgrimage priests are busy hearing confessions and giving absolutions. Doors open into several rooms, in one of which is

a bust of Loyola, that shows as grand a head as ever wore a crown of temporal or spiritual dominion.

The interest increases as we ascend to the next story, in which are the "living rooms" of the family. In one of these is an altar, screened from approach by an iron grating, which marks the very spot in which the Founder of the Order of Jesuits was born. In front of this were several women kneeling in silent devotion, which would have affected us the more if their prayers had not been united with something else, as appeared by their outstretched palms.

The good priest was intent on gratifying our curiosity, and thinking in the kindness of his heart that what interested him must interest us, he took us by a private passage into a room where are kept, as sacred treasures of the place, a choice collection of the bones of saints, exposed to view in glass cases, which, as they are bedecked with flowers, have but a tawdry appearance. Among these is solemnly pointed out, as the most precious relic of the saintly museum, a bone of St. Cecilia! Such exhibitions of course could excite no feeling but one of pity at the superstition which could attach a virtue to such mouldy relics of decay. From these we turned to the personal associations of the house as alone having a real interest, and were all attention when taken into the private chapel of the Loyola family, where we stood by the altar at which no doubt the child Ignatius had knelt a thousand times beside his father and mother. Still closer do we come to him at a later period of his life, as we are shown the couch on which he lay after he was wounded at the siege of Pampeluna, and the canopy which hung over him. The priest took us behind the scene which excluded ordinary pilgrims, where under the altar is a full-length figure of the young soldier stretched upon his bed of pain, his leg ban-

daged for his wound, and with one hand raised, holding a book, in which he read and read till his dreams of ambition faded away, and he saw a far higher sphere open before him, and rose up at last to enter upon his marvellous career.

From the house we passed into the Monastery. Here our party had to be divided: for the ladies were not allowed to accompany us, their sex not being permitted to pass the doors of so sacred a place. They could only saunter in the outer courts. But from us men-folks the Jesuit father kept back nothing, but led us on and on, through court after court and along corridor after corridor, till we could not repress our amazement at the vast extent of a structure begun two hundred years ago, and *not yet completed*. There is still an unfinished wing, and we found to our surprise that the holy place was filled with the sound of workmen in wood and stone and iron. A large number of men were thus employed. These, as I learned, were not outsiders, brought in for the purpose, but lay-brothers—masons, carpenters, and blacksmiths—who, having been seized with a spirit of devotion, take a sort of vow which constitutes them partners (humble partners, it may be, but partners still) in the illustrious Order; and if they have not learning or eloquence to give, they can at least devote themselves, with their handicrafts, to the service of religion.

The general arrangement of this mass of buildings is not unlike that of the vast quadrangle of an English university. Just now we might be in one of the colleges of Oxford or Cambridge. Indeed this Monastery is (or at least includes) a College or Seminary for the training of candidates for the Order of Jesuits, and in its interior does not differ very much from other institutions of learning, being provided with ample class-rooms, dormitories,

and refectory. Peeping into the latter, we found it neatly arranged with tables running along the sides of a large oblong room, and furnishing seats sufficient for the nearly two hundred pupils. That they may not be too light-hearted even at their simple meal, they have before them, in a painting hung on the walls, the grand figure of Ignatius writing his "Spiritual Exercises." Yet his face is not bent upon a written page, but turned upward as if he were listening to the voice of One Unseen; while a scroll in his hand with the inscription,

" Dictante Deipara,  
Scribit et docet,"

tells that he wrote, not from his own wisdom or learning, but by the dictation of the Virgin Mother of God.

The army of young collegians had just finished their light repast, and were enjoying an hour of recreation in the courts and corridors, and it was pleasant to see that their gloomy surroundings had not killed out all the youth that was in them, for they seemed to have the freedom and hilarity of other college boys. Even their teachers unbent themselves for the time, and were walking about with their pupils, whom for the moment at least they did not try to overawe with a sombre gravity. It should be said, however, that these students are not yet members of the Order, to which they cannot be admitted till they have pursued their studies for two years. If at the end of that time they are ready to take the vows, they are accepted as novitiates (of which there are already eighty here out of the two hundred), and remain for two years longer before they receive their commands, appointing their place of service, from the General of the Order at Rome.

But while the young men in this institution are like young men all over the world, the training and discipline to which they are subjected is very different. I was curi-



ous to know whether the course of study pursued was like that in a college or university in England or Germany, and asked "if they taught any of the modern sciences"? to which my guide was obliged to reply in the negative. The education is wholly scholastic—Greek and Latin, and Christian (that is, Roman Catholic) dogmatics. Anything beyond this it is not for them to know. The world may move on; vast discoveries may be made in the realm of nature; but no ray of light from without is allowed to penetrate within these walls, and banish this monastic gloom.

All this oppressed me with a weight which I could not shake off. To the simple-minded father who had become used to this narrow round, as the prisoner becomes used to his cell, it may not have been a burden greater than he could bear. But to one coming from the outer world, from the fresh air of the hills, the place seemed like a prison. With its massive walls; with arches of stone over our heads, and pavements of stone under our feet; with the thick-ribbed doors and grated windows—I felt as if I were shut up within some mighty Bastille, a place of confinement not only of bodies, but of souls, where men wasted their lives in darkness, never to come forth to see the light of day or breathe the air of heaven.

Perhaps the place would not have looked so cheerless had it been in the heat of Summer, when the coolness might have been grateful, and the murmur of the fountains in the courts have been a pleasant sound in our ears. But it was Winter, and looking out of the windows, I saw the snow resting on the mountains, and nature in its Winter dress seemed the fitting symbol of the icy and freezing system that was here carved in stone.

With this feeling weighing on me like a nightmare, it was a relief to have at last made the round of the Monas-