Fountains are in the centre, and the ladies of Seville are already out and about for the twilight stroll. How beautiful and sweet all seems! Our balcony—in fact, our rooms are a part of the balcony—overlook the plaza. So far as one can be in a house and out of doors at the same time, we are. The streets of Seville are narrow; though the Alamedas are wide, shaded, and fine. There is one peculiarity here: canvas is spread from roof to roof, shading the streets. I never saw a gayer place than Seville. The fountains seem to be more sparkling than anywhere else. In winter, it is said to be wet, though it has no snow or ice. The climate is dry. The houses, erected a thousand years ago by the Moors, have never been harmed by frost or much wasted by time. The city has a look of Bagdad or some other Eastern city. I said in a preceding chapter that it recalled Damascus. The fountains made me think of that. The houses are made to suit the climate; the narrow, winding streets, canvass-covered and cool; the wide spacious houses, with their Moorish courts, filled with gardens of flowers and fountains; the iron-grated shutterless windows, protected by an *estera* or awning; the open-worked iron-grate, partly gilt; the Moorish azuelos, or clean blue tilings; the stem-like pillars of the court; the court itself covered in summer by an awning; these not only give the idea of Oriental luxury, tell tales of the thousand and one nights, and lull the senses in delicious dreams, but convey the impression also of comfort, strength, and seclusion.

Byron said that Seville was famous for oranges and women. I might add for its river and its fountains, its *fêtes* and bull-fights; its cathedral, Alcazar, and Alameda; its Roman ruins, its museum of Murillos, its palatial tobacco manufactory, its Moorish memories and municipal Nodus, and its former fame as a mart

of commerce and colonies. Its river, the Guadalquivir, is nothing of itself. I do not mean that either. To an American, used to grand rivers, it is not an imposing stream. Its waters were painted red with the soil, for it seemed full with a freshet. Its banks are low, but well walled in the city. It often overflows, not only over the meadows, but into the city, as high-water marks testify. It seems to wander about where it pleases. It furrows out its way through the Andalusian plains to the sea. It may leave Seville, on one side, some day, as it did the ancient Italica. Unlike most of the rivers of Spain, it debouches in Spain and not in Portugal. One great reason why Spain has sought to annex Portugal, and why its king may possibly yet unite Portugal with Spain, is that the Tagus, Duero, and Minho empty themselves into the Atlantic in *other* territory. It is the Mississippi outlet question on a small scale; for those streams might under sufficient protection and commercial interests be made navigable. The Guadalquivir was navigable as far as Cordova in Roman days. We perceive now lying at the wharfs of Seville, opposite the Montpensier Palace and the Alameda—which extends along its banks—many steamers. You may go to Cadiz in these steamers, and thence by the same line to London. The barges look very poor. They take you back to the early days of the canal; for they are like the old canal scows. The English brought steamers here and they superseded the barges; though it is claimed by Spanish pride that as early as 1543 a steamer was launched at Barcelona—the first steamer of the world! The Spanish officials opposed the matter, and it died. It was left to John Fitch and Robert Fulton to accomplish what Spanish ingenuity endeavoured, and what Spanish stupidity foiled. The Guadalquivir is not a poetical river to look at.

Spenser never would have called it into his fluvial symposium in Faerie land had he known it in reality. It sounds mellifluously. How its name glides glibly from the liquid larynx and trilling tongue! I believe it means, literally, 'pellucid stream!' So might the riled Missouri—red and yellow with two thousand miles of rushing—claim the same clear, silvery significance. The Guadalquivir seems to echo the sense of silver music. But it is not only turbid but dull in its flow. Its way is made through those level plains which mark one of the seven zones from East to West which divide Spain. It has all the size but not the beauty of the Tagus, which flows in my view and with a lively tune too, round this ancient city of Toledo. It has been credited with all the poetry of the Tagus, which was, according to Spanish grandiloquence, sanded with gold and embedded in flowers, while along its enamelled banks the nightingale sang his madrigals to the blushing rose. But it has what the Tagus has not—a mirage! By atmospheric refraction, glare of sun, and clouds of vapour, it seemed to the Moors that demons were playing tricks along the Guadalquivir. Armies, cities, and combats appeared and then evanished. They called it the Devil's Water. Ducks, cattle, donkeys, and sheep, here and there are found along its marshy banks, and some sickly inhabitants, but few villages. The Guadalquivir has hardly the merit of the Tagus, which turns many a mill. Yet must I not forget that once at Seville, inland though it be, and by means of the Guadalquivir, a powerful guild of merchants lived.

It was from hence, rather than from Cadiz, that the great discoveries of Columbus and his collaborateurs in navigation experienced that attention and spirit of adventure which made Spain, in the sixteenth century, so rich in silver and gold! The loss of the Spanish

colonies has decreased its importance. Before the time of the fifth Charles it was the capital of Spain; and even yet, with its 125,000 people, and its civil, provincial, and military importance, it is not unworthy of its olden fame. Its ecclesiastical rule reaches across the straits to Ceuta, whither it has followed the Moors; to Cadiz and Malaga, to Teneriffe and the Canaries. In earliest days Seville and Cordova were rivals. The former stood by Cæsar, and the latter by Pompey. Consequently, when Cæsar triumphed, he stood by Seville, although its people were more Punic than Roman. Seville was even then rich and grand; but it had a rival near, not Cordova, but Italica, where Roman emperors were born. We visited its ruins, and will presently write of it. Seville met the fate of other Spanish cities. The Goths, who became as luxurious as those they overcame, made of it a capital in the sixth century. I saw in the Armoury at Madrid the gold crown of a Gothic king, found amidst the ruins of Seville. The Moors conquered the Goths. The same wild fanaticism which deluged the then known world from Scinde to Tetuan swept over beautiful Seville. It came—

> 'Like a cloud of locusts, whom the South
> Wafts from the plains of wasted Africa,
> A countless multitude they came:
> Syrian, Moor, Saracen, Greek renegade,
> Persian, Copt, and Tartar, in one band
> Of erring faith conjoined.'

But the wave left no unpleasing *débris*. On the contrary, the waters receded to show the rarest city of the Occident. At one time tributary to Damascus, at another to Cordova, then under independent sheiks, and once a republic of Moors, it finally became the scene of the most romantic and fierce of the wars between Moor and Spaniard. It fell before St. Ferdinand six hundred years ago. And to-day this marvel

of history—this gem worn in Phœnician, Roman, Gothic, Moorish, and Spanish diadems—is poetically heralded to the present and the future as distinguished for its —oranges and women!

If you would see both those celebrities to advantage drive down the banks of the river, under the shade of the great plane trees; for Seville, like every Spanish city, has its alamedas. You may see the oranges peeping through the iron gratings of the Montpensier Palace; or, if you please, you may see their golden orbs glorify the old walls of the gardens of the Alcazar. They cannot rival those of Blidah, in Africa, or surpass those of Nice, though I would not dispraise their quality or beauty. The trees begin to bear in six years. The fruit grows richer for twenty years; then it fails. In March the blooms come out. In October the oranges begin to be gilded. They are then picked for commerce. They never grow larger after they colour. In spring the aroma from the orange-trees makes Seville sweet-smelling to satiety. The Seville people will not eat oranges till March, nor it is said, after sunset. The vendors in the streets cry them almost as volubly and musically as the time-honoured watchmen cry the hours of the night, and the condition of the weather. The cry is, 'Oranges—sweet as honey.'

As to the other celebrity of Seville—I mean *the women*—has not the cry gone up for many a year, '*mas dulces que almibar*,'—sweeter than honey, or the honeycomb. But, as there is no chronological or other order for the treatment of this most exquisite of Seville delicacies, I will reserve it till I see them in the national dances—under the brilliant light, moving to the telegraphic click of the castanet, the twanging tinkle of the guitar, and the mournfully sweet roundelay of the gauna. Anchorite you may be; but I defy you

to go beneath the flower-decked balconies by day, and look up; or by moonlight pass the iron bars through which the lover whispers his passion, and look in; or pass down the Alameda, where the Orient-eyed daughters of the Seville aristocracy are rolling in their escutcheoned carriages, or, mounted on their magnificent Barbaries, witch the world with their graceful horsemanship—I defy you to see those specimens of the Andalusian fair without thinking of a thousand romances of the days of chivalry, when Christian knights fought for the Moslem Zaydis and Fatimas of the Moorish harem; or of the times when henna-tinctured fingers, partly opening the lattice, peeped through the jalousy down upon furtive lover, or the gay world from which they were excluded.

I said that the Seville women should be seen in the Andalusian dances. You may not see the Spanish dances at the theatre. The dance of the Spanish theatre you can as well see at Paris, London, or New York. Spain is still the land of the bolero and the fandango, and these used to be a part of every play; but playing after the Spanish method is at an end. 'Lope de Vega,' and 'Calderon' have given way to Italian opera or French pieces. I would have gone often to the theatre if I could have seen the genuine tragico-comical hidalgo, in boots and bluster, spread his large quantity of rhetorical butter over his thin piece of artistic bread. Twice only to the theatre did I go; once to hear 'La Belle Helène,' in Spanish, and the Greek heroes never had so Spanish a chance to swagger. Offenbach would have been delighted, for they did it well. I also heard Tamberlik in Italian opera; he is a favourite in Madrid. The audience presented him with a silver crown, and I fancy the audience did not pay for the crown. The bull-fight attracts the Spaniard almost exclusively; yet, in Andalusia,

and in Seville especially, the national, inimitable spirit-inspiring dance, called 'baile,' still survives without theatrical help. The castanet will stir a Spaniard even more quickly than a handsome toss of a horse and picador by a splendid bull. We longed to see this dance, not in theatric display, but danced by Majo and Maja—the exquisites of either sex, dressed in their native costumes. We had already seen the gipsy dances at Grenada. The dances of the gipsy are not unlike those we saw in Africa by Arab and Kabyle, and are not very unlike the Spanish dances we saw at Seville These dances and these dancers have not changed since the Roman days. Tambourine, guitar, and castanet, were described in the classics long before Cervantes described their effect as like the quicksilver of the five senses. Hence, I conclude, from what I have read and seen, that all these dances issued from the Orient at a remote period of antiquity, and they are not unlike each other in kind any more than in origin.

We found that an arrangement could be made for a *funcion* by our paying for the refreshments. (*Funcion* is the word. A funcion is the assemblage for a dance in Spain.) A funcion was, therefore, prepared at a hall in one of the narrow streets of Seville, some miles from our hotel. We went about ten o'clock. The room is full of both sexes. The men are smoking their cigarettes. That they do in every place. We are used to it. A funcion is no exceptional place, any more than the cars or the dining-room. The women are lively, and not all of them young. Quadrilles are under way as we enter. Between the quadrilles four señoritas dance the national dances. They are dressed in short Andalusian kirtles, pretty well flounced, very gay, either crimson or yellow; bodice over the hip, and a head-dress or cap coquettishly covering the chignon

behind, with pendants of ribbon rings. A huge gilt comb, stuck in jauntily on one side, ornaments the back hair. In one dance where there was 'a proposal' of marriage, the little, short, narrow, black silk mantilla is added for coquettish display. These dances begin by a loud screaming wail of a song, of which I have often spoken, the verses ending rather musically, in a tremulous prolonged quaver of—ahs. Then the guitar follows; then the dance is constant. The step is light, the motions are very quick, the whirl of body and poise of foot, the sway, the mien, the grace—these are indescribable. Did you ever see the little foot of an Andalusian dancing girl? In Mexico? No, sir. That will not do. In Lima, you say? Well, Lima has its satin slipper neatly filled. I will not quarrel as to Lima. The indigenous article in its neatest, smallest, plumpest finesse of a foot is to be seen only in Andalusia or in Seville; and that too by microscopic observation. How it twinkles! how it hides. What a new meaning to this little dancing verse:—

'Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out
As if they feared the light;
And oh! to see them dance you'd say
No sun upon an Easter day
Was half so fine a sight!'

But *time* is called! Time in dancing 'is of the essence,' as lawyers say; and these petite feet keep it exactly. The 'limbs' have not so much to do with these dances as the rest of the body; but all is decorous. There is no ill-meaning. These dances have a history and historians. I will not dwell on their peculiarities. The most graceful girl, Fatima—a Moorish name—was one whom I christened 'Little Fatty.' She could walk on her toes, as if she had no fleshy avoirdupois to upbear. Although she has evi-

dently made her ivory teeth do much execution, yet her ivory castanets do more, notwithstanding her plumpness. At this *funcion* we have a band, but the performers also sing as they play. They make the building ring with their wailing songs. The dances conclude with the famous *Ole*, a dance celebrated by Martial, who was a Spaniard, and by Horace also. The master of ceremonies has this dance performed immediately before us. I have a good chance, as an interested antiquary—antiquaries are not always averse to Terpsichore and her devotees—to study the spirit of the scene. As the señorita concludes her last step, hiding one foot somewhere, and with the other poising herself on one toe, her oleaginous rotundity in the air, with head back and arms waving, she astounds me by dashing her spotless handkerchief into my lap! I had read of Seville that—

> 'The men are fire—the women tow,
> Puff! comes the devil—away they go.'

And spelling tow, *toe*, I realized one half the couplet; but of the handkerchief business,—I had not read of that in Petronius or Scaliger. This is a new stanza in the poetry of motion! This is an æsthetical climax which requires explanation. With much embarrassment—not unpleasant—I ask my companion, 'What must I do?' 'Do?' 'Yes; must I throw it back?' Here was innocence—paradisaical, before-the-fall innocence! 'No, no!' 'Will she come for it?' 'Never!' 'Goodness! Well?' 'Well?' 'What then?' 'Put something in it; silver will do; not gold. Then you must go up and present it to her, in your best style!' I looked for little 'Fatty.' She had curled up on a footstool to save her clothes—at the foot of either her mother or a duenna; she looked like one of Velasquez's dwarfs. Was I afraid? No—never, &c. I

boldly mustered—my *muchas gracias*—for the honour, &c.; and with half-a-dozen chinking pesetas within the cambric, I laid my tribute in her lap! As I bowed a lovely crimson was remarked overspreading my ingenuous face! 'Fatty' wreathed her adipose and pretty features into dimples and smiles; and—I—retired. A wreath of dimples is so mixed a metaphor that I use it to show that my embarrassment remains. Fair, fat, fatty Fatima, farewell for ever.

I do not say that all the women of Seville are either fair or fat, or deserve to be associated with honied oranges. I saw a company of three thousand coming out of the tobacco manufactory, and I did not see anything very sweet or remarkable in their features or conduct. They belonged to the lower classes, and live from hand to mouth. The Government uses one of the most splendid buildings, an old palace, for this monopoly. In it they employ the number of females I have named. These women are renowned less for the liveliness of their lives and expression of features than for the pliancy and piquancy of their tongues. Let the forward soldier, who hangs about the portal to see them come forth at evening, as they do in droves, salute one, beware! It is understood that the new Government is going to abolish this monopoly of the tobacco business. They would do well to abolish it. Thereby they will set us and others a good example. In America the Government undertakes printing presses, speculates in cotton fields, and runs railroads. Where they will run to before they get through we shall see some day. They are all running sores on the body politic.

The Cathedral of Seville is hardly surpassed in the Catholic world. It is next to St. Peter's. The riches of a great mercantile community, at the time when the galleons of Spain were freighted with the silver and

gold of the new hemisphere, were lavished upon this splendid temple. How to picture its Gothic gloom, its numerous naves, its grand organs, its double rows of immense pillars, its gorgeous chapels; how to picture one chapel only, lighted with the sacred tapers, and glittering with stars on a blue firmament, counterparts of the floral decorations upon the altar; how to limn to the eye the vision of St. Anthony, the apparition of the Infant Jesus to the monk, or the Guardian Angel, each by Murillo—would it not require something of the graphic grace of Murillo's own pencil? The latter picture is, to me, next to another of Murillo's—the 'Washing of the Diseased by the Virgin,' which was stolen hence by Soult, and afterwards returned by France to Madrid—the most significant of all the pictures which I have ever seen. I would hardly except the 'Transfiguration,' by Raphael. I have seen all the genuine Murillos at Madrid, Seville, Granada, and at the Louvre, and I confess to a new delight at every new study of his works.

Murillo was born at Seville about the beginning of the seventeenth century. He made his native city famous. It is only, however, within a few years that his bronze monument has been erected before the Museum, where are gathered so many of his genuine works. He was the painter of feminine and infantile beauty. Ford says that his first pictures were cold, his second warm, his third dim, misty, and spiritual. His drawing was most conspicuous in the first, his colour in the second, and his ethereal grace in the last. The vapoury, exquisite, ill-defined glory of the hair of his 'conceptions' is rivalled by no touches of art comparable to them. It is objected that he lacks the sublime and unearthly; that his children are to be seen in Seville, and are not types of the infant Saviour before whom the Magi bowed; that his saints are

Andalusians, and his Madonnas señoras of Seville. But no one denies the magic grace and blending colour which gives to his lines and forms a naturalness which captivates the soul of the simple as well as the connoisseur. His 'Artist's Dream' and its sequel, which we saw in the Museum of San Fernando at Madrid, are more famous than others of his works, perhaps because they have ever had the light to display them. The ether in which they are painted has been permitted to come down in a golden shower for their exhibition. But this dim and grand Cathedral is hardly the place to show them to advantage. Besides, when we saw them there, the light was much curtained by the heavy gold-trimmed velvet hangings.

These hangings were just put up, for the next day was the celebration of Corpus Christi. The guide assured us that the hangings were a present made by the merchants of Cadiz and Seville, and cost 32,000 dollars. This cicerone had an eye to pecuniary values. He gave us an appraisal of each Murillo in Spanish dollars. One he valued at 500,000 dollars. While following him we saw the elevation of the two patron saints of Seville, San Laureano, and San Isidore. They were brothers, and in the religious wars led the Christians. They were successively made archbishops. They are represented, even by those who do not agree with their creed, as men of great intellectual force and acumen. Their figures of silver were lifted by means of ropes and pulleys to their places, for the ceremonies of to-morrow. Rightly to have described this supreme wonder of cathedral architecture, with its many-coloured marbles and richly-hued windows, its illuminated volumes and finely carved choir, one should be entirely alone in the great hush of its stony heart. The seventeen splendid entrances should be closed, the

world shut out, and the twenty-three chapels should be unbarred, that the eye might be nearer to the rich adornings, sculptures and paintings within the sacred precincts. The ninety-three painted windows should shed their choicest dim, religious light. Here in these aisles, where the uncontaminated effluence of God is not tainted with the impurities of mortality; here, under the forms of the sacrificed Saviour and beatified Virgin, with the cross garlanded in enduring marble, or chased in silver made of the first offerings of Columbus from our New World; here, at the twilight hour, rendered even more dusky by the dim light of the Cathedral—here Murillo used to wander, ponder, and dream. What unpainted imaginings were his! Before one picture here—a descent from the Cross, by Campana, a pupil of Angelo—he used to stand in reverential reverie until his eyes swam in tears; until, in rapt vision, he almost waited for the holy men to complete the work of taking our blessed Saviour from the tree. It was before this picture that he desired to be buried; as before it, there came to him in rapt vision—

> 'The progeny immortal
> Of Painting, Sculpture, and rapt Poesy,
> And Arts, though unimagined, yet to be!'

But how can I picture the infinite variety of art, taste, and wealth here gathered. Whither shall I turn? To the colossal St. Christopher, bearing the infant Saviour over the stream? To the historic silver keys of Seville in the sacristy? To the tomb of Mendoza? To the palisades of pipes in the great organs? To the marble medallions? To lofty-vaulted roofs? Or shall I not rather await the great ceremony of to-morrow, when the living masses throng along these aisles, listen to the symphonies of the organs, and the chaunts of human praise? I cannot elect what to do where the

confusion is so interesting and the interest is so charming. As I walk along, thoughtful and silent, in the grand temple, toward the front portal, listening to the music which now begins as the prelude of to-morrow, my eye catches on the pavement a view of two caravels at my feet! This is singular! I look closely. *Colon,—Columbus!* As an American—a Columbian, and as a navigator, having been in every continent, and having once lived in a city of that name—I step back! Columbus! No; it cannot be. I saw his tomb in Cuba. I know that his body is buried in that old grey ivied cathedral at the Havana. I look closely; for the letters are worn. On with my glasses! Down on my knees! Off with the dust! Yes; it is Columbus; but it is only the tomb of his son—Fernando Colon. I read: 'To Castile and Leon Columbus gave a new world!' Here, too, is the epitaph of the son for the father; very touching. But that the father was so pre-eminent, the son would not be in the shade; for he was a rare man and scholar. Within this cathedral is preserved his library of 18,000 volumes, and with them the log-book written by the hand of the father, and his volume on the 'Imaging of a New World;' together with his *a priori* proof from Scripture of its existence. Where his son lived there is now a village, whither Sevillians go on Sundays for cheap wine. The village is named Gelduba, and gives to the descendants of Columbus the title of Count. The family sepulchre is there.

Meanwhile, we have forgotten that this cathedral is founded on a mosque. The tower — Giralda — is Mohammedan. It has for its vane a woman holding a metallic flag, called the Labaro, or banner of Constantine. This blows about according to the wind. Of course, many jokes are made about its feminine fickleness. Although the woman is named 'Faith,' weighs

twenty-five hundred weight, and is fourteen feet high, yet she is moved as easily as a child's bladder-balloon by every zephyr! The illustration displays what I would say. Up this tower we walked—up—up—350 feet. The ascent is easy. The plane is gently inclined. It is a good deal easier to go up than to learn the architect's algebra, for will you believe it? we have found in this architect the originator of that branch of mathematics. His name is Jaber. He was a Moor. He made this tower out of an 'unknown quantity' of Christian and Roman statuary hereabouts. His invariable formula was X plus Y equivalent to nothing. He came to that in the end. Here—to this lofty pinnacle which old Jaber, by 'contracting' his mathematics, built so extensively—we climb. Here we are amid the monstrous bells. From this point the Mohammedan used to cry the muezzin. The same tower now summons the Christian to prayers, and never with more energy than with those bells at this festival season. What a splendid view we have from the tower. Skim the horizon around. You see the mountains of Morena afar; then Almaden, or its mountain vicinity, famed for quicksilver; then, between the mountains and your position, a plain fruitful with harvest ready for the sickle; then the Guadalquivir, across which is the suburb of Triaria; and beyond that, and beyond the green olive hills, is the village where the unhonoured Cortez lived and died, where the honoured son of Columbus lived and died, and where many an old king and emperor was born and died. Sweep round with the walls of the city. Run your vision from the Palace of Montpensier, or from the Tower of Gold, or from the Alcazar and its gardens of orange, citron, pomegranate, and roses—if your eye will run from these three attractions which lie together near the river, thence from this point of triple interest, you may range

round the walls. You may wonder at the tenacity of the Roman cement and the Moorish brick, one upon the other, which constitute even yet an impregnable fortification. Observe the old gates of the city. You will in your range pass through many suburbs; but the old walls mark the old city yet. The view within the walls is that of an Oriental city. The house-roofs are tiled with the grey tile, a little mossed, while the roofs and domes of the churches are, some of them, blue-tiled. The city is compact, and interspersed with greenery, but it does not attract the eye so much from this lofty point as the objects immediately beneath. If you can quit following the pigeons and hawks which have made these towers so populous, and who flit in and out among angles and corbeilles, pinnacles and eaves, look calmly, or, if you cannot, let your head swim down dizzily, as mine did, upon the orange court below — down upon the fountains where the pious Moslems used to wash before prayer—down upon the Moorish walls, square buttresses, truncated pillars, and globe-shaped decorations — down upon the walls of the great Moorish palace, the Alcazar—down upon the Exchange, where three hundred years ago merchants met to discuss the health of the Inca, the shares of Potosi, the news from the Havana (as yet they do now, and quite briskly), where they counted their gains from Chile and Peru, Mexico and Costa Rica—down upon the bull-ring which has so often resounded with plaudits to the real Spanish hero, the matador, and which next Sunday is to be crowded in honour of the festal season—and down upon the Plaza Santo Tomas—where is seen the shop of Figaro—made immortal by the lyre (spell it right, lyre) as the barber of Seville! I think, after such a flight, we may rest at Figaro's. Let him gossip of the señoritas, of his vicinage, and of Don Juan, whose house, by the bye, we saw too, near