

NORTHERN SPAIN.

The Commercial End of the Peninsula—Important Ports on the Bay of Biscay—Birthplace of Gil Blas, and Home of Ignatius Loyola.

Special Correspondence.

Nov. 20, 1900.—The traveler who wishes to become acquainted with Spain must not neglect its less frequented northern coast, which differs as entirely from the southern as the mining regions of Michigan differ from the rice and cane lands of Louisiana. It is a common saying in France that "Africa begins at the Pyrenees," but remembering that no nation on earth is quite so conceited as Spain's nearest neighbor, which claims a monopoly of the fashion and refinement of Europe, we should place the border of Spanish civilization where it properly belongs—on the other side of Gibraltar.

FROM BURGOS TO BILBAO.

The seaport capital of the province of Vizcaya, is only a few hours' journey by the great North of Spain railway; but the scenery, the people, the character of the country, change as completely in those few miles as when you cross the Pyrenees into France. Ancient Bilbao—christened about the year 1200, by Don Diego Lopez de Haro, the name meaning "Fine Port"—is now one of the most thriving and up-to-date cities in Spain—the Manchester of the Peninsula. Having been several times reduced to ashes by bombardment and conflagration, its buildings are almost entirely new; and because of its bravery in resisting sieges, its full title, long ago bestowed by the crown, is La Invicta Villa de Bilbao. Twice during the civil war it was unsuccessfully besieged for twenty-two days, without result, except the killing of many superstitious Spaniards. Now-days you hear as much English as Spanish spoken in the wide, straight streets, so unlike those of the southern cities, and Bilbao has become second only to Antwerp in the importance of its British shipping. Long lines of steamers are constantly loading ore along the left bank of the river, for Cardiff, Newcastle, Newport and Glasgow; and on the opposite bank a prosperous English colony has established itself, with schools, clubs and reading rooms in town. Since the war with America the rich iron mines in the neighboring mountains have mostly fallen into the hands of English capitalists, and last year the British shipping registered at Bilbao alone amounted to 2,500,187 tons.

MOUNTAIN GORGE OF A RIVER.

Five miles above the Bay of Biscay. The river, by the way, revolves under a variety of names. The English call it Nervion; the French, Ausa, and the Basques, who own it and therefore ought to be the best authority, stick to the old title, Bustabal. Straight through the city it runs, dividing the old town from the new, and spanned by four beautiful bridges. The oldest and most interesting bridge—"La Puente de San Antonio"—a massive structure of stone, with three magnificent arches, dates back to the fourteenth century; and the newest, a fine suspension affair of steel and iron, was completed within the last twenty years. A great deal of money has been expended in improving the river, including a mile-long breakwater at its mouth, begun in '97 and costing, with its pier, something over ten million dollars. The latter makes the finest harbor of Spain at Portugalete—the real port at the river's mouth; but to this day all large vessels have to anchor and discharge their cargoes there, while only small steamers and lighters come up to Bilbao.

The new old city in its picturesque mountain setting (pronounced by the way, as if spelled Beel-bah-oo) contains a present population of about 37,000. On one side of the river it is purely commercial, as rushing and bustling as a miniature Chicago; but you have only to cross a bridge to find yourself at once in a foreign country, and a century or two behind the times. The smaller "Bilbao Viejo" (old town) is the same that figured in history as the seat of the famous Consulado Comercio, originally established at Burgos, having the highest authority in Spain as a commercial tribunal. Its regular streets are too narrow to admit two carriages abreast, and

LAZY CITIZENS

might shake hands out of the opposite windows of the very tall stone houses, whose quaint, projecting roofs afford perfect shelter from sun and rain. It was in these dim alleys that two-thirds of the city's population were slaughtered in cold blood, during the Carlist conflict of 1835, when the valiant Zumalacarrigui received his death wound, yet held out until succor arrived. The Basques are the queerest people we have met in Spain, both in customs and costumes. Here the tall, strong, blue-eyed woman do all the heavy portage, like patient cattle, while their puny lords and masters loiter around the charvats, dissipating their wives' earnings in tobacco and aguardiente.

When the new town was laid out, on the other side of the river, with wide, straight streets and modern houses of heavy stone, the Bilbaos were so proud of their nice, new pavements that for many years no carts or carriages were permitted to enter, for fear of injuring them, and all goods, groceries and household supplies had to come on donkey-back, or more commonly, on wicker-back. The English who now dominate the locality, have no such respect for paving blocks, and the rattle of their wheels is the same old racket of London and Liverpool. The town

RISES IN BEAUTIFUL TERRACES.

the upper streets devoted to residences, parks and promenades, the lower ones to commercial houses, of which there are several hundred. Though the once-important wool trade ceased long ago, and ship-building has greatly declined, with Spain's altered fortunes, there are still surprising exports from Bilbao of corn, fruits, oil, flour, wines, cutlery, fire-arms, madder, figs, chestnuts, etc., besides the minerals above mentioned. The industrial establishments include several extensive rope-walks, docks for building and repairing merchant vessels, iron and steel foundries, anchor forges, potteries, tobacco factories, cotton factories where sail-cloth principally is made, tanneries, paper mills, glass works, manufactories of hats, saddles, and the cutlery and fire-arms, for which this place used to rank second only to Toledo.

There are numerous convents and monasteries, mostly in the old town and now devoted to secular uses. The public buildings are substantial, but too English in style to be architecturally interesting. Among the finest are the Palace of the Deputation Provincial, the arsenal, hospital, opera house, Nautical academy and college. There is a bank of issue and discount, founded about forty years ago, and several admirable schools supported by the local board of trade for gratuitous instruction in design, architecture, ma-

thematics and languages. The Jesuits are a very numerous and important body here, as in all Northern Spain, and however poor the country, their colleges and numerous churches are well supported. Bilbao's chief attractions are its beautiful promenades and shaded terrace and fine seaward views from the neighboring hills. The Plaza Nueva, is a pretty arched square, with five fountains in it, trees, statues and flowerbeds. All around it the shop-fronts and stair-cases are built of red marble, with large white eyes, quarried near the city. A fine free-shaded promenade borders the river, and Paseo leads into Paseo for several miles, ascending terrace by terrace, so you may prolong the walk to the distant ridge of Monte Cabras.

THE IRON ORES OF BISCAY.

especially along the west side of the river Bustabal, first began to attract attention about thirty years ago. They are chiefly red, or bronze or hematite, and are worked in open quarries. Now the Somorostro district is exclusively worked by British iron masters from the north of England, several short railways and tramways have been built, including that of the Godolanes Mining company, who possess a solid cliff of iron ore, a mile long and 250 feet high. The wire tramway is carried through a tunnel, six hundred feet long down to Portugalete, where quays and landing stages have been built at a point called Sesto. The Landore Siamese Steel company owns important hematite mines, also connected with the river by wire tramway, carrying baskets for loading. Going down the river, by tramway, railway or steamer, you pass the station of the railway that leads up into the hills to the Orreaga mines, and a few miles further on are extensive iron works of the Desierto, Vizcaya, Altoachones and other mining companies of jaw-dropping names,



THE EAGLE GATE.

This famous landmark was first erected in 1869 from designs furnished by Bishop H. B. Clawson, and for many years formed the entrance to President Brigham Young's private property at the mouth of City Creek canyon, comprising something like fifty acres, within which enclosure were the Lion and Bee Hive Houses, Tithing office and other well known properties. The eagle which surmounts the gate was carved from native wood by Ralph Ramsey and William Bell. In 1892 it was found necessary by reason of the inauguration of the street car service to remove the gateway in order to make room for the passage of the cars. For a time the demolition of the old landmark promised to be permanent. Soon, however, there was universal regret manifested over its destruction, and accordingly subscriptions were speedily raised by generous-hearted citizens, to the amount of \$2,700, and its reconstruction ordered. Its total cost was \$4,400, and the amount between that sum and that raised by popular subscription was appropriated by the City Council. In the meantime the old wooden bird of freedom had been sent to Chicago and copper-plated in order that it might the better withstand the ravages of time. The gate as it now stands was finished eight years ago, and dedicated with imposing ceremony. It is the real head or beginning of State street, one of the longest thoroughfares in the country—a road that threads its way through the heart of Utah for more than three hundred miles. In its reconstructed form street cars and various road vehicles pass safely between the supporting pillars of gray Kyune stone, which are considerably farther apart than the old cobble rock columns that held up the arch and eagle prior to reconstruction. Recently portions of the bird's body have shown signs of corrosion, and the matter of repair and electric lighting has been referred to the board of public works, with instructions to see that what has long been one of the most interesting points of attraction to tourists, be kept in good condition and regularly illuminated.

The tramway ride is extremely pleasant on a sunny afternoon. Passing along the Paseo de los Cueros, so called because it forms the roof of the great aqueduct which conveys water to the city; past the queer old church of San Juan, and the little Plaza de la Cruz, whence a long flight of steps leads to the cemetery, over whose portal a curious warning is inscribed; through the handsome English suburb, Alba, with its fine houses and wide boulevards, you come at last to the planted sandhills, interspersed with seaside villas of Bilbao merchants.

The tramway terminates at Las Arenas, near the river's mouth, where extensive bathing establishments are crowded during half the year. Not far from Arenas, reached by carriage road across the sandhills, is the quaint old town of Santhola del Mar—the ancient Consona, renowned as the

BIRTH-PLACE OF GIL BLAS.

If you have time to make the pilgrimage, you may enjoy (?) a supper of garlic-pudding, dried fish, (bream), steamed in oil, native wine and olives, under the same roof that sheltered the champion liar. The Santillana have ceased to quaff the Tartar drink of horses' blood and asses' milk, the luxury of their ancestors, when the town was known as Santa Juliana, in honor of the patroness of pilgrims. Her body was brought here in 1267, and buried in the twelfth century and its altar-frontal is entirely of silver work. Portugalete, the real port of Bilbao, is a village of perpendicular hills and straight-up-and-down streets, of immense projecting roofs, picturesque dresses of Basque peasantry, a jargon of strange language, and the noisy bustle inseparable from a busy seaport—even in sleepy Spain. Wholes are of small use here, and most of the carriage is done by mules and women. Innumerable flights of stairs lead down to the quay, and up to the cloud-scraping residences of the merchants. During the summer months the place is much frequented by visitors from surrounding regions, including French and Portuguese from lower and hotter cities beyond the Pyrenees and the Galician seiras. Aside from its natural features, Portugalete offers few "sights" to the tourist. There is a

BARN-LIKE ENGLISH CHURCH.

In a big, bare factory-yard, for the spiritual accommodation of the large British mining and seafaring community; whose more picturesque following the natives worship in the fine old Jesuit church of Santa Maria, whose wonder-

ful retablo and choir stalls were carved in oak by forgotten artists, centuries ago. From the end of the new quay a wide view may be obtained of the harbor, which is twice as large as that of Barcelona or Cartagena and of the long line of foam-crested breakers stretching across the river's mouth and defining its dangerous bar. Even in tranquil weather the Bay of Biscay is treacherous enough, and its waters are lashed into indescribable fury by Atlantic storms.

While in this part of Spain, you should by all means visit Azpetia, the near-by town in which the great Ignatius Loyola was born. There is no railway or diligence service from Portugalete to the place, but a carriage road leads to it, through enchanting scenery—when your wheels are not stuck in the mud, as too frequently happens. It rains a good deal in this northern coast—a slow, persistent drizzle, which seems to make the wettest of one ever encountered. The only thing to do is to go prepared in mackintoshes and rubber boots, and take heart from the good old saying: "When it rains, you must do as they do in Spain. And how is that? Why, they let it rain."

You set out with three stout horses harnessed abreast, and their bells make a merry jangling as they dash at full speed round the Bay and up the hills. Farther up the mountains, the road-way has been cut into their steep sides, or built out on artificially-supported embankments; but all the way is so hard and smooth that the horses trot at a brisk pace, and you have full enjoyment of the changing views—now looking down into deep valleys among the hills, and now a wide sweep of Biscay Bay. Four hours' drive brings you to Azpetia—a village with one long street, at the end of which rises a massive pile, worthy of the name of basilica, and to perpetuate to all ages the fame of Ignatius Loyola. In the open plaza before it, stands the statue of a Saint—a sublime figure, which is an object of special veneration at the time of year when this place is thronged with pilgrims. As we approached the great building and ascended the steps, we found the church, not with plush pilgrims, but with

REGGARS OF THE TRUE SPIRIT.

squalid and importunate, who swarm about the stranger with piteous moans. The massive structure serves the double purpose of church and monastery. It is purely Basque in style, and the model of the Pantheon at Rome. Its lofty dome rests on enormous pillars of many-colored marbles, with chapels on every side, in which masses are hourly performed. The chief interest of Azpetia is in the Santa Casa, or "holy house," in which Loyola was born, and which remains intact, too precious to be destroyed or altered. It is therefore preserved with religious awe, like the holy places in Jerusalem, the monastery having been built over and around it, to protect it with its mighty walls. Passing down a long vestibule and ringing a bell, you are answered by the opening of an aperture no larger than a pane of glass, and to your modest request for admission a voice replies that the fathers of the convent do not admit visitors, except at a certain hour. However, as in all the show-places of Spain, little diners (money) judiciously tendered, proves a ready open sesame.

It is something over four hundred years since Ignatius was born, yet his house remains exactly the same. It is the typical baronial mansion of the middle ages, and its dimensions show that it was built for a Spanish grandee. The family of Loyola was one of the highest rank in Spain, and this house of his father was not only a home, but a castle, with walls five feet thick, loop-holed for the firing of

CROSS-BOWS OR MUSKETRY.

so that in case of need, its lord might gather his retainers within the walls and without a siege. Whatever many purposes it may have served is now entirely superseded by its sacred character, as appears by the inscription over the door, which, translated from Spanish, reads: Family house of Loyola. Here Saint Ignatius was born, in 1491. Here, having been visited in person by St. Peter and by the Most Holy Virgin, he gave himself to God, in 1521.

Mounting the great oaken staircase you come at the first landing, to a wide hall which is furnished with confessionals, boxes, where, at the time of the annual pilgrimages, a multitude of priests hear confessions and give absolutions. Doors open into several rooms, in one of which is a bust of Loyola, which shows as grand a head as ever wore a crown of temporal or spiritual dominion. Interest increases as you ascend to the next story, where were the "living rooms" of the family. In one of these is an altar, screened from near approach by an iron grating, which marks the very spot on which the founder of the order of Jesuits was born. You may enter the private chapel of the Loyolas and kneel at the same altar before which the child Ignatius knelt a thousand times with his father and mother. You may see the couch upon which he lay after he was surrounded at the siege of Pampluna, and the canopy which hung over him; and if the priestly confessor is in good frame of mind, he will show you a full-length figure, hidden behind the altar, of a young soldier stretched upon his bed of pain, one leg bandaged and one hand upholding a book from which he read until his dreams of warrior-ambition faded away and he saw before him a higher sphere. Ignatius Loyola was thirty years of age when he arose to enter upon his marvelous career, or as the inscription says, when he "gave himself to God."

FANNIE B. WARD.

AN AWFUL QUESTION

What would be the commercial effect of the certain knowledge that the world was coming to an end in fifty years? Well, the first effect would be rather social and moral than commercial, though, of course, it would react very strongly on the business world. Those who in the ordinary course of affairs would be dead before 50 years had passed would be the least affected, and younger people would probably become as resigned to universal death as they are now to the equally certain individual death. Therefore, at first there would be but little change. People would have to live and therefore they would have to work, while capitalists would have to keep their money invested, but as the last year of the world came near, enterprise and industry would naturally slacken. It would be no use for parents to work for their children, or even for children to be educated for the life they would never live, and so the industrial fabric would gradually crumble away as men ceased to provide for a day that would never come. Commercial activity would probably give place to religious frenzy on the one hand and apathy or boredom on the other. Under these circumstances the last few years of the world's life would be appalling beyond description.

WONDERFUL TELEGRAPHY.

Two Hungarians, Messrs. Pollak and Virag, who some little while ago discovered a system of very rapid telegraphy, are now said to have invented a system by which 60,000 words per hour can be transmitted and, what is more wonderful, printed in ordinary characters on a slip of sensitized paper at the receiving end. The slip comes out of the receiving instrument ready to be gummed on to a form for delivery.

SOME SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA HOMES.

