

lous magnificence. On the first floor, where the winter apartments were, nothing remains but an oratory of Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholic, and a small room, which is said to be the one where the king Don Pedro slept. From here you descend by a narrow, mysterious staircase, into the rooms inhabited by the famous Maria di Padilla, a favorite of Don Pedro, whom popular tradition accuses of having instigated the king to fratricide.

The gardens of the Alcazar are not very large, nor extraordinarily beautiful; but the memories which they rouse are worth more than mere size or beauty. Under the shade of those oranges and cypresses, near the murmur of those fountains, when a great pure moon shone in that clear Andalusian sky, and the crowd of courtiers and slaves lay down to rest, how many long sighs of enamored sultanas were heard! how many humble words of proud kings! what stupendous loves and embraces! "Itimad! my love!" I murmured, thinking of the famous favorite of King Al-Motamid, and meanwhile I roamed from path to path, as if following her spirit;—"Itimad! Do not leave me alone in this silent paradise! Stop! Give me one hour of bliss this night! Dost thou remember? Thou camest to me, and thy lovely locks fell over my shoulders like a mantle; and as the warrior seizes his sword, so I seized thy neck, which was whiter and softer than a swan's! How beautiful thou wast! How my anxious heart sated its thirst on thy blood-colored lips! Thy beautiful body issued from thy splendidly embroidered robe, as a gleaming blade leaves the sheath; and then I pressed with both hands thy great hips and slender waist in all the perfection of their beauty! How dear thou art, Itimad! Thy

kiss is as sweet as wine, and thy glance, like wine, makes me lose my reason!"

While I was uttering my declaration of love in phrases and images taken from the Arabian poets, and just at the moment when I was entering a path-way lined with flowers, I felt a jet of water between my legs; I jumped back, received a dash in my face; turned to the right, a spray on my neck; to the left, another on the nape of my neck; then I began running, and there was water under me, over me, and on both sides of me, in jets, sprays, and showers, so that in an instant I was as wet as if I had been dipped in a tub. Just at the point when I was about to open my mouth and shout, I heard a loud laugh at the end of the garden; turned, and saw a young man leaning against a wall, who was looking at me, as much as to say: "Did you like it?" When I left, he showed me the spring he had touched in order to play that trick, and comforted me with the assurance that the Seville sun would not leave me long in that wet state, into which I had passed so brusquely, ah me! from the amorous arms of my sultana.

That evening, despite the voluptuous images which the Alcazar had roused in my mind, I was calm enough to be able to contemplate the beauty of the Sevillian women without being obliged to take refuge in the arms of the consul. I do not believe that there exist in any country women who are so thoroughly fitted to suggest the idea of abduction as the Andalusians, not only because they arouse the desire to commit all sorts of deviltries, but because they really seem created on purpose to be seized, bundled up, and hidden away, so small, light, plump, elastic, and soft are they. Their little feet

could easily be got into your coat-pocket, with one hand you could lift them by the waist as you would a doll, and by pressing them lightly with your finger, you could bend them as you would a reed. To their natural beauty is added the art of walking and looking at you in a way to turn your head. They slide, glide, and float along, and in a single moment, while passing you, they show you their foot, make you admire their arm or waist, display two rows of white teeth, shoot a long veiled glance at you which is transfixed and dies in yours, and then go on their way, confident of having raised a tumult in your breast.

In order to form an idea of the beauty of the women of the people, and of their dress, I went, on the following day, to the tobacco manufactory, which is one of the largest in Europe, and employs not less than five thousand operatives. The building is opposite the large gardens of the Duke de Montpensier; the women are almost all in three immense rooms, divided into three parts, by three rows of pilasters. The first effect is stupendous. Eight hundred girls present themselves at once to your view. They are divided into groups of five or six, and are seated around work-tables, crowded together, those in the distance indistinct, and the last scarcely visible. They are all young, but few are children; in all, eight hundred dark heads of hair, and eight hundred dusky faces from every province of Andalusia, from Jaen to Cadiz, and from Granada to Seville. You hear the buzzing that you would in a square full of people. The walls, from one end of the three rooms to the other, are covered with skirts, shawls, handkerchiefs, and scarfs, and, curiously enough, that whole mass of rags, which would be

sufficient to fill a hundred second-hand shops, presents two predominating colors, both continuous, one above the other, like the stripe of a flag. The black of the shawls is above the red of the dresses below, and mixed with the latter, are white, purple, and yellow, so that you seem to see an immense fancy costume shop, or a large dancing-room, in which the ballet girls, in order to obtain more freedom of movement, have hung every thing on the wall which is not absolutely necessary to cover them decently. The girls put on these dresses when they leave, but wear old things while at work, which, however, are white and red like the others. The heat being insupportable, they lighten their clothing as much as possible, so that among those five thousand there may be hardly fifty whose arms or shoulders the visitor will not have the opportunity of admiring at his leisure, without counting the exceptional cases which present themselves quite unexpectedly in passing from one room to the other, behind the doors, columns, or in distant corners. There are some very beautiful faces, and even those that are not absolutely beautiful, have something about them which attracts the eye and remains impressed upon the memory—the coloring, eyes, brows, and smile, for instance. Many, and especially the so-called *gitane*, are dark brown, like mulattoes, and have protruding lips; others have such large eyes that a faithful likeness of them would seem an exaggeration. The majority are small, well made, and all wear a rose, pink, or a bunch of field flowers among their braids. They are paid in accordance with the amount of work they do; the most skillful and industrious earn as much as three francs a day: the indolent ones, *las holgazanas*, sleep with their arms crossed on the



table and their heads resting on their arms. The mothers work while rocking the cradle by means of a rope tied to one leg. From the cigar-room you pass to that of the cigarettes, from the latter to that of the boxes, from this to the one of the packing-cases, and everywhere you see rose-colored petticoats, black hair, and great eyes. In each of these rooms how many histories of love, jealousy, abandonment, and misery one might find! On coming out of the factory, you seem to see on every side, for a time, black pupils which look at you with a thousand different expressions of curiosity, ennui, sympathy, sadness, and drowsiness.

That same day I went to see the picture-gallery.

The museum of painting in Seville does not possess a great number of pictures; but those few are worth a large gallery. There are the masterpieces of Murillo, among which is the *St. Anthony of Padua*, called the most divinely inspired of his creatures, and one of the greatest marvels of human genius. I visited the museum with Signor Gonzalo Segovia and Ardizzone, one of the most illustrious young men in Seville, and I wish that he was here beside my table to testify with his signature that when I looked at the picture I grasped him by the arm and uttered a cry.

Only once in my life have I experienced an emotion similar to that which seized me at the sight of this picture. It was on a beautiful summer night, the sky was full of stars, and the immense plain, which one could take in at a glance from the height where I stood, was wrapped in a profound silence. One of the noblest creatures whom I have ever known was beside me. A few hours before, we had read several pages in a book of Humboldt's. We

looked at the sky, and talked of the earth's motion, of the millions of worlds, and of the infinite, in that subdued tone of voice which comes involuntarily when one is speaking of such things at night, and in a silent place. At a certain time we became silent, and each one abandoned himself, his eyes gazing heavenward, to his own fancies. I do not know by what train of thought I was led to the point I reached, what mysterious effect was produced upon my heart, nor what I had seen or dreamed, but I know that suddenly a veil seemed to be rent before my mind, and I felt within me a perfect conviction of that which up to this time I had rather desired than believed. My heart expanded into a sentiment of supreme joy, angelic sweetness, and boundless hope ; a flood of scalding tears filled my eyes, and seizing that friendly hand which sought my own, I exclaimed from the depth of my soul : " It is true ! It is true ! " and began to cry like a child.

The *St. Anthony of Padua* caused the same emotion. The saint is kneeling in the middle of his cell ; the infant, Jesus, half veiled in a white, vaporous light, attracted by the force of his prayer, is descending into his arms, and St. Anthony, in a state of ecstacy, dashes forward with all his soul and body toward him, throwing back his head, the face radiant with an expression of gratitude. So great was the effect this picture produced upon me, that after a few moments' contemplation, I was as weary as if I had visited a great gallery, and was seized with a tremor which lasted as long as I remained in that room. I afterward saw the other great pictures of Murillo : a *Conception*, a *Saint Francis embracing Christ*, another *Vision of Saint Anthony*, and not less than twenty others, among which is the be-

witching and famous *Virgin of the Napkin*, painted by Murillo upon a real napkin, in the Convent of the Capucinos at Seville, to satisfy a desire expressed by the lay-brother who was serving him. It is one of his most delicate creations, into which he has thrown all the magic of his imimitable coloring; yet none of these pictures, although objects of marvel to all the artists of the world, could draw my thoughts and heart from that divine Saint Anthony.

There are also in that museum pictures by the two Herreras, Pacheco, Alfonso Cano, Paul de Cespedes, Valdes, and Mulato, who was Murillo's servant, and admirably imitated his style; and last of all, the famous great picture of the *Apotheosis of St. Thomas of Aquinas*, by Francis Zurbaran, one of the most eminent artists of the seventeenth century, surnamed the Spanish Caravaggio, perhaps superior to the latter in truth and moral sentiment, a powerful naturalist, vigorous colorist, and an inimitable depicter of austere monks, emaciated saints, pensive hermits, and terrible priests; and above all a poet who was not vanquished by penitence, solitude, and meditation.

After having showed me the picture-gallery, Signor Gonzalo Segovia took me through a number of little streets, to the famous *Franco's* Street, which is one of the principal ones of the city, and stopping before the small shop of a clothes merchant, smilingly said:

"Look; doesn't this shop make you think of any thing?"

"Really, nothing."

"Look at the number."

"It is number fifteen; but what of that?"

"Oh, gracious!" exclaimed my amiable guide.

"Number fifteen,  
On the left hand!"

"The shop of the *Barber of Seville!*" I cried.

"Exactly that," he replied, "the shop of the barber of Seville; but be careful, if you talk of it in Italy, not to take your oath on the matter, because traditions are often treacherous, and I do not wish to assume the responsibility of an historical assertion of so much importance."

At that moment the merchant came to the door, and divining the reason of our presence, laughed and said:—No está.—"Figaro is not here;" then graciously bowing, withdrew.

I begged Signor Gonzalo to show me a *patio*, one of those enchanting *patios* which, in looking at them from the street, had made me dream of so many delights.

"I wish to see at least one of them," I said to him; "I want to unravel its mysteries, to touch its walls, and to assure myself that it is a real thing, and not a vision." My desire was instantly gratified. We entered the *patio* of one of his friends. Signor Gonzalo told the servant the object of our visit, and we were left alone. The house had only one floor. The *patio* was not larger than an ordinary room; but was all marble and flowers, had a jet of water in the centre, pictures and statuary all around, and from roof to roof was stretched an awning to keep off the sun. In one corner was a work-table; here and there were chairs and footstools, upon which, perhaps, but a short time before, had rested the feet of some Andalusian, who was now peeping at us through the floats of the blind. I looked at every thing attentively, as I should have done in a house

abandoned by the fairies ; seated myself, closed my eyes, and imagined myself the master ; then rose, dipped my hand into the fountain, felt of a small column, went to the door, picked a flower, raised my eyes to the windows, laughed, gave a sigh, and said ;

“ How happy the people who live here must be.”

At that moment I heard some one laugh, turned around, and saw two eyes (which instantly disappeared) gleaming behind the shutter.

“ In truth,” I said, “ I did not believe that any one could live so poetically. To think that you enjoy these houses all through your life, and that you have any desire to rack your brains with politics ! ”

Signor Gonzalo explained all the secrets of the house.

“ All this furniture,” he said, “ these pictures, and vases of flowers disappear as autumn approaches, and go upstairs, which is the spring and winter dwelling-place. As summer draws near, beds, wardrobes, tables, chairs, and every thing are brought to the rooms on the ground-floor, and the family sleeps and eats here, receiving their friends, and working among the flowers and statuary to the murmur of the fountain. As the doors are left open at night, one sees from the sleeping rooms the *patio* illuminated by the moon, and perceives the odor of the roses.”

“ Oh, that 's enough,” I exclaimed, “ that 's enough ; Signor Gonzalo, have some pity for strangers ! ” and both laughing heartily, we left the *patio* to go and see the famous *Casa de Pilatos*.

In passing through a solitary little street, I saw in the show-window of a hardware establishment a collection of such immensely long, broad knives that I was instantly seized by the desire to purchase

one. I entered ; twenty or more were spread out for my inspection, and I had them opened one by one. Every time a blade was opened I gave a step backward. I do not believe one can imagine a more horrible or barbarous-looking weapon than this. It has a copper, brass, or horn handle, is slightly curved, and cut in open work which shows little streaks of various-colored isinglass, opens with a noise like that of a rattle, and out comes a blade as broad as your hand, and two palms in length, in the shape of a fish, as sharp as a dagger, and ornamented with chasings colored red (so that they look like stains of congealed blood), and menacing and ferocious inscriptions. On one is written in Spanish: "Do not open me without cause, or close me without honor;" on another: "Where I touch all is finished;" on a third: "When this snake bites no physician is of any avail;" and other pleasant mottoes of the same nature. The proper name of these knives is *navaja*, which also means razor, and the *navaja* is the weapon with which the common people fight their duels. Now, it has rather fallen into disuse, but once it was in great demand. There were masters in this art, each one of whom had his secret thrust, and the people fought duels in accordance with all the rules of the cavaliers. I purchased the most enormous *navaja* in the shop, and we continued our route.

The *Casa de Pilatos* belonging to the Medina-Coeli family, is, after the Alcazar, the most beautiful monument of Arabian architecture in Seville. The name came from the fact that the man who built it, Don Enriquez de Ribera, the first Marquis of Tarifa, had it copied after the dwelling of the Roman prelate, which he had seen at Jerusalem, where he had gone on a pilgrimage. The

external appearance of the house is simple ; the interior is marvellous. You first enter a court, not less beautiful than the enchanting one of the Alcazar, girdled by a double row of arches supported by beautiful marble columns, which form two very light galleries, one above the other, and so delicate as to make one fear that the first breath of wind may destroy them. In the centre is a graceful fountain, upheld by four marble dolphins, and crowned by a head of Janus. The walls are ornamented, at their base, by dazzling mosaics ; farther up, they are covered with every kind of capricious arabesque ; and here and there open into beautiful niches which contain the busts of Roman emperors. At the four corners of the court rise four colossal statues. The rooms are worthy of the court ; the ceilings, walls, and doors are sculptured, embroidered, beflowered, and covered with historical scenes, all executed with the delicacy of a miniature. In an old chapel of mixed Gothic and Arabian style, most elegant in form, is preserved a small pillar, little more than three feet in height, donated by Pius V to a descendant of the builder of the palace, who was at that time Viceroy at Naples ; and it is to this pillar, according to tradition, that Jesus Christ was bound for his scourging ; all of which proves that Pius V did not believe this, otherwise he would scarcely have committed the unpardonable error of depriving himself of such a valuable relic for the benefit of the first comer. The whole palace is filled with sacred associations. On the first floor, the custodian shows you a window that corresponds to that near which Peter was seated when he denied Jesus, and the little window from which the maid-servant recognized him. From the street you

see another window with a little stone balcony that occupies precisely the place of that where Jesus was shown to the people with a crown of thorns. The garden is full of fragments of ancient statues brought from Italy by this same Don Pedro Afan de Ribera, Viceroy of Naples. Among the other fibs which they tell about that mysterious garden is, that Don Pedro Afan de Ribera had placed there an urn, brought from Italy, which contained the ashes of the Emperor Trajan, and that some curious person having awkwardly overturned the urn, the emperor's ashes were scattered in the grass, and that no one ever succeeded in gathering them together again. Thus the august monarch, born at Italica, had returned, by a strange accident, to the neighborhood of his native city, not quite in a condition to go and meditate upon its ruins, it is true; but, nevertheless, he was near them.

After all I have jotted down, it may be said, not that I saw Seville, but that I began to see it. I stop here, however, because all things must have an end; so leave on one side the promenades, squares, gates, libraries, public palaces; houses of the grandees, gardens, and churches; confining myself to the remark that after having roamed about for several days from sunrise to sunset, I was obliged to leave Seville with my conscience overwhelmed by a feeling of remorse. I no longer knew which way to turn. I had reached such a stage of weariness, that the announcement of something new to see filled me with more alarm than pleasure. The excellent Signor Gonsalvo inspired me with courage, comforted me, and shortened my road by his very pleasant society; but the fact remains, that I only retain a very confused idea of the things seen during those last few days.



Seville, although it no longer deserves the glorious title of the Athens of Spain, as in the time of Charles V and Philip II (when, mother and hostess of a great and choice body of poets and painters, it was the seat of civilization and the arts of the vast empire of its monarchs), is always among the cities of Spain (with the exception of Madrid) the one where artistic life is most flourishing, as regards the greatest number of geniuses, the labors of the patrons of art, and the nature of the people, who are passionately devoted to the fine arts. There is a flourishing academy of literature, a society for the protection of the arts, a famous university, and a body of sculptors and savants who have a great reputation in Spain.

The person most noted in literary circles at Seville is a woman, Catherine Bohl, the authoress of the novels which bear the name of Fernan Caballero, are very popular in Spain and America, have been translated into nearly all the languages of Europe, and are known also in Italy (where some of them were published a short time ago) by every one who is at all interested in foreign literature. They are admirable pictures of Andalusian life, full of truth, soul, and grace, and, above all, such a powerful, vigorous faith, such intrepid religious enthusiasm, and such ardent Christian charity, that the most sceptical man in the world would be touched by them. Catherine Bohl is a woman who would meet martyrdom with the firmness and serenity of St. Ignatius. The consciousness of her own strength reveals itself on every page. She does not confine herself to defending and preaching religion, but she assails, threatens, and denounces its enemies; not alone the enemies of religion, but also every man and every thing

which is imbued with, to make use of a common phrase, the spirit of the age, because she never excuses any thing that has been done in the world from the time of the Inquisition to the present day, and is more inexorable than the Syllabus. This is, perhaps, her greatest defect as a writer, because her religious dissertations and invectives are too frequent, so that when they do not disgust one, they weary and prejudice him, rather than produce the desired effect. However, there is not the shadow of bitterness in her soul, and what she is in her books, that she is in her life : lovely, good, and charitable, and, therefore, is worshipped like a saint in Seville. She was born in that city, married very young, and is now a widow for the third time. Her last husband who was ambassador from Spain to London, killed himself, and from that day she has never left off her mourning. She is nearly seventy, was very beautiful, and her noble and serene face still bears the imprint of beauty. Her father, who was an extremely clever and cultivated man, made her learn several languages when she was young ; so that she understands Latin thoroughly, and speaks Italian, German, and French, with marvellous facility. Yet although the European and American newspapers and publishers make her large offers, she never writes at all now, but still does not lead an idle life. She reads from morning until night every kind of book, and while reading either knits or embroiders, because she feels that her literary studies ought not to take one moment from her feminine occupations. She has no children, lives in a solitary house, the best portion of which she has given up to a poor family, and she spends the greater part of her property on charity. One very curious trait of her character is

the strong affection she has for all kinds of animals ; she has her house filled with birds, cats, and dogs ; and she is so extremely sensitive in this regard that she has never been willing to put her foot into a carriage lest a horse should be whipped on her account. Every kind of suffering affects her as if it were her own ; the sight of a blind man, a sick person, or of any species of misfortune, disturbs her for the entire day. She cannot go to sleep, if she has not first dried some weeping eyes, and she would gladly give up all her fame to save an unknown person from a heartache. Before the revolution she lived less alone ; the Montpensier family received her with great honor ; the most illustrious families of Seville vied with each other in entertaining her ; but now she lives only among her books and a few friends.

During the time of the Arabs, Cordova took the first rank in literature, and Seville in music. Averroes said : " When a savant dies at Seville, and they wish to sell his books, they send to Cordova ; but if a musician dies at Cordova, they send his instruments to Seville to be sold." Now Cordova has lost her literary prestige, and Seville has them both. Certainly these are no longer the days in which a poet, by singing of the beauty of a girl, could draw a crowd of lovers about her, from all parts of the kingdom ; or one prince envied another simply because a poem had been written in his honor, which was more beautiful than any he himself had inspired ; or a caliph rewarded the author of a fine national hymn with a present of a hundred camels, a band of slaves, and a golden vase ; or when an ingenious strophe, improvised at the right moment, loosened the chains of a slave, or saved the life of one condemned to death,—those days, when musicians

walked through the streets of Seville followed by a train of monarchs, or the favor of poets was sought like that of the kings, and the lyre was more feared than the sword. Yet the Sevillians are still the most poetical people in Spain. The bon-mot, the term of endearment, and the expression of joy and enthusiasm burst from their lips with a bewitching grace and spontaneity.

The common people of Seville improvise verses, talk so that they seem to be singing, gesticulate as if they were declaiming, and laugh and frolic like children. One never grows old at Seville. It is a city where life melts away in a continuous smile, without any other thought than that of enjoying the beautiful sky, lovely houses, and luxurious gardens. It is the most quiet city in Spain; is the only one, in fact, which, from the revolution up to the present time, has not been agitated by any of those sad political demonstrations which have convulsed the others. Politics do not extend beyond the surface; they spend their time in making love, take every thing else as a joke (*todo lo toman de broma*, as the other Spaniards say of the Sevillians); and, in truth, with that perfumed air, those small streets, like oriental cities, and the little women full of fire, why should they trouble themselves about any thing? They are badly spoken of at Madrid, where it is said that they are vain, false, changeable, and given to gossip. It is nothing but jealousy! The Madrid people envy them their happy temperament, the sympathy which they inspire in strangers, their girls, poets, painters, orators, Giralda, Alcazar, Guadalquivir, life, and history! At least so the Sevillians declare, while beating themselves on the breast, and sending out a cloud of smoke from their inseparable *cigarrito*; and

their beautiful little women revenge themselves on those of Madrid and the rest of the world, by speaking with a contemptuous pity of the long feet, large waists, and dead eyes, which in Andalusia would not be honored by a glance or sigh. They are a beautiful and amiable people, in truth, but, alas! one must look at the other side of the picture. Superstition reigns, and there are few schools (as is the case throughout almost all of Southern Spain), which is, in part, their own fault, and partly not; but, perhaps, they are most to blame in the matter.

The day fixed for my departure arrived most unexpectedly. It is strange, but I scarcely remember any of the particulars of my life in Seville. It is quite a marvel if I can tell myself where I dined, what I talked about to the consul, or how I passed the evenings, and why I arranged to leave on a certain day. I was not quite myself, and was really bewildered during my entire sojourn in that city. Aside from the museum and *patio*, my friend Segovia must have found that I knew very little; and now, I do not know why, I think of those days as a dream. No other city has left upon me so vague an impression as Seville. Even to-day, while I am very sure of having been at Saragossa, Madrid, and Toledo, sometimes in thinking of Seville, I am seized by a doubt. It seems to me like a city much farther away than the last boundaries of Spain, and that to return to it I should be obliged to travel for months, cross unknown territories, great seas, and meet people quite different from us. I think of the streets of Seville, of certain little squares and houses, as I would think of spots on the moon. At times the image of that city passes before my eyes, without my mind being able to grasp it at all; I see it in smelling an orange

with my eyes closed ; and in taking the air at certain hours of the day, at a garden gate ; or in humming a melody which I heard sung by a boy on the staircase of the Giralda. I cannot explain this secret to myself, for I think of it as I would do of a city still to be seen, and I enjoy looking at the pictures and books I purchased there, because they are the things which prove to me that I have been there.

A month ago I received a letter from Segovia, which said to me : "Come back to us ;" which gave me great pleasure, but I laughed, at the time, as if some one had written : "Take a trip to Pekin." It is just for this reason that Seville is dearer to me than all the cities of Spain ; I love it as I should an unknown woman, who, in passing through a mysterious thicket, had given me a glance and thrown me a flower. How many times when a friend shakes me, saying : "What are you thinking about ?" (whether it be in the parquet of a theatre or in a café) I am forced, in order to return to him, to leave Maria de Padilla's little room, a boat that is gliding under the shade of the plane trees on the Christina promenade, the shop of Figaro, or the vestibule of a *patio* filled with flowers, sprays of water, and lights !

I embarked on a ship of the Segovia Company, near the Torre del Oro, at an hour when Seville was buried in a profound slumber, and a burning sun covered it with a sea of light. I remember that a few moments before our departure, a young fellow came on board to look for me, and handed me a letter from Gonzalo Segovia, which contained a sonnet, that I still preserve as one of the most precious mementoes of Seville. On the boat was a company of Spanish singers, an English family, some work-

men, and children. The captain, like a good Andalusian, had a kind word for all. I instantly began a conversation with him. My friend Gonzalo is a son of the owner of the ship; we talked of the Segovia family, Seville, the sea, and a thousand pleasant things. Ah! poor man, he was far from thinking that a few days later that unfortunate ship would have gone down in mid ocean, and he would have come to such a terrible end! It was the *Guadaira* which burst its boiler a short distance from Marseilles, on the 16th of June, 1872.

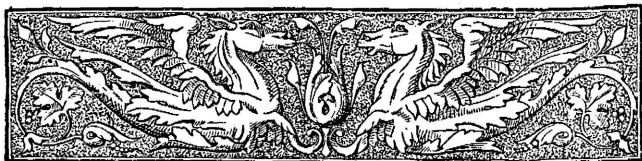
At three o'clock the ship started for Cadiz.



JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA

P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife  
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA





## CHAPTER X.

CADIZ.

THAT evening was the most delightful of all my journey.

Shortly after the steamer had started, there rose one of those light breezes which play, like the hand of a child, with the bow of the cravat and hair on one's temples; and from bow to stern came the voices of women and children, as is always the case with a party of friends at the first snap of the whip which announces the departure for a gay trip into the country. All the passengers gathered at the stern under an awning as variegated as a Chinese pavilion, some sitting on the cordage, some stretched out on benches, others leaning over the railing, and all turning toward the Torre del Oro, to enjoy the famous and enchanting sight of Seville as it withdraws and disappears from view. Some women's faces were still bathed with the farewell tears, the children were still bewildered by the noise of the machinery, and some ladies had not yet finished scolding the porters because they had ill-treated their trunks; but a few moments later all grew quiet, began eating oranges, lighting cigars, passing small flasks of liquor, entering into conversation with strangers, humming and laughing, and in a quarter of an hour we were all friends. The



ship glided with the ease of a gondola over the quiet and limpid waters which reflected like a mirror the white dresses of the ladies, and the air brought us the odor of oranges from the groves on the shore peopled with villas. Seville was hidden behind its girdle of gardens ; and we could only see an immense mass of very green trees, above them the black pile, the cathedral, and the Giralda, all rose-color, surmounted by its statue flaming like a tongue of fire. As we got farther and farther away, the cathedral appeared grander and more majestic, as if it were keeping behind the ship and gaining on us ; now it seemed, although following us, to withdraw from the shore ; now that it was astride the river ; one moment, appeared to have suddenly returned to its place, and an instant later was apparently so near as to make one suspect that we were going back. The Guadalquivir wound along in short curves, and Seville appeared and disappeared, according to the direction the steamer took. Now it peeped out on one side as if it had stretched beyond its boundary ; now sprang suddenly above the groves, gleaming like a height covered with snow ; then showed some white streaks here and there among the green, and hid itself again, playing all sorts of coquettish tricks like a capricious woman. Finally it disappeared and we saw it no more ; then only the cathedral remained. At this point every one turned to look at the shore. We seemed to be floating on the lake of a garden. Here was a hill covered with cypress, there a flowery slope, farther on a village scattered along the bank ; under the arbors in the gardens, or on the terraces of the villas were ladies looking at us through opera-glasses. Here and there were families of peasants dressed in

bright colors, sail-boats, and naked boys who were diving and tumbling about in the water, screaming, and waving their hands at the ladies on the ship, who straightway covered their faces with their fans. Some miles from Seville, we met three steamers quite close to each other. The first came upon us so suddenly, in a turn of the river, that I, unaccustomed to that style of navigation, feared for a moment there would be no time to avoid a collision. The two boats passed so near as almost to touch each other, and the passengers on both saluted one another, threw oranges and cigars, and exchanged messages for Seville and Cadiz.

My travelling companions were almost all Andalusians; so that after an hour's conversation, I knew them from the first to the last, as if they had been friends of my childhood. Each one instantly told those who would listen, and those who would not, who he was, how old he was, what he was doing, where he was going, and some even mentioned how many sweethearts they had had, and the number of pecetas in their purses. I was taken for a singer, and this will not seem strange to any one who knows that in Spain the people believe three-quarters of the Italians gain their livelihood by singing, dancing, and acting. A gentleman, seeing that I had an Italian book in my hand, asked me point-blank :

“Where did you leave the company?”

“What company?” I said.

“Oh, are you not the one who was singing with Fricci at the Theatre of the Zarzuela?”

“I am sorry; but I have never been on the boards of a theatre.”

“Indeed; then I must say that the second tenor and you are as much alike as two drops of water.”

"Is that so?"

"Pray, pardon me."

"Don't mention it."

"But you are an Italian?"

"Yes."

"Do you sing?"

"I regret to say that I do not."

"That's curious. To judge from the formation of your neck and chest, I should have said that you ought to have a powerful tenor voice."

I struck my chest and throat, and replied:

"That may be; I will try; one never can tell.

I possess two of the necessary qualities: I am an Italian, and have the throat of a tenor; perhaps the voice may come."

At this point the prima donna of the company, who had overheard the dialogue, took part in the conversation, and all the rest of the company followed her example.

"The gentleman is Italian?"

"At your service."

"I ask because I want a favor done. What is the meaning of those two lines in 'Trovatore'?"

"Non può nemmeno un Dio  
Donna rapirti a me."

(Not even a God can take you from me.)

"Is the lady married?"

All began laughing.

"Yes," replied the prima donna; "but why do you ask?"

"Because—not even a God can take you from me, is what your husband, if he has two good eyes in his head, ought to say to you every morning and every evening."

*"Ni Dios mismo podria arrancármela."*

The others laughed ; but the prima donna thought this fancied pride of her husband so strange, this affirming himself secure even from a God, while perhaps she knew that she had not always been wise enough to avoid the men, that she barely returned my compliment with a smile to show me that she had understood it. Then she immediately asked me the explanation of another verse, after her the baritone, after the baritone the tenor, and after the tenor the second lady ; so that for some time I did nothing but turn bad Italian verses into the worst Spanish prose, to the great satisfaction of those good people who, for the first time, were able to say that they comprehended a little of what they had been singing with the air of understanding thoroughly. When every one knew as much as he desired, the conversation broke up. I remained sometime with the baritone, who hummed me an aria of the Zarzuela ; then I attached myself to one of the chorus, who told me that the tenor was making love to the prima donna ; then I drew the tenor aside, and he betrayed to me the little secrets of the baritone's wife ; after which I talked with the prima donna, who, in her turn, said the most horrible things of the whole troupe ; yet they were all great friends, and meeting each other in the promenade up and down on deck, the men pinched one another, the women threw kisses, and all exchanged glances and smiles that revealed secret understandings. Some sang the gamut here, others hummed there, one did a trill in this corner, and another tried *do* in the chest, which ended in a rattle, and meanwhile they all talked together of a thousand trifles. Finally, the bell rang and we rushed to table with the

impetuosity of so many officers invited to a grand dinner given in honor of the unveiling of a monument. At that dinner, amid the cries and shouts of all those people, I drank, for the first time, a glass of that strong wine of Jerez, whose praises are sung at the four corners of the globe. I had scarcely swallowed it before I felt a spark running through my veins, and my head became as heated as if it were full of sulphur. All the others drank, were seized with an unbridled spirit of gaiety, and indulged in an irresistible style of conversation. The prima donna began talking Italian; the tenor, French; the baritone, Portuguese; the others, in dialect; and I, in every language. Then followed the toasts, songs, cheers; glances, pressure of hands above the table, touching of feet underneath, and the declarations of sympathy were exchanged in all directions like the imperinences in Parliament, when the Right and the Left get disputing. At the close of the dinner, all went on deck, in the best of spirits, quite enveloped in the smoke of cigarettes. There in the light of the moon, which made the river look like silver, and covered the groves and hillsides with a very soft light, the conversation grew noisier than before. After the conversation came the songs, not little airs of the Zarzuela, but from grand operas with flourishes, duets, terzettes, and choruses, accompanied by gestures and stage strides, interspersed with the declamation of verses, anecdotes, tales, loud laughter, and great applause; until breathless and worn out all were silent. Some fell to sleep with upturned faces, some went to crawl under cover, and the prima donna seated herself in a corner to look at the moon. The tenor snored, and I made the most of this opportunity to have a little air of the

Zarzuela sung to me : *El Sargento Federico*. The courteous Andalusian did not wait to be begged, but sang immediately ; suddenly, however, she stopped and bowed her head. I looked at her and she was weeping. I asked her what was the matter, to which she sadly replied : "I was thinking of a perjury." Then burst out into a laugh, and began singing again. She had a flexible, harmonious voice, and sang with a tender sadness. The sky was studded with stars, and the boat glided along so smoothly that it scarcely seemed to move. I thought of the gardens of Seville, the not distant Africa, of a dear one who was awaiting me in Italy, became lachrymose, and when the woman stopped singing, said to her :

"Sing on"—for

"Mortal tongue can never tell  
That which I felt within my breast."

At daybreak the boat was on the point of entering the ocean, the river was immensely broad, the right bank hardly looked, in the distance, like a strip of land, beyond which shimmered the waters of the sea. Some instants thereafter, the sun appeared above the horizon, and the ship left the river. Then such a spectacle spread out before our eyes that, if one could combine in a single representative art poetry, painting, and music, I believe that Dante with his greatest imageries, Titian with his most gleaming colors, and Rossini with his most powerful harmonies, would not have succeeded in producing its magnificence and fascination. The sky was a marvellous blue without a single cloud, and the sea so beautiful that it looked like an immense carpet of

shining satin, and shone on the crests of the little waves which the light wind caused, as if it were covered with azure gems. It formed mirrors and luminous streaks, sent out in the distance flashes of silvery light, and displayed, here and there, tall white sails, resembling the floating wings of gigantic fallen angels. I have never seen such vivid coloring, wealth of light, freshness, transparency, and purity of water and sky. It seemed like one of those dawns of the creation which the fancy of poets have depicted as being so pure and gleaming that ours are like a pale reflexion in comparison to them. It was more than the mere awakening of nature and the rousing of life; it was like a fête, a triumph, a rejuvenation of creation, which felt a second breath of God expanding itself into the infinite.

I went down to fetch my opera-glasses, and when I got on deck I saw Cadiz.

The first impression it produced was that of doubt as to whether it really was a city or not; then I laughed and turned toward my travelling companions with the air of a person who wished to be assured that he was not deceived. Cadiz looks like an island of plaster. It is a great white spot in the midst of the sea, without a dark shading, a black point, or a single shadow upon it; a spot very pure and white, like a hill covered with driven snow, which stands out against a beryl and turquoise-colored sky, in the midst of a vast watery plain. A long narrow strip of ground joins it with the mainland, and it is bathed on all sides by the sea, like a ship ready to set sail and only fastened to the shore by a cable. Little by little we could distinguish the outlines of the bell towers, the shapes of the houses, and the openings of the streets. Every thing

seemed whiter and whiter as we approached it, and as long as I looked at it through my glasses, I was unable to discover the smallest black spot on the buildings around the harbour or in the most distant suburbs. We arrived in port, where there were only a few ships at a great distance from each other. I got into a boat without even taking my valise with me (because I was to leave that same evening for Malaga), and so great was my desire to see the city, that when the boat touched the shore, I jumped too soon, and fell to the ground like a dead body which still feels, alas! the pains of a live one.

Cadiz is the whitest city in the world; and it is useless to contradict me by saying that I have not seen all the cities, for I am right in declaring that a city whiter than one which is completely and superlatively white, cannot exist. Cordova and Seville do not compare with Cadiz; they are as white as paper, but Cadiz is as white as milk. In order to give an idea of it, one could not do better than write the word "white" with a white pencil on blue paper, and make a note on the margin: "Impressions of Cadiz." Cadiz is one of the most extravagant and graceful of human caprices. Not only are the external walls of the house white, but the houses themselves, their courts, walls of the shops, the stone seats, pilasters, the most remote corners, darkest houses of the poor, or most unfrequented streets. In fact, every thing is white from attic to cellar, wherever the point of a brush can reach, even to the holes, cracks, and birds' nests. In each house there is a deposit of lime, and every time the scrutinizing eye of its inmates discovers a small spot, they make a raid with the brush and it is covered. No servant who does not understand whitewashing is received



in any family. A scratch of charcoal on the walls is a scandalous thing, an attempt to disturb the public peace, and an act of vandalism. You may wander about the entire city, look behind all the doors, poke your nose into every hole, and you will find nothing but that everlasting white.

Yet, despite this fact, Cadiz does not resemble in the slightest degree the other Andalusian cities. Its streets are long and straight, the houses high, and without the *patios* of Cordova and Seville. The city, however, does not strike the stranger less agreeably on this account. The streets are straight, but very narrow, so that, as they are very long too, and most of them cross the whole city, one can see, at the end, as through the crack of a door, a small strip of sky, which almost makes it look like a city built on the top of a mountain, cut into points on all sides. Moreover; the houses have a large number of windows, and every window is furnished, as at Burgos, with a species of projecting enclosed balcony, which rests on that of the window above, and supports the one of the window below; so that in many streets the houses are completely covered with glass. You hardly see a bit of wall, and seem to be walking through the corridor of an immense museum. Here and there, between the houses, project the superb branches of a palm; in every square there is a luxurious mass of verdure; and at all the windows there are tufts of grass and bunches of flowers.

In truth, I was far from imagining that it could be so gay and smiling,—this terrible and unfortunate Cadiz, burned by the English in the sixteenth century, bombarded at the end of the eighteenth, devastated by the plague, and then entertainer of the fleets of Trafalgar, the seat of the revolutionary

Junto during the War of Independence, the theatre of horrible massacres in the revolution of 1820, the standard-bearer of the revolution which drove the Bourbons from the throne, is always restless and turbulent, and the first of all to give the war-cry. Nothing remains to tell the tale of all these struggles and vicissitudes but cannon balls buried in the walls, for over the other traces of destruction has passed the inexorable brush, which covers every shame with a white veil. As in the case of the latest wars, neither are there any traces of the Phœnicians who founded it, or of the Carthaginians and Romans who embellished it, unless one chooses to consider as a trace the tradition which says: "Here rose a temple to Hercules, there rose one to Saturn." But time has done something worse than take from Cadiz its ancient monuments. It robbed her of commerce and wealth, after Spain lost her possessions in America; and now Cadiz lies inert on her solitary rock, awaiting in vain the thousand ships which used to come, gaily beflagged, to bring her the tributes of the New World.

I had a letter of introduction for our consul, carried it to him, and was courteously taken by him to the top of one of the towers, from which I could take in the whole city at a glance. It was a novel and intense surprise! Cadiz, seen from a height, is white; yes, as perfectly, purely white as when seen from the sea. There is not a roof in the entire city. Every house is closed at the top by a terrace surrounded by a white-washed parapet. From almost all these terraces rises a small tower, white, too, which, in its turn, is surmounted by another terrace, cupola, or species of sentinel's box; every thing white. All these little cupolas, points,