

HOLY WEEK IN SEVILLE.

BY STEPHEN BONSALE.



THE great bustard is winging his way over the city which Hercules built, they say, that all the world might wonder. The chilly levanter which makes the winter in Seville so sharp, though short, has died away in a shower of rain; and when the dark clouds, which seem to feel the falsity of their position, roll away, dispelled by gentle zephyrs from the South, it is seen that the trees which were so bare have budded, leaved, and even flowered overnight. The breeze brings with it a blessed burden of fragrance and the soft breath of spring, and the balm of the jasmine, the honeysuckle, and the orange-blossom pervades my *patio* and makes a paradise of it.

Out in the *plazuela*, the little square upon which my *patio* peeps, and which has looked so dreary during our gentle equinoctial storm, one hears, at first timidly, then more boldly, the tinkle of the guitar; and the chilly silence, or the patter of the great crystal raindrops, gives place to a gentle song of the budding year.

Out in the *plazuela* upon which our iron-grated *patio* opens the neighbors are bringing daily the first flowers that bloom in their gardens as an offering to the guardian angel of the place. Behind a quaint and antique grating, in a niche high above the reach of the unbeliever, Our Lady of Song has been adored by the dwellers in this quiet spot for centuries. There are a hundred legends which recount the good offices and the miracles which Our Lady of Song has showered upon her faithful people, and there is not a market-man or muleteer in all Seville who cannot tell you the story of our gracious Lady—of how, after the defeat on the Guadalete, when the hordes of the Saracens rolled over the country like a tidal wave, the dwellers in this *plazuela*, with many an anxious fear and dread misgiving, buried the sacred image away in the hollow of the wall, there to await the dawn of brighter days. And every street-boy in Seville will tell you, with Andalusian flowers of speech, that when the proud paladins of the Reconquest came riding through these narrow streets into the

purified city, their war-horses knelt, and neither by steel nor by persuasion could be induced to pass the sacred spot where Our Lady lay buried; and how, as the proud paladins wondered, and were at heart dismayed, the wall shook and quivered as though resisting some mystic force that was pent up within, until at last the great stones fell to the ground, and there was revealed to the amazed onlookers the image of Our Lady of Song, which during long centuries had been here preserved from the contamination of the Saracen. And they will tell you that the garlands and the chaplets which the Gothic Christians, in their fond despair, had wreathed about her head were fresh and fragrant still, and that the tears which had fallen fast the day of that sad burial shone like a diadem of pearls about her brow on the day of her resurrection.

And so Our Lady of Song is the protectress of the *plazuela*, and the flowers of the blossoming year are hers. Here, too, in the dark of the evening, when the night-watchman has lighted the little lamp, the oil of which the dwellers in this region contribute from their scanty store, Our Lady listens patiently to many a prayer and many a petition which we would not dare to address to the greater saints of the holier places, or even to speak of in the more magnificent shrines of the basilica or the *sagrarios*. And here, too, it is the custom, in this sweet land of Maria Santísima, for the night-strolling troubadour to touch a gentle chord or two of the soft guitar, asking Our Lady's favor upon the adventure of the evening. Not but what the spirit of bold emprise still survives in the souls of our Don Juan Tenorios of to-day; still, it is well to seek the blessing of Our Lady, for there are steep walls to climb, and treacherous trees to be trusted, before the *azotea* can be reached where, with trembling heart and troubled eyes, crouches one who is waiting the coming of the troubadour.

Yes, spring has come; for the donkeys from Villaverde poke their noses through the iron grating into the *patio*, and with pleading eyes ask you to buy the burden of scarlet flowers which they bring; and the de-

structive tourists with their cameras, who dispel the charm they seek, are assembling in our plazuela, and taking stray shots at our patio. Poor fellows! they are enchanted, and we listen to the praises sung in uncouth tongues; and yet, it is only our formal patio they see, the antechamber to the paradise beyond. This is merely a great white sepulcher of marble, in which a fountain plays softly throughout the day, and where the banana-trees are alined in hideous green boxes, precisely like a parade of Prussian grenadiers. But the real patio, a place of pleasure and of repose, lies behind that Moorish rug which is surmounted by the suggestive, smiling features of the satyr that Don Vicente found in the Roman ruins of Italica, and modestly ascribes to Phidias or Praxiteles. Within there blossoms a luxuriant garden,—a *huerta*, an orchard, perhaps, rather than a patio,—where Don Vicente and I discuss that wonderful school of Sevillian philosophy which Hegel has overlooked, and make a feast to Ceres with figs and Manzanilla wine. In this garden, Don Vicente tells me, Don Gonsalvo rested, and said that his sword might rust. It was here, too, that Ponce de Leon dreamed twoscore years, and awoke to seek in other climes the years that had fled while he was dreaming. But I too had well-nigh transgressed. Over the portal of this sanctuary there may still be read an inscription with which Ibn-Ibu Mohammed commands his friends that by no unsatisfying word of man should they presume to sing the glories of his garden.

FOR days the traffic of the city has been clogged with caravans of palm-bearing donkeys, and now the day dawns on which we are to celebrate with becoming pageantry the entrance of the Son of man into Jerusalem. It is a red-letter day in our patio, which is greatly favored over all the other patios which to-day look out right enviously upon the plazuela; for, as every one knows who lives in our *barrio*, or ward, good Don Vicente is bound to one of the canons of the cathedral by ties of a Homeric friendship based upon some youthful reminiscences, which they recall in very different versions on every Sabbath afternoon when the sun shines in the patio; and the garrulous canon proclaims this friendship boldly to the world, every Palm Sunday, by presenting Don Vicente with a cathedral palm, though Don Vicente is suspected of freemasonry, and though there still runs a rumor which credits him with having advised Castelar to build

barricades, and not to give up the republic without a shot.

The bringing home of the blessed palm is in Seville a great family function, which means more than it suggests to the casual observer. The palm, to begin with, is the crown of the family tree, and stands for the unity of the household, and the concord of as many as dwell together. There is a branch of olive in every room and in every recess of the great rambling ruin in which we live; but the palm, which, alas! this year is bound to the balustrade of the balcony with mourning-bands, is our profession of faith and our observance of the Passover. Long before the bells of the Giralda call us to the cathedral, a great brass *brasier* filled with slow-burning charcoal is dragged out into the patio, and in a moment the withered and faded palm, which this year has protected us so ill from the visitation of the angel of death, is but a handful of white ashes. With it the record of a year of sorrows and a year of joys vanishes in white smoke. Sad indeed it is that both alike should leave their scars behind!

While the women are embroidering the gaudy ribbons, and with deft fingers are making the gay rosettes with which the new palm is to be bound to the balcony, we start for the cathedral, to bring home in triumph the Christian palladium under which we are all to live in the new year. We soon enter the Patio of the Red Oranges, by the Gate of Pardon, and then we drift through the many-columned aisles of the cathedral into the Sagrario, where the belated visitors to the confessional are being shriven; for who would spend the Sabbath of the Palms with the shadow of a sin upon his soul? The great temple is in gala array, in memory of the entrance into Jerusalem. Innumerable giant *candeleros*, covered with delicate workmanship, light up the altar, whence so soon all light is to be withdrawn. The radiant sun turns the golden-clasped missal-books into sheets of flame; the scene is one of regal, celestial magnificence. But one shudders as one sees the leaning walls and the great iron girders, which, it is said by great architects and builders, have been placed there a century too late; and the thought possesses one—the thought which saddens the lives of the people of Seville—that this temple soon may become, like the temple of Jerusalem, a shapeless mass of formless stones.

The great palms are placed beside the altar, and glitter like mammoth sheaves of golden wheat in the sea of sunlight that floods the chancel. One by one, the venera-

ble cardinal blesses them, and they are distributed to the canons, the beneficiaries, and the acolytes, according to seniority. In the hand of each celebrant there is now held one of the tall, waving palms.

Nothing more majestic and imposing can be imagined than this long procession of the golden palms, nodding and vibrating with each step that the canons take in their journey around the holy places. Nor are these wonderful curving lines and symmetrical figures upon the leaves of the palms produced in a day. They are the result of much care and tireless industry. When the spring is coming, the most suitable branches of the great palms which grow in the valley of Villaverde are carefully selected. They are then lightly bound about with hempen cords near the main stem, that the ascending sap may not enter these particular branches; so the palms never grow green, but the rich golden color deepens. The palms so selected are then sent to the different convents in the city, each of which is obliged to furnish the cathedral with so many palms at Eastertide. In these secluded retreats the nuns weave the palm-leaves into those strange, delicate shapes which in the distance give them the appearance of fantastic golden chalices.

The procession, headed by the venerable cardinal, who leans heavily upon his apostolic crook, now descends the steep steps of the basilica. The streets are black with thousands who have assembled there to witness the solemn spectacle; and at the near approach of the cross, which, studded with bright scintillating stones, would seem to be a pillar of fire, every head is bared, and every knee is bent; and so they remain until the rustle of the murmuring palms dies away in the distance. It seemed at one moment that the symbolic journey would never be completed by one of the chief actors. The weight of years and the burden of infirmities bear him down, and for a moment the procession stops, and the venerable prelate leans heavily upon the shoulder of his coadjutor and clutches at the hand of his theologian. There seemed to gather a misty haze before his eyes as he looked over the kneeling multitudes—as he looked, perhaps for the last time on Palm Sunday, upon the grand Gothic pile in which his tranquil life has been spent, his earthly labors crowned. But it was only a moment of physical weakness. Again the sacred emblems and the murmuring palms advance, and the cardinal proceeds, dispensing his apostolic blessing upon the kneeling multitudes as he goes. And now, the sym-

bolic journey completed, the procession enters the Gate of Pardon, and under the orange-trees with their blood-red fruit it approaches the great gate of the Sagrario. The doors are closed and barred. One of the acolytes, who bears the cross, advances, and raps three times upon the metal-work of the door with the sacred symbol. The great gates are solemnly unbarred, and then the procession disappears among the winding aisles of the basilica. The soft winds bring back to those who remain in the great courtyard the triumphal message, and we know that the allegory of the entrance of the Saviour into Jerusalem is over.

The thousands of spectators stream homeward, bearing their triumphal palms; and the palm of Don Vicente is bound, with all the bravery of the bright ribbons, above the portal of our patio, whence for the time the shadow of death has fled.

The images which appear in the Holy Week processions are all, almost without exception, examples of that wonderful school of sculpture in wood for which the city on the Guadalquivir was famous in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The work of this school, of which Hita was the apostle and Roldan and Montañes the most remarkable disciples, is distinctive from the fact that the carving of raiment is essayed, and with fair success; hence the name of *escultura estofada*, by which it is known. This year the *cofradías*, or Christian brotherhoods, paraded to the number of twenty-six, averaging two floats apiece, representing, one and all, some scene in the epic of the world's great tragedy, from the manger in Bethlehem to Golgotha. The processions should begin, on the afternoon of Palm Sunday, with the visit of five brotherhoods to the cathedral. But it was eight o'clock in the evening before the scouts of the *hermano mayor*, or elder brother, of the first *cofradía* appeared before the governor and the mayor, seated in state before the city hall, to ask for the usual permission to pass; and the dark looks of the Señor Alcalde and the attending flock of aldermen and sheriffs were blacker even than the curious *capirotos*, or inquisitorial caps and hoods, which the devoted delegates wore. We learned afterward that the delay of four hours in the appearance of the processions had been intentional—the way the *cofrades* had hit upon to mark their extreme disapproval of the conduct of the city council, which this year was so pennywise as to appropriate only the meager sum of three thousand dollars as their con-

tribution toward the really enormous expenses entailed upon the brotherhoods by the parades.

We who were seated on the grand stand, a scaffolding which covered the front of the Municipal Building, expected to witness an outbreak of civic ire from the poor mayor, who had been sitting listlessly for four hours or more in his cumbersome gala robes and in his magnificent red-and-gold chair of state. But the mayor was a wise man. It was rumored that, had he said anything, the brotherhoods were prepared either to divert the procession from the time-honored course past the city hall, and so ignore the civil authorities, or to turn about face, and calmly escort the sacred images back to their shrines. But, as I have said, the mayor was wise. He beamed upon the delegates of the *cofradia*, and with a pleasant smile, as though congratulating them on their punctuality, gave the required permission. The impertinent penitents bowed haughtily in acknowledging his graciousness, and then, bearing aloft their huge beeswax tapers, sprang as fast as they could make their way through the throng, like twin zigzagging stars, which now and then would shine triumphant through the black clouds of humanity that were banked together in the plaza, until at last they twinkled out of sight, far up the meandering street through which the *cofradías* are to come.

In another moment a squadron of cavalry appeared, slowly forcing its way through the multitude, and leaving an open path for the procession to follow. The immense crowds were flattened up against the houses like pancakes; but not a word or a moan arose from these most enduring of sightseers. And now there appeared in this great passageway, which the soldiers had cut with the flat of their swords, the hooded figure and muffled form of a very large man.

Straight before him, like a Prussian color-sergeant, he proudly bore his ensign, a huge cross, of more than heroic size, of inlaid ivory and tortoise-shell, reflecting most wonderfully the light of a thousand steadily burning tapers. Flanking the cross-bearer, but a few feet behind him, came two more standard-bearers, of lesser stature, as became their lesser importance. They carried the flying standards of the Holy Roman Empire, of the day before it was holy, with the world-conquering letters inscribed upon them in heavy golden embroidery, "S. P. Q. R." Then followed the main body of *cofrades*, or Nazarenes, of the brotherhood, a long trail of

light extending back as far as the eye can see in the darkness of the winding, sinuous Street of the Serpents. For a moment—for a minute—we strain our eyes in vain; but at last the sacred image rises out of the darkness into view. It is a constellation of rising stars, an avalanche of light and color, advancing majestically through the darkness which it dispels. The platform, or float, bearing the image of our Lady of Sorrows draws nearer and nearer, floating as smoothly as a gondola upon summer seas. But as it comes still nearer the secret of the prosaic moving power is betrayed by the hard and rhythmic breathing of the forty or fifty porters, who, harnessed up, with collars about their necks and trace-straps to bring their back muscles into play, are bearing wearily along the platform and the image, hidden from general view by the drapery which hangs from the float. It is perhaps characteristic of Andalusian indolence that, with all the pride they take in the successful appearance of their particular images, the brothers have never taken the precious burden upon their own backs. The porters are all imported *Gallegos*, or Galicians, who in Seville, as everywhere else on the Peninsula, are the hewers of wood and the drawers of water.

Once opposite the seated dignitaries, one of the muffled Nazarenes raps three times with a great silver hammer upon the platform. It is a signal which the porters are not loath to hear. The platform comes to a standstill, and the image sinks down, like a swan alighting on the soft, yielding bosom of the sea. Only, if you stoop down and look, you will see the porters, running with perspiration, and lying flat upon their bellies, like dogs that are dead beat, upon the uneven paving of the streets. Since the dazzling cross appeared in view, attracting to its mirror surface the rays of light and sending them out in brilliant reflection, every head is bare, and all have risen. Later some kneel in silent prayer before the approach of Our Lady of Sorrows, and then there follows a general buzz of conversation, the subject of which is, I regret to say, the new mantle which Our Lady is wearing to-day for the first time.

It is of magnificent dark-blue damask velvet, bordered with lace, and embroidered profusely in gold and silver, with great and peculiar beauty of irregular design. The image, which is believed to be by Roldan, is of heroic size, and the idea of great height that it gives is intensified by the raised platform

on which the image stands, and by the gorgeous gilded crown and circumambient halo which surmount and surround the head. Our Lady wears a girdle of gold studded with many precious stones, and carries in her hands, which are singularly lifelike, a kerchief of delicate point-lace, as transparent and light as a web of the fairies' weaving. It is the most precious piece of lace in the Montpensier collection, and it has well become queens in sorrow and princes in exile before now. If only half the legends are true that they spin about this lightly woven web, which has been bathed in the tears of many a woe, what stories it might tell, what gentle secrets reveal! The platform upon which the image is placed is covered with mossy banks, from out of which nod the graceful flowers of the month; while about the float on every side, and in every possible formation of candelabrum and candlestick, are burning thousands of tapers, which, taken together with the torches of the Nazarenes, flood the dark plaza with the light of the most garish day. About her neck hangs a great string of barbaric pearls, perhaps the spoil of some successful *razzia* made by a Seville chieftain down the Barbary coast, in the ages that are gone. Her bosom glistens like a breastplate of stars. There are rubies and diamonds, sapphires and emeralds, upon it; and many are of great price—dying gifts, for the most part, of the *vamareras*, or tirewomen, of the sacred image.

One of the *cofrades* now gave the signal for departure—the three short, sharp raps with the silver hammer. There was heard the low rustle of the many hempen sandals worn by the invisible Galicians, and the image of Our Lady, in all the pomp of her new raiment, floated down the plaza toward the dark, narrow street which leads to the cathedral.

The shadows were claiming it for their own when there rang out from one of the overlooking balconies an invocation (*saeta*, or arrow—winged words, as they call them in Seville) to the Lady of Sorrows, who is passing out of our sight. The strong-voiced singer stood in a bower of flowers, on the balcony of one of the ancient ramshackle houses which, across the plaza, face the Municipal Building. Her face was the face of a sibyl, dark and mysterious; her voice the voice of a prophet, shrill, piercing, and not altogether of this world. One arm was raised above her head, as though to menace with their doom the thoughtless thousands below, who smoked cigarettes and ate sweets

in the boxes, and discussed the toilets of the images as though they were theatrical celebrities at the play.

La Virgen de los Dolores
Siempre la traigo conmigo,
Aquel que no la trajere
No me tenga por amigo.

(The Virgin of Sorrows
I carry her always with me,
And he who bears her not
Can be no friend to me.)

On the afternoon of Holy Wednesday five more processions went out, and as many more on Maundy Thursday. It is customary to spend Thursday morning in visiting the shrines and *sagrarios* in which the sacred images hold court, awaiting the coming of the eventful hour when they are carried out on their yearly pilgrimage to the basilica. The faithful naturally flock first to the shrine in which the image is housed and the *cofradia* convened to which they belong, or in which they are most directly interested. Subsequently all in the least rigid in their observance of Holy Week visit some six or seven other churches; and it is quite natural that these churches should invariably be the ones in which are installed the most gorgeous and the most popular images. And here, in hushed whispers, are exchanged many amusing confidences between them as to the comparative artistic merits of the image before them and their own peculiar and parochial image.

After the visits and the pilgrimages to the shrines, the stations of the day are concluded by a visit to the monument in the cathedral. It is a *chapelle ardente* which represents the Holy Sepulcher. The chapel is crowded by a great procession of ecclesiastical and civic dignitaries, who, headed by the cardinal and the governor in full regalia, march from the *Sagrario* to the monument, through the winding aisles of the church, bearing in their hands great blood-red candles which shed a shuddering sanguine light, and tell of the deed that the world is lamenting.

I was so fortunate as to convince the stern *cofrade* on guard that I was not an emissary of the envious *macarenos*, a rival brotherhood—that, indeed, I too was quite of his opinion that there is no other image in the world like the fair, promising face of Our Lady of Hope; and so I was admitted into the sacred precincts of the shrine, and witnessed the finishing touches that were given to Our Lady's toilet. As I entered the som-

ber gray church, I found the select council of cofrades and their critical womankind scrutinizing most closely the sacred image and her toilet, upon which the elder brother of the fraternity, and the elder sister, or chief tirewoman, had spent so many hours of anxious thought during the year. These serene worthies were passing through the ordeal with surprising composure, and making a show of listening with Olympian indifference to the shower of suggestions and criticisms which fell upon their handiwork. There was one amendment which, proposed by a young and pretty matron, seemed well taken and came very near being carried. It was, Why should Our Lady of Hope carry a kerchief in her hand?—"as if Hope ever came to grief and dissolved in tears," said the vivacious matron, upon whom, I noticed, the elder sister did not look with that affection which we hear distinguished the early Christians.

"Why should Our Lady of Hope carry a point-lace kerchief?" ran the query; and the younger and more thoughtless members of the fraternity rallied to the cry, proud of having propounded a question which visibly was the occasion of some confusion in the high council. At last the keeper of the archives arrived, and the question was referred to him.

"Why should Our Lady of Hope carry a kerchief?" he repeated. "*Pues bien*, because, in the first place, our lord Don Philip II of Spain made a grant, in the year 1560, out of his private purse, of six hundred golden ducats, with which he ordered that the most delicate kerchief to be found in all Flanders be bought for Our Lady, to be worn by her on the journey to the cathedral, and on all fête and holy days for all time."

"But what should our bright and smiling Lady of Hope do with a kerchief?" continued the vivacious matron. "Does it not seem out of place in her toilet?"

"What should Our Lady do with the king's kerchief?" roared the parchment-faced antiquarian. "What should she do with it but wipe away the tears from the cheeks of those who have fallen down before strange gods, and come to her hopeless?"

The members of the young and critical party shrank away, and took refuge in the dark and somber recesses of the more distant chapel for a while; but soon they returned, undaunted, to criticize.

"There is too much kohl on one of Our Lady's eyebrows, and the rouge on one cheek makes the other cheek look pale and haggard," they asserted. This charge raised

a hot debate, and the council was not willing to have it simply voted down until the matter had been thoroughly investigated. The declining sun filled the vaulted ceiling of the church with a flood of light, but only a faint reflection of it came down into the dark nave where the image was placed. The candles about the float were lighted, but immediately extinguished, both factions agreeing that nothing is so deceptive as candle-light by day. So as a last and final expedient, a great scaling-ladder was brought, and a young and agile cofrade climbed up the ladder to the vaulted ceiling, and, catching the still strong rays of the setting sun in a mirror, reflected them down upon the upturned visage of Our Lady of Hope. And now, after careful scrutiny in this strong light, the council decided unanimously that one brow had been unduly darkened, but that the little touches of rouge which had been given to the cheeks were equable and beyond criticism. "T is the very breath of life, the hue of health itself," said the gallant antiquarian, who kissed the tirewoman's hand in compliment and in homage; adding in a loud voice, that all might hear, "No one knows so well how to place rouge artistically as the elder sister," at which complimentary outburst the elder sister seemed only moderately pleased.

In the twilight the great doors of the church are thrown back with a loud noise as of the discharge of a cannon; the altar-boys rush ahead, sprinkling heavy waves of incense over the noisome streets; and out of the slough of the low-lying tenement district the beautiful image is carried toward the grand basilica, the central and glorious shrine.

It is after midnight, the morning of Good Friday, and there is not a single man, woman, or child in all Seville a-sleeping. It is as though some imperial edict had gone forth, and that they, in obedience to it, had come and assembled in their thousands in the great squares and public places, in the Street of the Serpents and the Plaza of San Francisco, to witness in decorous silence the strange, unusual sights that were to be revealed to them. The cafés are mobbed, but with reserved, monosyllabic mobs. While there is conversation, there is no chatter; and little by little even the clatter of the dominoes is hushed, for the players have fallen asleep, and their heavy heads are resting on the marble tables. Little by little, conversation dies away entirely; and when at last the waiters, who are tired of seeing so many

Clarinet I. 
 " II. 
 Fagotto. 








Oboe. 
 Clarinet. 
 Fagotto. 

FUNERAL MARCH, FOUR HUNDRED YEARS OLD, PLAYED BY THE COFRADIAS OF SEVILLE

customers and so few orders, hasten in answer to a sound, they learn that it was merely the murmuring of a sleeping man who ordered a glass of beer, but awakes to countermand it before the surprised waiter is gone. In fact, the customers only sigh for beds, and with these the proprietor has no license to provide them. The hours creep by with leaden wings. Every now and then a self-sacrificing scout ventures out to bring

the news of how goes the night, and whether the processions come or not. And so time passes until three o'clock, when suddenly the shrill sound of a saeta echoes through the café, and hundreds of the sleeping men and women jump from their dreams, and, clapping their hats upon their heads, rush for the door at the same moment. The shrill cry announces the coming of the Procession of Silence, which has stolen upon

The musical score consists of five systems, each with three staves (treble, alto, and bass clefs). The music is written in a key with one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The first system features a melody in the upper staves with accents and a bass line with chords. The second system has a more active melody with eighth-note patterns. The third system continues with similar rhythmic patterns. The fourth system shows a change in the bass line with more complex chordal structures. The fifth system concludes with a final cadence marked by a double bar line.

IN THEIR PARADE AT DAWN OF GOOD FRIDAY. (COMPOSER UNKNOWN.)

us. A shrill boyish voice rings out in the stillness of the early morning with:

Mirarlo por donde viene
 El mejor de los nacios,
 Trayendo la cruz á cuestras,
 Y el rostro descolorio.

(Behold him as he comes,
 The noblest born of woman,
 Bearing on his back our cross,
 His face so pale and wan.)

A strange, medieval monotone music fills the air with quaint, yet not inharmonious, sound. It is a funeral march that was written for this cofradia four hundred years ago, and the cofradia could not parade to any other except this strange medley of instrumental music, in which the now uncommon sounds of the fagotto, the oboe, and the clarionet prevail. The music of this march is religiously preserved in the Church of



FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

A PROCESSION NEAR THE CATHEDRAL.

San Antonio Abad, where the organist told me, while I was engaged in transcribing it, that he believed the music dated back to the crusading days, though, unfortunately, it is merely tradition handed down from organist to organist, and not historical data, upon which he based this opinion. These strange musical expressions of sorrow die away in the distance as the noiseless Procession of Silence disappears down the quiet, ghostly streets like the fabric of a dream.

The crowds are now on the tiptoe of excitement, for a float is approaching, heralded by a great cross of repoussé silver, which excites more general attention and worship than any other. It is the cofradia of San Lorenzo, perhaps the most wealthy of all the fraternities, and certainly the most aristocratic. Its table of membership is merely a transcription of the names of the nobility of the province. The first and most famous image of the fraternity is the one which is called Our Father, Christ of the Great Power. While there are hundreds and hundreds of members of the cofradia, the cult of this image knows no parish or ward limitations, like the cult of the Virgin of the Column in Zaragoza. Here in Seville the Christ of the Great Power is the most popular and most often prayed to. The image itself is the masterpiece of Montañes, a great wooden

effigy of the Son of man bowed and crushed under the weight of the cross. Here the genius of the sculptor has breathed life into the formless block, and turned the wood into flesh and blood. Behind this Christ of the Great Power the army of penitents walk; for in sickness and in trouble and in distress, it is to this image that the vow is made, and the thank-offering brought upon relief. The army of penitents presents the most interesting scene of the many tableaux which, in panoramic sequence, the procession unfolds. Some of the penitents there are who seem to think their load of sin but light, the weight of their obligation small. These are those who have during the year made a vow that they would bear a candle in honor of the favorite image in case some small worldly interest of theirs should be protected, some venture prosper. These, principally women, walk with their long, heavy tapers on high, appearing somewhat sleepy and bored, and perhaps determined to be more chary as to making vows in the future. But the real penitents—by their works let us judge them—are the men who stagger along the uneven way bearing upon their shoulders heavy wooden crosses, under the weight of which they stagger and stumble, until at last many of them fall from sheer weariness. Some of the penitents, who are all heavily hooded and disguised in the costume of the Nazarenes, are followed by their anxious families, desirous of assisting the heavy-laden head of the house up some particularly steep hill. But this filial assistance is generally stoutly refused. I saw one aged and infirm penitent refuse all assistance from his sons, until at last overtaxed nature reached the limit of endurance, and he fell over in the street in a syncope, and had to be carried home upon a litter, with his calvary incomplete. As I have said, the penitents are disguised, so that idle spectators may not know who the repentant sinners are, and conjecture as to what their sins may be.

But there is one muffled figure that bears the heaviest cross, and walks painfully with unshod and shackled feet over the uneven stones, who, owing to the strange and peculiar penance he performs, cannot hope to enjoy the anonymity of his brother penitents. The self-imposed penance of the fathers in Seville would seem, even as the weight of their sins, to be visited upon their children unto the last generation of their seed. At least, it is true that the staggering youth before us is the twentieth of his name and line who has done vicarious penance for the

sins of his forefather, a celebrity of the sixteenth century who looked "on beauty charming" with the eyes of Don Juan Tenorio. He was finally captured, the legend relates, by a Barbary corsair, and carried a prisoner to Oran, where, manacled and chained, he spent many a long and weary day wishing that he were dead. But while he pined hopelessly in prison he made a solemn vow that, should he ever regain his liberty, he would walk barefooted, and humbly bearing his cross, behind the Christ of the Great Power in every *madrugada*, or morning procession; and, further, he vowed that he would make the annual accomplishment of this vow a charge upon his estate for all time, by providing that, should any one of his male descendants fail in its performance, his portion of the estate should go to enrich the foundation of a convent. There have been no defaulters among the old gallant's heirs; and though the present bearer of the proud name is a perfumed and scented *pollo*, a dude of Seville society, he too did not shrink from the sacrifice necessary to keeping the money in the family. And I regret to say that, as he came meekly along in this strange guise, his appearance excited much amusement among the other *pollos*, whose inheritance had come to them without so unpleasant a condition; and at the sight of his bruised and bleeding feet much money was wagered on the question of whether he would be able to lead the cotillion at the Duke of Alba's on Easter Monday.

But perhaps the strangest of all the array of silent maskers who followed the Christ of the Great Power was a little girl of some twelve summers, clothed in her communion robes, weird and ghostly apparel for this the dark hour before the dawn. Her eyes were blindfolded, and, unlike the hoods of the Nazarenes, there was not left the smallest aperture through which she might look to choose and pick her way. She carried a golden chalice in one hand, while with the other she groped and felt her way. Every now and then, misled by the deceiving echo of the music, she would turn out of the way, now to the right, and now to the left. Once she stumbled and fell, and when she rose, in her confusion, started to walk back the way she had come; but the Nazarenes caught her by the hand, and directed her on her way again. The little girl in the white communion dress symbolized that faith which is blind.

I drift away from the weird, ghostly procession, and walk alone for an hour in the

narrow and solitary side streets, where it would seem that I leave footprints in the accumulated dust of the ages, and waken the sleeping sprites and goblins from their secular sleep. I walk until the serene starlight pales before the bright harbingers of the gaudy day; and at dawn, as the mists and the shadows vanish before the warm breath of the sun, I wander out of the labyrinth into a plaza where a great crowd is gathered about the entrance of a church. The Lady of this fraternity is returning to the shrine, and her faithful ones are there to do her honor even to the last. With great care and circumspection the float is carried into the church, and with every term of impulsive endearment the crowds who may not enter say farewell to the beloved image until the following year. I have, most fortunately, been pushed into the front row, and am gazing curiously into the dark aisles through which the image is disappearing, when suddenly a strong arm is laid upon me on each side by two of the muffled brothers; they push me forward, and the gates close



FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

A PROCESSION IN A NARROW STREET.

behind me. As I look anxiously about me, and see no one but these strange, muffled faces surmounted by the tall inquisitorial caps, I conjure up visions of Jimenez and Torquemada, and feel for the first time that I am within measurable distance of a martyr's death. Fortunately, the kindly cofrades disabuse my mind before my hair turns gray. They are friends; we have stalked bustard together for days. They had read the curiosity in my eyes, and had pulled me in, that I might satisfy it. Warned that the elder brother will make it very unpleasant for us all if I am discovered, I skulk behind the stone pillars, and so perceive the concluding ceremonies of the home-coming. Slowly the image is carried on the float up the dark aisles, where the golden light of the morning now and then sheds its deepening rays. The procession comes to a halt before a great iron grating. Here for the last time the three raps of the silver mallet are heard, and the float settles gently down upon the ground. The cofrades gather around in a semicircle, and kneel in prayerful adoration. I look beyond them, and, peering curiously through the iron grating, draw back in some surprise, and—shall I say it?—awe, too. I rub my eyes, and look again. I cannot be mistaken. There, behind the grating, kneeling in rising tiers, and looking with eyes of steadfast adoration upon Our Lady, who has been safely returned to their keeping, are praying some threescore white-robed nuns of the Cistercian order, whose convent adjoins this the Church of the Montesion. The prayer concluded, the elder brother approaches the grating, and through the bars hands over to the prioress the golden crown studded with jewels which six hours before they had placed in the hands of the cofradia to grace the image of Our Lady upon this her day. And now, with one longing look at the image, for the return of which they have been praying steadfastly all through the long night, the nuns rise, and silently steal away to their cloisters, carrying with them the precious crown, and singing the *Stabat Mater* as they go. A few minutes later, and I have emerged from the cold shadows of the church, and, basking in the welcome warmth of the sunny plaza, well before I know it I have interrupted a lovers' tête-à-tête—she a tall, willowy girl, with the eyes of a seal, and great masses of coarse hair falling about her shoulders; he a smart *labrador*, or yeoman farmer, who has come to town for the fêtes that are to begin on the morrow, and has stopped to bring her a sincere but unseason-

able serenade before going on to his inn. They do not mind my being in the plaza half as much as I do myself, and the young troubadour sings as he catches the rose from her hair which she throws him:

Cuando toquen á gloria
Las campanitas,
Prometo despertarte
Si estas dormida.

(When the merry chimes ring—
The chimes that ring in the Gloria—
I promise to awaken thee,
If thou art sleeping, love.)

But she is waking and waiting with the love-light in her eyes.

THE basilica is lighted to-night with only six large candles, puny, struggling beacons which seem every moment about to be drowned in the great sea of rising shadows. The main altar is desolate and bare, and all the refulgent glory has departed from it. To the right of it, however, there stands a cross bearing on a framework the images of the twelve disciples. Over the head of each image there burns a slender taper, which sends out a tiny thread of light to battle weakly with the darkness which deepens with every moment.

About the many chapels and in the deep recesses innumerable throngs of the faithful are lying outstretched upon the ground, broken with fatigue, where they await the singing of the *Miserere*. The stern chant which rolls out from the gloom of the choir is not softened by the gentle note of a woman's voice, and it grates upon the ear and sends a chill to the heart. But this dirge will not be prolonged indefinitely; for, see! at the conclusion of each verse of the canticle a dark cloud passes before one of the candles that surmount the images on the cross, and when the cloud passes away the candle is burning no more; and now, giving out only a feeble, flickering light, but one candle remains. This last verse of the shadow-song seems interminable; the chant is pitched in a deeper key of human woe; and some of the unstrung women among the worshipers sob convulsively as they gaze through the darkness toward the light of the world, which is being overwhelmed in the gathering shadows.

The chant is over now, and the last great taper wavers and flickers until it would seem as though it too is about to be extinguished by the shadow-clouds. But no; it is firmly

grasped by an invisible hand, and slowly borne down one of the aisles leading to the sacristy, leaving behind it a yellow wake of light. Carefully hooded, this light is kept burning behind the altar until the hour of the resurrection, when every candle in the cathedral must be lighted with the sacred fire which seemed to fail, but which has lived on in the holy of holies.

A cry of terror now falls upon our ears, and the distraught women spring from the

titide, are crouching over the cold tombs of long-forgotten kings, with their eyes resting hopelessly on the altars and the shrines, where impenetrable darkness reigns. The outward and visible despair of the multitude could not have been greater if the vandal kings were knocking, as of old, at their gates, or the black death were devastating their homes, and they were fleeing to the altars and the holy places, to find there no beacon of hope or promise of guidance to lead



FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

"OUR LADY OF COMPASSION." THE FRATERNITY OF THE MACARENO CIGAR-MAKERS BEFORE THE CITY HALL.

floor and clasp one another as though in dire despair. From the choir there comes the sound as of a thunderbolt, reverberating through the forest of marble pillars and great granite arches, and then ensues a great and speaking silence, through which we every now and then seem to hear the refrain of the canticle: "O Jerusalem, turn to thy God!" A feeling akin to fear possesses the multitudes who crouch in the shadows, awe-stricken and speechless. As the sound of this thunder, the manner of making which is an ecclesiastical secret, rolls away, there follows a pause, and we are given a breathing-spell, in which we comprehend the spectacular majesty of the scene. Weary with their long vigils, their fasts, and their many visits to the sagrarios, the worshipers, in deathlike weariness of at-

them out of the sea of shadow which would seem about to overwhelm the world. And now an incident occurred, so strange, so striking, and so unforeseen, that it will be spoken of in Seville in the years that are to come, when the thousands who crouched on the tombstones that night in the dark Sagrario will have disappeared from the face of the earth altogether. The shadows have been growing shorter, and the streams of light which the silver moon sheds have been growing longer and broader and brighter; and then the shadows disappear altogether, as if by magic, all save one, which is cast by a great cross out on the battlements of the fortress cathedral. Slowly the shadow assumed the shape of the sacred symbol, and then, as the moon rose higher and the clouds rolled between, it too was gone. Few had ever

noticed this cross before, and none knew why the human architect of the great pile, whose name to-day is even forgotten and unknown, had placed it there, one cross among so many. But those who witnessed the moving scene, the joy of the kneeling multitudes at seeing this sign of grace, knew that it had not been placed there in vain; that on this night, after ages of inactivity, this cross fulfilled its mission.

The gentle sound of low, sweet music steals softly down from one of the distant galleries, and slowly the Sagrario is filled with the soft echoes of angel voices that have strayed. The first clear note is of a woman's voice, a bell-like soprano; one looks to see the upturned, pleading face of a Magdalen. And then comes the tragedy, a great volume of sweeping sound, as a summer storm blowing through a tropical scene, bending low the heads of the forest kings, and bereaving the meadows of their flowers. There rolls out a great, thunderous sound, as though the voice of the heavens was foretelling some world-wide catastrophe; and then there follows a piercing cry of despair, which, it would seem, will never cease to roll back from arch to arch, from chapel to chapel, which at last, however, dies away in a sigh of utter hopelessness.

There is another pause, and then a soft, low music of gentle yet swelling melody wanders through the great gaunt pile, and descends upon the worshipers with the blessing of a benediction. It tells of running brooks, of singing birds, and seems to bring with it into the atmosphere of tombs the sweet fragrance of flowers; and at last it too dies reluctantly away, in a sigh which is the breath of relief and renewed hope, not the gasp of despair. The thousands slowly arise, and silently steal from the edifice; for the sign of the cross is still upon them.

On Saturday morning at ten o'clock the veil which has shrouded the altar is parted with dramatic effect, and there stands revealed the great tableau of the descent of the cross. The little tinkling bells in the choirs and the chapels give the signal, and then follows, a moment later, the booming sound of the great bells in the Giralda, which have tolled so sadly during the days of sorrow. But now they ring out right merrily the glad tidings of the resurrection, and on the moment Seville sheds its habiliments of woe, and stands revealed, the gay and blithesome city of old. Burnt-offerings are displayed in every shrine; from every monastery is heard the triumphal ho-

sanna of the monks, from every convent the treble alleluias of the nuns; and Lent is over.

WE are returning from the social function of the week; for, alas! even gay and lazy Seville has its social functions which must be borne with. It is the *tablado*, or inspection of the black bulls which, with great pomp and ceremony and at the cost of a king's ransom, are to be killed to-morrow by the most celebrated matadors in the kingdom. While there is a great lack of money in Seville to buy bread, there is always enough money forthcoming, even from the pauper's treasury, to pay the way into the bull-ring; and every one in Seville who is a good Christian will attend the Easter bull-fight, even if, as not seldom happens, he has to pawn his household goods and sacred images to do so.

To compensate ourselves for this boredom, we, on returning homeward, enter a gipsy garden, where, in bowers of jasmine and honeysuckle, the Gaditan dancing-girls disport themselves as they did in the days of the poet Martial. Penthelusa is as graceful and as lissome to-day as when, in the ages gone, she captured Pompey with her subtle dance—as when Martial descanted upon her beauties and graces in classic words, centuries ago. The hotel-keepers in Seville are generally very careful to introduce their patrons only to gardens where the Bowdlerized editions of the dance are performed; but I commend to those who think they can "sit it out" the archaic versions which are danced naturally to-day, as they were in the days of the Cæsars, by light-limbed enchainers of hearts, and *flamenca* girls with brown skins and cheeks that are soft like the side of the peach which is turned to the ripening sun; and in their dark, lustrous eyes you read as plain as print the story of the sorrows and the joys of a thousand years of living. Now they dance about with the grace of houris, the abandon of mænads or of nymphs before Actæon peeped; and now, when the dance is over, the moment of madness past, they cover their feet with shawls, that you may not see how dainty they are, and withdraw sedately and sad from the merry circle, and sit for hours under the banana-trees, crooning softly some mournful couplet in the crooked gipsy tongue.

But now the moment has come for the one unmixed delight and pleasure of the day—that of boldly walking straight away for half an hour or so into the Santa Cruz quarter, about dusk, and then endeavoring to find

one's way out before midnight. It is the most ancient, or, at all events, the barrio which has best preserved the characteristics of a Moorish and then a medieval town. I have walked for an hour through the labyrinth of narrow lanes through which one could not trundle a wheelbarrow with ease. The clear starlight gives me confidence in my path-finding powers, and so I keep on to the scene of Don Juan's legendary orgies, conversion, and death. I walk down the narrow Street of Life until it is intersected

and hot with the speed with which he has brought the news of where the candle of life is burning low. He and the sacristan, swinging his red lantern, lead the way through the labyrinth. We emerge at last into a plazuela, where we breathe more freely, and pause before making a dive again into the pent-up, narrow lanes which the sacristan and the messenger of ill news know as well as the letters of the alphabet. As we are about to make our second start, a court equipage dashes into the silent

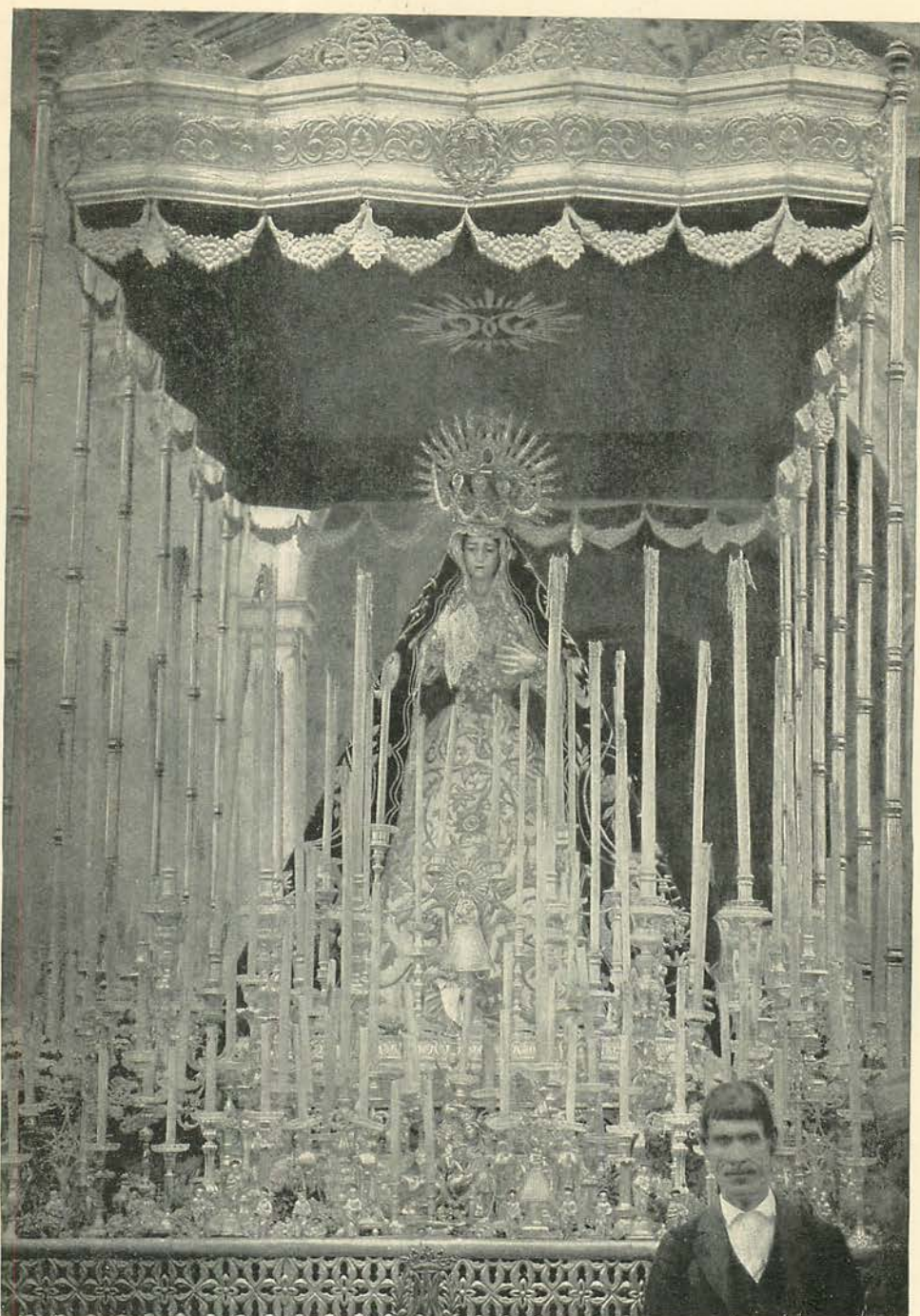


FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

OUR LADY OF SORROWS IN THE PROCESSION.

sharply by the Street of Death, and then I keep on to the Place of the Coffin. I am beginning to weary of these lonely byways, to which the solitude of deserts is noisy company, when suddenly an iron gate which I had not noticed in the wall before me springs open with a click, and two choristers, bearing great lighted candles, spring out before me as though sped by some magic catapult. Then follows a glittering canopy embroidered in silver and gold. It is borne by four acolytes. Under it walks the priest, bearing the blessed sacrament, and the sacred olives to anoint the dying. The gate is the postern of the church, and behind the priest walks a young workman, covered with the dust of his labor,

plazuela, which now reverberates with the vibrating sounds of clattering horse-hoofs and jangling chains. I hear a low alto from the two royal occupants of the carriage, who a few hours before I had seen admiring the bulls, and the spirited horses with unusual severity are thrown upon their haunches, and the woman who has worn an earthly crown, and the other, who might have, descend from the carriage, and are conversing in low whispers with the priest before the startled footman has reached the door. They have offered the royal equipage to transport the blessed sacrament to the home of the dying. But the messenger of death smiles through his tears: the royal carriage could never reach the



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

OUR LADY OF SORROWS.

corral, or tenement, where he lives; some of the streets are so narrow that even a stout mule would have difficulty in squeezing his way through. I expected that then the royal women would withdraw. But no; the sacristan bows low, presenting them with

candles, and they too follow in the train of the priest and the mourners. We march on in silence for a minute or two through the streets, which are so narrow now that, looking up, one cannot see the stars above. At last we stop at a great portal which is sur-

mounted with the arms of a famous family whose house has now become a tenement hive. The night-watchman is awaiting, on bended knees, the coming of the priest. Inside the patio we find a great deserted garden, rather than the courtyard of a tenement. Flowers are growing in wild, luxuriant profusion, and vines cover the unbeautiful sights from view; and as we enter, the innumerable birds in the swinging cages, dazed and blinded by the light of the candles that we bring, think that daylight has surprised them in their slumbers, and after a few sleepy chirrup begin to pipe away their morning song.

The priest springs up a flight of rickety stairs; only the sacristan precedes him with the red lantern, and then withdraws. For a moment is he alone with the dying; then he reappears at the door. The confession must have been short, or has the happy sinner lost consciousness and remembrance of sin? The priest appears on the balcony, and beckons us to draw near; and the mourner and the night-watchman, the curious beggars from the street, the humble dwellers in the tenement, and the women of royal lineage, all walk reverentially up the ramshackle stairs, and fall on their knees in the presence of death, and pray for the repose of the departing soul, while the priest sanctifies the dying body with the anointment of the sacred oils.

Down below, in the garden, where I remain, there was a bed of flowers—of roses and of pinks—which was more orderly and seemed better cared for than the rest; and I understood why as I saw near by, in the crotch of an apricot-tree, the image of the Virgin of Victory, to whom the gardeners pray; and I knew that the fruits and the flowers of this garden were devoted to the cult of Our Lady. A woman is kneeling and sobbing bitterly before the image, and soon she comes to me, and tells me, in the open-hearted way of the people, that she who is in agony up there, over whom are being spoken the strange Latin words that float to where we stand, is her sister. "You know," she said, clutching my arm convulsively, "we began to dance and sing and make merry in the bower of the honeysuckle when the Santa Catalina rang out the Gloria, and we danced like mad; for we had not danced—not once—throughout Lent. Suddenly she fell, and a red stream flowed from her mouth. Sir, friend, do you think my sister is dying in mortal sin? The love of life was in her eye—when death came."

I SPEND the Easter morning in the belvedere of the Giralda, this old Moorish watch-tower

about which to-day roll waves of incense which arise from the high pontifical mass that is being celebrated in the cathedral below. I ascend the winding passages which whisper of Al-Mansour, the world-conqueror of Islam, and Don Juan of Austria, his Christian emulator. I would like to ride up here, too, as these great men did, on a steel-clad destrier; and on the summit, half-way betwixt heaven and earth, weave my day-dream, as they did, or worship the glory of the rising sun, and bid it be the emblem of my course, as they did. But perhaps it is better not to invite comparisons. A little king, the seventh Ferdinand, rode up here, too, with great flowing plumes and bright armor, and the good Castilian chroniclers, who love not to say slighting things of their kings, cannot refrain from remarking that the seventh Ferdinand looked quite ridiculous and out of place.

I seem to be reading a page from the book of life by a flash of lightning as I conjure up the picture which the Moorish chronicler draws of the world-conqueror standing there alone under the great roof of the tower, communing with his God, while the chieftains clash their arms in the Court of Pardon beneath, and the faithful outside cry to him to be up and away, that there must be no pause in the course of the conqueror, from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same.

And I remember a desolate spot by Shellah, down the Barbary coast, on the banks of the stagnant river which the sea has walled up with barriers of sand, and a low mound over which there once rose a humble desert mosque, which has long since fallen in. The herdsmen who dwell near by pay no great attention to this heap of rubbish; to them it is simply a Marabout's tomb, and there are many Marabouts' tombs in Morocco, and many of them are more splendid to behold. But every now and then there come to this desolate spot a band of roving Berbers, and they prove by the sheep-bound archives of their race which they carry, and the astronomical calculations which they make, that here lies buried their erstwhile conqueror Al-Mansour, the lord of the world.

And every now and then, appearing brightly through the fresh green leafage of the trees along the Guadalquivir, comes into view the funeral of the girl who died yesterday. Shining brightly,—for the Sevillans wear bright colors from the cradle to the grave,—the coffin of the dancing-girl is striped with red and yellow, and is sur-

mounted with a great palm, which tells the passer-by that she who is borne on the shoulders of her brothers to the court of peace was a maiden, an unblown rose plucked before its time. Gay ribbons and streamers gently float behind the funeral cortège; the few mourners grasp them in their hands, and in the distance would seem engaged in some gay ribbon figure about the hearse. Toward them there comes over the bridge a proud picador, the bright harbinger of all the red and gold and yellow bravery which an Easter bull-fight displays. One by one the mourners drop away, and, crossing themselves, join the brighter crowds, the gayer throngs, that are filling with a great panorama of color the avenues which lead to the Place of the Bulls.

We will follow the funeral cortège only a little way up the river beyond the city walls

to the burial-place which the Guadalquivir floods every spring, and where the roses, like the flowers of Pæstum, bloom twice or thrice every year; and then we too return to the city, and with the other mourners are swept along by the great crowds that are hurrying to the place of sacrifice; and we too join in the buzz of admiration as Pen-thelusa, the sister of the dancing-girl of Martial, as of the dancing-girl who is borne to her grave to-day, springs down from her cart, and, straightening out her white mantilla and arranging the folds of her fantastic *pañuelo*, which was embroidered in the distant Philippines, joins her friends of the *aficion* ("fancy") with the cry:

Olé, viva mi tierra!
(Holé, long live our land!)

—the land of Maria Santisima.

FAIRYLAND.

BY J. RUSSELL TAYLOR.

YOU need not travel to a star;
The way is easy, and not far—
An hour's walk, a mile from town.

The herons of the old lagoon
Lead you along the path; for sign
Are arrowhead-blossoms, frail and fine,
Beside the water: then the wood
Takes you; but only by the blood
Leaping, and by the sudden start
Of the overfull and thrilling heart,
You know you see it face to face.

The greenwood bowers a sunny space
For song-sparrow tinkling; and below
July's green lap is full of snow,
Is drifted rich with white and pink
Of bouncing-bet from brink to brink;
The haunted air resounds between
With humming-birds, obscure and keen,
Like burnt-out stars that dart and float,
With but a last fire at the throat.

You saw but common summer flowers?
Heard but a hum that drowed the hours?
Your blood leaped not, nor shook your heart?
Ah, well; I know no other chart.
The path is for your feet as far
As that which lessens to a star.