

like one of the palaces of the Arabian Nights, or a creation of the kaleidoscope, brilliant with light and color.

These splendid rooms have witnessed some of the darkest deeds which have blotted human records. Here Don Pedro the Cruel received the Red King of Granada, who came with his Moorish chiefs and his costly collection of jewels to a royal banquet; and the guest was murdered by his host, who thus became the owner of the gems, the costliest of which, by the mutations of fortune, is now the great ruby of the English crown. Here, too, the same sovereign had his brother Don Fadrique assassinated, having invited him to come and see the tournaments. Dark stains are shown upon the marble pavement, which are just as genuine blood-stains of the victims as similar spots shown in Holyrood and other places where famous crimes have been committed. It was a relief to go out of these magnificent rooms, haunted with the spectres of such hideous deeds, into the lovely gardens of the Alcázar.

These are extensive and of varied beauty. They were laid out by Charles V., and are a mass of terraces, and paths between myrtle hedges, with fountains and fruit-trees, and flower beds in lavish profusion. It was a favorite pleasure to come after the noonday heat into these gardens, where a gratuity would secure prolonged strolls among murmuring waters and aromatic odors till near sunset, and to carry home roses and hyacinths and other fragrant flowers to adorn our little salon in the Hôtel de Madrid.

In all our walks and drives, we passed and repassed the Giralda. This is the feature of Seville. It rises three hundred and fifty feet into the air, and is surmounted by a bronze figure of Faith, fourteen feet high and weighing twenty-eight hundred pounds, which with strange though unintended sarcasm forms the revolving weather-vane. The tower takes its name from the vane, *girar* meaning to revolve. It was built in 1196 by Abu Jusuf Jacub, as a muezzin tower for the mosque erected by his father. The lower portion is of stone, and the walls are nine feet thick near the base. There is an inner wall in the centre, which supports thirty-five landing-places built upon brick arches, between the outer and inner walls. Inclined planes of brick connect these landings, and the angle is so slight that the ascent to the belfry is easy and could be made on horseback. From the platform, at the height of one hundred and fifty feet, which was the top of the Moorish tower, once rose a spire with four enormous gilt balls which could be seen for miles away. This was thrown down by an earthquake in 1395, and the upper stories of the structure were built nearly two hundred years later. This upper part of the tower contains the belfry with its thirty-five bells, which are rung by a blind man. He was ringing very frequently on the day when I went up, for it was a festival, and I asked him if he never missed the time. He seemed surprised at the question, and said in reply, "How can I when I've nothing else to do?" The belfry is girdled with this motto, "*Nomen Domini fortissima turris.*" Above the belfry is a balustrade, and above that a cupola,

and the whole is crowned by the revolving statue. The copy in New York, on the corner of the Madison Square Garden, differs slightly in detail from the original and has a statue of Diana for its weather-vane.

The Giralda is at once imposing and beautiful. Its surface is plain and bare, up to a certain point, and of a pink color; but there is nothing remarkable except the exactness of its angles. At the height of about sixty feet, beautiful *agimez* windows of different styles and richly decorated panels of Moorish work adorn the sides; then comes a cornice of arched work in exquisite designs. There is something very noble and impressive about the Giralda, and the view from the top is superb. Seville, a mass of white houses amid gardens of green and gold, lies beneath; the Guadalquivir bends gracefully along the edge of the city and bears its commerce in many varied craft: then, in the distance, it sweeps away through the verdant plains to Cadiz and the sea. The towers of the Alcázar, the domes of many churches, covered with red and green tiles, the mighty cathedral at the foot of the tower, the Montpensier palace of St. Elmo, and the mass of verdure in its gardens, in the distance little villages nestling on the hills, further on the peaks and ranges of the Sierra Morena, and over all the deep azure of the sky, cloudless and pure, form a scene to delight the eye and fill the memory with visions of beauty that can never fade.

XVIII

SACRED PLACES IN SEVILLE

THE CATHEDRAL AND ITS TREASURES — CHURCH AND HOSPITAL — A REFORMED RAKE AND HIS CHARITIES — MURILLO'S PICTURES

THE Cathedral of Seville is immense,—a Gothic pile of the best period in Spain, so large and beautiful that the prophecy of the Chapter, which, in July, 1401, resolved to build it, has been fulfilled. They predicted that “future ages would call them mad” for undertaking such a vast edifice, but they paid the bill themselves, aided by the sale of indulgences throughout the kingdom. Nothing was left of the Moorish buildings upon whose site the Cathedral was erected, save the Giralda, the Court of the Oranges, and two porticos. The Cathedral stands alone in the centre of a great square, and is surrounded by a raised platform approached by steps, and is separated from the street by huge chains hung from double columns, which look as if they had been taken from the ruins of the Italica. There are nine entrances of different styles, and the principal façade is towards the west. Its massive walls of brown and pink-colored stone, the pinnacles, and buttresses, and towers, which rise all over the extensive buildings,

and the beautiful Giralda as its crown fill the beholder with wonder and admiration.

We entered through the Puerta del Lagarto, which forms part of the cloisters, and takes its name from a stuffed crocodile which hangs above it, the gift of a sultan of Egypt. The building was being repaired at the time of our visit, and the workmen will occupy it for years to come, for a large portion of the vaulted ceiling fell down a few years since, destroying the choir and ruining a large part of the interior. A force of mechanics are now rebuilding the edifice, strengthening the pillars, renewing the vaulted roof, and repairing the havoc which the fall of tons of stone produced. Huge scaffoldings occupy the centre of the edifice, but it is so vast that we hardly missed the portions which were shut off by high board fences. The cathedral has a nave and four great aisles, besides two lateral ones railed off for chapels, of which there are thirty-seven, all containing masterpieces of painting and sculpture. Ninety-three windows of stained glass give light to the interior. Each aisle is large enough for a church. Everything is gigantic, from the enormous pillars which support the sixty-five arches of the vaulted roof down to the bronze candlestick, twenty-five feet high, which carries a candle made of a ton of wax. Every chapel is a museum. In the royal chapel rests St. Ferdinand, who was made a saint because he heaped wood, with his own hands, upon the fire that burned heretics. His body sleeps in a coffin of solid silver and crystal, but not undisturbed, since three times a year it is displayed for the encouragement of the faithful. It is said to be

in fine preservation, dressed in royal robes, and with a kingly crown. I would rather lie forgotten beneath the waves, or on a lonely mountain, than as a "saint" for crowds to peer at and ignorant devotees to kiss. The very thought of such a lying in state after death is worse than purgatory.

In the chapels there are marble altars and tombs, statues in wood and stone and precious metal, and pictures of rare value and beauty. The most beautiful of these are the "Guardian Angel" of Murillo, in which a celestial being with outspread wings leads a little child by the hand, directing his trusting glance towards heavenly light, the "San Antonio," in which the child Jesus is descending through choirs of attending angels to answer the prayers of a poor saint, who is kneeling in a cell of the cloister, and the painting in the sacristy, by Pedro de Campagna, of the "Taking down from the Cross" of the body of our Lord. Murillo was buried in front of this picture, by his own request. He would stand before the picture for hours, during his lifetime, and once, when the sacristan asked him why he stood there gazing, he answered, "I am waiting for those holy men to finish their work." This is the true temperament of genius.

I attended several special services in the Cathedral, one for the army, which was celebrated with great pomp, and another in preparation for Corpus Christi festival, when hundreds of gorgeously apparelled priests, with candles and swinging censers and musical instruments, went in long procession, and said and sung masses in the different parts of the build-

ing. A few days later, the festival was to be celebrated, one part of which consists in the dancing of a band of choristers before the altar. Travellers describe this scene as fantastic, scandalous, or solemnizing, according to their training and temper of mind. I had no desire to see it, and left Seville a few days before it occurred. Among the sights of the Cathedral, not the least interesting to an American is the tomb of Ferdinand Columbus, the son of the discoverer of the New World, who died at Seville, July 12, 1536, at the age of fifty years. This tomb is surrounded with sculptures of the caravels in which the intrepid navigator sailed, and on the slab is the familiar motto, in Spanish, "To Castile and Leon, Columbus gave a new world." The grandeur of the building, the sombre masses of which it is composed, the richness of the chapels, the choice works of art, the memorials of great achievement and of vanished greatness which are gathered here, unite in making this Cathedral one of the most important in the world and one that well repays the visitor and the student.

A most interesting place in Seville is La Caridad. Under this name there is a church, and also a hospital, which are connected. The Church is chiefly noteworthy for the excellent pictures by Murillo which it contains. The well-organized hospital is interesting, both on account of its history and its present work. Don Miguel de Mañana was a wealthy young nobleman of Seville in the seventeenth century. He was a leader among the gay profligates of that age, in this, the gayest of Spanish cities. If we

may trust his biographies, he was as celebrated for his recklessness in duels and adventures as he was for his generosity and patronage of art. He was the friend and patron of Murillo, and six beautiful pictures in the Church bear witness to his wise beneficence in this direction. But he was wild and lawless—a Don Juan of the seventeenth century. The story of his conversion is told with variations by Juan de Cardenas and M. de Latour, and is something like this: One night, after a debauch, as he came forth into the street, he faced a funeral procession with its torch-bearers and attendants. He asked whose funeral it was; the answer came that it was that of Don Miguel de Mañana, and, as he looked upon the corpse, he seemed to see his own image. The priests were about to celebrate a mass for the soul of the departed, and bade Don Miguel attend the service and pray with them for his soul. He obeyed, and the following morning was found on the floor of the church in a comatose state. He recovered, and became from that hour a changed man. He abandoned his profligate companions, renounced his evil habits, and devoted himself to works of mercy and benevolence. He rebuilt the church, which had belonged to a brotherhood, one of whose duties was to give religious consolation to criminals about to be executed, and he added to it a hospital for the sick poor and a refuge for the aged. There, after a life of piety and humility, he died, leaving directions that his body should be buried at the chapel door so that all who entered might tread upon his grave, which was to be marked with the inscription, "Here

lies the worst man in the world." Though La Caridad is not in an attractive part of the city, it is beautiful within. Two fine courtyards, with plants and fountains, afford quiet and shade to the sick and aged, and the neat wards of the hospital accommodate, in two long galleries, about one hundred old men, many of whom are confined to the bed. The whole establishment is managed by the Sisters of Charity, and has a clean and attractive appearance. After showing the hospital, the sisters took us through a side door into the Church, where we saw a fine carved *retablo*, representing the burial of Christ. This did not occupy our attention long, for there are six pictures by Murillo here, two of which we had specially come to see, the "Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes" and the "Thirst," the subject of which is Moses striking the rock in the wilderness. In the "Miracle of the Loaves," Christ is seated in the foreground, and Andrew is handing him the loaves, which he blesses. A little in front, upon the right, is Peter speaking to a boy, who has a basket containing the two fishes. In the distance, the people are grouped amid a Spanish landscape, with bare rocky hills and wild flying clouds. The groups are very effective, and the coloring is fine; the face of Christ is expressive, but the sitting posture detracts from his dignity. Many would think that the figures of Peter and the fisher-boy were the gems of the picture.

The other picture is one of the best that Murillo ever painted. It contains three groups. In the centre is a large mass of dark rock, from which flows forth the crystal stream. Beside this, Moses stands,

his hands folded, and his eyes raised to heaven in thanksgiving for the miracle. His attitude and bearing are majestic. Aaron is just behind his brother, and is also praying. The thirsty Israelites are rushing forward, each countenance bearing a different expression of mingled anxiety and joy, and animals, from the stately camel to the eager dog, join most naturally in the excited but grateful throng. The grouping of the different scenes is admirable, and the picture is most satisfactory as a whole. There were five other Murillos in La Caridad, but the French took them away, and only one came back to Spain; and under the title of "Isabella Curing the Leper" it is now in Madrid.

The picture gallery of Seville is on the south side of the Plaza del Museo. A statue of Murillo stands in the centre of the square, and the finest of his pictures are upon the walls of the gallery, which contains in all less than two hundred paintings. There are here twenty-four pictures by Murillo, all but three of which are undoubted originals, and at least one-third of these are among his finest works. The famous Conception, St. Francis embracing the Christ Crucified, St. Felix with the infant Saviour in his arms, and St. Anthony of Padua kneeling before the infant Saviour, who is seated on an open book, are beautiful in their composition, charming in their colors, and the grace of the figures is unsurpassed. The Virgins of Murillo are more original than those of Raphael; and his Christs are real and childlike, while those of Raphael have a supernatural aspect, like the child in the picture of the Dresden Madonna.

Murillo is a painter who charms by his sweetness, simplicity, and naturalness, and these qualities are pre-eminent when a group of his pictures are seen, as in this gallery. We came to love his pictures, and cared not to criticise or dissect them. His beggars were so jolly that they did not disgust us, his monks compelled us to accept them as dignified and benevolent ecclesiastics, who were doing good and not evil to mankind, and his scripture scenes and sacred characters won alike our admiration and esteem. It was well worth going to Spain, to become acquainted with Murillo from the best specimens extant of his work.

XIX

SEVILLE AND ITS ENVIRONS

TRIANA AND THE POTTERY — FROM A PALACE TO A DRY
GOODS STORE — THE TOBACCO FACTORY — TYPES OF
BEAUTY — THE RUINS OF ITALICA — STREET LIFE IN
SEVILLE

WE stayed longer in Seville than in any other Spanish city, and, among other things, we saw the pottery, where all sorts of earthen and porcelain ware are made, and whose tiles are almost equal to some of the ancient ones. Yet Spain is far behind other European nations in this, one of the earliest manufactures of mankind, and he who is limited for time can spend it more profitably than in seeing the familiar operations of the potter's wheel and the burnisher's jewel in a foreign land.

Walking through the squares of the city, we came upon a beautiful Moorish palace — modern, of course, but a fine copy of an original, with elegant Moorish courts and gardens, and rooms decorated with arabesques and verses from the Koran. Upon entering the patio, we found the entire place given up to business. It had been bought at auction for forty thousand dollars, by an enterprising trader, from the decayed family who once owned it, or from their creditors; and now piles of gingham and cottons

and ready-made clothes, and even Yankee notions, occupied counters and shelves in the elegant rooms, whose marble pillars and superb walls and ceilings showed the richness and luxury of former tenants. So one generation goeth and another cometh, and even in Seville, the city of love and pleasure, business overcomes sentiment, and debt brings ruin and eviction to spendthrifts.

Thence we took our way to the famous tobacco factory. Entering through a damp court, we followed a guide through an immense building, where five or six thousand women are gathered, making cigars and cigarettes. The work is mostly done in three extensive rooms, where the women sit in little groups around low tables, on which the tobacco and the cigars are piled. I never saw so many women together in my life, and the immediate impression was to degrade and commonize the sex. I do not think that any sensitive man could look upon so many women engaged in such a business, without at least a passing shudder, and the feeling that his sentiments of reverence for womanhood had received a shock. The workers were all comparatively young; not a few had the look and manner of gypsies. Some had infants on their laps, or in cradles beside their work-tables, and there was a great difference in the dexterity and neatness with which they wrought. I watched one woman, who made from seven to ten cigars in a minute, and was told that there were others who could do even better than this. She seized the strips of tobacco known as "filling" from a pile upon the table; from another pile she drew a

wrapper, moistened it with a sponge, smoothed it, and dexterously twisted or rolled it around the filling, bringing one end to a smooth point and cutting the other off with shears. The cigars thus made went into a pile, till twenty-five or fifty were finished, and were then tied in bundles with yellow silk ribbons stamped with the brand or the name of the manufacturer. Most of the women were chattering, and all were bold and coarse in their manners and behavior. We did not agree with some travellers, who have written that all the types of Andalusian beauty may be seen here. Remnants of beauty there certainly were, here and there among the six thousand, and perhaps a thorough cleansing would have brought out a handsome face which had been concealed by dirt and frowsy hair; but, with the exception of very black and often large eyes, and occasionally a rich contrast of color, the elements of beauty were lacking. One womanly trait was almost universal, the love of flowers. The ugliest slattern, equally with the comparatively neat woman, had a flower or two in her hair, on her bosom, or in a jug beside her table. It was a little bit of pure nature in a very dark and depressing human dungeon, as it seemed to me. The very infants brought here by their mothers seemed narcotized and prematurely old; the roses and the lilies alone seemed young and sweet.

As we got into the carriage, we felt the need of a good airing, and directed the driver to take us to Italica.

A pleasant drive of about an hour over a rough

road, along the old banks of Guadalquivir and through the village of Santo Pozo, or "Holy Well," brought us to the Amphitheatre, which is now all that remains here of the once prosperous city, the birthplace of three Roman emperors, Trajan, Hadrian, and Theodosius. Italica was founded in the sixth century, and its palaces, aqueducts, temples, and amphitheatre were magnificent. War and earthquake and the plundering of Sevillian builders have destroyed and depleted the place, and though the form and the walls of the circus remain, all of its mosaics and columns have been removed. It is two hundred and ninety-one feet long by two hundred and four feet wide; there are traces of dens for beasts, and water-tanks, and rooms for gladiators, and the wedge-shaped rows of seats where the people sat to see the show can yet be distinguished.

I am not an archæologist, and preferred to climb upon a grassy slope on the ruined wall, and muse over the historic past, and let imagination people these hills and groves and fill these seats with the rich and gay inhabitants of the Roman province thirteen centuries ago and this arena with gladiators and wild beasts, and then to think what changes have passed over the Roman Empire in these ages, and how much greater and more beneficent is the influence upon mankind of a country which was then unknown than that of Rome with all its power and learning and wealth had ever been! Even Spain in her decadence, with an imperfect form of Christianity, is a far better and happier country than the same land when Italica was in all its glory with Trajan's

magnificent palace, and the vast population flocking to the amphitheatre to see and rejoice in scenes of cruelty and blood. The old brutal spirit lingers, it is true, about the bull-ring in Spain, but it has been tempered by the civilization which Christianity has brought to Europe and the world. When we had mused sufficiently we ate oranges of Seville and bread of Santo Pozo, and then drove back to the city.

The squares of Seville are handsome and surrounded by fine buildings with porticos and balconies. The square of San Francisco contains some of the oldest buildings of the town, with porticos supported on stone columns, and overhanging stories, and jalousies. Most of the streets are very narrow, and the houses are all furnished with iron balconies, which, in the cool afternoons and evenings, are full of women looking down into the streets. Here, too, the señorita listens to the guitar of her lover, according to the romances; and the custom of "eating iron" yet prevails in Spain. The lover who desires to attract the attention of a fair lady who has smitten him, stands before her house, and gazes intently upon the iron balcony, in the hope that his love may appear and reward him with a glance. Though unrewarded, he persists, and it may be that the fair one asks father or brother to find out who the "iron-eater" is. If he is desirable and acceptable, he is admitted as an acquaintance, and his days of "eating iron" are ended. Sometimes the "iron-eater" fails in his suit, and the iron enters into his soul.

In the evenings, no promenade is more brilliant than Las Sierpes, a narrow and crooked street, from

which all vehicles are excluded. The finest shops and the best clubs are along this street; the shopkeepers stand at their doors, and the club members sit in warm evenings far out on the roadway, drinking cool syrups and smoking and gossiping, while the crowds of well-dressed and handsome people promenade, every lady with a fan, which she wields with inimitable grace and meaning. Crowds come out from the theatre to refresh themselves between the pieces. There are as many as four short plays in an evening's performance, each lasting about an hour. One pays fifty centimes for each play that he attends, and stays for all, or takes as many as he chooses. There are gypsy performances, especially provided for the entertainment of foreigners, and street music of all kinds going on through the day and evening. We saw a parade of Spanish troops one afternoon, but it was like the drill of the awkward squad at West Point on a larger scale. In fact, the only Spanish soldiers that we saw, who had a military aspect and bearing, were in and around Madrid. The season was advancing, and with summer would come great heat, so we packed our trunks, and regretfully left the most charming city of Spain.

XX

CADIZ

BETWEEN SEVILLE AND CADIZ — VINEYARDS AND SHERRY
WINE — MILES OF WINE CASKS — PYRAMIDS OF SALT
AND CURIOUS CRUSTACEANS — A CITY IN WHITE —
THE CATHEDRAL — MURILLO'S LAST WORK — AN
EVENTFUL HISTORY

FROM Seville to Cadiz is about ninety-six miles by the railroad, and more by the river. There is no reason why one should go by river when he can go by rail, for the scenery is of the tamest sort; treeless plains with hedges of prickly pear, their great lobes edged with clusters of spikes and pretty yellow flowers, an occasional glimpse of the river, which gnaws its way through the prairie, and fields of wheat, which gave place as we approached Jerez to vineyards, are its only characteristics. At Jerez, the vineyards occupy all the land that is not covered by houses and manufactories of wine. Here sherry wine is made in great quantities, and there are immense "bodegas," or wine-cellars, some of them holding fourteen thousand butts of wine.

Some of it is good wine, and I presume there are honest manufacturers of wine as well as of other things. A gentleman living at Jerez and engaged in the wine business, with whom I afterwards travelled

to Paris, presented me with a few bottles of sherry on the journey, which connoisseurs afterwards pronounced excellent. But Mr. Finck in his "Spain and Morocco," a fresh and charming volume, says that the condition of the wine-trade is deplorable, owing to adulteration. A few years since "some firms began to import German alcohol, and to manufacture a vile, cheap compound, which has injured the popularity of the wine and limited the sale of genuine sherry, which cannot be sold at any such price." The extent to which this adulteration has been carried on may be inferred from the fact that twelve million dollars' worth of German alcohol (made of potatoes and beets) is imported into Spain annually, and of this stuff Jerez got nearly a million dollars' worth in a single year. Going on from Xeres, for so its name used to be spelt, the train travels between piles of casks, which extend for miles along the track; and after passing San Fernando, a gay-looking town, with fantastic lattices and white houses, the salt pits, from which it gains its prosperity, begin to appear on each side of the road. The marshes are full of canals, which convey salt water to shallow rectangular ponds. In these, the salt crystals are formed by evaporation, and then heaped in a central mound. Thousands of these glistening mounds, in the centre of square ponds, appear as far as the eye can reach. It takes from a week to ten or twelve days to evaporate a pond, according to the wind. When a "levanter" blows from the African coast, its drying power is very great, and so the more disagreeable the wind, the better is business at San