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## SEVILLE

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SEVILLE, more than any city I have ever seen, is the city of pleasure. It is not languid with pleasure, like Venice, nor flushed with hurrying after pleasure, like Buda-Pesth; but it has the constant brightness, blitheness, and animation of a city in which pleasure is the chief end of existence, and an end

easily attained, by simple means within every one's reach. It has sunshine, flowers, an expressive river, orange-groves, palm-trees, broad walks leading straight into the country, beautiful ancient buildings in its midst, shining white houses, patios and flat roofs and vast windows—everything that calls one into the open air, and brings light and air to one, and thus gives men the main part of their chances

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A QUIET CORNER

of natural felicity. And it has the theatres, cafés, shops, of a real city; it is not provincial, as Valencia is; it is thoroughly concentrated, and yet filled to the brim; it has completely mastered its own resources.

Life is everywhere; there are no melancholy gaps, vacant spaces, in which a ruinous old age has its own way desolately, as in most really picturesque cities; as in Venice, for instance, which it resembles at so many points. It has room for itself, and it is not too large for itself. And in living gayly, and in the present, it is carrying on a tradition: it is the city of Don Juan, the city of Figaro.

Rome without its villas would not be Rome; and Seville, which is so vividly a town, and with so many of a town's good qualities, has the most felicitous parks, gardens, and promenades (excepting those of Rome) that I have ever found in a city. Gardens follow the river-side, park

after park, and every afternoon Seville walks and drives and sits along that broad road leading so straight into the open country, really a Paseo de las Delicias, a road of trees and sunlight. Turn to the right or to the left, and you are in a quiet shadow, in a lane of orange-trees or an alley of acacias. There are palms and there is water, and there are little quaint seats everywhere; paths wind in and out; roses are growing in mid-winter; they are picking the oranges as they ripen from green to gold, and carrying them in the panniers of donkeys, and pouring them in bright showers on the ground, and doing them up in stout boxes.

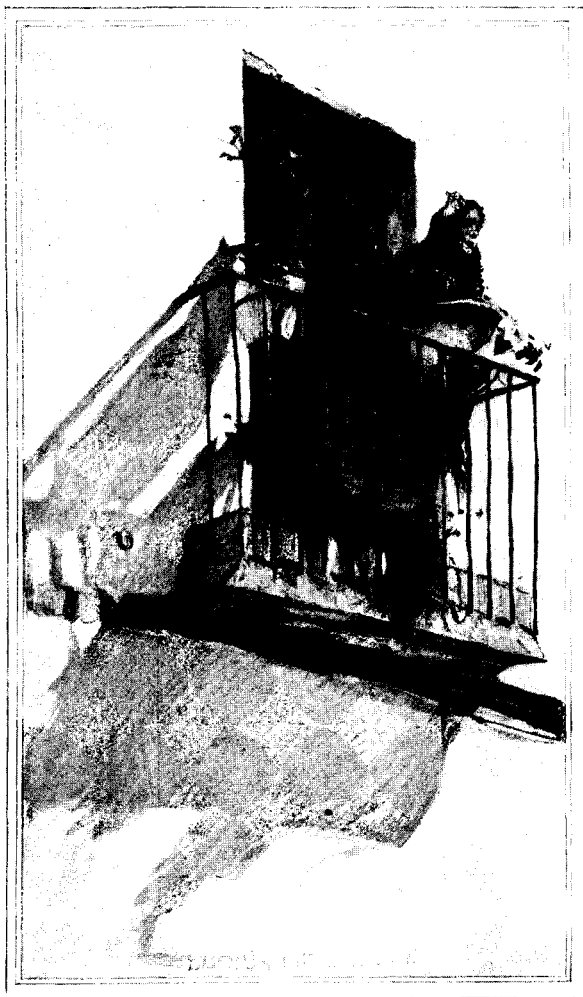
Great merchant-vessels lie against the river-side, unloading their cargoes; and across the park, on the other side of a wall, drums are beating, bugles blowing, and the green meadow-grass is blue and red with soldiers. In the park, girls pass wrapped in their shawls, with roses in

their hair, grave and laughing; an old gardener, in his worn coat with red facings, passes slowly, leaning on his stick. You can sit here for hours, in a warm quiet, and with a few dry leaves drifting about your feet to remind you that it is winter.

Seville is not a winter city, and during those months it seems to wait, remembering and expectant, in an acquiescence in which only a short and not uneasy sleep divides summer from spring. To the Northern stranger its days of sunshine and blue sky seem to make winter hardly more than a name. Sun and air, on these perfect winter afternoons, have that rare quality which produces what I should like to call a kind of active languor. The sharpening of a breath, and it would become chill; the deepening of the sunshine, and it would become oppressive.

But to enjoy sympathetically all that Seville, even in winter, can be to its own people, it is not enough to go to the parks and the Paseo; one must go, on a fine Sunday afternoon, to the railway line which stretches onwards from the Barqueta, along the river-side, but in the opposite direction. The line is black with people, at one hour going, at another returning, an unending stream which broadens and scatters on both sides, along the brown herbage by the river, and over the green spaces on the landward side. At intervals there is a little *venta*; there are bowling-alleys, swings, barrel-organs, concertinas, the sound of castanets, people dancing, the clapping of hands, the cries of the venders of water, shell-fish, and chestnuts, donkeys passing with whole families on their backs, families camping and picnicking on the grass, and everywhere chairs—chairs on the grass,

two sitting on each chair, in a circle about the dancers, as they dance in couples, alternately; chairs and tables and glasses of manzanilla about the *ventas*; and always the slow movement of



A BALCONY OF THE COMMON PEOPLE

people passing, quietly happy, in a sort of grave enjoyment, which one sees in their faces when they dance. Here is the true *pueblo*, the working-people, *cigarreras*, gypsies, all Triana and the Macarena; and could people amuse themselves more simply or more quietly, with a more enjoyable decorum? As they turn homewards, in another long black line, the sun is setting; a melancholy splendor burns down slowly upon the

thin trees across the water, staining the water with faint reflections, and touching the dreary, colorless shrubs along the river-side with delicate autumn colors, as sunset ends the day of the people.

## II

And yet this, if the true Seville, is not all Seville, and I found another, silent, almost deserted city, which fascinated me almost more than this living and moving one, when I wandered about at night, in streets that sank to sleep so early, and seemed so mysteriously quiescent, under the bright sky and the stars. Night passed rarely without my coming out of some narrow street upon the vast Plaza del Triunfo, which holds the Cathedral, its pagan counterpart, the Giralda, the Alcazar, and the Lonja. The tall tower of the Giralda was always the first thing I saw, rising up, like the embodied force of the delicate powers of the world, by the side of the Christian Cathedral. Seen from the proper distance, it is like a filigree casket that one could lift in the hand, as Santa Justa and Santa Rufina lift it in Murillo's picture; looking up from close underneath it, it is like a great wall hiding the stars. And the Moors have done needle-work on a wall as solid as a Roman wall; far finer work than that bastard splendor of the Alcazar, with its flickering lights, and illuminations like illuminations on parchment. Looking back at the Giralda and the Cathedral from the gateway of the Patio de las Banderas, one sees perhaps the finest sight in Spain.

## III

Much of what is most characteristic in the men of Seville may be studied in the cafés, which are filled every evening with crowds of unoccupied persons, who in any other country would be literally of the working-class, but who here seem to have endless leisure. They are rough-looking, obviously poor; they talk, drink coffee, buy newspapers and lottery tickets, and they are all smoking. The typical Andalusian, as one sees him here, is a type quite new to me, and a type singularly individual. He is clean-shaved, he wears a felt hat with a broad flat brim, generally drab or light gray, clothes often of the same color, and generally a very

short coat, ending where a waistcoat ends, and very tight trousers; over all is a voluminous black coat, lined at the edges with crimson velvet. He is generally of medium height, and he has very distinct features, somewhat large, especially the nose; a face in which every line has emphasis; a straight, thin, narrow face, a face without curves. The general expression is one of inflexibility, the eyes fixed, the mouth tight; and this fixity of expression is accentuated by the arrangement of the hair, cut very short, and shaved around the temples, so as to make a sharp line above the ear, and a point in the middle of the forehead. The complexion is dull olive, and in old age it becomes a formidable mass of wrinkles; by which, indeed, many of these old men, with their clean-shaved cheeks, bright eyes, and short jackets, are alone to be distinguished from their sons or grandsons. There is much calm strength in the Andalusian face, a dignity which is half defiant, and which leaves room for humor. But always there is the same earnestness in whatever mood, the same self-absorption; and, talkative as these people are, they can sit side by side, silent, as if in brooding meditation, with more naturalness than the people of any other race.

The women of Seville are not often beautiful, but one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen was a woman of Seville whom I watched for an hour in the Café Americano. She had all that was typical of the Spaniard, and more; expression, the equivalent of a soul; eyes which were not merely fine, but variable as opals, with twenty several delights in a minute. She was small, very white, with just that delicate hint of modelling in the cheeks which goes so well with pallor; she had two yellow roses in her black hair, at the side of the topmost coil, and a yellow shawl about her throat. One wished she might always be happy.

More often the women are comfortable, witty, bright, and dark; almost always with superb hair and tiny feet. In Seville, more than anywhere else, one sees the Spanish woman already mature in the child, and nothing impressed me more than these brilliant, fascinating little people, at once natural and conscious, with all the gestures of grown women,

*Their Faces Full Of  
Sun And Shadow, . . .  
With Something In-  
toxicating In The  
Quality Of Their  
Charm*





THE VEGETABLE MAN

their way of walking, their shawls, and in their faces all that is finest in the Sevilian, a charm, a seductiveness, a sort of caressing atmosphere, and not merely bright, hard eyes, clear-cut faces, animation, which are to be seen everywhere in Spain. Pass through the Macarena quarter in the evening, and you will see not the least characteristic type of the women of Seville; strange, sultry, fatal creatures, standing in doorways, with flowers in the hair, and mysterious angry eyes; flamencas, with long, ugly, tragic, unforgettable faces, seeming to remember an ancestral unhappiness.

But in Spanish women, along with much childishness and much simplicity, there is often all the subtlety of the flesh, that kind of secondary spiritual subtlety which comes from exquisitely responsive senses. The Spanish woman is a child, but a mature Spanish child, knowing much; and in the average woman of Seville, in her gayety, humor, passion, there is more than usual of the childlike quality. Their faces are full of sun and shadow, often with a rich color between Eastern and Western, and with the languor and keenness of both regions; with something intoxicating in the quality of their charm, like the scent of spring in their orange-groves. They have the magnetism of vivid animal life, with a sharp appeal to the sensations, as of a beauty too full of the sap of life to be merely passive. Their bodies are so full of energy that they have invented for themselves a new kind of dance, which should tire them into repose; they live so actively to the finger-tips that their fingers have made their own share in the dance, in the purely Spanish accompaniment of the castanets. A dance is indicated in a mere shuffle of the feet, a snapping of the fingers, a clapping of hands, a bend of the body, whenever a woman of Seville stands or walks, at the door of her house, pausing in the street, or walking, wrapped in many shawls, in the parks; and the dance is as closely a part of the women of Seville as their shawls, the flowers in their hair, or the supplementary fingers of the fan.

#### IV

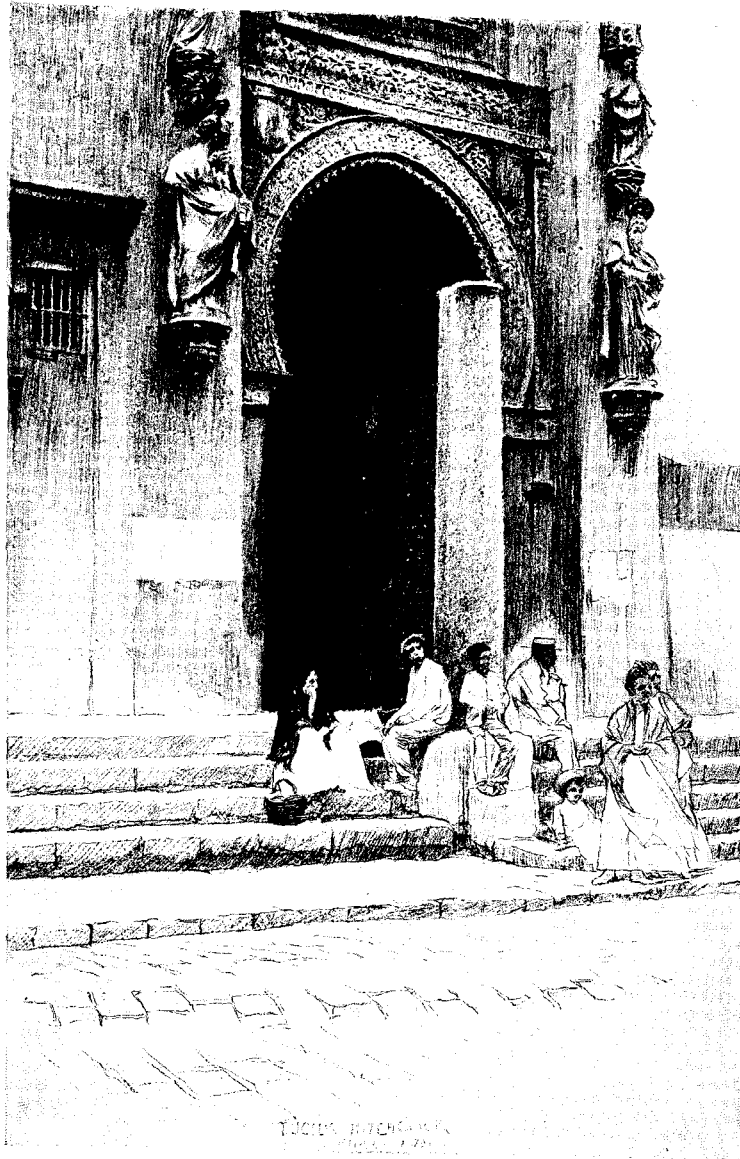
Seville is not a religious city, as Valencia is; but it has woven the ceremonies

of religion into its life, into its amusements, with a minuteness of adaptation certainly unparalleled. Nowhere as in Spain does one so realize the sacred drama of the mass.

On the day of the feast of the Immaculate Conception, the 8th of December, I attended mass in the Cathedral. The gold and silver plate had been laid out by the side of the altar, crimson drapings covered the walls; the priests wore their "terno celeste," blue and gold vestments; the Seises, who were to dance later on, were there in their blue and white costume of the time of Philip III.; the acolytes wore gilt mitres, and carried silver-topped staves and blue canopies. There was a procession through the church, the Archbishop and the Alcalde walking in state, to the sound of sad voices and hautboys, and amidst clouds of rolling white incense, and between rows of women dressed in black, with black mantillas over their heads. The mass itself, with its elaborate ritual, was sung to the very Spanish music of Es-lava; and the Dean's sermon, with its flowery eloquence—flowers out of the Apocalypse and out of the fields of "la Tierra de Maria Santisima," was not less typically Spanish. At five o'clock I returned to the Cathedral to see the dance of the Seises. There was but little light except about the altar, which blazed with candles. Suddenly a curtain was drawn aside, and the sixteen boys, in their blue and white costume, holding plumed hats in their hands, came forward and knelt before the altar. The priests, who had been chanting, came up from the choir; the boys rose, and formed in two eights, facing each other in front of the altar, and the priests knelt in a semicircle around them. Then an unseen orchestra began to play, and the boys put on their hats, and began to sing the *coplas* in honor of the Virgin:

"O mi, O mi amada  
Immaculada!"

as they sang, to a dance measure. After they had sung the *coplas* they began to dance, still singing. It was a kind of solemn minuet, the feet never taken from the ground, a minuet of delicate stepping and intricate movement, in which a central square would form, di-



*Doorway Of The Cathedral Backing  
To The Court Of Oranges*

vide, a whole line passing through the opposite line, the outer ends then repeating one another's movements while the others formed and divided again in the middle. The first movement was very slow, the second faster, ending with a pirouette; then came two movements without singing, but with the accompaniment of castanets, the first movement again very slow, the second a quick rattle

of the castanets, like the rolling of kettle-drums, but done without raising the hands above the level of the elbows. Then the whole thing was repeated from the beginning, the boys flourished off their hats, dropped on their knees before the altar, and went quickly out. A verse or two was chanted, the Archbishop gave his benediction, and the ceremony was over.

# THE SOFT-HEARTED SIOUX

BY ZITKALA-SA

OF THE SIOUX TRIBE, OF DAKOTA

## I

BESIDE the open fire I sat within our tepee. With my red blanket wrapped tightly about my crossed legs, I was thinking of the coming season, my sixteenth winter. On either side of the wigwam were my parents. My father was whistling a tune between his teeth while polishing with his bare hand a red stone pipe he had recently carved. Almost in front of me, beyond the centre fire, my old grandmother sat near the entranceway.

She turned her face toward her right and addressed most of her words to my mother. Now and then she spoke to me, but never did she allow her eyes to rest upon her daughter's husband, my father. It was only upon rare occasions that my grandmother said anything to him. Thus his ears were open and ready to catch the smallest wish she might express. Sometimes when my grandmother had been saying things which pleased him, my father used to comment upon them. At other times, when he could not approve of what was spoken, he used to work or smoke silently.

On this night my old grandmother began her talk about me. Filling the bowl of her red stone pipe with dry willow bark, she looked across at me.

"My grandchild, you are tall and are no longer a little boy." Narrowing her old eyes, she asked, "My grandchild, when are you going to bring here a handsome young woman?" I stared into the fire rather than meet her gaze. Waiting for my answer, she stooped forward and through the long stem drew a flame into the red stone pipe.

I smiled while my eyes were still fixed upon the bright fire, but I said nothing in reply. Turning to my mother, she offered her the pipe. I glanced at my grandmother. The loose buckskin sleeve fell off at her elbow and showed a wrist covered with silver bracelets. Holding

up the fingers of her left hand, she named off the desirable young women of our village.

"Which one, my grandchild, which one?" she questioned.

"Hoh!" I said, pulling at my blanket in confusion. "Not yet!" Here my mother passed the pipe over the fire to my father. Then she too began speaking of what I should do.

"My son, be always active. Do not dislike a long hunt. Learn to provide much buffalo meat and many buckskins before you bring home a wife." Presently my father gave the pipe to my grandmother, and he took his turn in the exhortations.

"Ho, my son, I have been counting in my heart the bravest warriors of our people: There is not one of them who won his title in his sixteenth winter. My son, it is a great thing for some brave of sixteen winters to do."

Not a word had I to give in answer. I knew well the fame of my warrior father. He had earned the right of speaking such words, though even he himself was a brave only at my age. Refusing to smoke my grandmother's pipe because my heart was too much stirred by their words, and sorely troubled with a fear lest I should disappoint them, I arose to go. Drawing my blanket over my shoulders, I said, as I stepped toward the entranceway: "I go to hobble my pony. It is now late in the night."

## II

Nine winters' snows had buried deep that night when my old grandmother, together with my father and mother, designed my future with the glow of a camp fire upon it.

Yet I did not grow up the warrior, huntsman, and husband I was to have been. At the mission school I learned it was wrong to kill. Nine winters I hunted for the soft heart of Christ, and pray-