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Author: Walter M. Gallichan

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[Numerous typographical errors, as well as many (but not all) of the mis-placed or missing accents of Spanish words, have been corrected. Please see the list of these at the end of this etext. (note of etext transcriber)]



## *The Story of Seville*

"He who Seville has not seen,

Has not seen a marvel great."

"To whom God loves He gives a house in Seville."

*Popular Spanish Sayings.*



**Saints Justa y Rufina**  
**From the painting by Goya**

*The Story of* **Seville**

by *Walter M. Gallichan*

*With Three Chapters on the Artists  
of Seville by C. Gasquoine Hartley*

*Illustrated by Elizabeth Hartley*



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# PREFACE

**I**N the story of Seville I have endeavoured to interest the reader in the associations of the buildings and the thoroughfares of the city.

I do not claim to have written a full history of Seville, though I have sketched the salient events in its annals in the opening chapters of this book. The history of Seville is the history of Spain, and if I have omitted many matters of historical importance from my pages, it is because I wished to focus attention upon the city itself. I trust that I have succeeded in awaking here and there an echo of the past, and in bringing before the imagination the figures of Moorish potentate or sage, and of Spanish ruler, artist, priest and soldier.

Those who are acquainted with the history of Spain will appreciate the difficulty that besets the historian in the matter of chronological accuracy, and even in a narration of many of the main events. The chronicles of the Roman, Gothic and Moorish epochs are hardly accepted as reliable. Patriotic bias and religious enthusiasm are elements that frequently mislead in the making of history, though the Spaniard is not alone in the commission of error in this respect.

Seville abounds with human interest. The city may at the first glance slightly disappoint the visitor, but he cannot wander far without a growing sense of its fascination. Most of the noteworthy buildings are hidden amidst narrow alleys, for the designers of the city have shown great economy in utilising space. It is therefore difficult to gain large general views of Seville, unless one ascends the Giralda, while the obtrusion of modern dwelling-houses and stores often mars the view of fine public edifices. But the modernity of Seville seldom strikes one as wholly out of place and in sharp contrast to the ancient monuments. The plan is Morisco, and the impression conveyed is partly Moorish and partly mediæval. In a word, Seville brings us at every step closely in touch with antiquity.

For the chapters on the Artists of Seville I am indebted to C. Gasquoine Hartley (Mrs. Walter M. Gallichan), who has devoted much study to the art of Spain. The drawings by Miss Elizabeth Hartley were prepared while I was gathering material for the book in Seville, and the illustrations will be found to refer to the text. I have also to thank my brother, Mr. F. H. Gallichan, for his plan of the city.

The frontispiece photograph of Goya's picture of SS. Justa and Rufina was reproduced in the *Art Journal* as an illustration to an article on "Goya" by C. Gasquoine Hartley. My thanks are due to Messrs. Virtue & Company for permission to reproduce the picture in this book.

WALTER M. GALLICHAN.

THE CRIMBLES,  
YOULGREAVE, BAKEWELL,  
August 20, 1903.

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# The Story of Seville

## CHAPTER I

## *Romans, Goths and Moors*

'The sound, the sight  
Of turban, girdle, robe, and scimitar  
And tawny skins, awoke contending thoughts  
Of anger, shame and anguish in the Goth.'

ROBERT SOUTHEY, *Roderick*.

SEVILLE the sunny, the gem of Andalusia, is a city in the midst of a vast garden. Within its ancient walls, the vine, the orange tree, the olive, and the rose flourish in all open spaces, while every *patio*, or court, has its trellises whereon flowers blossom throughout the year. Spreading palms overshadow the public squares and walks, and the banks of the brown Guadalquivir are densely clothed with an Oriental verdure.

The surrounding country of the Province of Sevilla, *La Tierra de Maria Santisima*, is flat, and in the neighbourhood of the city sparsely wooded. On the low hills of Italica and San Juan de Aznalfarache, the Hisn-al-Faradj of the Moors, olive groves cover many thousands of acres. The plain is a *parterre* of wide grain fields, and meadows of rife grass, divided by straight white roads, with their trains of picturesque mule teams and waggons, and their rows of tall, straight trees. Here and there the cold grey cactus serves as a fence, but there is no other kind of hedgerow.

Far away, across the yellow wheatfields, and beyond the vine-clad slopes of the middle distance, rise the huge shoulders and purple peaks of wild sierras.

The Guadalquivir, rolling and eddying in a wide bed, takes its tint from the light soil and sand, and is always turbid, as though in spate. Below Seville, on the left bank of the river, stretch the great salt marshes, or Marismas, haunted by the stork, the heron, and innumerable wildfowl. Here, among the arms of the tidal water, the cotton plant is cultivated. Winter floods are a source of danger to Seville, especially when a south-west wind is blowing and the tide ascending the river. Then the Guadalquivir overflows its banks and deluges the town and the flat land, drowning live stock and destroying buildings. In 1595 and 1626 occurred two of the worst floods, or *avenidas*, on record. The flood of 1626 washed away the foundations of about three thousand houses.



It is probable that the southern kingdom of Andalusia derived its name from the Vandals, who overran the country after the Roman occupation. The region was then known as Vandalitia, or Vandalusia. Lower Andalusia has been said to be the Tarshish of the Bible. The Phœnicians called the land Tartessus, or Tartessii. Nowadays Andalusia includes the provinces of Sevilla, Huelva, Cadiz, Córdoba, Jaén, Granada and Almeria, and has a population of over three millions. Seville is the capital, the seat of an archbishop, and a university town. The traveller from Northern Europe will feel the spirit of Spain upon him as he approaches Seville from Cadiz or Córdoba through a semi-tropical country under a burning blue sky. He will note everywhere the influence of the Arab in the architecture of modern public buildings, churches and dwelling-houses, in the tortuous, narrow streets, in the features, language, music and garb of the people, and in many of the customs of the district. The character of the landscape is strange, the atmosphere vivid, and the distant objects show sharply against the horizon. For leagues he will traverse groves of olive, or vineyards, and pass across wastes purple with the flower of the lavender or scarlet with poppies.

Seville of to-day is white, clean and bright. Gautier noted that the shadows of the houses in the narrow thoroughfares are blue, in contrast to the white of the dazzling buildings at noon. During the *siesta* of the hot months, the streets are deserted daily for about four hours, shutters screen the rooms from the blinding sunshine, and awnings are drawn across the roofs of the *patios*. In the evening the town awakens, and the *plazas* and alleys are



thronged and gay until two in the morning. Everyone endeavours to lead an *al fresco* life, and to conserve physical energy in this city of eternal sunshine. Unlike Toledo and Avila, where the houses are sombre and the doors heavy and barred, as though the towns were inhospitable, Seville opens wide the gates of its beautiful courts so that the passer-by may peep within.

'Seville is a fine town,' wrote Lord Byron, in a letter, during his stay in Spain in 1809. We may regret that he had so little to say about the fascinating capital. George Borrow, who lived for a time in the Plazuela de la Pila Seca, near the Cathedral, speaks in rapturous phrases of the view of Seville and the Guadalquivir. 'Cold, cold must the heart be which can remain insensible to the beauties of this magic scene, to do justice to which the pencil of Claude himself were barely equal. Often have I shed tears of rapture whilst I beheld it, and listened to the thrush and the nightingale piping their melodious songs in the woods, and inhaled the breeze laden with the perfume of the thousand orange gardens of Seville.'

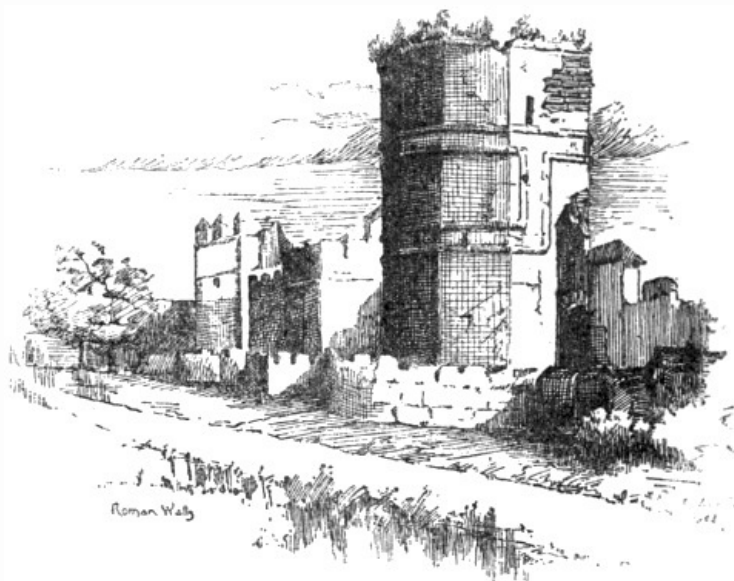
The city is rich in antiquities, in historic buildings associated with illustrious names, in works of art and in sumptuous palaces. A great company of the spirits of famous kings, warriors, explorers, authors, painters and priests spring up in the imagination as one stands in the aisles of the splendid Cathedral, or dreams amid the roses and the tinkling fountains of the secluded gardens of the Alcázar. Here, to this prized and fertile territory of southernmost Spain, came Publius Cornelius Scipio and Cato. Trajan, Hadrian and Theodosius were born at the municipium of Italica, a few miles from modern Seville. El Begi, 'the most accomplished scholar of Spain,' spent the greater part of his life in the city.

San Isidoro and San Leandro lived here. Moorish monarchs and Christian sovereigns ruled from the palace, and in their turn attacked and defended the fair city. The figures crowd before the mind's eye—Ferdinand III., who redeemed the town from the Moriscoes, Alfonso (*El Sabio*) the Learned, Pedro I. the Cruel, and Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholic. We see the fair, blue-eyed Genoese youth, Christoforo Colombo, or Columbus, the maker of the modern prosperity of Seville, who, after achieving fame, was alternately petted and punished by his sovereigns. We picture the triumphant return of Hernando Pizarro to the city, with half a million pesos of gold, and a great treasure of silver.

Lope de Rueda, 'the real father of the Spanish theatre,' a gold-worker of Seville; Fernando de Herrera, the poet; the mighty Cervantes, who spent three years of his life in the Andalusian capital; Velazquez, Zurbaran, Roelas, Murillo and minor artists of note were either born in the city or closely associated with it.

For the present we must take a look back into the dim and remote period when the Phœnicians came to wrest the soil of Southern Spain from the race of mingled Celtic and Iberian blood. It is at this uncertain date that the history of Seville may be said to begin.

We learn from the historians of Phœnicia that the shrewd, practical and industrious people of that marvellous ancient civilisation were great colonisers. 'The south of Spain,' writes Professor George Rawlinson, 'was rich in metallic treasures, and yielded gold, silver, copper, iron, lead and tin.' In their quest for valuable metal, certain Phœnician explorers discovered the Peninsula of Iberia, and in the mineral-yielding region watered by the Guadalquivir they founded the colony of Tartessii. Doubt exists whether Tartessii was the name given to the plains of the Guadalquivir or to a town. Strabo, Mela and Pliny state that the Phœnicians built a town and called it Tartessus. Was this town the foundation of Seville? No one will attempt to give an authoritative answer, though it has been stated that the town was not Cadiz, the Gades of the Phœnicians. Two cities of considerable importance appear to have been the marts of the Phœnician *Sephela*, or plain, and it is not wholly improbable that Seville was one of them.



In the choice of new territory for the development of mining and agriculture, the enterprising colonists displayed much intelligence. They settled upon a soil that will bring forth richly without artificial stimulation.

The hill ranges produced vines and olive trees, yielding fine wine and ample oil. Tunny and other fish were plentiful in the sea, and the rivers afforded large eels.

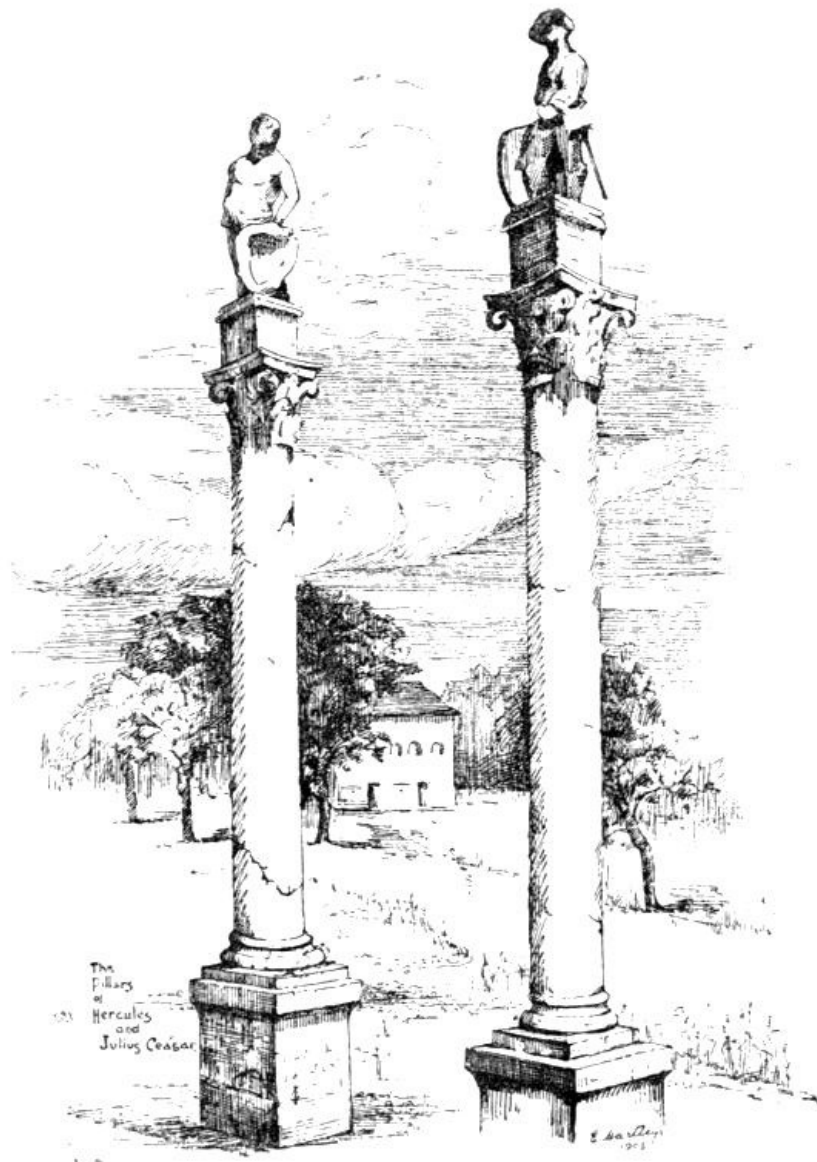
This is all that can be known of the Phœnician colony in Southern Spain. We are beginning to tread upon firmer historic ground when Hamilcar Barca landed at Cadiz in 237 B.C., after a series of victories in Africa, and subdued Andalusia. Hasdrubal, son-in-law of the conqueror, was the founder of Cartagena, or New Carthage, the centre of Carthaginian rule in Spain, and the wealthiest city of the Peninsula.

But during the second Punic War the Romans invaded Iberia, and gained all the eastern coast from New Carthage to the Pyrenees. Plutarch says that Publius Cornelius Scipio came to Spain with eleven thousand soldiers, seized Cartagena, reduced Cadiz, and founded the city of Italica, near Seville. Hispalis was the Roman name given to the city on the Guadalquivir until Cæsar changed the name to Julia Romula. The city then became the capital of Roman Spain, a centre of industry, and a fortress. A splendid aqueduct, which has partly endured to this day, was constructed to bring a plentiful supply of water from the hills. The aqueduct was extended by the Almohades in 1172, and forms one of the interesting monuments of the Roman and Arab colonisers. Around the city were reared high walls, with watch towers, and many strong gates. It is said that the walls of Seville were five miles in length, and it has been stated that they were once ten miles long. Within the gates were palaces, temples to the honour of the Sun, Hercules, Bacchus and Venus, and other fine edifices.

Under Augustus, Spain was part of the Roman Empire. In Seville the rule of the conquerors was beneficent, and the original inhabitants were fairly governed, while the city was extended and new crafts introduced. Under the Romans, Christianity came to the Peninsula, and Seville was made the seat of a bishop. The remaining portions of the great aqueduct, the wall, the two high granite columns in the Alameda de Hercules, with the statues of Julius Cæsar and Hercules upon them, the shafts of the columns discovered in the Calle Abades, and the beautiful fragments of capitals and statues in the Museo Arqæológico are the chief vestiges of Seville in the days of the Romans. At Urbs Italica, 'the camp of the Italians,' there still exists a grass-grown, mouldered amphitheatre, the only remnant of a mighty town.

Built on the slopes once dotted with the tents of the aboriginal hamlet of Sancios, Italica lies about five miles to the west of Seville, amid olive gardens and wheatfields. The circus is a ruin; but the passages can be followed below the tiers of seats, and one may peer into the dens once tenanted by the lions and other fierce beasts. Bees hum amongst the wild thyme, lizards creep on the worn stones, and a tethered ass grazes in the arena. The glory of Rome has departed; the plaudits from those deserted and grassy seats have not been heard for centuries; and blood has ceased to redden the floor, where fragrant herbs now spring and butterflies sun themselves on fallen masonry. Here is all that is left of Italica, the home of Trajan and Hadrian, and the asylum for Scipio's aged warriors. For a period the decaying town was known as Old Seville, and tons of its masonry were removed to build Seville the New.

Rome fell, and the Silingi Vandals swarmed into the country, captured Hispalis, and made it the seat of their empire. This period in the history of Seville is dark, and beset with difficulty for the annalist. About the year 520 a great horde of Goths spread over Andalusia. They seized the Vandal capital, but afterwards established a new capital of their own at Toledo.



Amalaric was the first of the Gothic monarchs who sat on the throne in Seville. He reigned probably from about the year 522. Theudis ruled in Seville (531 to 548), and we read that he was murdered there after an attempt to expel the Byzantine troops of Justinian from Africa. Theudisel, or Theudigisel, was general to Theudis, whom he succeeded as ruler at Seville. Theudisel shared the fate of his predecessor on the throne. After a reign of eighteen months, he was killed by the sword-thrusts of a dozen nobles of his retinue, while taking supper in his palace. This 'monster of licentiousness' was wont to kill all women who repelled his addresses, and his assassination was a work of vengeance on the part of outraged fathers and husbands among his courtiers.

Schlegel says the Goths were ready converts to Christianity, but 'in the Arian form.' At a later period of their supremacy in Spain there came a wider adherence to orthodox Catholicism, and the civil power was largely in the hands of the bishops and clergy. The most influential bishop of this day was Saint Isidore (San Isidoro) who held office in Seville. His brothers, Leander and Fulgentius, were also prelates, and his sister, Florentina, was made a saint. Saint Leander was the elder brother of Isidore, and through him the youth received his education after the death of his parents. The pupil was earnest and diligent in his studies, and as he grew to manhood he zealously assisted his brother, who then held the See of Seville, in converting the Goths from the heresy of Arius.

Dissensions between the orthodox and the Arians caused great strife and family bitterness among the ruling class. During the reign of King Leovigild rebellions broke out in Castile and León. The leader of the rebels was Leovigild's own son, Ermenigild, who had married Ingunda, daughter of Brunichilda and of Sigebert. Ingunda professed the orthodox faith, while Gosvinda, the second wife of Leovigild, was of the Arian sect. A rivalry arose between the two dames. According to Gregory of Tours, Gosvinda determined that Ingunda should be compelled to embrace the heterodox creed. One day when the two disputants were together, engaged in hot controversy, the fanatical Gosvinda gripped Ingunda by the hair of her head, threw her to the ground, trod upon her, and bade an Arian priest baptize the prostrate woman.

This incident not unnaturally brought about a quarrel between Leovigild and his son. Ermenigild was then ruling in Seville, while Leovigild maintained his court at Toledo. The trouble grew when Leander, the uncle of Ermenigild, persuaded the young man to forsake Arianism. His father was deeply angered, and vowed that the Gothic crown should never come to an apostate. The Archbishop of Tours states that the father was the first to take up arms after the rupture, but other historians suppose that the turbulent Ermenigild began the hostilities.

This domestic difference led to serious warfare. Ermenigild was besieged in Seville by his father's forces, after begging aid from Mir, King of the Suevi, in Galicia. Mir started with an army to assist the rebellious prince, but on the way he was defeated by Leovigild, and forced to aid the monarch. For a year Ermenigild resisted the siege of Seville. The people were on the point of starvation when he resolved upon capitulation. Nothing remained but flight, and the prince made his escape from the city and reached Córdoba. There he was captured, divested of his regal garments and authority, and banished to Valencia. Very soon the strife was renewed. Ermenigild, panting for a reprisal, solicited aid from the Greeks and rebels of the east coast, and invaded Estremadura. His father went to meet him with a force of his bravest men. The attack was made by Leovigild, who drove his son's army from Merida into Valencia, and took the young man a prisoner.

The King was stern, but he could not act ungenerously towards his foe and son. He offered Ermenigild pardon and favour on condition that he would reject his heretical faith. The rebel refused the terms; he would rather remain in his dungeon than practise hypocrisy. Again the father besought the son, through an Arian priest, to renounce his false doctrine, and again Ermenigild was resolute. In a passion, he cursed the cleric, crying: 'As the minister of the devil, thou canst only guide to hell! Begone, wretch, to the punishments which are prepared for thee!' This was more than Leovigild could bear. He immediately sentenced his son to death. The legend of Ermenigild's last days relates that on the night of his execution a light from Paradise shone in his cell, and that angels watched over the grave, singing hymns in his praise. Ermenigild was sainted, and one of his bones is at Zaragoza.

It was in this time of religious stress and civil discord that Saint Isidore of Seville began his labours. For about thirty-six years he ruled as governor of the church in the city. His hand was open towards the poor, and he preached with fervid eloquence. It is to the industry of Isidore that Spain owes respect, for his writings are the only basis for a history of the chief events during the Gothic epoch. He wrote the *Historia de Regibus Gothorum, Wandalorum et Suevorum*, and one of the celebrated books of study of mediævalism, *The Etymologies or Origins of Things*.

San Isidore's philosophy was Platonic and Aristotelian. In theology he followed the teaching of St. Gregory the Great. He was a puritan in his attitude towards the play.

'What connection,' he writes, 'can a Christian have with the folly of the circus games, with the indecency of the theatre, with the cruelty of the amphitheatre, with the wickedness of the arena, or with the lasciviousness of the plays? They who enjoy such spectacles deny God, and, as backsliders in the faith, hunger after that which they renounced at their baptism, enslaving themselves to the devil with his pomps and vanities.'

The gift of oratory possessed by Saint Isidore was predicted in his infancy by the issue of a swarm of bees from his mouth. His body was laid to rest, in 636, in Seville.

When King Fernando decided to collect all the bones of martyrs and saints that he could find in the cathedrals and burial grounds, he raised an army and came to Seville, which was then under the Moors. Ibn Obeid, the chief of the Moriscos, favoured Fernando's scheme, and allowed the King to enter the city to search for the remains of Justus. These bones could not be found; but while the seekers were at their task the spirit of Saint Isidore appeared to them, and said that the remains of Justus could not be discovered, as it was ordained that they should rest at Seville. Saint Isidore then offered his own remains for removal, and his embalmed corpse was taken to the Church of John the Baptist, in León, in 1063.

Until the time of Recared I. the Goths in Spain remained Arians. When they forsook their early faith, they adopted a ritual which differed from that of the Catholics. It was not until the reign of Alfonso VI. that the Roman service was used throughout the land. The civil law of the Goths was founded on the *Forum Judicum* of the Romans. This lengthy code became later the *Fuero Juzgo*, and was eventually adapted to the community by Alfonso X. in 1258, and known as the *Siete Partidas*, or Seven Sections. Under the Gothic code slavery was permitted, and great power was vested in the hands of the nobility.

'The old Roman civilisation,' writes Mr. H. E. Watts, in his *Spain*, 'which the Celtiberians had been so quick to adopt, sat awkwardly on these newer barbarians. It was a heritage to which they had not succeeded of nature, and a burden too great for them to support? The Romans had made one nation of Spain. The Visigoths were not much more



than an encampment.' When the Berbers, new converts to Mohammedanism, began to cast envious eyes upon lovely Andalusia, the Goths were demoralised through easy living in a southern clime. Spain had become a nation of lords and serfs, and the slaves, the mass of the people, had no heart to fight for the land that had been wrested from them.

When Tarik, lieutenant of Musa, came with a force of seven thousand Berbers to battle for the Prophet and to conquer Spain, the Gothic King, Roderic, hastily collected an army of defence and advanced towards Xeres. Theodomir, Governor of Andalusia, had learned that the invaders were marching from Algeciras, where they landed on the 30th of April 711. The Berbers had many horsemen, well-equipped and valiant, while Roderic possessed only a small number of mounted men.

It was not until 19th July that the decisive and memorable battle was fought. The Gothic King met his foes on the banks of the Guadalete (*Wad-el-Jeded*) 'the river of delight.' It is said that the combat lasted for seven days. The Goths, though enervated, had not wholly lost their prowess, and they strove desperately with the fierce host of Tarik. So bravely fought the defenders that the Moors grew disheartened; but their leader, sword in hand, and calling upon Allah, told his troops that they had no vessels with which to escape from the country. The Berbers must win or perish. Spurring his steed, Tarik dashed into the Gothic ranks, cleaving a way as he rode, and inspiring his followers to a supreme effort. Roderic also rallied his soldiers to a last stand. His army numbered more than that of the Berber general, but the men were ill-trained, and no match for the desperate enemies who had battled in many campaigns.

Some Spanish historians assert that the sons of Witiza, the King dethroned by Roderic and sentenced to death, aided by other traitors, deserted their companies and joined the Berbers. It has also been recorded that Count Julian, whose daughter was dishonoured by Roderic, had allied himself with the foe in Africa. These stories have not, however, been accepted by later chroniclers.

The battle was to the Moors. Roderic was either killed on the field by Tarik himself, or taken prisoner and released to spend the rest of his days in a monastery. One account states that Tarik slew his opponent, and sent the head to Musa, who had it conveyed to the Court at Damascus. The beaten Goths retreated rapidly before the advancing army. Some followed Theodomir into Murcia, others went to the Asturian mountains. The band of the Andalusian Governor was pursued by the enemy and routed; and Theodomir was compelled to surrender and to confess fealty to the Khalif. Upon this condition the Governor was allowed to possess Murcia and parts of Valencia and Granada, his territory being known as Tadmir.

Seville was soon in a state of siege. Envious of the good fortune of his lieutenant, Musa came to Andalusia with eighteen thousand Arabs of valour. He was assisted in command by his sons Abdelola and Meruan. His eldest son, Abdelasis, remained in authority in Africa. The Sevillians made a valiant defence of their beautiful city; but after several weeks of siege Musa led his army through the gates. From that hour, until its capture by Fernando III., the Andalusian capital was in the hands of the Moors. Carmona and neighbouring towns were also seized by Musa.

After the subjection of Seville, the Arab general started upon a campaign. It appears that Musa had not left an efficient force within the city walls, for the inhabitants rose and attempted to expel their victors. Hearing of the trouble, Musa sent his son Abdelasis into Spain to quell the revolt in Seville. Abdelasis used suasion first; but the natives were in arms and ardent to regain the city. They prepared for a second siege. With much slaughter, the son of Musa put down the rebellion of the newly-conquered citizens, and proceeded through the south of Spain, winning battles everywhere. Musa was so gratified by his son's successes that he appointed him ruler of the annexed territory.

Abdelasis had a reputation for humane conduct towards the vanquished people. He fell in love with Egilona, widow of the unfortunate Roderic, and made her first a member of his harem and afterwards his wife. That he respected her is shown by the fact that her counsel was always sought in affairs of government.

The Berber King of Seville was to learn that the throne is not the most peaceful resting-place after war's alarms. Scandal was set abroad that Abdelasis was scheming to become sole ruler of the Berber dominion, and this report reached the ears of Suleyman, brother and heir of the Khalif. There is no doubt that Suleyman resented the favour shown to Musa and his sons, while he feared that Abdelasis might one day contest with him for sovereignty. Seized by this fear, the heir to the crown gave secret orders for the killing of the three sons of the great commander, Musa.

One day, while Abdelasis was taking part in the devotions within the Mosque of Seville, hired murderers crept up to him and stabbed him to death. The two brothers of Abdelasis shared the like fate. The head of the King was sent to the Khalif at Damascus, who caused it to be shown to Musa. Then the brave general, gazing in anger upon his sovereign, cried aloud: 'Cursed be he who has destroyed a better man than himself!' The distracted Musa fell sick through grief, and soon died.

There is another account of the death of Musa. His jealousy of Tarik, who conducted the first successful campaign in the Peninsula, led the general to treat his inferior officer with indignity. The friends of Tarik at Damascus, in the Court of the Khalif, breathed vengeance upon Musa, and prevailed upon the monarch to punish his commander-in-chief. A party of arrest seized Musa in his camp, and brought him before the Khalif, who commanded that he should be degraded and publicly beaten. The disgrace broke Musa's heart and caused his death.

Abdelasis was succeeded by Ayub, who acted as Viceroy of the Khalif. The new ruler preferred Córdoba to Seville, and thither he removed with his retinue. For a long period the city was one of lesser importance; but it gained greatness and independence under Abul Kâsein Mohammed in 1021. In the time of Abbad and Al-Motamid II. the population of the town rose to four hundred thousand, and the grandeur of the place rivalled, if it did not exceed, that of Córdoba. In 1078 proud Córdoba was subject to Seville, and the ancient metropolis of the Moors in Spain was falling into decay, while 'the pearl of Andalusia' was shining in its chief splendour.

Abderahman I., Emir of Córdoba, in 777, made a bold stroke by proclaiming himself Khalif and sole ruler of Spain. It is not necessary to recount the victories of Abderahman. He came in triumph to Seville and was bade welcome. 'His appearance, his station, his majestic mien, his open countenance,' writes Dunham, 'won the multitude even more perhaps than the prospect of the blessings which he was believed to have in store for them.' Abderahman's rule in Seville laid the foundation of the city's prosperity. He narrowed the channel of the Guadalquivir, and made the river navigable; he built residences, and laid out gardens, and transplanted the palm tree into Spain. We read that the Moorish King was honourable, bold and generous, and possessed of a fine sense of justice. He encouraged letters, and was a benefactor of educational institutions. The King was also a poet, and loved the society of intellectual men.

Although the peaceful arts flourished in Seville at this period, the city was frequently the scene of battle.

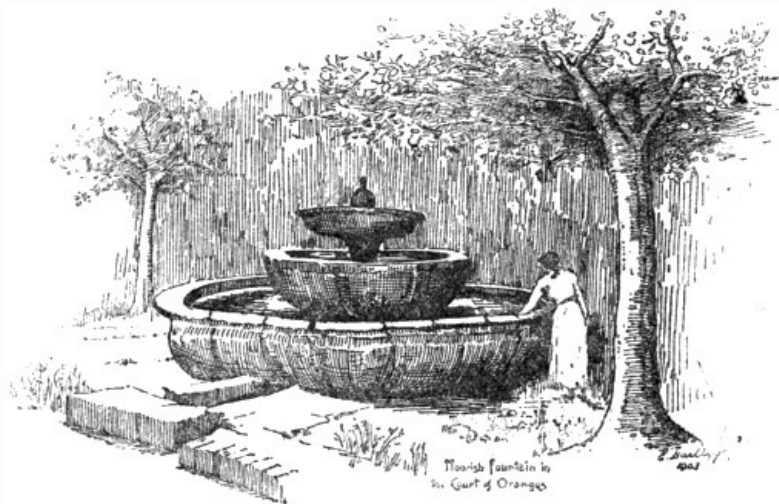
Conspiracies, factions and revolts constantly disturbed Spain, and during the reign of Abderahman several rival chiefs made assault upon Seville. One of these was Yusuf, who raised troops, took the fort of Almodovar, and moved towards Lorca. There he was met by Abdelmelic, general of Abderahman, who overcame the rebel force, killed the leader, and sent his head, after the Oriental manner, to the King. The trophy was displayed at Córdoba. But the rebellion was not quelled by Abdelmelic's victory. Yusuf's three sons gathered an army and made attacks upon Toledo, Sidonia, and Seville. Another insurrection broke out at Toledo, under one of Yusuf's relatives, Hixem ben Adri el Fehri.

Upon the advice of Abderahman's first minister, the King proposed an amnesty, to last for three days. Hixem accepted the terms, and gained pardon. But he abused the King's clemency at a later date, and came with a body of troops to the gates of Seville. There was hard fighting, but the Governor, Abdelmelic, preserved the city and drove away the foe. Strife was again caused by the Wali of Mequinez, one Abdelgafar, who came bent upon the capture of Seville. The Wali was encountered by Cassim, young son of Abdelmelic. Fear seized the youthful officer, and he fled with his soldiers. He was met by his father, who drew his dagger and killed the young man, saying: 'Die, coward! thou art not my son, nor dost thou belong to the noble race of Meruan!' The Governor then pursued the enemy, but they escaped him, and came near again to Seville. Abdelmelic hurried to the Guadalquivir, and in a night fight he was overcome and received a wound. The troops of the Wali poured into the city. But in spite of his injury the Governor entered Seville, and after a furious combat expelled the host of Abdelgafar. The Wali was afterwards caught and killed on the bank of the Xenil. In reward for his bravery, the King made Abdelmelic Governor of Eastern Spain.

It is stated that, in 843, a fleet of ships, manned by Norman pirates, sailed up the Guadalquivir. The pirates made a sudden raid upon Seville. The inhabitants were taken by surprise, the town was robbed, and the thieves made good their escape to the river.

Seville in the days of Moorish might was one of the fairest cities on earth. Beautiful palaces were built upon the sites of the Roman halls, gardens were shady with palms, and odorous with the blossom of orange trees, and there were hundreds of public baths. The streets were paved and lighted. In winter the houses were warmed, and in summer cooled by scented air brought by pipes from beds of flowers.

Poetry, music and the arts were cultivated; the philosopher and the artist were held in respect. There were halls of learning and great libraries, which were visited by scholars from all parts of Europe.

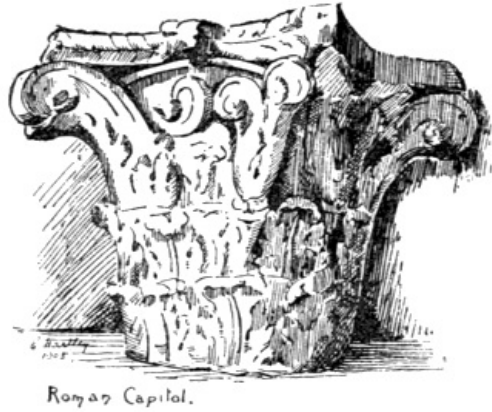


The Alcázar, the Mosque, the lordly Giralda Tower and other remains testify to the ancient splendour of Seville. It was the Moor who applied the method of science to the cultivation of the plains, who bred the cattle, introduced the orange tree, and planted the palm in the city. Granada and Seville were centres of silk-growing. Here were manufactured the damascened swords and other weapons, and beautiful metal work of divers kinds, which was in demand all over Spain for centuries. Moorish civilisation was unsurpassed for its handicrafts and architectural decorations. Long after the Christian reclamation of Seville, the *Mudéjar*, or Moor, living under the new rule, was employed by the State to construct bridges and to build castles, to design houses, and to decorate them with the wonderful glazed tiles and imperishable colours.

Among the learned Moors of Seville the most eminent was Abu Omar Ahmed Ben Abdallah, known as El Begi. Abu Omar's father had spared no cost in providing for his son's education. He employed as tutors the greatest scholars of the time, and sent the lad to Africa, Syria, Egypt and Khorassan in order to confer with sage men and doctors of repute. At the age of eighteen years Abu Omar was wonderfully cultured, and as he grew to middle age there was no man who could surpass him in knowledge of arts and sciences. 'Even in his earliest youth, the Cadi of that city, Aben Faweris,' says Condé, 'very frequently consulted him in affairs of the highest importance.' El Begi, the Sage, was born in Seville and lived there during most of his life.

Many philosophers must have mused in this cultured age amid the orange trees of the court of the magnificent mosque. From the summit of the Giralda, astronomers surveyed the spangled sky, making observations for the construction of astronomical tables. Chemists questioned nature in the laboratories by means of careful experiments, and mathematicians taught in the schools. There were seventy public libraries in Andalusia; the library of the State contained six hundred thousand volumes, and the catalogue included forty-four tomes. Scholars also possessed large private libraries. There was no censorship, no meddling with the works of genius. Men of science were encouraged to investigate every problem of human existence. Abu Abdallah wrote an encyclopædia of the sciences. The theory of the evolution of species was part of the Arab education. Moorish thought was destined to influence Spain for ages. The discovery of the New World was due to the Mohammedan teaching of the sphericity of the earth, and it was the work of Averroes that set Christopher Columbus thinking upon his voyage of exploration.

The Moors in Seville were not only a cultured and devout community. They were commercial and manufacturing, weavers of cotton, silk and wool, makers of leather and paper, and growers of grain. In their hours of recreation they played chess, sang and danced. Their dances have survived to this day in the south of Spain, and may be witnessed in the *cafés* of Seville and Malaga.



## CHAPTER II

### *The City Regained*

'All the intellect of the country which was not employed in the service of the church was devoted to the profession of arms.'

BUCKLE, *History of Civilisation*.

**I**N 1023 Abu el Kásim Mohammed, then Cadi of Seville, raised a revolt against the Berber rulers of Andalusia. The rising was successful, and the town once more became a capital. Under the Abbadid dynasty, and the rule of Motadid and Motamid, Seville was secure and peaceful. Stirring days came with the rise of the Almoravides in the eleventh century. In Morocco, Yussuf, son of Tashfin, had been inspired to wage battle in the name of a reformed religion. The Almoravides, or Mourabitins, *i.e.*, 'those who are consecrated to the service of God,' were a fanatical sect led by an intrepid warrior. They had made havoc in Northern Africa, deposing sovereigns and seizing territory. Now they were to make history in Spain.

Under Alfonso III. the Spaniards of the northern and central parts of the Peninsula had prospered in their arduous task of stemming the advance of the Moors northwards. Spain had won back Asturias, Galicia, and part of Navarre, and in time León and Castile were restored to Christian rule. But under Almanzor, a most redoubtable commander, León fell, and the whole population of its capital was slaughtered. The death of Almanzor, in 1002, brought about vast changes for the Moorish kingdom in the south of Spain. There was no great leader to control the fortunes of Islam. The territorial governors were in constant dispute, and often at war one with the other. It was a golden opportunity for the soldiers of the Cross.

In 1054 Fernando I., a sagacious ruler of León and Castile, made a crusade against the Moors of Portugal, and brought the King of Toledo to his knees. He besieged Valencia and brought his troops into Andalusia. Under Alfonso VI., Toledo was recovered, amid the rejoicings of the Christian host, who anticipated a speedy delivery from the Morisco domination. The coming of Yussuf and his fierce Almoravides dashed the hopes of Alfonso's army. Finding themselves encompassed with growing dangers, the Moors of Spain begged the assistance of the powerful Almoravides. A conference of the Moorish rulers was held at Seville, and a message sent to Yussuf. The Almoravide King was astute. At first he displayed but little sympathy for his brethren in Spain. But the offer of Algeciras induced him to promise aid, and he came with a strong army of Moors and Berbers. Alfonso was informed that a profession of belief in the creed of Mahomet would spare him from certain death. The Christian sovereign replied by allying himself with Sancho of Navarre, and bringing a force to meet Yussuf. Between Badajoz and Merida the armies met in a terrible conflict. Alfonso was forced to retreat, and for the present Yussuf offered no further demonstration of his military skill.

Next year the King of Morocco returned to Spain with his army, and exhorted the Moors of Andalusia to unite with him in a war of extinction. The petty sovereigns showed but little enthusiasm for a campaign. Probably they distrusted Yussuf's motives. Such suspicion was not without a basis, for when the Almoravides came for the third time, the monarch plainly stated that he purposed to annex all the remaining Mohammedan region. With a hundred thousand men, Yussuf took Seville and Granada. Alfonso came to the assistance of the Sevillians with a force of twenty thousand; but the Almoravides seized the city, and held it until the days of the Almohades in 1147.

Alfonso then sought the alliance of France to assist his nation in expelling the African invaders. But the power of the Almoravides grew. Córdoba was their seat of government, and Seville was one of their most important cities. The Moriscoes in Spain were no longer an independent race, but under the sway of Morocco. Motamid II. doubtless rued the hour when he sought aid from Yussuf. Fair Seville had passed out of his hands.

At this time there arose the famous Cid, the revered warrior and type of Spanish chivalry. Many are the legends and ballads extolling the bravery of this champion of Christendom. Some of the stories of his deeds are so improbable that certain historians of Spain have regarded the hero as a character of fable; but Professor Dozy has investigated the old chronicles, both Spanish and Moorish, and reached the conclusion that there *was* a Cid, a mighty soldier and a devout Catholic, named Rodrigo Diez de Bivar. There is no doubt that the Cid loved the field of

battle from his youth, and that he was ever ready to fight, sometimes for the Christians, and sometimes for Moorish chieftains at war with one another. In the end he became a valorous freebooter, with a following of the sons of noble families. The Cid came at least on one occasion to Seville as an emissary of King Alfonso to Motamid, to collect sums due from the Arab ruler. Motamid was then at strife with Abdallah, King of Granada, who was assisted by certain Christian *caballeros*, including Garci Ordoñez, formerly standard-bearer to Fernando. The Cid endeavoured to restrain the King of Granada from making war upon Motamid's city, but Abdallah was not to be influenced for peace. He went forth and was met by the combined armies of the Cid and Motamid of Seville, and defeated with much loss. Ordoñez and the Christian cavaliers were taken prisoners. The Cid took his tribute, and certain costly gifts for Alfonso from Motamid, and departed. Soon after this episode in Andalusia, Alfonso heard that Rodrigo, the Cid, had retained some of the presents sent by the King of Seville. This report was set going by Garci Ordoñez in revenge for his defeat at the hands of the Cid and Motamid, and the tale was credited by King Alfonso. There was already prejudice against the Cid in the royal mind, and Alfonso was still further displeased when his general went to attack Abdallah without permission. When he heard that, to crown all, the Cid had exhibited dishonesty, Alfonso was wroth, and banished Rodrigo from the kingdom. But the Cid gained immense power and homage as an independent sovereign, and when Alfonso was in sore need of a general to fight for him against the Almoravides, he approached the gallant Rodrigo with assurances of friendliness, and solicited his aid. Perhaps the missive of Alfonso went astray; at anyrate, the Cid did not at once respond to the King's call for help. This apparent apathy incensed Alfonso. Again he sought to punish the Cid, confiscating his estates and imprisoning his wife and children. And again the invincible Rodrigo proclaimed himself a king on his own account. He died in 1099, and at his death his territory was taken by Yussuf, the Almoravide. The Cid's bridle, worn by his steed, Babieca, hangs in the Capilla de la Granada, in the south-east corner of the Court of the Oranges at Seville.

The Almoravides appear to have been an exceedingly energetic and turbulent race. They were, indeed, too fond of warfare, for they were constantly fighting amongst themselves when they were not at war with the Christians. Under their dominion every ruler of a city who could raise troops called himself sovereign, and made attack upon the governor of the nearest wealthy centre. The Almoravide rule was not so just and prudent as that of the Moors who preceded them, and the people groaned under its despotism. Conquest by the Almohades came as a redemption from the tyranny of the Almoravides.

In Northern Africa, the land of prophets and of new sects, Mohammed, son of Abdalla, proclaimed himself the *Mehdi*, and gained the adherence of a great horde of devotees. These Unitarians were even more fervent in piety than the Almoravides. The *Mehdi's* general, Abdelmumen, soon became the victor of Moorish Spain. Seville was secured by the invaders in 1147, and remained under the Almohade rule till 1248. The Almohades built the great mosque, with its high minaret, part of the structure being formed of stonework of the Roman period; the Alcázar, a huge palace, which extended as far as the bank of the Guadalquivir to the Golden Tower, and many other magnificent edifices. The palace of the Moorish sovereigns at Seville was erected in the form of a triangle, with the chief gate at the Torre de la Plata (Silver Tower), which stood in the Calle de Ataranzas until 1821, when it was taken down.

Trade revived in the city after its capture by the Almohades; the weavers, the metal-workers, and the builders and the decorators of houses found constant employment under the new ruler, Abu Yakub Yussuf. The Christian Spaniards saw a revival of the Mohammedan fortunes, and lamented the influx of this vigorous infidel host. Earnest prayers were addressed to the knights of the Cross in all the nations of Europe beseeching succour for the faithful in Spain. Pope Innocent III. declared a crusade, and called upon foreign Christian rulers to aid the Spaniards, with the result that a number of French and English crusaders travelled to Spain. A memorable battle was fought in the Sierra Morena, the range dividing Castile from Andalusia, and the Almohade army was almost destroyed. After this repulse the Moors never made a military demonstration of any importance in Castile, but remained in Andalusia and the southern districts. Seville and Córdoba each had a different governor; the Almohade unity was ruptured, and the empire was crumbling.

We have now reached the last days of the Morisco rule in Seville. The deliverer, Fernando III., the adored Saint Fernando, came to the throne at an auspicious hour, and upon his accession made ready for war upon the Mohammedans. In 1235 Córdoba was taken by Fernando, and Jaén and other towns fell into his hands. Assisted by Aben Alhamar, King of Granada, who had been compelled to yield allegiance to the victorious Fernando, the Christian monarch marched upon Seville. The inhabitants prepared for a stubborn defence. A Moorish fleet guarded the mouth of the Guadalquivir, while the troops of the Almohades awaited attack within the city. Fernando sent war vessels from the Biscayan coast to San Lucar to attack the Moorish fleet. The navy was in the command of Admiral Raymond Bonifaz (Ramon Bonifaz), and in an engagement the Moorish ships were driven from their position. Bonifaz lived in Seville after the capture of the town. On the front of a house in Placentines, now the shop of a dealer in antiquities, there is this inscription in Spanish and French: '*Esta casa fué cedida por el Santo Rey D. Fernando III. à su almirante D. Ramon Bonifaz cuando conquisto à Sevilla libertando del dominio Sarraceno.*'

The infidels next made a stand on land, but failed to overcome the army of Fernando. For fifteen months Seville was besieged. Provisions were brought into the town from the surrounding district of Axarafa, thirty miles long, on the right bank of the Guadalquivir. This highly-cultivated region is said to have contained a hundred fertile farms. Seville was connected with the suburb of Triana (the town of Trajan) by a bridge of boats and a chain bridge. The boat-bridge was broken by Fernando during the siege by launching heavy vessels upon it. But still the defenders held out behind their high, broad walls, driving back the charges of the Christians against the sturdy gates, and raining missiles from the towers. At length, when Triana and Alfarache were in the hold of Fernando's force, and all food supplies cut off, the defenders were forced to yield. On 23rd November Fernando made a triumphal entry. The vanquished ruler, Abdul Hassan, who had proved a most courageous defender, was offered territory and money if he would continue to live in Seville, or in a city of the kingdom of Castile, as a dependent officer of the King. The Moor proudly rejected these terms; he preferred to leave the scene of his defeat, and with thousands of his people he departed for Africa. It is stated that three or four hundred thousand Moors had quitted Seville before its capture. If this is true, only a few Almohades remained in the place. Those who elected to stay were bade to render the same tribute to Fernando as they had been in the habit of paying to their princes. Such as desired to return to their country were offered the means of travelling and protection.

The triumphant King, escorted by his troops, the loyal inhabitants and the clergy, proceeded to the mosque. Christian bishops purified the temple, and dedicated it to the service of God and the Virgin, and a high and imposing

Mass was celebrated. Amid festivities and ceremonies, Fernando took possession of Seville and all its rich treasure. He occupied the Alcázar, then in its pristine splendour, and divided the houses and land around the city among his knights.

The Christian King was brave, and his treatment of the conquered shows that he had a strain of mercy in his nature. He was, however, an intensely bigoted pietist, for at Palencia he set fire with his own hands to the faggots to burn heretics. His austerities were excessive, and fasting is said to have weakened his body. Fernando died from dropsy at Seville, four years after his conquest of the town. On his deathbed he called his son Alfonso, bade him farewell, and exhorted him to follow justice and clemency. Then, amid deep sorrow in the city, the King took the Mass, and passed away. In 1671 Fernando III. was canonised by Pope Clement X.

The keys of Seville, which were given up by the Governor at the surrender of the city, may be seen in the cathedral. One key is of silver, and bears the inscription: 'May Allah grant that Islam may rule for ever in this city.' The other key is made of iron-gilt, and is of *Mudéjar* workmanship. It is lettered: 'The King of Kings will open; the King of the Earth will enter.' San Fernando's shrine is on view in the cathedral on May 30, August 22 and November 23, when honour is paid to the body of the sainted monarch by the soldiers of the Seville garrison, who march past with the colours lowered.

In the collection of paintings in the house of Señor Don Joaquin Fernandez Pereyra, 86, Calle Betis, Triana, there is a picture attributed to Velazquez, and said to have been painted by him at the age of twenty-eight, representing the Sultan of Seville handing the keys of the city to San Fernando.<sup>[A]</sup> It is said that Velazquez painted himself as model of the King. If the work is not that of the master, it is by an artist of parts. The colour is good, and the horse well drawn and painted.

Fernando III. was succeeded by his son Alfonso X., *El Sabio*, 'the Learned.' He occupied the Palace of the Alcázar, and devoted his leisure to the study of geometry, ancient laws, history and poetry. The King wrote verse to the Virgin in the Galician dialect, which resembles the Portuguese tongue, and was, for his age, a versatile and accomplished scholar. His ambition was great, and though he was called 'the Learned,' he was prone to serious error in the conduct of the affairs of government. He attempted to take Gascony, which was then in the possession of Henry III. of England, and governed by Simon de Montfort. The King's military enterprises were costly, and as they failed, the people resented the increase of taxes, and especially the measure of direct taxation. When Alfonso presented Algarve to the King of Portugal, with his natural daughter, Beatrice de Guzman, the nobles rebelled under the King's brother, Felipe, and were aided by the King of Granada. Alfonso invited the malcontent party to a conference of arbitration at Burgos. The knights were appeased; but the King was forced to yield his ground, and to make many concessions. Upon the death of Alfonso's eldest son, Fernando, a dispute arose concerning the heir to the crown. Fernando left two sons, born to him by Blanche, sister of Philip IV. of France. The second son of Alfonso, Sancho, was announced as rightful successor, but this proclamation was a cause of offence to Philip IV., who claimed that the eldest child of his sister was the lawful heir to the throne of Castile. The King of France demanded that Alfonso should restore the dowry to Blanche, and allow her and the children to come to France. Alfonso refused the request. War was then declared by Philip of France; and further anxiety was caused by the disloyalty of Sancho, who took the lead of the discontented party, and laid siege to Toledo, Córdoba, and other towns. The King was at his wit's end. He begged aid from Morocco, from the infidels, while, at the same time, he desired the Pope to excommunicate Sancho. Eventually the quarrel between King and Prince was patched up. Alfonso appears to have cherished affection for his unruly son, for upon hearing, soon after the reconciliation, that Sancho was seriously ill, the King died of grief.

So closed the troubled career of Alfonso el Sabio. He was a type of the bookish student, a great reader, but without a knowledge of human nature, and devoid of aptitude for governing a nation. In his fondness for book-learning, and his incapacity for ruling, Alfonso may be compared to James I. of England. It is claimed to the credit of the learned monarch that he encouraged the arts and education in the royal city of Seville, and founded the university. He loved the retirement of his study in the beautiful Alcázar rather than the council seat; but, at the same time, he had a craving for power and wished to extend his realm. Alfonso the Learned presented a reliquary to the chapter of the cathedral, which may be seen among the treasures. His body rests in the Capilla Real (Royal Chapel), where it was interred in 1284.

There is but little of interest to record in the annals of Seville until the time of Pedro I. Under Alfonso XI., a great council was held in the city to discuss plans for defending Andalusia from the Emperor of Morocco, who had landed in Spain with a powerful army. The King of Portugal attended the conference and promised his support, and in a battle fought near Tarifa the invading force was driven back. During the reign of Alfonso XI., the Earl of Derby and the Earl of Salisbury came to Spain, to fight for Christianity, and to offer amity to the martial King.

With the death of Alfonso XI., we come to the days of his son, Pedro I., the most renowned of all the Christian sovereigns who made court at the capital of Andalusia. The reign of Pedro el Cruel abounds with so much 'incident' from the story-teller's point of view, that many tales, ballads and plays of Spain are concerned with the exploits of this remarkable King. In some of the narratives he is portrayed as a veritable monster of cruelty and perfidy; in others he is represented as a severe, but just, monarch, with sympathy for the lower classes. Pedro was sixteen when he came to the throne. Fearing an attempt on the part of Enrique (son of Alfonso XI. by his mistress, Leonora de Guzman) to seize the crown, Pedro contrived to lure Leonora to Seville, and to imprison her in the Alcázar. From this dungeon the wretched woman was sent to other prisons, until she was done to death. There was no limit to Pedro's ferocity when his malignity was aroused. His deeds suggest an insane lust for bloodshed, and a delight in the infliction of suffering. He killed with his own hand, or by the aid of bravoos, all relatives, rivals and dangerous persons who came within his power. His first wife was Blanche of Bourbon, niece of King John of France; but he deserted her in two days, to return to his mistress, the lovely Maria de Padilla. When Pedro's fancy fell upon the handsome Juana de Castro, he declared that his union with Blanche was invalid, and induced the Bishops of Salamanca and Avila to perform a marriage service. Soon after the wedding Pedro left his bride, and insolently avowed that he had only experienced a passing passion for her.

One day Abu Said, King of Granada, wrote to Pedro of Seville, begging an audience of him that he might seek his help in resisting an enemy, Mahommed-ibn-Yussuff. To this request Pedro acceded. Abu Said, escorted by three hundred of his court, and a number of menials, journeyed to Seville, and was received most graciously by the King, who gave orders that the visitor and his retinue should be well cared for in the Alcázar. The Red King, Abu Said, possessed a splendid treasure of jewels. Among the precious stones was the famous ruby which now decorates the



royal crown of England. It is possible that the Moorish King intended to present certain of his gems to Pedro, for we read that he brought his treasure with him to Seville. But his host, hearing how fine a store of jewels lay within his reach, commanded a number of hired murderers to purloin the treasures by force. The guest and his nobles were surprised in their apartments; they were stripped of their valuables and money, while the Red King was deprived of the very clothes that he wore. Dressed in common raiment, and seated upon a donkey, the unfortunate Abu was taken, amid the derision of the rabble, to a field without Seville, and there executed with thirty-six of his courtiers. Pedro's excuse for his treachery and cruelty was that the King of Granada had betrayed him in his war with Aragon, a charge that could not be founded.

Among the beauties of Seville of that date was the Señora Urraca Osorio. When Pedro saw her, he vowed to bring her within his power. At first he paid her compliments and endeavoured to win her favour by flattery and gifts. Urraca was a proud woman. In all likelihood she recoiled from this brutal flatterer and deceiver of women, and not even his kingly rank could induce her to pay the least heed to his addresses. No one dared to foil Pedro; the *señora* doubtless surmised the revenge that the King would plan against her. Yet she bravely refused to lend her ear to his proposal, preferring death to the forfeiture of her self-respect. Then Pedro threatened a terrible punishment. Urraca still refused. Faggots were piled in the market square of the town, and the persecuted lady was led forth and burned to death in public.

The people of Seville seem to have been hypnotised by their cruel sovereign. For these horrible deeds they even offered pleas of extenuation, and, according to some Spanish historians, Pedro was one of the most popular of the kings that lived in the city after its restoration to the Christians. A certain Bohemian strain in the King's character no doubt appealed to a mass of his subjects. He was credited with sympathy for the labouring class and a desire to protect the people against the tyranny of the nobles. Where his own personal interests were not concerned, Pedro the Cruel sometimes evinced that sense of equity that led Felipe II. to describe him as 'the Just.' But in private matters Pedro displayed no trait of justice and no hint of magnanimity.

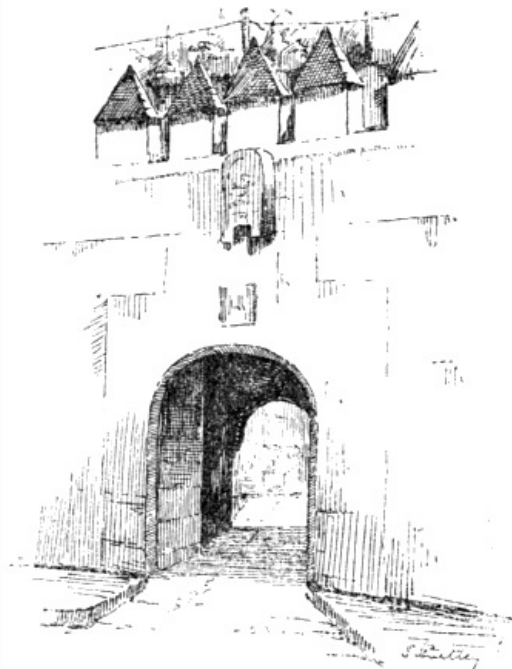
Now and then Pedro would muffle himself in his *capa*, don his sword, and wander from the palace after dark to the low quarters of Seville. He liked to study the life of the *Mudéjares*, the Jews, and the artisans, and to rub shoulders with his subjects when they were scarcely likely to recognise him. One night the King was roaming in the alleys of the city, keeping an eye upon all who passed by, and probably hoping that he might find an unlucky watchman off his guard and neglecting his duty. Suddenly a passing hidalgo pushed against the King. Pedro abused the stranger; there was an altercation, and swords were whipped out of their sheaths. In the dim light of the thoroughfare the combatants clashed blades, and engaged in a duel to the death. Presently the King's opponent received a thrust in a vital part of the body, and falling to the pavement, he lay bleeding to death. A few weeks before this night's encounter Pedro had forbidden street-fighting, on penalty of capital punishment for the unwary custodians of order in the city.

With a grim smile, the King sheathed his weapon and went home to the Alcázar, musing upon the consternation of the authorities when the corpse of the *caballero* was discovered. Next morning he sent for the Alcalde, or Mayor of the city. 'Sir,' said Pedro, 'you fully understand that I hold you accountable for any breach of the peace that occurs in the streets of Seville?' The Mayor humbly responded that he knew the fresh regulation which his majesty had been pleased to enforce. At that moment a page brought word to the King that the dead body of a hidalgo had been found, early that morning, in the plaza near where the Casa Pilatos now stands. 'What means this?' demanded Pedro, turning to the affrighted Alcalde. 'If the murderer of this gentleman is not found in two days, understand that you will be hanged.' The Mayor's face was white as he bowed himself from the royal chamber. With a sinking heart he prepared himself for his fate. There was scarcely any hope of tracking the assassin in forty-eight hours.

The wretched Mayor sat down in his room to meditate upon the best means of tracing the criminal. Meanwhile the story of the murder was abroad, and people were talking of the affair. The gossip reached the ears of an old woman, who went at once to the Alcalde, telling him that she had seen a fight from her bedroom window late during the previous night. The combatants appeared to be gentlemen, but to make sure, she lit a candle and leaned out of the window. One man had his back towards her, and she could not see his face. But of the identity of his opponent she was quite certain: *it was his majesty the King, and no other*. When she saw, beyond a doubt, that it was the King who plunged his blade into the hidalgo's breast, she felt terrified, blew out the candle, and withdrew her head from the window.

'Thank God!' cried the Mayor, seizing the old woman's hand. Then he hurried to the Alcázar, sought a hearing from the sovereign, and said that he had found the murderer of the hidalgo. The King smiled. 'Indeed, your majesty,' said the Alcalde, 'I can let you look him in the face when he hangs on the gallows.' 'Good!' replied Pedro, still smiling incredulously.

Hastening to the quarter of the Moorish artisans, the Mayor ordered them to make a cunning effigy of the King, and to bring it to him without delay. A few days after, the Alcalde requested his majesty to attend the hanging of the criminal in the Plaza de San Francisco. Greatly curious, Pedro came to the place of execution. And there, upon the gibbet, he saw a dummy of himself dangling from the rope. Struck with the humour and ingenuity of the Mayor's device, the King said: 'Justice has been done. I am satisfied.' The street where Pedro fought with the hidalgo is called the Calle della Cabeza del Rey Don Pedro, and the alley where the old woman lived is known as the Calle del Candilejo, or 'street of the candlestick.'



**OLD WALLS OF THE ALCÁZAR.**

In visiting the Alcázar we shall have more to recall of the career of Pedro the Cruel. The palace is haunted with memories of the King and of Maria de Padilla. Pedro was fond of Seville and preferred the Alcázar to any other residence. He made many alterations in the palace, built the rooms around the Patio de la Monteria, and brought material for their construction from the remains of Moorish edifices in Seville, Córdoba, and other places.

When Pedro caused his unfortunate wife, Blanche, to die in prison, from the dagger, or by poison, his subjects were at length aroused to indignation. The insensate ruler was bringing the nation to the verge of ruin by his misdeeds. France resented the dastardly murder of Blanche of Bourbon, and the King vowed revenge on Pedro. Enrique, brother of Pedro, was fighting for the crown, and had been proclaimed Sovereign at Toledo; while the Sevillians, who had long endured their King's severities and condoned his cruelties, were up in arms and threatening the royal palace. Pedro fled from Seville, and came eventually into Aquitaine, to the court of the English Black Prince at Bordeaux. The chivalrous Black Prince espoused the cause of Pedro against Enrique, pitying the fugitive King who had been forced to leave his country. In return for his support, Pedro offered his English ally a large sum of gold, and the great ruby stolen from Abu Said in the Alcázar of Seville.

The campaign was decided in favour of the King of Spain, but its hardships cost the Black Prince his life. Pedro was again acknowledged King. His downfall was, however, fast approaching. Enrique conquered his brother, soon after the departure of the English army, and came to see him at Montiel in La Mancha. It is said that Pedro was treacherously drawn into a trap. In any case, he fell by the dagger of his brother Enrique; and so ended violently the life of one who had lived in violence and bloodshed.

As our story is more concerned with the city of Seville than with the fortunes of the rulers of Spain, we may resume the narration at the time of Isabella and Fernando. No incidents of signal importance occurred in Seville between the death of Pedro I. and the accession of the famous Catholic Queen. With the reign of Isabella, the city became the theatre of events that influenced the whole of the nation, and indeed the whole of Christendom.

It was at this time that the arts and letters of Spain began to revive. In Seville the year 1477 is the date of the first setting up of a printing press, by one Theodoricus el Aleman (the German). Konrad Haebler, in his work on *The Early Printers of Spain and Portugal*, says that for fifteen years the only printers in the city were German immigrants. One of the early important books printed in Seville was Diego de Valera's *Cronica de España*. In 1490 a firm of printers, under the title of Four German Companions, opened business, and in three years published nine volumes, while two years later there was a rival press owned by another German.

It was in 1493 that the city saw the return of the great Columbus from his first voyage. For a long time the blue-eyed, dreamy Genoese, Christoforo Colombo, had mused upon the scientific works of the cultivated Moors, and speculated upon the existence of other lands far away across the restless ocean. Sceptics laughed at the dreamer; the clergy frowned at his impudent theories; but a few bold adventurers were inspired by his enthusiasm.

The story of his setting forth has been often told. Let us welcome the sunburnt explorer upon his return to Seville on Palm Sunday 1493. The wondering people are all anxious to catch sight of Cristobal Colon, the Italian, who claims to have discovered a New World. He passes down the streets, a tall, brawny man, bronzed, with red hair, which became white at the age of thirty. To those who question him he replies with dignity and courtesy, becoming eloquent as he describes the marvels of the vast country beyond the sea. The whole city is talking of the great news; the foreign sailor is the hero of the hour. And now those who doubted Colon's sanity are singing his praises in all the public meeting-places of Seville. An office for the administration of this new country is instituted in the city. From the Queen and her Consort to the seller of water in the streets, everyone utters the name of the explorer with admiration. The ecclesiastics, who declared that it was impious to assert that the earth is a globe, are vexed that they have been found wrong in their arrogant statements. They continue to quote from the Pentateuch, and the writings of St. Chrysostom, St. Jerome and St. Augustine to show that pious authority was on their side.

Queen Isabel had encouraged the Genoese sailor in his project, and the wealthy Pinzon family, of Palos, had assisted him with means, some of them also accompanying the explorer on his first voyage. Columbus was made an admiral, and promised further support in his expeditions. In May 1493 he started again, having with him fifteen hundred men and a fleet of fifty vessels. The crews of these ships were made up of adventurers, gold-seekers, idlers and a sprinkling of scoundrels selected by the Government. In the company there were priests, and it was through

the machinations of one of them, Father Boil, that Christopher Columbus incurred the displeasure of Isabel and Fernando. By every ship that was bound for Spain from the New World, Boil sent complaints of Columbus. Unfortunately, Isabel lent her ear to these slanders, and sent Francisco Bobadilla to dismiss Cristobal Colon, and to take his place. Bobadilla took possession of Columbus's charts and papers, put him into chains, and sent him, like a felon, in the hold of a ship to Spain.

It is pitiful to read of the degradation of this honest and brave man, whose energies built up the prosperity of Spain, and made Seville one of the busiest cities of Europe. He laid his case before the Queen and Fernando, and vowed that he had in no sense neglected his duty towards the country of his adoption. We know that he was 'forgiven,' but the insult offered to him preyed upon the sensitive mind of the explorer. Yet he again resolved to visit the land that he had discovered; and in 1503 he left Spain with four worn-out ships. A year later Columbus returned for the last time. The people of San Lucar, at the mouth of the Guadalquivir, welcomed back a captain in shattered health, and a crew wearied by hardship and exposure.

Columbus now longed to settle quietly in Seville, and to end his days there. He found that his popularity was waning, and that his rents had not been collected properly during his absence. With the death of Isabel he lost royal patronage. His last voyage had cost him much; but the people of Seville believed him to be immensely rich, whereas his income was now meagre. 'Little have I profited,' writes Columbus, in a letter, 'by twenty years of service, with such toils and perils; since, at present, I do not own a roof in Spain. If I desire to eat or sleep I have no resort but an inn; and for the most times have not wherewithal to pay my bill.'

In his last days we picture Christopher Columbus bending over the manuscripts, which may be seen in the Biblioteca Columbina, the library at Seville founded by the natural son of Columbus. One of the manuscripts treats upon biblical prophecy. It was written to appease the Inquisitors, who, to the last, suspected the discoverer of heresy. Writing of this Apologia, Washington Irving says that the title and some early pages of the book are by Fernando Columbus; 'the main body of the work is by a strange hand, probably by Friar Gaspar Gorricio, or some other brother of his convent.' There are signs in the hand-writing that Columbus was old and in poor health when he wrote the work. The characters are, however, distinct. There are passages from the Christian Fathers and the Bible, construed by the author into predictions of the discovery of the New World.

The gallant voyager was now prematurely aged, though he had led an abstemious life. Disappointment at the neglect of the world no doubt preyed upon his spirits in these last days of his career, for it is said that he possessed 'a too lively sensibility.' Upon the whole, Columbus was ill-used by Spain, though his memory is revered. It is the old, sad story of worth and genius. In 1506 Cristobal Colon died in a poor lodging at Valladolid. He left a son, born to him by his mistress, Beatrix Enriquez. In his will Columbus left money to Beatrix.

Great honour was paid to the body of the famous explorer. Columbus was buried in the parish church of Santa Maria de la Antigua. Some years later the Sevillians desired that the remains should be removed to their city, and they were then carried to the Carthusian monastery of Las Cuevas, to the Chapel of St. Ann, or of Santo Christo. The house of Las Cuevas was a fine one, celebrated for its pictures and treasures, and surrounded with orange and lemon groves. But the bones of Columbus were not to remain in Seville. They were taken, in 1536, to Hispaniola, and laid in the principal chapel of the Cathedral of San Domingo. Finally the remains were removed to Havanna.

While paying due respect to Christopher Columbus, we must not forget the great services rendered to the country generally, and to Seville, by Fernando de Magallanes, or Magellan, who embarked at that port in August 1519 with five vessels. Passing the Canary Islands and Cape Verde, the Portuguese explorer reached Brazil, and went south to Patagonia, 'the land of giants,' arriving eventually at the dangerous straits which bear his name. Magellan never returned to Spain. Only two of his ships reached the Moluccas, and of the five that started but one came back to Seville on the homeward journey.

These were the days when Seville was a bustling port of embarkation, and a great storehouse for treasure from America and the Indies. A fever of emigration seized the adventurous spirits of Andalusia; and Andrea Navigiero, a Venetian ambassador, who journeyed through Spain in 1525, says that the population of Seville was so reduced that 'the city was left almost to the women.'

The discoveries and conquests of Pizarro, who came to Seville after his first voyage, added to the enthusiasm for emigration. But Pizarro found it a hard matter to raise money for the expenses of a second expedition. He contrived, however, to man three ships, and was about to start, when the Council of the Indies sought to inquire into the state of the vessels. Fearing that he might be hindered from his scheme, the explorer set sail at San Lucar, in great haste, and made for the Canary Islands.

It was in January 1534 that Hernando, brother of Francisco Pizarro, was directed to return to Seville with a great hoard of treasure. The Custom House was filled with ingots, vases and ornaments of gold, and the inhabitants were much interested in the splendid spoil. Hernando Pizarro came later under a charge of cruelty to the subject race of South America. In his *Spanish Pioneers*, Mr Lummis tells us that 'Hernando was for many years imprisoned at Medina del Campo, and that he died at the age of a hundred. His brother, Francisco, who was born at Truxillo, in Estremadura, was a swineherd in his boyhood. Fired with the spirit of romance and adventure, the lad deserted his herd of pigs and ran away to Seville, where he found scope for his restless energy, and was able to influence seafaring men to accompany him on a cruise of discovery.'

Seville was now at the height of its commercial prosperity. There was a constant come and go of trading vessels; the silk trade was greatly developed, and leather was made for the markets of Spain. Isabel took much interest in the improvement of the commerce of the city. When she ascended the throne, Seville was notorious for its gangs of thieves and criminals of all kinds, while the surrounding country was insecure through the numbers of bandits who waylaid and robbed traders and farmers on the roads. The Queen determined to stamp out crime by rigorous measures. She held a court in the *salon* of the Alcázar, and, in the Castilian custom, presided over the hearing of criminal charges. Once a week, Isabel sat in her chair of state, on a daïs covered with gold cloth. For two months she conducted a crusade against robbery in the city, recovering a great amount of stolen property, and condemning many offenders to severe penalties. Her severity struck alarm among the vagabond and thieving population, and probably terrified a number of the people who had reason to fear justice. Four thousand subjects left the town. The respectable burghers grew concerned, dreading that this depopulation would injure the city and deprive it of workmen. A deputation of citizens waited upon Isabel and begged her to relax her austerity. The Queen was therefore prevailed upon to offer an amnesty for all offenders except those convicted of heresy.

Isabel's fortunes as a ruler were largely determined by her charms. The Sevillians could not fail to worship the tall, fair young Queen, with the frank and beautiful countenance and blue eyes. Her very unconventionality delighted her court and the army; and when she rode at the head of her troops, in a suit of mail, with a sword by her side, every *caballero* was ready to follow the fair commander through blood and fire. Isabel's sword, a pretty little weapon, is to be seen in the Real Armeria at Madrid.

The Queen was one of those magnetic personages to whom all things are permissible. Even in modern times it is considered unseemly for a Spanish woman to engage in field sports, or any kind of athletic exercise; but the Spaniards of Isabel's day not only forgave, but revered, the Queen who sat on the judicial bench, donned masculine attire, carried weapons, and took a man's part in the government of her state. Had it not been for the terrible taint of bigotry, which led Isabel to sanction deeds of persecution and cruelty, her character would have presented an example approaching the excellence with which enthusiastic historians have credited it.

Four years after the accession of Isabel there began the reign of the Inquisition in Seville. When Alfonso de Hoyeda, Prior of the city, and Felipe de Barberis, Inquisitor of Sicily, persuaded Fernando that a crusade against heresy would replenish his exchequer by means of confiscation, the King was induced to listen to their proposal. At first Isabel recoiled from this scheme of torture and plunder. But her woman's mind and heart were not secure against the insidious influence of the priests, who used their utmost powers of suasion to convince her that Heaven approved of the destruction of heretics. Finally the Queen gave way; and the 17th of September 1480 saw the setting up of the tribunal of the Holy Office in the Dominican Convent of St. Paul at Seville.

M'Crie, in *The History of the Reformation in Spain*, states that 'in the course of the first year in which it was erected, the Inquisition of Seville, which then extended over Castile, committed two thousand persons alive to the flames, burnt as many in effigy, and condemned seventeen thousand to different penances.' We must note, however, that according to Prescott these figures refer to several years and not to the opening years of the institution of the Holy Office in Seville. By the end of October 1481 it is recorded that three hundred persons had been burned to death in Seville. In about thirty-six years, four thousand victims went to the stake in the city, while many times that number were condemned to slavery, to perpetual imprisonment, to short terms, and to other punishments.

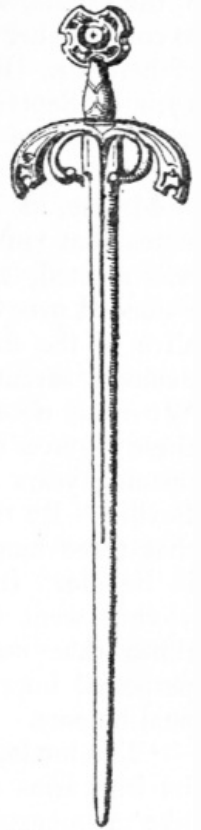
'The modern Inquisition,' writes M'Crie, 'stretched its iron arms over a whole nation, upon which it lay like a monstrous incubus, paralysing its exertions, crushing its energies, and extinguishing every other feeling but a sense of weakness and terror.' Many of the Sevillians fled from the city and sought the protection of the Duke of Medina Sidonia, the Marquis of Cadiz, and the Count of Arcos.

At this period a frightful pestilence swept over Seville, reducing the population by thirty thousand, and causing great suffering. The clergy resorted to prayer; charms and relics of the saints were displayed in the churches; but little or nothing was done in the way of preventing a spread of the plague by sanitation, or of alleviating the malady by medical science. It is a saddening picture—the people dying of the disease, thousands languishing in dungeons, and a multitude filled with fear lest they should succumb to the epidemic, or fall into the hands of the Inquisitors. Puigblanch, author of *The Inquisition Unmasked*, states that the number of the banished and the 'reconciled' in Andalusia from 1480 to 1520 was a hundred thousand. He asserts that forty-five thousand persons were done to death in the Archbishopric of Seville during this period.

Without the city, on the Prado de San Sebastian, is the burning ground. As we stand there, the imagination conjures a procession accompanying a victim to the awful torture of the stake. The doomed man is an aged and devout Morisco, who has saved money by his industry. He has been found guilty of infidelity, and he has refused to partake of the Christian sacrament. He is dressed in the sanbenito, a yellow garment, with pictures of devils kindling a fire and burning faggots, and on his head is a fantastic conical cap of pasteboard, called the *coroza*. First comes a troop of soldiers to clear a path for the procession through the jostling rabble. The soldiers are followed by several priests in canonical vestments, and the boys of the College of Doctrine, who chant the liturgy. Then comes the convicted heretic, with a familiar on either side, and two friars, followed by the judges, ministers of government, and hidalgos on horseback. In another procession comes the Inquisitors, and their standard of red, with the names and insignia of Pope Sixtus IV. and King Fernando upon it. The members of the Holy Office are escorted by esquires, and in the rear is a great mob of towns-people. But enough: imagination is at this point repelled. We turn away from the scene, and enter the shady gardens that stretch along the Guadalquivir, to scent the flowers and to listen to the thrush and nightingale.

We cannot, however, close our perceptions to the fact that Seville played an important part in the Inquisition. In roaming the streets of the city, it is impossible to forget that this mighty instrument of fanaticism has left its impress on Spain. We remember that every son of Seville who dared to exercise his conscience in the matter of religious belief ran the risk of ending his life upon the Prado de San Sebastian. The terror of this institution must have blighted the lives of millions of Spaniards. And we are moved to the reflection that the good which Isabel performed with one hand was almost destroyed by the evil inflicted by the other.

The story of Rodrigo de Valer, one of the first to embrace the Lutheran faith in Seville, is of deep interest. In the fashionable resorts of the town and at the jousts no youth was more popular than Rodrigo. He had charming manners, sat a horse gracefully, and could break a lance with the most skilful knights of the ring. His wealth procured him every pleasure; he gratified a taste for dress and spent much money upon horses. Suddenly he was missed from the dance and the tournament. His friends could not account for this changed mode of life. A passion for study had taken possession of the young man; and day after day he sat pouring over the Vulgate, and improving his knowledge of Latin, so that he might understand the book. In a few months Valer was able to quote long passages of the Bible from memory. Then he left his study and went back to his gay companions as an apostle of a new form of faith. He approached the clergy and the monks, and by argument endeavoured to convince them of the errors of their creed and ritual, appealing to the Bible as the criterion of religious truth. The priests were little inclined to



Sword of  
Isabella

listen to Rodrigo. But when they avoided him, the youth sought them, engaging them in discussion in the streets and striving to set forth his new doctrine. At length the indignant clerics of Seville brought the heretic before the Holy Inquisition. So cogent were his arguments that some of the members who secretly shared his opinions used their influence to save him from punishment. Fortunately Valer was of good family. He was declared to be insane, and spared from an extreme penalty, but his estates were taken by the tribunal.

Rodrigo's relations now strove to dissuade him from renewing his endeavours to reform the Church. What could one helpless man achieve against the whole weight of authority? But Rodrigo was full of zeal. He began again to denounce the teaching of the clerics, inspired by the belief that others would soon follow him. For the second time he was arrested on a charge of heresy and sentenced to imprisonment for life.

In the Church of St. Salvador, where Rodrigo was taken on days of festival, the fervent youth would rise after the sermon and condemn the teaching of the pulpit. Only his rank saved him from the flames. He was eventually imprisoned in a monastery of San Lucar, where he died at the age of fifty. Valer's sanbenito was displayed for a long time in the metropolitan church of Seville. It was inscribed: 'Rodrigo de Valer, a citizen of Lebrixia and Seville, an apostate, and false apostle, who pretended to be sent of God.'

The teaching of Valer was not without fruit. He was the founder of a small, but fervent, sect of Lutheran Christians in Seville, whose doctrines gradually found acceptance among a number of the people. One of the reformed party was Juan Gil, known as Doctor Egidius, preacher in Seville Cathedral, who was joined by Vargas and the celebrated Constantine Ponce de la Fuente. M'Crie says that 'the small society in Seville grew insensibly, and became the parent stock, from which branches were taken and planted in the adjacent country.' Persecution was inevitable. Egidius was denounced and thrown into prison, while Vargas was murdered, and Ponce de la Fuente banished. After a long incarceration, Egidius returned to Seville; but he caught a fever, and died in a few days. De Montes says that the writings of Egidius, which were never printed, were worthy of praise. The Doctor wrote commentaries on Genesis and the Psalms, and while in prison he composed an essay on 'Bearing the Cross.'

Protestantism spread in Seville at this time. There was a church under the care of Doctor Christobal Losada, which met in the house of a lady of rank, Isabel de Baena, and was attended by the nobles Don Juan Ponce de León and Domingo de Guzman. In the Dominican Monastery of St. Paul, in the Nunnery of St. Elizabeth, and especially in the Convent of San Isidro del Campo, the new doctrines found disciples.

One of the victims of the Inquisition was Torrigiano, the Florentine sculptor, whose statue of St. Jerome is in the Museo Provincial at Seville. The monument of Henry VII. in Westminster Abbey is the work of this artist, who ended his days in the cells of the Inquisitors' prison in Seville, in 1552. There is no doubt that many of the hapless prisoners died of diseases contracted in the insanitary dungeons of Seville and Triana, for Olmedus, one of the sufferers, describes the dens as vile in 'nastiness and stench.' The ordinary gaols were crowded, and many persons were immured in the Castle of Triana, and in the convents of the city.



At Triana resided Gonzales-Munebrega, Archbishop of Tarragona, whose name was coupled with that of Torquemada as a ruthless persecutor. This officer of the Inquisition might be seen by the trembling populace walking in the castle gardens, accompanied by a guard of servants. Munebrega wore rich clothes of purple and silk, and maintained great pomp. He exhibited extreme cruelty, and scoffed at the sufferings and cries of the tortured.



Llorente and Bernaldez relate some sickening details of the savage modes of torment imposed upon the victims of the Inquisition in Seville. It is not necessary that the tales of horror should be retold here. The first *auto-da-fé* celebrated in the city was in 1559, when Don Juan Ponce de León and several other apostates were committed to the flames in one of the chief plazas. Ponce de León was described as 'an obstinate Lutheran heretic.' The heroic Doctor Juan Gonzalez, of Moorish ancestry, was burnt upon the same day for preaching Protestant doctrines. We see him leaving the Triana gaol on the morning of execution, 'cheerful and undaunted,' though he was accompanied by his two sisters, both of whom were condemned to the stake, and had left behind in the prison his mother and two brothers. The Doctor sang the 109th Psalm, and attempted to console his sisters, whereupon a gag was thrust into his mouth.

'When they were brought to the place of execution,' writes M'Crie, 'the friars urged the females, in repeating the creed, to insert the word *Roman* in the clause relating to the Catholic Church. Wishing to procure liberty to him to bear his dying testimony, they said they would do as their brother did. The gag being removed, Juan Gonzalez exhorted them to add nothing to the good confession which they had already made. Instantly the executioners were ordered to strangle them, and one of the friars, turning to the crowd, exclaimed that they had died in the Roman faith.' Doctor Christobal Losada, the pastor of the Protestant church in Seville, suffered death courageously upon the same day.

Isabel de Baena, who allowed meetings of the Protestants in her house, and Maria de Bohorques were among the women of high birth who were burned in Seville. The story of the last-named lady has been told in a romance by a Spanish writer, entitled *Cornelia Bororquia*. Maria de Bohorques came into the grip of the Holy Office before the age of twenty-one. She was a pupil of Egidius, and a diligent student of the Scriptures. When seized and tortured by the Inquisition, she refused to name those of her friends who shared her belief. Doña Maria was then sent to the stake.

Llorente recounts that two Englishmen were burned at one of the *autos* of Seville. Nicholas Burton, a merchant of London, who traded with Spain, arrived with his vessel at San Lucar while the persecution was raging in Seville. Somewhat imprudently, Burton spoke contemptuously of the Inquisition, though M'Crie states that the accusation of insolence was false. Burton was burnt alive, together with William Burke, a seaman of Southampton, and a Frenchman, named Fabianne. The Holy Office then seized Burton's cargo; but a part of it belonged to a London tradesman, who sent one John Frampton to Seville, with a power of attorney, to recover the goods. Frampton failed to make good his claim after four months of negotiation, and he returned to England to find greater powers. When he landed again in Spain, the agent was arrested, put in chains, and thrown into the dungeon of Triana. The charge against him was that he had a volume of Cato in his bag. He was questioned as to his creed, and ordered to repeat the Ave Maria. Subjected to the torture of the rack, the wretched man was forced to confess anything that his torturers desired. Frampton was imprisoned for two years, and then granted his freedom. His 'Narrative' is to be found in Strype's *Annals*.

The unfortunate Constantine Ponce de la Fuente, who was one of the most active members of the reformed church in Seville, was seized by the Inquisition, and confined in an underground cell for two years, when dysentery put an end to his sufferings. In 1781 the last martyr perished in the flames at Seville. 'I myself,' writes Blanco White, 'saw the pile on which the last victim was sacrificed to human infallibility. It was the unhappy woman whom the Inquisition of Seville committed to the flames, under the charge of heresy, about forty years ago. She perished on a spot where thousands had met the same fate.' A traveller in Spain, named Wiffen, says: 'In the year 1842, whilst travelling in that country, I found myself in the Alameda Vieja of Seville, in front of the house formerly occupied by the Inquisition, where several of the prisoners were confined who were burned at the *auto-da-fé* of 1560.'

Such is the story of the Inquisition in Seville. I have not willingly dwelt upon this dark page in the history of the fair city. But it has been necessary to refer to the chronicles of this reign of terror; for the institution of the Holy Office in Seville is a matter of historic importance, and no record of the town could be in any sense complete if the annals of the Inquisition were overlooked. And in changing to a happier theme it is necessary that I should point out the repugnance that masses of the people of Seville exhibited towards the introduction of this engine of persecution in the city. Llorente, the Spanish historian of the Inquisition, tells us that when Fernando and Isabel commanded the Governors of the provinces to supply inquisitors and assistants to the royal capital, the inhabitants regarded the arrival of the agents of the Holy Office with extreme dissatisfaction, and that difficulty was experienced in collecting together 'the number of persons whose presence was necessary to the legal opening of their assembly.'

Let us view the city of Isabella the Catholic in a brighter aspect. In the year 1490 an ambassador from Lisbon came to the Alcázar of Seville to confer with the Queen concerning a proposed marriage between young Alonso, heir to the Portuguese throne, and Isabel, the Infanta of Castile, and the dearly-loved namesake of the royal mother. It was with mingled sentiments of joy and sadness that Isabel consented to the union. The month of April was chosen for the ceremony of betrothal, and it was arranged that feasts and tournaments should succeed the official celebration. Great preparations were made for the festivities. The lists were constructed on the bank of the Guadalquivir; hangings of costly material draped the galleries erected for the spectators of the jousts, and the royal palace was prepared for the reception of noble guests, knights of prowess, and their dames and daughters. On the first day of the *fêtes* a splendid procession passed through the streets to the lists, where thousands of the nobility were seated, all anxious to witness a combat in the arena between King Fernando and one of his most accomplished knights. The charming Infanta delighted everyone as she came with her seventy ladies-in-waiting, in court dress, and her hundred gallant pages as bodyguard. It was a scene which the people long recalled. All the rank and loveliness of Castile and Andalusia were around the arena when the sports began; the mail and weapons of the combatants glistened in the dazzling sunlight of the green meadow; and loud were the plaudits when his majesty broke his first lance in a furious and exciting tilt with a renowned esquire and champion of the lists. Throughout the tournament, Fernando acquitted himself as a true knight of the order of chivalry, displaying much courage and a great knowledge of the art of the tourney. In the autumn Isabel bade adieu to her daughter. A great retinue came to the Alcázar, to accompany the Princess to Portugal, in charge of the Cardinal of Spain and the Grand Master of St. James.

By the Sevillians, Isabel appears to have been feared as well as worshipped. The aliens in the city, all except those who chose to embrace the Catholic faith, had, indeed, good reason to fear their Queen. Isabel's treatment of the Jews cannot be called humane, but she enjoined just conduct towards her Indian subjects. The Queen was humble in her obedience to the Chief Inquisitor, Torquemada, and ever ready to listen to the counsels of her spiritual guides. Towards heresy she showed no clemency, and her measures for dealing with bandits and other criminal offenders

were excessively severe. But the romantic personality of Isabella the Catholic will always appeal to the imagination of the Andalusians.

## CHAPTER III

### *Seville under the Catholic Kings*

'In her own interior Spain had an arduous problem to solve—she had to overcome the old energetic resistance of a whole people—the tolerably numerous descendants of the former lords and conquerors of the country who still adhered to the Arabian manners and language, and even in part professed the doctrines of the Mohammedan.'—SCHLEGEL, *Philosophy of History*.

SEVILLE in the sixteenth century was at the height of its prosperity. We have seen how the discoveries of Columbus, Magellan, and the brothers Pizarro enriched the city, brought vessels to the port with costly store, and opened a vast foreign trade. In every quarter of the town the hum of industry was heard. The Morisco artisans, who had become 'reconciled' to the Christian creed, laboured in stone and metal, and there were silk weavers, leather workers, potters, and gold and silver smiths. One hundred and thirty thousand persons worked at the looms, which were numbered at sixteen thousand.

Learning and the arts benefited by the increase of the city's wealth. The university, founded by Alfonso the Learned, was extended; the cathedral library was enlarged, and Seville became famous for its poets, historians, romance writers, and playwrights. Pacheco, painter and poet, had his circle of gifted artists and men of letters; and the doors of the Casa Pilatos, the beautiful mansion of the Dukes of Alcalá, were open to all the lovers of learning and the students of art. Sculptors and painters were constantly employed upon works of art for the royal palace, the cathedral, and the churches. The *Mudéjar* architects and builders were engaged by rich dons, who had prospered by the discovery of the New World, to design and erect sumptuous residences in the Morisco style. Charitable institutions, such as the Hospital de la Caridad, were founded and liberally endowed, and an asylum for foundling children was built in the Calle de la Cuna. The highly ornate Casa de Ayuntamiento, or City Hall, was designed by Diego de Riaño, and Hernan Ruiz built the upper part of the Giralda.

The Emperor Charles V., one of the wisest rulers of Spain, occasionally made his residence at the Alcázar during the palmy days of Seville, though he favoured Segovia and Valladolid. The marriage of the monarch with Isabella, daughter of Emanuel, King of Portugal, was celebrated in the Alcázar of Seville with much splendour, and the ceremony was followed by feasts and diversions. Isabella of Portugal was a gifted woman, and extremely beautiful, and the union proved very happy. Charles was at this time highly admired in the city; but at a later date even the loyal Sevillians showed their displeasure with the Emperor. Certain of the merchants of the town disregarded the royal command that all the bullion brought in by the India fleet should be stored in the warehouse of the Board of Trade, and kept there in case the Government required to raise funds quickly for war expenses. The owners of the gold naturally preferred their shipments to the Government bonds promising repayment. They therefore secretly removed the bullion to their own houses. This action angered Charles, as the same practice enraged Philip at a later date, and the Emperor ordered the culprits to be put in chains, sent to prison, and to be deprived of their possessions. The command was heeded at once; and the merchants, and the officials who had connived at the misdemeanour of removing the bullion, were conveyed under a strong guard to Simancas. One of the offenders was put on the rack and died under torture. The gold was, however, never recovered by the State.

The gorgeous Salón de Carlos V. was constructed in the royal palace during the reign of the Emperor, who also laid out the gardens on a new plan, and built the handsome pavilion in the grounds.

Philip II. had been on the throne for many years before he paid his first visit to the southern metropolis. The King loved his mountain palace, the Escorial, where he passed his days in writing records of his reign, sending dispatches, and shooting with the gun and crossbow. Prescott says: 'It was a matter of complaint in the Cortes that he thus withdrew himself from the eyes of his subjects.' Even in his visits to Madrid, Segovia and Seville, Philip avoided society, and shut himself up in his closet with a great heap of papers on his table. When he travelled, the King rode in a close carriage, and tried to avoid the gaze of his subjects. As he grew older he developed a still stronger aversion to being seen abroad.

In 1570, at the time of the preparations for the great war with the Turks, the recluse-King came to Seville. His entry was made the occasion of a splendid ceremonial and a demonstration of loyalty on the part of the inhabitants. Philip came from Córdoba, and was met on the outskirts of the city by the officials and soldiery. Taking his oath to respect the privileges of the city, the Sovereign rode through the crowded streets in pomp, accompanied by knights and guards. A splendid canopy was held by the chief justices over the King's head as he proceeded to the Cathedral to take part in a solemn service. The monarch then took up quarters in the Alcázar, which he occupied for a fortnight. During his stay in Seville, Philip appeared at the *fêtes* which had been arranged for his entertainment. To show their homage to the King, the people of the city subscribed a hundred thousand ducats as a donation towards the cost of Philip's marriage with his fourth wife, Anne of Austria.

The heavy expenses of the war in the Netherlands and with Turkey led to a despotic method of obtaining pecuniary supplies. Philip needed money, and to secure it as quickly as possible, he ordered that the officials of the Casa de la Contratación at Seville should seize the cargoes of gold and silver that had just arrived in the port. This action aroused much indignation in the city, and the people grew incensed when the command was again given to confiscate the bullion consigned to merchants of Seville. When a number of treasure ships were on their homeward journey, the King sent Admiral Alvaro de Bazán to the Azores to intercept the vessels; and immediately upon the arrival of the fleet at San Lucar, the whole of the shipment was sent to Santander, and from that port to Flanders.

Under Philip II. the Church in Seville rose to great power, and increased in wealth. The Archbishop of the city received an income of eighty thousand ducats a year, and the minor clergy profited by the King's patronage of the Church. It is not surprising that many of the sons of families of rank and position crowded into the profession of

priest, and that the number of persons in holy orders soon swelled enormously. Arts and handicrafts were not considered gentlemanlike pursuits; the industry of the city was relegated to Spaniards of low birth, to the *Mudéjares*, and to aliens. The *caballero* of Seville aspired to join the Church Militant, or to enter the army. When Philip III., the Good, came to the throne there were no less than fourteen thousand chaplains in the diocese, while a hundred clerics were on the staff of the Cathedral alone.



**FOUNTAIN IN BATH, ALCÁZAR.**

The oppression of the Moriscoes in the city became severer in the days of Philip II. Doubt was cast upon the genuineness of belief among the 'reconciled' Moors, and they were bidden to cease reading books in the Arabic language, to abandon their ceremonies, to change their mode of dress, and to speak in Spanish. The public baths, built by the cleanly Moriscoes, were destroyed in every city, and the *Mudéjares* were even forbidden to bathe in their own houses. These mandates exasperated the Moriscoes throughout Andalusia. They rebelled and fought desperately; but after frightful bloodshed and suffering, they were quelled and broken down, never to regain their ancient sway. The suppression of the heretics was complete by the time of Philip III. And at this time began the decline of Seville's prosperity.

When Philip V. reigned, the sixteen thousand looms of the city had been reduced to less than three hundred, and the population was thinned to 'a quarter of its former number of inhabitants.' In the fruitful district around Seville the vineyards and olive gardens were in a state of neglect, and fields once fertile became wastes. Trade declined rapidly with the extirpation of heresy. The industrial population was deprived of its most skilful and industrious members when the last band of Moriscoes quitted the city. In the seventeenth century Andalusia suffered fearful poverty. Whole villages were deserted, the land was going out of cultivation, and the tax-collectors were enjoined to seize the beds and such wretched furniture as the indigent peasants possessed in their cheerless houses.

When Philip II. died, loyal Seville honoured the departed King by a magnificent funeral service in the Cathedral. A monument, forty-four feet square, and forty-one feet in height, was designed by Oviedo, at a cost of fifteen thousand ducats. Montañes, the famous sculptor, whose work is to be seen in several of the Seville churches, produced some of the statuary to adorn the monument, and the young Pacheco, then unknown, assisted in the decoration. On November 25, 1598, the mourning multitude flocked to the dim Cathedral. While the people knelt upon the stones, and the solemn music floated through the long aisles, there was a disturbance among a part of the congregation. A man was charged with deriding the imposing monument, and creating a disorder in the holy edifice. He was a tax-gatherer and ex-soldier of the city, named Don Miguel de Servantes Saavedra. Some of the citizens took his side, for there was a feud between the civil and ecclesiastical authorities of Seville, and the tax-gatherer had merely shown public spirit. The brawler, whom we know as Cervantes, was expelled from the Cathedral with his companions, and order was restored. But he had his revenge. He went to his room and composed a satirical poem upon the tomb of the King, which was soon published and read everywhere in the city. Here is one of the English translations of the poem:—

TO THE MONUMENT OF THE KING AT SEVILLE.

'I vow to God I quake with my surprise!  
Could I describe it, I would give a crown—  
And who, that gazes on it in the town,  
But starts aghast to see its wondrous size;  
Each part a million cost, I should devise;  
What pity 'tis, ere centuries have flown,  
Old Time will mercilessly cast it down!  
Thou rival'st Rome, O, Seville, in my eyes!  
I bet the soul of him who's dead and blest,  
To dwell within this sumptuous monument  
Has left the seats of sempiternal rest!  
A fellow tall, on deeds of valour bent,

My exclamation heard. "Bravo!" he cried,  
"Sir Soldier, what you say is true, I vow!  
And he who says the contrary has lied!"  
With that, he pulls his hat upon his brow,  
Upon his sword hilt he his hand doth lay  
And frowns—and—nothing does, but walks away.'

The discovery of the New World, with its opulence of treasure, and the expulsion of the Moriscoes, did not yield a permanent prosperity to Seville. Even before the death of Philip II., the few far-sighted and reflective men doubted whether a great influx of gold and silver, and the annihilation of freedom of thought, were likely to benefit Spain, either in the material or spiritual sense. The gold fever seized like a frenzy upon the avaricious, and the early colonisers turned their backs upon any country that lacked precious minerals. Nothing save gold and silver was considered valuable. As a consequence these minerals became redundant, and in the meantime the cultivation of the land at home and abroad, and the development of manufactures, were neglected. No one had the enterprise to prevent the silting up of the tidal waters of the Guadalquivir, and so Seville lost its importance as a busy port.

While nobles were fighting for gold, and harrying heretics, briars and weeds were spreading over the fields that the patient Moors had tilled and made marvellously fertile. The establishment of the *alcavala* tax upon farming produce and manufactured articles hastened the decline of agriculture and of crafts in Andalusia. Finally, under the Bourbons, Cadiz became the rival of Seville, and the Council of the Two Indies was removed to the southern port in 1720. In good or ill fortune Seville remained loyal, winning for itself the title of: *Muy noble, muy leal, muy heroica é invicta, i.e., 'Very noble, very loyal, very brave and invincible.'*

Some interesting pictures of Seville at the close of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries are to be found in the *Letters from Spain*, by D. Leucadio Doblado, written in 1824. Doblado is the pseudonym of Blanco White, son of the British Vice-Consul at Seville in those days. White was born in the city in 1775, brought up as a Spaniard, and sent to the University. His parents were very austere Catholics, but reading and study developed a sceptical tendency in young White's mind, and he subsequently came to England and was well-known in Unitarian circles.

In his *Life*, Blanco White describes the quaint ceremony of entrance into the University of Seville. 'Every day of the week preceding the admission, the candidate was obliged to walk an hour in the principal quadrangle of the college, attended by one of the servitors, and his own servant or page—a needy student who, for the sake of board, lodgings and the cast-off clothes of his master, was glad in that humble capacity to go through the course of studies necessary for the profession—Divinity, Law or Medicine—which he intended to follow.' The custom of the *caravanas* was a trying ordeal for the student. He was compelled to run the gauntlet of the gibes of a mob of spectators, as a trial of his patience. No physical violence was permitted, except when a candidate lost his temper. An irascible victim was speedily ducked in the basin of the fountain of the quadrangle. Ladies came to see the sport. When White passed through this ordeal, he was dressed in fantastic garments, and led by his tormentors by a rope.

In 1800, Blanco White saw the outbreak of yellow fever that ravaged the city. The plague began in Triana, and the infection was said to have been brought from Cadiz by seamen. As in previous instances of pestilence, there was no enforced isolation of the diseased, and no relief of the suffering poor. Prayers were offered for succour in the Cathedral and the churches, and a special service of the Rogativas, used in the times of severe affliction, was performed on nine days after sunset. One of the choicest relics of the Cathedral, a piece of the True Cross, or *Lignum Crucis*, was exhibited as a charm on the Giralda Tower. Many persons advised that a wooden crucifix, in one of the chapels of the suburbs, should be also employed. It had been of great service in the plague of 1649, staying the epidemic after half of the inhabitants had been destroyed. A day was fixed for the solemn ceremony of blessing the four winds of heaven with the True Cross from the Cathedral treasury. The great fane was crowded with supplicants. As the priest made the sign of the Cross, with the golden casket containing the *Lignum Crucis*, a frightful clap of thunder made the Cathedral tremble. In forty-eight hours the deaths increased tenfold. The heat, the polluted air of the Cathedral, the infection that spread among the worshippers, and the fatigue of the service caused a great spread of the fever in the city. Eighteen thousand persons perished from the pestilence.

During the Peninsular War, Sout's troops did considerable damage to parts of Seville. The church that contained the bones of Murillo was pillaged by the soldiers, and the tomb of the great painter was destroyed. On February 1, 1810, the city surrendered with all its stores and arsenal, and Joseph marched in. The French force had appeared before Seville in January 1810. 'In Seville all was anarchy,' writes Sir W. F. P. Napier, in his *History of the War in the Peninsula*; 'Palafox and Montijo's partisans were secretly ready to strike, the ancient Junta openly prepared to resume their former power.' It was a time of revolt in the city; mobs went through the streets, calling for the deposition of the Junta, and vowing violence against the members. Seville was besieged for the last time in 1843, at the time of Espartero's regency. An account of the siege is given in *Revelations of Spain*, by an English Resident, who writes: 'I saw full twenty houses in different parts of the city—this was about the entire number—which Van Halen's shells had entirely gutted. The balls did limited damage—a mere crack against the wall, for the most part a few stones dashed out, and there an end. But the bombs—that was indeed a different matter! Wherever they fell, unless they struck the streets, and were buried in the ground, they carried destruction. Lighting on the roof of a house, they invariably pierced through its four or five floors, and bursting below, laid the building in ruins.' Probably not more than twenty lives were lost through the bursting of the shells. Most of the men of the city were defending the walls, and the women took refuge in the churches. The Cathedral sheltered a large number of women and children, who slept and cooked there. The Junta of Seville occupied the Convent of San Paolo during the siege.

Edward VII. of England, when Prince of Wales, paid a visit to Seville, and spent several days in the city, in 1876.

We have now briefly surveyed the more interesting events in the history of the city and noted incidents in the lives of eminent Sevillians from the time of the Goths until the present century.

## CHAPTER IV

### *The Remains of the Mosque*

'I have never entered a mosque without a vivid emotion—shall I even say without a certain regret in not being a Mussulman?'—ERNEST RENAN, *Islamism and Science*.

**I**N the year 1171, Abu Yakub Yûsuf, the conquering Moor, began the building of a mighty *mezquita*, or mosque, in the captured city of Seville. The important work was given into the hands of a famed architect, one Gever, Hever, or Djâbir, the correct spelling of whose name has puzzled the historians. Gever is said to have been 'the inventor of Algebra.' Whether he really designed the Mosque is difficult to determine. Some Spanish writers have asserted that the first stage of the Giralda Tower was commenced in the year 1000 of the Christian era 'by the famous Moor, Herver.' From the discovery, at a great depth, of certain pieces of Roman masonry, it is supposed that an amphitheatre once occupied the ground now covered by the Cathedral, the Giralda, and the Court of the Oranges.

There is no doubt that the Mosque of the Almohade ruler was a vast and noble building, resembling in most of its characters that of Córdoba. The minaret, now called the Giralda, is certainly one of the most ancient buildings in the city. It is recorded that the Moorish astronomers used the tower as an observatory. Probably the minaret served the double purpose of praying-tower and astronomical outlook. In building the tower the remains of ruined Roman and Gothic structures were used by the Moors, just as the Christians afterwards employed portions of the mosques and palaces for building their temples. The original minaret was about two hundred and thirty feet in height. At each corner of the minaret stood four huge brass balls, which were thrown down in the earthquake of 1395.

If we enter the precincts of the old Mosque by the Puerta del Perdón, in the Calle de Alemanes, we shall see the bronze-covered doors which may have formed one of the entrances to the building. The bronze has been spoilt by paint, but one can note the distinctly Moorish character of these great doors. This gate was reconstructed by Alfonso XI. after the victory of Salado. In its present state it dates from 1340. Bartolomé López added the plateresque ornamentations about 1522. The sculptures over the doorway are statues of St. Peter and St. Paul, an Annunciation and the Expulsion of the Money Changers from the Temple. Before the Lonja was built, the merchants of Seville used the court within as an exchange. Hence the relief of the Expulsion, a fine piece of carving by the Italian, Miguel, representing Christ chastising the money changers from the Temple. Miguel of Florence was one of the early Renaissance sculptors who came to Spain.

Under the archway of the Gate of Pardon is a modern shrine. At almost all hours of the day sin-stricken supplicants, chiefly women, may be seen kneeling on the stones before the altar.



Puerta del Perdón



Through the gateway we enter the quiet retreat of the Patio de los Naranjas, or the Court of the Oranges, which formed the courtyard of the ancient Morisco temple. The lofty Cathedral is before us; on the left towers the imposing Giralda, and to the right hand is the Sagrario, or parish church. There is a beautiful Moorish fountain in the centre of the court, with an octagonal basin. Every Morisco *patio* had its fountain, orange and lemon trees, and marble seats. In the walls of the Sacristy of the Sagrario, we shall find further traces of the Moorish decoration in the form of *azulejos* which belonged to the original Mosque.

The *patio* is smaller than that of the *mezquita* of Córdoba, and with the exception of the few relics which I have described, there is not much suggestion of former grandeur.

But imagination calls forth the figure of a Mueddjin upon the minaret, chanting the *Adyân*, or call to prayer, as the sun tints the sky at its setting. The worshippers repair to the baths to purify themselves for devotion by washing their bodies. 'Regularly perform thy prayer at the declension of the sun,' says the Sura, 'at the first darkness of the night and the prayer of daybreak; for the prayer of daybreak is borne witness unto by the angels.' Five times during the day the pious Mohammedans spread their mats here, and prayed to Allah.

The Crescent has vanished from the Giralda. A figure of Christian faith stands there in its stead, and from the Cathedral issue the strains of the choristers and the swelling of the organ. For long centuries this spot in the heart of Seville has been dedicated to worship. Romans, Visigoths, Moors and Catholic Christians each in their day of power have bent the knee to their deities upon the ground which we are now treading. It is a strange, composite fane! The lower part of the Giralda is Moorish, the upper part Christian. In the middle of the Court of the Oranges we have the Moslem fountain; and in the wall is a stone pulpit from which many eminent Catholic divines have preached against heresy. The Giralda, incorporated with the Cathedral, dominates all, but it is the most Moorish feature of the great pile.

We must now inspect the minaret. Our way is through the Capilla de la Granada of the Cathedral. Here we may see one more monument of the Moors, a horseshoe arch, once a part of the Mosque. Within, suspended from the roof, is a huge elephant's tusk, a bridle, said to have belonged to the Cid's steed, and a stuffed crocodile, a present from the Sultan of Egypt, who sent it to Alfonso el Sabio, with a request for the King's daughter as wife.

The ascent of the Giralda is not laborious. We can walk up the inclined plane without losing breath; and at each window of the stages there are lovely peeps of the city and the vast plain of the Guadalquivir. From these windows there are fine outlooks upon the Cathedral, and the details of its wonderful buttresses can be well studied as we ascend stage by stage. The stages, or *cuerpos*, of the tower are all named.

We soon arrive at the Cuerpo de Campanas, where there is a peal of bells. Santa Maria is a ponderous bell which cost ten thousand ducats. It was set up in the year 1588 by the order of the Archbishop Don Gonzalo de Mena. This bell is vulgarly called 'the plump' by reason of its great bulk and weight. Its note is deep and resonant, and can be heard all over the city, and far away in the country, when the wind is favourable.

Another *cuerpo* is that of the Azucenas, or white lilies, so called on account of its architectural urns, with ironwork flower decorations. El Cuerpo del Reloj (the Clock Tower) contained the first tower-clock made in Spain. It was put in its place in the presence of King Enrique III. The present clock was the work of José Cordero, a monk, and it dates from 1765. It is said that portions of the old clock were used by Cordero.

Around the more modern part of the Giralda is an inscription in Latin: *Turris Fortissima Nomen Domini*. Each word of the motto occupies one of the faces of the tower. The Cuerpo de Estrellas, or Stage of the Stars, is so named in allusion to the decorations of its faces. Notice the *ajimez* windows as you ascend the tower. The fourth and last *cuerpo* is the Corambolas, or billiard balls, referring to the globes of stone in the decoration.

We emerge upon a gallery below the great statue of La Fé, thirteen feet in height, and made out of bronze by Bartolomé Morel, in 1568. This figure of a woman is a vane, which moves with every wind in spite of its size and weight. It is a wonderful piece of workmanship. The head of the Faith is crowned with a Roman helmet, and in the woman's right hand is the great standard of Rome in the time of the Emperor Constantine. In the left hand the figure holds a palm branch, a symbol of conquest. The true name of the statue is La Fé Triumfante; but in the common speech of Seville it is spoken of as Victoria, Giraldillo, Santa Juasma, and El Muñeco.

Don Alfonso Alvarez-Benavides, in his little book on *La Giralda*, published in Seville, tells us that the statue of the Faith has suffered several lightning strokes. One of these attacks severely scorched the upper section of the tower. In the afternoon of April 26, 1884, during a terrific thunder-storm, a shower of sparks fell upon the Giralda and caused much damage. Again, on the 18th of June 1885, lightning assailed the building. The work of restoration began in the year 1885, and was completed in 1888, under the direction of Fernandez Casanova.

It was in 1568 that Hernan Ruiz erected the highest *cuerpo* of the minaret by order of the Cathedral authorities. Ruiz was often employed by the Church, and his work may be seen in the restored *mezquita* of Córdoba.

The Giralda is about three hundred feet in height. As the surrounding country is level, we can command a very wide expanse from the gallery below the statue of the Faith. Looking over the roofs and dome of the Cathedral, we see the Plaza de Toros, and the suburb of Triana, on the opposite bank of the Guadalquivir. Among the low hills beyond the Cartuja, to the right of Triana, is the ancient Roman amphitheatre of Italica, while in the extreme distance are blue mountains.

Beyond the Alcázar we note the Parque, the Delicias, the Prado de San Sebastian, and the red clay hills of Coria on the right bank of the broad river. Further away are the interminable marshes bordering the estuary, and beyond is San Lucar. Below us is the Archbishop's Palace and the gardens of the Alcázar. Seville is spread beneath us like a huge map. We look down on roof gardens, into *patios*, along the white, narrow *calles*, into the *plazas*, and across the

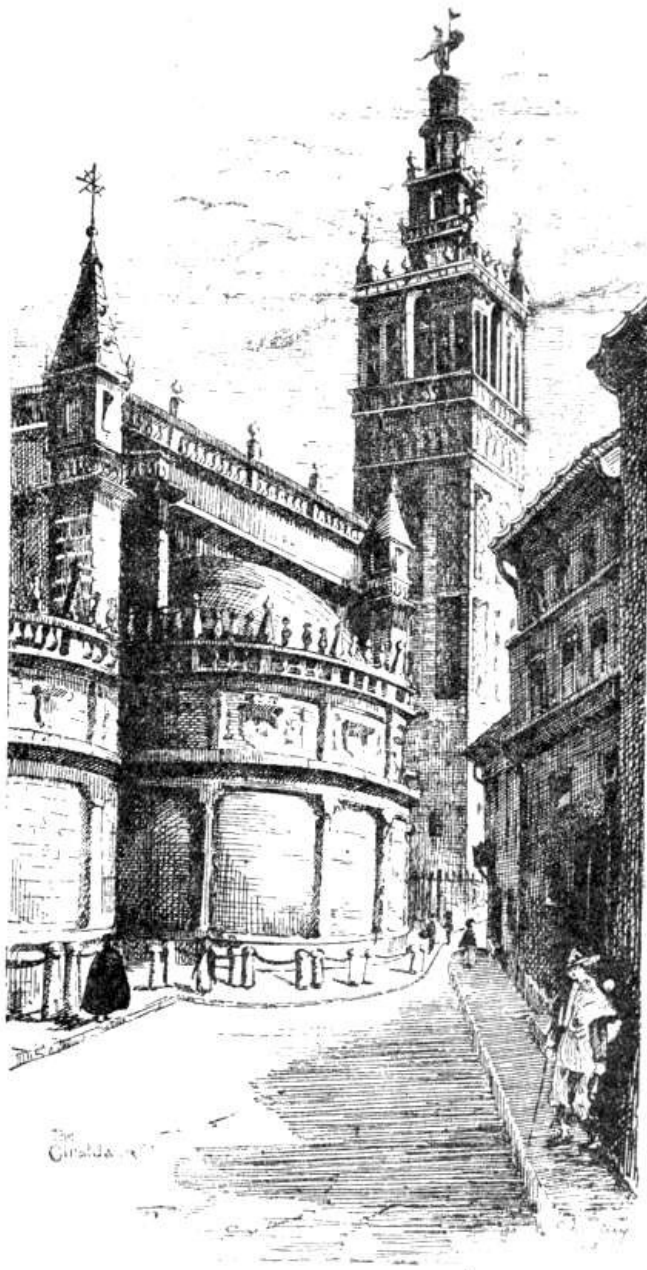
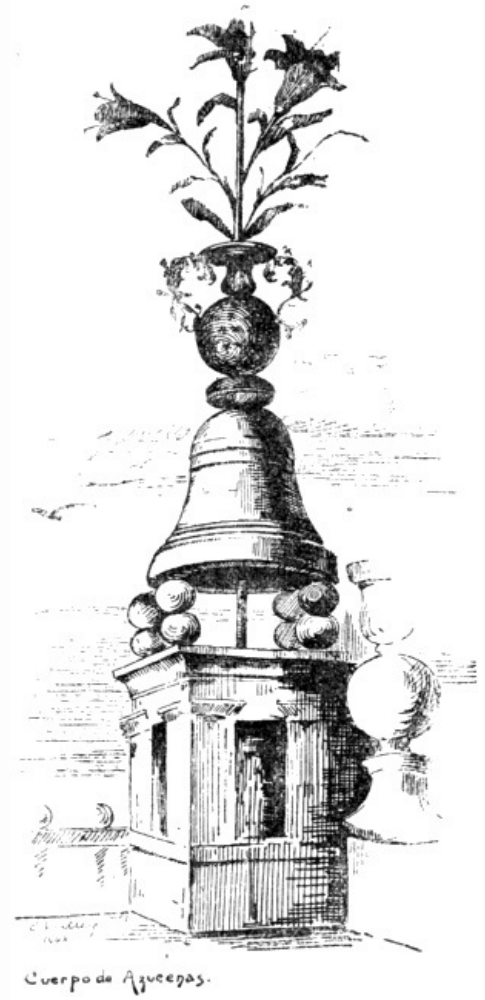


housetops to the fertile land beyond the Roman walls.

It is a prospect that inspires the spectator. Fair, sunny, fruitful Andalusia stretches around for league upon league, under a burning blue sky. The air is clear; there is scarcely a trace of smoke from the myriad chimneys of the city. No town could be brighter and cleaner. We are above the brown hawks that nest in the niches of the Cathedral. They float on outspread wings over the buttresses. The passengers in the streets are like specks; the trees in the Court of the Oranges are but shrubs. It is one of the finest panoramas in Spain. One is reluctant to descend from this breezy platform, and to turn one's back upon the fine bird's-eye view of Seville and the surrounding landscape.

It is a misfortune that sun, wind and rain have almost expunged the frescoes that decorate the niches of the Giralda. They were the work of Luis de Vargas, who painted the altar-piece in the Chapel of the Nativity in the Cathedral. Vargas was a pupil of Perino del Vaga in Italy. One of the paintings on the Giralda represented the Saints of Seville, St. Justa and St. Rufina, who protect the tower from harm, and other subjects were scenes in the lives of saints and martyrs. Vargas also executed the fresco of Christ bearing the Cross, or the *Calle de Amargura*, on the outside of Patio de los Naranjas. The picture was restored by Vasco Pereyra, in 1594. We read of Luis de Vargas that he was extremely devout. He practised austerities and mortifications, and slept with a coffin by his bedside, to remind him of the insecurity of this earthly life. The ascetic artist was born in Seville, in 1502, and died there about the year 1568.

Like the monument of London, and many other high towers, the Giralda has often been used by suicides. A number of despairing persons have thrown themselves from its summit.



## CHAPTER V

### *The Cathedral*

'How reverend is the face of this tall pile,  
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads  
To bear aloft its arched and ponderous roof,  
By its own weight made steadfast and immovable,  
Looking tranquillity.'—WILLIAM CONGREVE.

'LET us build such a huge and splendid temple that succeeding generations of men will say that we were mad.' So said the pious originators of Seville Cathedral, in the year 1401. After one hundred years, the temple was still unfinished, and to this day masons are at work upon the dome.

When San Fernando captured the city of Seville from the Moors, and made it his capital, the Mosque, which stood on the site of the Cathedral, was consecrated to the service of the Christian faith. It was used for Catholic worship until its disrepair became a reproach. Then the Chapter decided to erect a worthier fane, one which would astonish posterity. The Cathedral should be huge and magnificent, rivalling in its area all the other cathedrals of Spain. Toledo Cathedral is 'rich'; Salamanca, 'strong'; León, 'beautiful.' The Cathedral of Seville is called the 'great.'

In point of size the edifice ranks third among the cathedrals of Europe. It is the largest Gothic cathedral in the world, larger than Cologne and Milan. The superficial areas of the great cathedrals are as follows:—

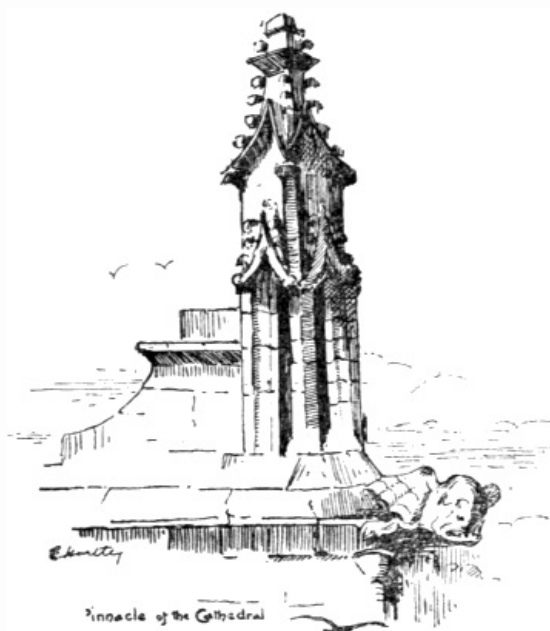
St. Peter's	230,000 feet square
Córdoba	160,000 "
Seville	125,000 "
Milan	110,000 "
St. Paul's	84,000 "

In 1511, five years after the practical completion of the building, the dome gave way. It was re-erected by Juan Gil de Hontañón, an architect who subsequently designed the new Cathedral of Salamanca (1513). The original architects are supposed to have been of German nationality.<sup>[B]</sup> Earthquake shocks endangered a part of the structure at a later date, and Casanova, who restored the Giralda Tower, superintended the renovation, which was begun in 1882. Six years after Casanova's restoration, the dome again collapsed, and from that time until to-day the work of repair has proceeded.

Théophile Gautier, writing of this splendid pile, states:

'The most extravagant and most monstrously prodigious Hindoo pagodas are not to be mentioned in the same century as the Cathedral of Seville. It is a mountain scooped out, a valley turned topsy-turvy; Notre Dame at Paris might walk erect in the middle nave, which is of frightful height; pillars as large round as towers, and which appear so slender that they make you shudder, rise out of the ground or descend from the vaulted roof, like stalactites in a giant's grotto.'

In Caveda's description of the Cathedral, we read: 'The general effect is truly majestic. The open-work parapets which crown the roofs; the graceful lanterns of the eight winding stairs that ascend in the corners to the vaults and galleries; the flying buttresses that spring lightly from aisle to nave, as the jets of a cascade from cliff to cliff; the slender pinnacles that cap them, the proportions of the arms of the transept and of the buttresses supporting the side walls; the large pointed windows that open between them, one above another, just as the aisles and chapels to which they belong rise over each other; the pointed portals and entrances—all these combine in an almost miraculous manner, although these are lacking the wealth of detail, the airy grace, and the delicate elegance that characterise the cathedrals of León and Burgos.'



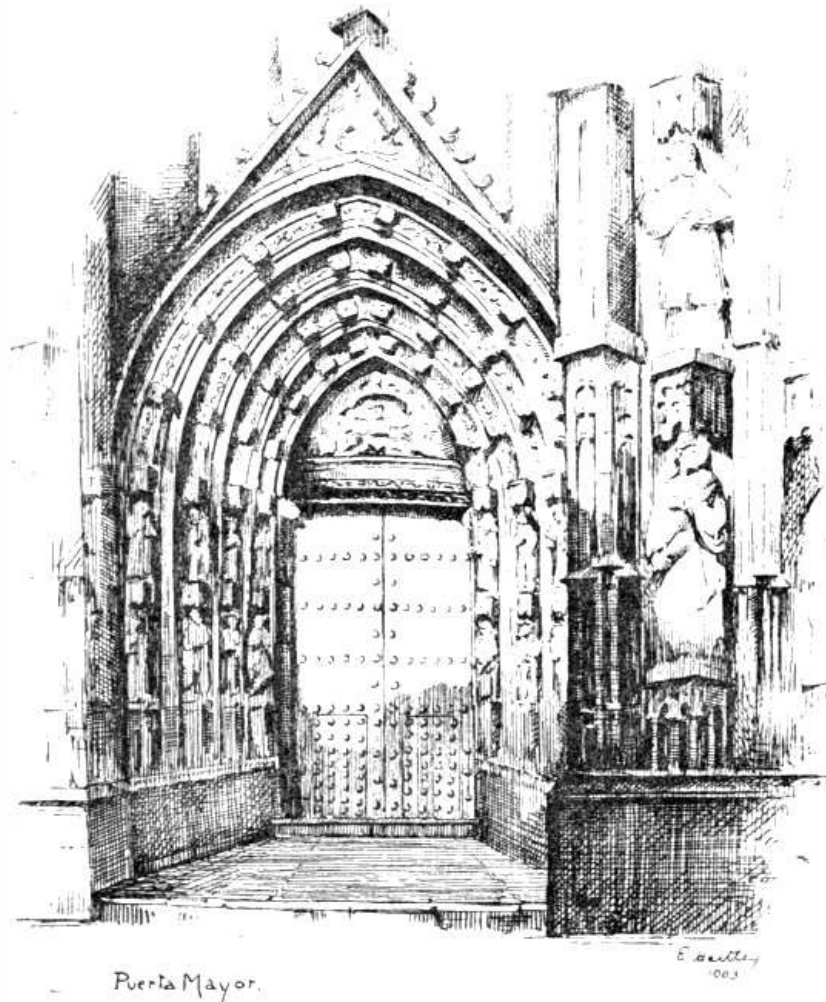
It was during the long and exhausting endeavours of the Castilian Kings to expel the Moors from Spain, that gold and treasure was paid into the coffers of the Chapter for the cost of erecting the marvellous Cathedral of Seville. Bishops, deans and clergy forfeited one half of their stipends to meet the heavy charges of architects, artists, stained glass designers, masons, carvers, and innumerable craftsmen and labourers. An army of artists and mechanics was employed upon the vast work. During the century of construction, the Catholic kings who resided in the Alcázar, showed great interest in the undertaking, while the noble families subscribed liberally towards the cost, and the poor gave of their slender store of pesetas.

The exterior of the Cathedral is a type of the finest Spanish Gothic architecture, though the incorporated Giralda Tower is distinctly Morisco, and much older in style. Within the consecrated precincts, we may see traces of the *Mudéjar* handicraftsmen amid early Gothic and Renaissance architectural details.

The Cathedral consecrated ground contains within its confines the Moorish Patio de los Naranjas, the high minaret, the Columbus Library, offices of the Chapter, and the Church of the Sagrario. There are nine doors to the Cathedral proper, and a gateway with doors, leading to the Patio de los Naranjas, or Court of the Oranges.

## THE EXTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL.

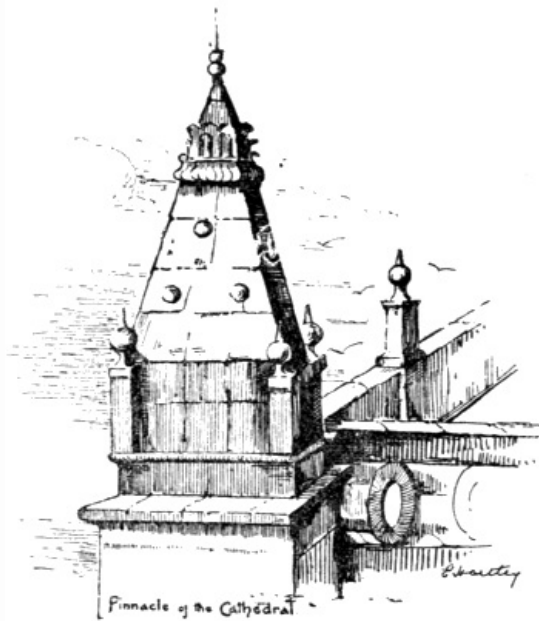
From the Calle del Gran Capitan, on the west side of the Cathedral, one may gain a conception of the extent and the magnificence of the building. It is best to begin our inspection of the doors from this side. Here we shall find three entrances, or *puertas*. The chief door is in the centre. It is elaborately decorated, and is in fine preservation. Thirty-two figures stand in niches. Over the door is a beautiful relief of the Assumption by Ricardo Bellver.



Puerta Mayor.

## THE CENTRAL DOOR OF THE CATHEDRAL

Puerta del Bautismo, or San Juan, is embellished with sculptures by Pedro Millan, which deserve careful inspection. The third doorway is the Puerta del Nacimiento, or San Miguel. This is also adorned by the sculpture of Pedro Millan. The upper part of the Cathedral viewed from this side is not of much beauty. It is modern, dating from 1827.



At the south side of the Cathedral is the Puerta de San Cristóbal, or de la Lonja, added by Casanova in 1887. As we make the circuit of the edifice, we shall see the turrets and numerous pinnacles of the roof. The effect is impressive and bewildering. Centuries of labour are here represented in noble form and beauty of outline. The flying buttresses are especially graceful and the great dome is majestic in its proportions. Cean Bermudez compares the Cathedral with 'a high-pooped and beflagged ship, rising over the sea with harmonious grouping of sails, pennons and banners.'

In the east façade are the Puerta de los Campanillas and the Puerta de los Palos. These doors are magnificently decorated with sculptures by Lope Marin, executed in the year 1548. There are three entrances on the north side. That leading from the Court of the Oranges is named the Puerta del Lagarto, from the stuffed crocodile which hangs from the ceiling. The Puerta de los Naranjas is in the centre of the court. This door is kept closed except on days of festival. The third door is the unfinished one bearing the name of the Puerta del Sagrario.

As we survey this immense monument of the Christian faith, we are led to muse upon the power of the early Catholic Church in Spain. It was no half-hearted belief that urged men of all ranks of society to deny themselves in contributing to the huge outlay that went to the planning, erection and decoration of this mighty Cathedral.

The dictates of the Chapter ruled the councils of the State and the conferences of kings and courtiers. When the throne lost power, the bishop's chair gained in authority. In the reign of Philip III. the Cathedral of Seville had no less than one hundred clergy on its staff. Dunham, in his *History of Spain*, states that 'half a dozen could assuredly have been sufficient for the public offices of devotion.' But there was no question of restricting the number of ministers and confessors in these days of perfervid devotion. It was considered heretical to even speak of stinting the wealth that was freely poured into the coffers of the hierarchy. To this devotion and liberality we owe the great treasure-house of art beneath whose broad shadow we stand. The painters, sculptors and craftsmen were under the patronage of the Church; they could not have subsisted without such patronage. And in most cases they gave their services gladly, for their heart was in their labours, and devotion inspired them. Few desired any other kind of employment; the highest service was that of holy religion.

A great faith, such as the Romish, inspires its devotees to the building of resplendent temples. The Christians would not merely imitate the Moors in the beauty and richness of their churches. They pledged themselves to excel the magnificence of the *mezquitas*, and to show mankind that God is honoured most devoutly by those who spare neither wealth nor industry in the setting up of fanes dedicated to His worship. We cannot grasp the Spanish character until we realise that its keynote in the past was profound piety and deep loyalty towards the Church and the Crown. The cathedrals of Spain are testimony to this devotion to the Christian creed. They are solemn historic memorials of faith.

Worshippers in the Seville Cathedral are reverential; there is no apparent insincerity in their responses and genuflexions. In Italy and France there is a less manifest reverence during divine services. But the Spanish temperament has remained religious through all the stress of heretical days and the changing fortunes of its dynasties. It is not only the women who are devout, for many men are present at the celebrations in the cathedrals and churches. Very imposing are these Spanish services in the half-light of the *capillas*:

'Dim burn the lamps like lights on vaporous seas;  
Drowsed are the voices of droned litanies;  
Blurred as in dreams the face of priest and friar.'

The organ music is often superb, and the choristers are highly trained. Besides the organ, reed and string instruments are used to accompany the singing during important festivals. The smoke of incense mounts in the lofty naves and aisles; the altars glow with candle-lights, and the sweet, rich voices of the boys hover under the vaulted roofs. Rich and poor alike sit or stand upon the flagged floors. The preachers are often very eloquent, and they preach in the purest form of the Castilian language.

The dim light of the interior of the Cathedral is a hindrance to the full enjoyment of the very numerous works of art that adorn the chapels. This gloom is characteristic of the Spanish cathedrals and churches. The best time in the day to inspect the pictures in Seville Cathedral is before eight in the morning. It is an early hour; but the light is then

fairly good, and the chapels are usually quiet. I advise the visitor to spend several hours in the Cathedral, if he desires to study the inner architecture, carvings, pictures and statues. A mere ramble through the naves and a peep into one or two of the *capillas* will not suffice. It is well to select a portion of the interior for each day's inspection. Shun the loafers who offer their services as guides. They have no knowledge of the art treasures, and they possess a faculty of invention.

I trust that my description will assist the stranger in his tour of the Cathedral. The chief objects of art are indicated, or briefly described, in the remaining part of this chapter. The account is not to be taken as exhaustive. A thorough treatise on the architecture of the building alone would require more space than I have at my command, and it might prove somewhat tedious to the reader who is not acquainted with the technical terminology of architecture.

### THE INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL.

Enter by the Puerta del Lagarto, in the Patio de los Naranjas. One's first impression when within the Cathedral is that of its magnitude and the 'frightful height,' which struck Théophile Gautier. The length, exclusive of the Capilla Real, is three hundred and eighty feet; the width is two hundred and fifty feet. The nave is one hundred and thirty feet in height, and over fifty feet in width.

There is great dignity in the lofty columns, and a sense of vastness possesses us as we gaze upwards. The floor is of fine marble. It was laid in the years 1787 to 1795.

*The Capilla de los Evangelistas* is the first chapel near to the *puerta*. It has a fine altar piece in nine parts, the work of Hernando de Sturmió, containing a picture of the ancient Giralda. The paintings are on panel, and the brown tints are characteristic of the early Sevillian School of Art.

By the Puerta de los Naranjas, the great door on this side of the Cathedral, there are two altars. One is the Altar de la Asunción, and the other is dedicated to La Virgen de Belén. The Assumption picture as executed by Carlo Maratta. The face of the Virgin is clear, but somewhat dark in tone, and the light is not favourable for viewing the picture. On the other side of the doorway the light is better. The altar is adorned by a painting of the Virgin, from the brush of the famous Alonso Cano. It is a rather conventional presentment of Holy Mother, but the features are not without beauty. On the whole, the painting is not equal in merit to most of the works of the last Andalusian master. The hands and feet of the figure are finished with the care characteristic of Cano's art.

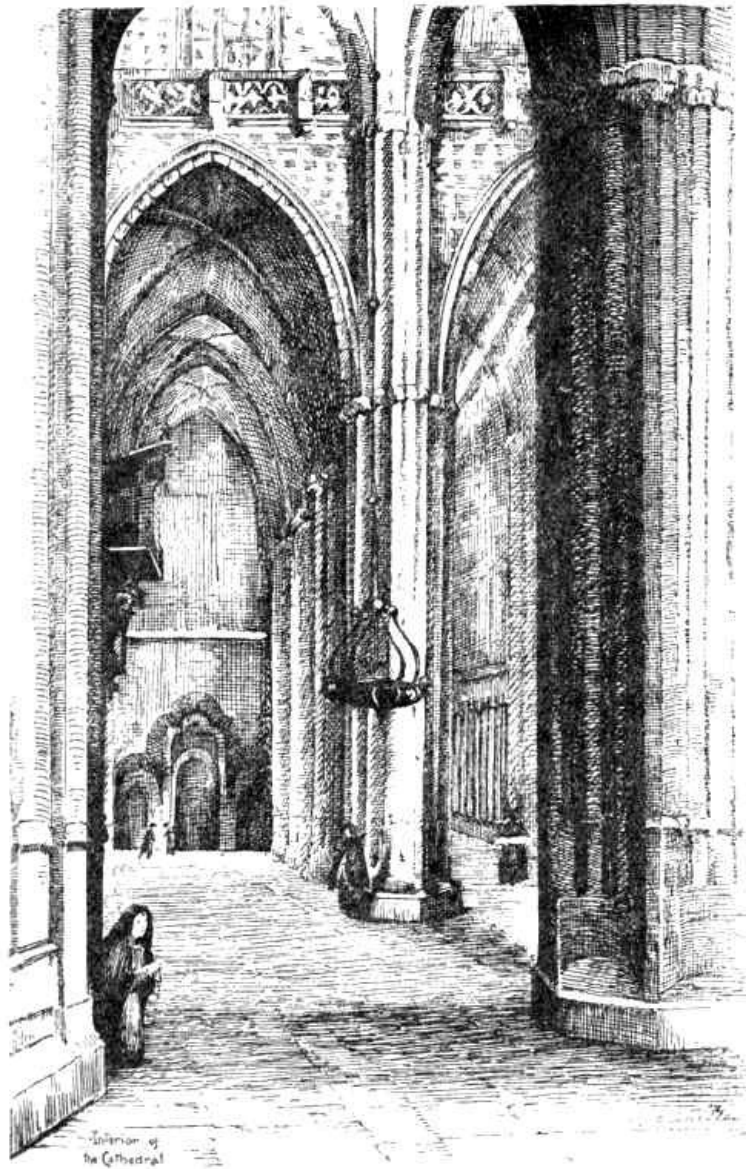
Alonso Cano has been called the 'Michelangelo of Spain.' He studied in Seville under Pacheco and Juan de Castillo, and painted pictures for some of the religious houses. Cano was also a sculptor and architect. He was forced to leave the city after wounding an antagonist in a duel. In 1651 he was appointed a Canon of Granada, and during his residence in the old Moorish city, Cano painted works for the churches. The artist was of an irritable disposition; but he spent the latter part of his life in religious exercises, and gave freely to the poor. He died in poverty, in 1667, and received alms from the Church.

Writing of Alonso Cano, in his *Spanish and French Painters*, Mr Gerard W. Smith says: 'Although he was never in Italy, his fine feeling for form, and the natural charm and simplicity of his composition, suggest the study of the antique, while in painting, the richness and variety of his colouring could hardly be surpassed.'

*The Capilla de San Francisco* is next to the altar of Alonso Cano. Here we may try to see a painting of the Glorification of St. Francis by Herrera el Mozo, and one of the Virgin and San Ildefonso, by Juan Valdés Leal. Herrera's picture is not of value. He was a much less capable artist than his father, Francisco Herrera el Viejo (the elder), from whose roof the mozo ran away to Italy. Upon his return to Seville, the young man was so conceited and affected in his painting that he failed to produce any fine work. The Glorification of St. Francis and the picture by Leal can be scarcely seen in the sombre shadows of the chapel.

*The Capilla de Santiago* adjoins the last chapel. There are two paintings here; one by Juan de las Roelas of St. James (Santiago) and one of St. Lawrence (San Lorenzo) by Valdés Leal. Roelas was painting in Seville at the time of Herrera the Elder. He is said to have studied art in Venice. The finest work of this artist is to be seen in the Church of San Isidoro.<sup>[C]</sup> In the Capilla de Santiago there is a dilapidated tomb of Archbishop Gonzalo de Mena, who died in 1401.





*The Capilla de Escalas* contains two pictures of note by Luca Giordano, strong in character, drawing, and colour. Over the tomb of Bishop Baltasar del Rio, who died in 1540, is an altar relief of the Day of Pentecost by a Genoese artist.

*The Capilla del Bautisterio* has one of Murillo's finest works, representing St. Anthony of Padua's Vision of the Child Jesus. Part of this picture was cut out and stolen in 1874. It was traced to New York, and restored to the Cathedral a few months later. The picture was originally painted for the Capuchin Convent in 1656, and afterwards came into the possession of the Chapter. A Baptism of Christ, also the work of Murillo, is above this painting. In this chapel is the font of holy oil, which is consecrated in Holy Week. This *pila*, or monument, was made by Antonio Florentin in 1545-1546. It is used for the exposition of the Host, and is exhibited near the Puerta Mayor in Easter Week. Originally the *pila* was a tall construction of three storeys on columns, with a large cross. Between the columns were coloured figures of saints. Some of the effigies were modelled in clay, and others were carved from wood. They were beautifully designed. In 1624 the building was altered and spoiled by the addition of another storey of the composite order. 'Its effect in the midnight service is superb,' writes Sir Stirling Maxwell, 'when blazing with church plate and myriads of waxen tapers it seems a mountain of light, of which the silver crest is lost in the impenetrable gloom of the vaults above.'

On the west side of the Cathedral, which we have now reached, is the Altar de la Visitación, with pictures by Marmolejo and Jerónimo Hernandez. By the principal door is another altar, that of Nuestra Señora del Consuelo, with a painting by one of Murillo's pupils, Alonso Miguel de Tobar. Close to the Puerta del Nacimiento we shall find some fine works by Luis de Vargas, the celebrated fresco artist. There are three *capillas* on this side of the building, called the Capilla de los Jácemes, the Capilla de San Leandro, and the Capilla de San Isidoro. They may be passed by, as they contain no important works of art.

At the Puerta del Nacimiento we reach the south aisle, and come to

*The Capilla de San Laureano*, with a tomb of Archbishop Alonso de Exea, who died in 1417.

*The Capilla de Santa Ana* is the next chapel on the south side. Here there is an interesting old altar, with several pictures painted in the early part of the fifteenth century.

*The Capilla de San José* contains a notable work by Juan Valdés Leal, the Marriage of the Virgin, and a poor picture by Antolinez.

*The Capilla de San Hermenegildo* is noteworthy for the image of the saint by Montañez, and the tomb of Archbishop Juan de Cervantes by Lorenzo de Bretaña. The marble of the tomb is much worn.

*The Capilla de la Antigua* is a larger chapel, with fourteenth-century decorations of the altar. There is also a fine monument to Cardinal Mendoza, executed in 1509 by the Italian Miguel. The figures are very quaint. Adjoining this

chapel is the Altar de la Gamba, with the Generacion by Luis de Vargas, a famous picture described in the art chapters of this book. The immense painting opposite is St. Christopher, by Mateo Perez de Alesio, painted in 1584.

For painting the San Cristobal Alesio received four thousand ducats. The saint is quaintly clad in hose, and the figure is gigantic. Sir Stirling Maxwell draws attention to the fine colouring of the parrot seen in the distance. Mateo de Alesio, who was an Italian by birth, died in the year 1600.

Passing through the *Capilla de los Dolores*, which is unimportant, we come to the splendid *Sacristía de los Cálices*, built by Riaño and Gainza in the years from 1530 to 1537. Diego de Riaño, sculptor and designer, was often employed by the Cathedral authorities. He delighted in lavish and fantastic embellishment, and introduced the Italian methods of ornamentation. Martin Gainza was of the same school. He was an architect and sculptor of great repute, and he assisted Riaño in much of his work.

The Crucifix is the work of Montañez. It was removed from the Cartuja Convent. Murillo's *Angel de la Guarda*, or Guardian Angel, is in this sacristy. This picture was presented to the Cathedral by the Capuchins in 1814. It is one of the best of Murillo's works. Borrow much admired the *Guarda*, and Sir Stirling Maxwell describes the diaphanous drapery of the child's dress in terms of praise. The angel holds a child by the hand, and points to heaven. Notice the rich colouring of purple and yellow in the vesture of the angel.

On the same wall are the *Ecce Homo*, the Virgin, and St. John, the work of Morales; St. Dorothy by Murillo; a painting of Fernando de Contreras by Luis de Vargas; Pietà and Death of the Virgin by a German artist, and a picture by Juan Nuñez of the fifteenth century.

Goya's fine painting of St. Justa and St. Rufina is here. Elsewhere in this book I have told the legend of these guardian saints of the Giralda. Goya's conception of them is unconventional, and unlike that of Murillo, who represents the two maidens with halos around their heads. We have the figures of two charming potter-girls in Goya's picture, two creatures of earth, lovely, but not ethereal. The Holy Trinity of 'El Greco' (the Greek) is one of the interesting examples of this great Toledan artist's work. Zurbaran is represented in the Sacristía by his painting of St. John.

The *Sacristía Mayor* is in the Renaissance style. It was built by the designers of the Sacristía de los Cálices about the year 1532. Campaña's admirable Descent from the Cross is here, but the picture has been indifferently restored. There is also a work of Murillo, SS. Leandro and Isidoro.

The Cathedral Treasury is in this sacristy. One of the principal objects of interest is the splendid *custodia*, used for carrying the Host. It is the work of Juan d'Arphe, a celebrated gold-worker, who was born in Avila in 1535. In 1564 he constructed the *custodia* of that city, and in 1580 began a work of a similar character for Seville Cathedral. Many designs were submitted for the inspection of the Chapter, but Juan d'Arphe's was chosen as one unequalled in Spain. The *custodia* is about twelve feet high, round in form, with four storeys, each one supported by twenty-four columns. Some of the columns are Ionic; the rest are Corinthian and composite in design. Between the columns are a number of statuettes, and the base and cornices are profusely adorned with bas-reliefs. In the first storey there was originally seated a figure of Faith, but it was changed in 1668 for one of the Virgin of the Conception, when the *custodia* was restored by Juan Segura. The second storey is the repository of the Host, and in the third and fourth storeys are figures of the Church Triumphant and the Holy Trinity. Crowning the edifice was a small dome and cross, which was replaced in 1668 by a statue of the Faith. The *custodia* is of beautiful and simple design.

The *Tablas Alfonsinas*, a reliquary, given to the Church in 1274 by Alfonso el Sabio, are in the Treasury. Crosses, plate and sacerdotal vestments are among the treasures. The canonical robes date from the fourteenth century. The keys of Seville, yielded to Fernando el Santo on the day of conquest, are also shown here.

The *Capilla del Mariscal* adjoins the Sacristía Mayor. In this chapel is the great altar-piece of Pedro Campaña, restored in 1880. The work is in ten parts, representing scenes in the life of Christ, and containing portraits of Marshal Pedro Caballero and his family.

The *Sala Capitular* was the work of Riaño and Gainza. It was begun in 1530 and finished in 1582. The plateresque decorations are very beautiful. Note the fine ceiling, the marble medallions, and the pavement. Murillo's Conception is here, and the Four Virtues of Pablo de Céspedes. There is a picture of San Fernando by Pacheco, the father-in-law and instructor of Velazquez. The ovals between the windows were the work of Murillo. This *sala* is close to the Puerta de los Campanillas, and beyond this entrance, on the east side of the Cathedral, is

The *Capilla de la Concepción Grande*, containing a monument to Cardinal Cienfuego, a modern work. The other small chapel on this side is that known as

The *Capilla de San Pedro*. Here are nine pictures by Zurbaran, well worthy of notice, and a tomb of Archbishop Diego Deza, restored in 1893.

The *Capilla Real* is between the two smaller chapels of the east end. In design this chapel is Renaissance. The decorations are luxuriant and there is a high dome. Gainza began to build the chapel in 1541, and his work was carried on by Hernan Ruiz, who planned the choir of Córdoba Cathedral, and afterwards by Juan de Maeda.

On the chief altar is a figure of the Virgin of the Kings, dating from the thirteenth century. It was presented to San Fernando by St. Louis of France. The fair hair is real; the crown that adorned the head was stolen in 1873. On each side of the doorway are tombs. One is that of Alfonso el Sabio, and the other is the tomb of his mother.

The shrine of the adored San Fernando is in front of an altar. In the Panteón are the coffins of Pedro el Cruel, his mistress Maria de Padilla, the Princes Fadrique, Alonso and Pedro, and others. Over San Fernando's coffin is the ivory figure of the Virgin of Battles, which the King carried upon his saddle when he went to the wars. The monarch's pennant and sword are also displayed.

Murillo's Mater Dolorosa is in the sacristy of this *capilla*. There are portraits of St. Ignatius and St. Francis Xavier, by Pacheco.

In the later styles of the Capilla Real we may see examples of the Grottesque, or *Estilo Monstruoso*, with which the buildings of Seville abound. Diego de Riaño's work in the Ayuntamiento, or City Hall, is full of instances of this development of fanciful design and bizarre effect. Gainza, the collaborator of Riaño, is responsible for the articulations and curious, lavish adornment of the Royal Chapel of the Cathedral. The sacristy of the *capilla* was built and decorated by Gainza after plans by Riaño. We may now inspect the stained-glass windows, in which we shall find the influence of Italian artists. It must be noted that art in Spain has been profoundly influenced by Italy. Michelangelo is revered by Spanish artists. Many of the early Spanish painters went to Italy to study, and

brought back with them new ideas and fresh methods of painting. 'Spanish artists,' writes Professor Carl Justi, 'did their best to Italianize themselves in the studios of Roman and Florentine masters.'

Cristobal Micer Aleman was the first to introduce the art of staining glass into Seville. Until 1504 stained glass windows had not been seen in the city, and Aleman was the designer of the first painted window of the Cathedral. Sir Stirling Maxwell states that in 1538 the Church paid Arnao of Flanders, Carlos of Bruges, and other artists the sum of ninety thousand ducats for staining the windows of Seville Cathedral. The work was not completed until twenty years later. The chief window pictures are the Ascension, Jesus and Mary Magdalen, the Awakening of Lazarus, and the Entry into Jerusalem. The Resurrection is the work of Carlos, and other pictures are by the two brothers Arnao.

The isolated *Capilla Mayor* has an altar-piece of wood, and a silver image of the Virgin by Alfaro. The painted scenes are from the Scriptures. Crowning the retablo are a crucifix and large statues of the Virgin and St. John. Dancart, the designer of the retablo, was of the Flemish school of decorative carvers. The work was begun about 1482 and finished in 1526.

Between the *Coro* (choir) and the Chief Chapel an enormous candelabrum is displayed during *Semana Santa*, or Holy Week. It is called the *Tenebrario*, and it was constructed by Bartolomé Morel, a sixteenth-century sculptor. The structure is twenty-six feet high, and it is ornamented with several small images. During the imposing celebrations of *Semana Santa*, the candelabrum is lit by thirteen candles. Twelve of these lights represent the apostles who deserted their Master; the thirteenth candle stands for the Virgin, and when the twelve have been extinguished, the thirteenth still burns as a symbol of Mary's fealty to the Saviour.

*The Coro* was much injured by the collapse of the dome. Two grand organs were destroyed at this time. One of the most interesting objects preserved in the choir is the *facistol*, or choristers' desk, of Bartolomé Morel, adorned with highly-finished carvings. The choir stalls were decorated by Nufro Sanchez, a sculptor of the fifteenth century, whose work suggests German influence. They are beautiful examples of carving.

*The Coro* is entered by either of the two doors of the front or *Trascoro*. There is a handsome marble façade; a painting of the Virgin by an unknown hand, and a picture said to be from the brush of Francisco Pacheco, the artist, author and inquisitor. The white marble frontage is adorned with bas-reliefs of the Genoese school, exhibiting fine feeling. Italian influence is manifest in the picture of the Holy Mother, which is highly decorative in style.

Close to the *Coro*, near the chief entrance on that side of the Cathedral, is the tomb of Fernando Colón, son of Cristobal Colón (Columbus). The slab is engraved with pictures of the discoverer's vessels. An inscription runs: '*Á Castilla y á León mundo nuevo dié Colon: i.e., 'To Castile and León Columbus gave the New World.'*

The student of architecture and painting will find ample examples of varied styles of art in this great repository of sculpture, frescoes and panel pictures. He will be able to trace the development of architectural design from the fifteenth to the nineteenth century, both in the exterior and interior of the immense Cathedral. The art of the *Mudéjar*, the Fleming, the Italian, the German and the Spaniard are here represented in masonry, decoration, stained glass, and upon canvas. Wandering designers and craftsmen of the Middle Ages looked upon Spain as a land of plenty. They came from Flanders, Italy and Genoa, and found favour with the wealthy Chapter of Seville. The artists employed to adorn the Cathedral range from Juan Sanchez de Castro, 'the morning star of Andalusia,' in 1454, to Francisco Goya, the last great painter of Spain.

Many of the so-called Spanish school of artists were aliens who settled in the country. Pedro Campaña was, for example, a native of Brussels. For twenty years he studied in Italy, and his Purification of the Virgin shows the Italian influence. Sturmio was probably a German named Sturm. Doménico Theotocópuli, called '*El Greco*,' was a Greek. Mateo Perez de Alesio was an Italian, who lived in Seville, and died at Rome in 1600.

Luis de Vargas, the painter of the Nativity picture in the Cathedral, whose fresco work is to be seen elsewhere in the city, was a student of the Italian method. Vargas was a man of profound piety. He was born in Seville in 1502. After his death, scourges used for self-inflicted penance were found in his room, and by his bed was a coffin in which the ascetic painter used to lie in order to meditate seriously upon life.

The religious devotion of Luis de Vargas is exhibited in the spirit of his work. This reverential treatment of sacred subjects is characteristic of all the Sevillian painters. In their art they worshipped. Martinez Montañez, or Montañes, the sculptor, was a zealous Catholic. In his coloured statues we perceive a melancholy reflection of his sombre mind, a pathos expressing itself in realistic conceptions of a suffering Christ and a sorrowful St. Francis Xavier. These tinted statues appeal powerfully to the imagination of the Sevillian populace. Many of the images were made for the solemn processions of *Semana Santa*.

Among the artists employed in adorning the Cathedral there was not one more devoted to the Church than Pacheco. He was censor of art for the Inquisition, and in his writings we find precise counsels upon the fitting method of painting sacred pictures. To Pacheco the faith was of far greater moment than art. He was a close friend of Montañez, whose statues he sometimes coloured.

*The Sagrario* adjoins the Cathedral, and may be entered from the Court of the Oranges. The building serves as a parish church, and occupies the ground of the old *Sagrario*. It was begun in 1618 by Miguel Zumárraga, and completed in 1662 by Lorenzo Fernandez. The vaulted roof is remarkable. Pedro Roldan painted the retablo, which was formerly in the Franciscan Convent. The convent stood in the Plaza de San Fernando, or Plaza Nueva, as it is sometimes called. Roldan was a contemporary and follower of Montañez. There is an important image of St. Clement by Pedro Duque Cornejo. The statue of the Virgin is the work of the devout Martinez Montañez.

Beneath the church is the vault of the Archbishops of Seville. The terra-cotta altar is exceedingly decorative. In the sacristy there are some splendid *azulejos*, which formed part of the old Morisco mosque.

## CHAPTER VI

### *The Alcázar*

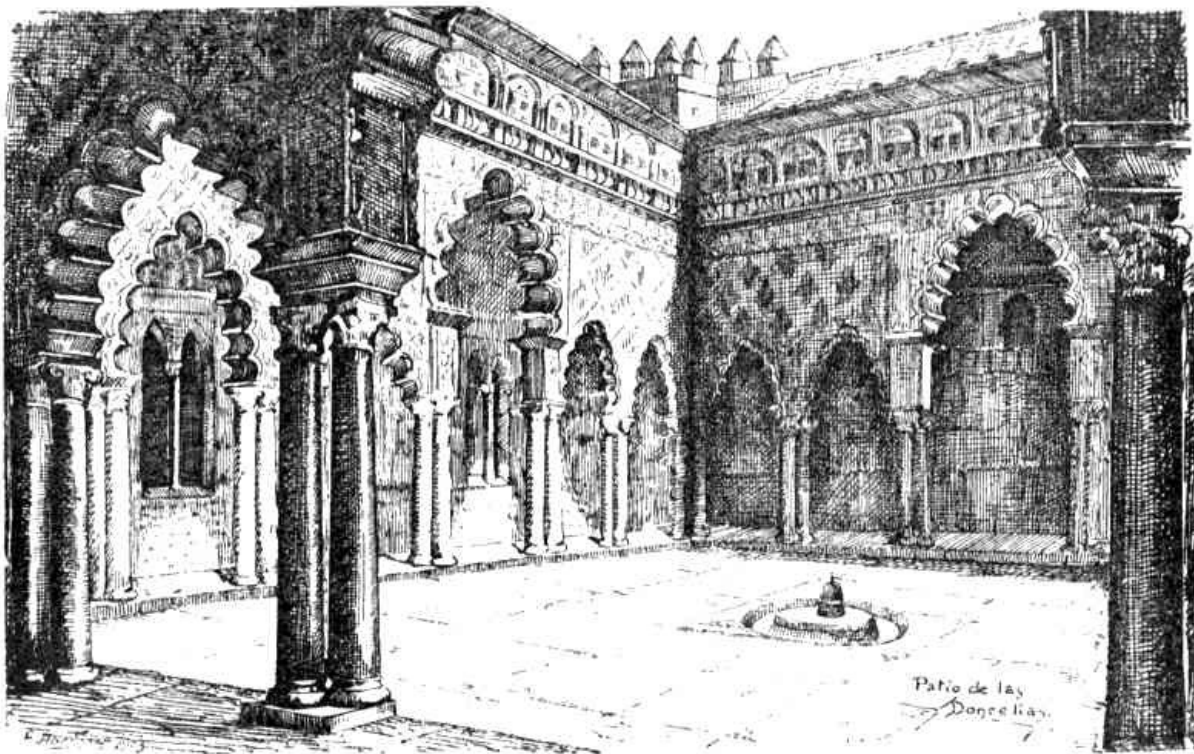
'How Sultan after Sultan with his Pomp  
Abode his destined Hour, and went his way.'

RUBÁIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM.

THE richest monument of Almohade might in Seville is the beautiful Alcázar, or 'Castle,' which stands at but a stone's-throw from the remains of the great mosque. It is a palace of dreams, encompassed by lovely perfumed gardens. Its courts and salons are redolent of Moorish days, and haunted by the spirits of turbaned sheiks, philosophers, minstrels, and dark-eyed beauties of the harem. As we loiter under the orange trees of quiet gardens, we picture the palace as it was when peopled by the chiefs and retinues of swarthy skin in the time of Abdelasis, and contrast what remains of the primitive structure and Morisco decoration with the successive additions by Christian kings.

The nightingales still sing among the odorous orange bloom, and in the tangles of roses birds build their nests. Fountains tinkle beneath gently moving palms; the savour of Orientalism clings to the spot. Here wise men discussed in the cool of summer nights, when the moon stood high over the Giralda, and white beams fell through the spreading boughs of the lemon trees, and shivered upon the tiled pavements.

In this garden the musicians played, and the tawny dancers writhed and curved their lissome bodies, in dramatic Eastern dances. *Ichabod!* The moody potentate, bowed down with the cares of high office, no longer treads the dim corridor, or lingers in the shade of the palm trees, lost in cogitation. No sound of gaiety reverberates in the deserted courts; no voice of orator is heard in the Hall of Justice. The green lizards bask on the deserted benches of the gardens. Rose petals strew the paved paths. One's footsteps echo in the gorgeous *patios*, whose walls have witnessed many a scene of pomp, tragedy and pathos. The spell of the past holds one; and before the imagination troops a long procession of illustrious sovereigns, courtiers, counsellors and menials.



The historians of the Alcázar suppose that the original structure was erected in 1181 for Abu Yakub Yûsuf. Between the Puerta del León, in the Plaza del Triunfo, and the Sala de Justicia there are parts of the wall which are said to date back to the Roman times. It is generally asserted that the Moorish palace was reared on the ruins of a Roman *prætorium*, and that the original work was undertaken in the eleventh century. In its pristine form the Alcázar was of triangular design, and the buildings and gardens occupied a much greater space than they cover at the present day. The chief *puerta* was originally at the Torre de la Plata, formerly standing in the Calle de Ataranzas, but pulled down in recent years; while another point of the triangle was at the Torre del Oro, on the bank of the Guadalquivir. Within these precincts there were vast halls, council rooms, dormitories, baths and gardens. The remaining portions of the walls and the towers show that the ancient fortress was very strong; and one can understand the difficulty experienced by Fernando the Good during his long siege of the citadel.

In the Plaza de Santo Tomas is the Tower of Abdelasis, which was once part of the palace. It was from this tower that Fernando floated the Christian standard after the capture of the Alcázar. The chief entrance in our day is in the Plaza del Triunfo. It is called the Gate of the Lion (Puerta del León). We pass through, and come into the Patio de las Banderas (Court of the Banners), so called because a flag was hoisted here during the residence of the sovereign in the palace. The *patio* is surrounded by modern offices, and planted with orange trees. A roofed passage on the right side of the court leads to the wonderful *Mudéjar* halls and the salons of the Catholic kings. The passage is the *Apeadero*, or 'halting-place.' It was built by Philip V. The façade is in the Baroque style.

Turning to the right from the *Apeadero*, we follow a corridor to the Court of Doña Maria Padilla, the mistress of Pedro the Cruel. The court is planted with orange and lemon trees and big palms. Arched galleries of a modern

character seem out of place here. But in a moment we come into the Patio de la Monteria with its beautiful Moorish façade. The *ajimez* windows, the cusped arches, and the decorations of this doorway are fine examples of Almohade art. There is an inscription in early Gothic characters, over the door, stating that 'the most noble and powerful Don Pedro, by the grace of God, King of Castile and León, caused these fortresses and palaces to be built in the era of *de mill et quatrocientos y dos*' (of Cæsar). The date is 1364 A.D.

We follow a passage to the Patio de las Doncellas (Court of the Maidens). This large and lofty hall has twenty-four beautiful Morisco arches, and singularly rich ornamentations. The fifty-two marble columns are of the Renaissance period, and were substituted between the years 1540 and 1564 for the original pillars. Notice the glazed tiling decorations of brilliant colouring. These date from the time of Pedro the Cruel, who added to the ancient palace until little of the original remained. Notwithstanding, the style is distinctly Moorish, and the decoration was the work of *Mudéjares*, whose quaint *azulejos* may be here studied to advantage.

The Salón de Embajadores adjoins the Court of the Maidens. This was the Hall of the Ambassadors. It is about thirty-three feet square. The dome is of the *media naranja* or 'half orange' shape, the favourite design of the Moorish architects. On the walls are portraits of the monarchs of Spain. This is the most sumptuous of the salons of the Alcázar; the walls veritably dazzle the spectator with their richness of colouring. Not one inch of space on the arches, walls and doorways is left without an ornate pattern. The doors of the salon are massive and finely decorated. In this hall Charles V. was married to Isabella of Portugal.

The Comedor, or dining-room, opens out of the Hall of Ambassadors on the west side. We find in this room the latest restorations of the palace. Here, on September 21, 1848, was born the Infanta Doña Maria Isabel de Orleans y Borbón, Condesa de Paris. The bedroom of Isabella the Catholic adjoins the Comedor.

Returning to the Hall of the Ambassadors, we enter the room of Philip II., and pass through it to the small Patio de las Muñecas. Note the pigmy figures in the ornamentation, which give the name of the Dolls' Court to this chamber. The upper parts of the gallery are modern, and were constructed in the years 1855 and 1856, at the time of the last extensive restoration of the Alcázar.

The Salón of the Princes, approached from the Patio de las Muñecas, is a spacious hall, in the mixed styles of the *Mudéjar* and the plateresque. The Dormitory of the Moorish Kings should be inspected. Then cross the Patio de las Doncellas to the Salón de Carlos V. This chamber has a remarkably fine ceiling, and beautiful decorations of *azulejos*, made by Cristobal de Augusta, an Italian, who worked in Triana in 1577. From the salon we may enter the room of Maria de Padilla.

The upper apartments of the Alcázar can be viewed by special permission. I would strongly urge the visitor to obtain this permission. If he applies to the *conserje* at the Palace of Pedro, he will be informed that admission is impossible without an order from the King of Spain. Such was my experience. I then asked for an order at the offices in the Patio de las Banderas, but the courteous officials were firm in their refusal, stating that 'no one but the King can give permission to visit the upper part of the Alcázar.' Still determined, I ventured to address His Majesty by letter, and in a few days I received a reply from the Intendencia General de la Real Casa y Patrimonio at Madrid. The letter was written by the royal secretary, and is a beautiful example of the ornate caligraphy in which educated Spaniards delight. I was told that 'the Señor Marqués de Irún, Alcaide of the Reales Alcázares, would grant me the desired permission.'

At the hotel I inquired where the Marqués de Irún resided. No one knew. My host searched through a Seville directory. The name of the Marqués de Irún was not to be found in its pages. Finally, armed with the letter from the royal palace, I presented myself at the offices in the Patio de las Banderas, and displayed the missive.

The effect was magical. The officials were even more polite than before. One of them wrote a note, which he asked me to give to the *conserje*, and I was bowed out of the office. The *conserje* in the Patio de la Monteria scanned the open-sesame. And at last I gained entrance to the upper apartments of the Royal Alcázar.

The visitor who has secured his permit will be rewarded. There is much to see in these chambers. Notice, first of all, the fine staircase constructed at the end of the sixteenth century. The seventeenth-century tapestries in the salons are magnificent examples of this art. Most of the subjects are Dutch; some are copies of pictures by David Teniers. In the first hall, at the head of the principal staircase, there is some handsome artesónada ceiling decoration of the fifteenth century.

In the Oratory of the Catholic Kings there is the most notable specimen of ceramic art to be seen in Spain. It is a lovely retablo of *azulejos*, designed by Franciso Niculoso, an Italian, in 1504. Niculoso introduced this kind of *azulejo* painting into Seville. The central picture represents the Visitation of the Virgin to St. Isabella. A smaller subject is the Annunciation, and there is a curious genealogical tree of the Saviour. The decorations are fantastic.

In the Comedor there is a splendid laced ceiling of *Mudéjar* workmanship, dating from the fifteenth century. The walls are covered with interesting tapestry pictures.

Step on to the balcony of the Hall of the Ambassadors, and admire the roofing, the columns, and wealth of Oriental ornamentation. In the rooms of the Infantas there are *Mudéjar* ceilings of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The portraits of princes and other royal personages are not of much artistic importance. There is a picture by Goya, a very spirited portrait of Doña Maria, wife of Don Carlos IV. Goya was the last of the great painters of Spain. A number of his works are in a gallery of the Prado Museum at Madrid, but very few of his paintings are preserved in Seville. This example in the Alcázar deserves the visitor's notice.

One of the most interesting apartments on the upper floors of the royal palace is the bedroom of Pedro el Cruel. The *dormitorio* is sumptuous with *Mudéjar* decorations of the sixteenth century. Near the doorway are four heads painted upon the wall. They are the heads of four disloyal justices who incurred the anger of their sovereign, and were condemned to death. The paintings throw a light upon the character of Pedro, who, no doubt, surveyed them with satisfaction whenever he entered the chamber. It is probable that the King feared assassination, for from this part of the palace there is a staircase descending to the quarters formerly occupied by the guards and royal bowmen. The story runs that Pedro had this stairway made in order to communicate with his faithful servant Juan Diente, a famous marksman with the bow.

In the Dormitory of Queen Isabel there is a copy of Murillo's *Ecce Homo*, and various portraits of monarchs. The Salón Azul (Blue Room) is so named on account of the colour of its silk tapestries. The pastel paintings in this apartment are by A. Muraton, representing Queen Doña Isabel, the Infanta Doña Isabel, King Alfonso XII., and the

Marquesa de Novaliches. There are also eighteen miniatures painted upon ivory.

The modern bedroom has a Coronation of the Virgin, the work of Vicente López, a copy of a Murillo, and another of Raphael's Holy Family.

Let us saunter now in the sunny gardens of the Alcázar. We can reach them through the Apeadero, and by the steps leading from the tank at the entrance. The reservoir is full of carp, some of them of corpulent proportions. A few small fish may be seen basking near the surface of the water, but the bigger and warier carp do not often show themselves. Roses cluster about the steps, and twine on all the railings. We come to a tree-grown court, with a gallery running on one side, and an arched entrance to the Baths of Maria de Padilla. This garden is called El Jardin del Crucero. The underground bath is cool, and it is a rest to the eyes to escape for a few minutes from the dazzling sunlight of the gardens. Here the lovely Maria, faithful mistress of the ferocious Pedro, was wont to bathe in warm weather.

To show their homage to the monarch's consort, the chivalrous courtiers came hither when the fair bather had taken her bath, and drank of the water in which she had washed her white limbs. It is said that these devoted servitors used sometimes to carry away some of the water in vessels 'to drink it with enjoyment.'

Pedro el Cruel, of all the Christian sovereigns who lived in the Alcázar, was the most attached to the palace. He lavished money upon the building of the apartments which we have just inspected, and employed the cleverest *Mudéjar* designers and craftsmen. In the Hall of Justice he heard charges against criminal offenders; in the gorgeous salons he received illustrious guests, discoursed with his officers, and played at draughts with his courtiers. His image arises before the imagination as we stray under the lemon and orange trees of his quaint and charming pleasure-grounds. Coming to the throne in his sixteenth year, Don Pedro decided upon making Seville his capital.

We have read in the historical sections of our account of the city how he earned the title of 'El Cruel.' But the story of his treachery towards his half-brothers has not been related.

Don Fadrique, Master of the Order of Santiago, and half-brother of Pedro el Cruel, having confessed allegiance to the King, came one day to Seville, after a campaign with rebels in Murcia. The Master of Santiago went to the Alcázar with the intention of paying a visit to his half-brother, the King. Pedro was playing at backgammon in his private apartment of the palace when Don Fadrique came to him.

The monarch received his general with genial courtesies, and bade him stay in the Alcázar. Leaving Pedro for a while, the Master went to the rooms of Maria de Padilla. He found her agitated and pale, but the sadness of her beautiful countenance did not cause him to suspect what lay upon her mind. Maria knew that Pedro longed to rid himself of all possible claimants to the throne. His eldest half-brother Enrique was in France, plotting against the Castilian throne. Pedro still dreaded a rising under Fadrique. He apparently doubted his professed fealty, and he had planned his murder. It is said that the Master of Santiago received hints of the fate that awaited him. But he returned to the quarters of the King, who was in company with several members of his court.

Pedro had shut himself in an inner room, which had a wicket to it. From the wicket he shouted to his soldiers: 'Kill the Master of Santiago!' The bowmen obeyed. Fadrique drew his sword and made a stand, but he was soon overpowered, and struck down by blows on the head. The Master's servants were next seized and slaughtered. One of the train ran to the room of Maria de Padilla, pursued by his assailants, and threw himself behind Doña Beatrice, one of Maria's daughters. Pedro was among the pursuers. He tore the man from the arms of Beatrice, stabbed him, and gave him into the hands of his assassins. Returning to the room where Don Fadrique was expiring, Pedro saw that his half-brother was still breathing. Drawing his dagger, the King gave it to an attendant, and commanded him to kill the Master outright.

During the siege of Seville by Fernando el Santo, the fortified palace was the chief point of attack. The massive walls of the Alcázar long resisted the assault of the besiegers. But the beleaguered Moors were at length compelled to offer surrender to the knights of the Cross. On the day of St. Clement the gates were thrown open, and San Fernando rode into the courtyard. In the King's hand was a sword; on his saddle the ivory image of the Holy Virgin. By his side rode Don Garcia de Varga and his brother Don Diego, the Condé Lorenzo, Pelago, and other brave cavaliers. The Khalif of the Alcázar escaped by the gate near the Hospital del Sangre. Henceforward, the palace was to be the residence of the kings of Castile.

In 1379 Juan I. lived in the Alcázar. The King ascended the throne without opposition. Trouble arose soon with Portugal, and Juan marched at the head of thirty-four thousand soldiers into the enemy's territory. The Portuguese had a small force of only ten thousand men, including a few Englishmen. Near the village of Aljubarrota the armies met. There was a great battle, in which the Portuguese troops fought valiantly, and drove back the invaders.

Don Juan was ill and weak during the engagement. He was carried on a litter by his knights, and in the retreat, the King was put on a mule, and hurried from the scene of action to the Tagus. Here the monarch embarked in a small boat for Lisbon, whence he returned to Seville to mourn his defeat in the seclusion of the Alcázar.

Isabel and Fernando often sought the tranquil paths of this garden. The Catholic Queen and her Consort lived here in great state, in the palmy days of Seville, dispensing justice, listening to the counsels of Torquemada and the officers of the Holy Inquisition, and consulting with Columbus regarding the expansion of their realm and the development of trade with the New World. Many were the hours passed by the blue-eyed, fair-haired Queen in the private chapel.

The pious Philip II. came here, though he preferred his mountain palace of the Escorial. He ordered the portraits of the Kings of Spain to be painted in the Hall of the Ambassadors. As we have read, Philip incurred the resentment of the Sevillian merchants by his confiscation of their ingots. But the prelates and clergy of the city honoured the sovereign, who always supported the Church and favoured the priests. In his reign the Primate of Spain was almost as wealthy as the Pope. The Archbishop of Seville received an income of eighty thousand ducats a year.

Philip spent his time at the Alcázar in his usual daily labours, writing like a clerk in his private room until the small hours of the morning. Every morning he attended Mass. The King lived simply, for he feared the gout. But in spite of this form of frugality, Philip spent his revenue freely in maintaining a large household. In his retinue there were fifteen hundred persons, including forty pages, all of noble family.

In the Queen's train there were twenty-six ladies-in-waiting, and four physicians were in constant attendance on Her Majesty. We may picture Philip moodily roaming in the gardens, dressed in black velvet, with a plumed cap. From his neck was suspended the fine jewel of the Golden Fleece. He wore sober clothes, and changed his suits once



every month for new ones. His wear, like the cast of his mind, was sombre. A dread of society possessed the King, and in his later days he became more taciturn and morose.

'I am absolute King,' was the boast of the despotic Philip. His ambition was to attain power, to extend his kingdom beyond the seas, and to crush out heresy. Yet Tennyson's love-dazzled Mary is made to ask, as she gazes upon the face of the Spanish King, in a miniature painting:

'Is this the face of one who plays the tyrant?  
Peruse it; is it not goodly, ay, and gentle?'

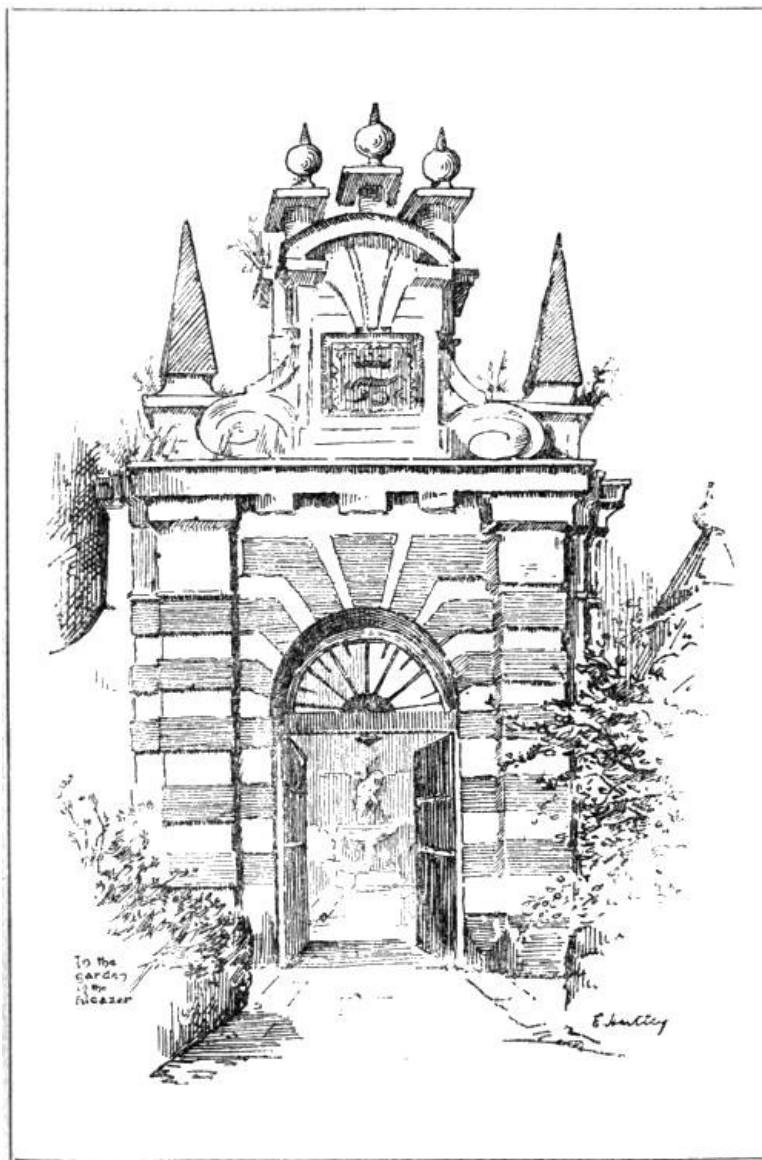
These gardens evoke reflections upon the ever-changing fate of Spain. We gaze at relics of the Moors, and remember the eight hundred years of that sanguinary history of the expulsion of the infidels. Yet everywhere there are traces of that mighty civilisation built up by Morisco knowledge and industry. The *Mudéjar* has touched the palace and the gardens with his magic wand. Fernando, Pedro, Philip, Carlos—all the Catholic sovereigns—preserved the Moorish style of decoration, and borrowed from the art of the hated race.

Passing under a handsome gateway, represented in one of our illustrations, we come to a fountain surrounded by a tiled pavement, and overshadowed by trees. Before us is the Pavilion of Carlos Quinto, with a fine ceiling and *azulejos*. This summer-house was built by Juan Hernandez in 1543. Turn to the left, and inspect the archway in the wall, and the curious mural paintings. We may then retrace our steps to the pavilion, and pass another tank and a grotto till we reach the maze and a tangled garden beyond it. This is the Garden of the Labyrinth. Further, we may not ramble.

In 1626 a theatre stood in the large *patio* near the Puerta del León, by which gate we must leave the Alcázar. The playhouse was of oval form, with three balconies, and one part of the theatre was reserved for ladies. The travelling actors who visited Seville preferred this theatre to any other in the city, as is shown by the archives of the palace. In the year 1691 the theatre was entirely destroyed by a great fire, and not a stone of the old building remains.

The singular mingling of Christian and Moorish architecture and adornment in the modern Alcázar is characteristic of Seville. We find the same mixture of styles in the Casa Pilatos and in other mansions of the city. Even the railway station at the termination of the Córdoba line affords an example of the perpetuation of Morisco design and decoration. It is this Moorish influence that lends a strange interest to Seville. Some writers have declared that these mixed styles of architecture are anomalous. There is certainly an air of the grotesque in the combination of *Mudéjar* windows, cusped arches, columns, and *azulejos*, and Renaissance and Gothic features. But despite the element of incongruity, the effect is often pleasing, while the mingling of the styles is especially interesting from the historical point of view.

In our inspection of the Sevillian monuments we are able to estimate the enormous sway that the Moors exercised upon the Andalusian mind. That influence will probably endure for very many centuries to come. Spaniards may abhor the faith of Allah, and detest the children of Mahomet; but they have never refused to learn the arts of the Moors, nor to apply them to the building of sacred and secular edifices. In the poorest villages of Southern Spain we rarely fail to notice some trace or another of the Moorish builder.



**In the Garden of the Alcázar.**

The Orientalism of the Alcázar remains in spite of the pseudo-Moorish restorations and the Renaissance additions. It is perhaps an atmosphere, a suggestion, rather than the reality. Still, the pile is a very remarkable monument, and every stone of it has its tale to tell of memorable scenes and great events. One is tempted to linger hour after hour in the dreamy gardens, watching the gaudy butterflies and the peering, green lizards, and thinking of the bygone greatness of Seville.

Let us conjure one more illustrious figure to the view before we quit the palace grounds. Here the Emperor Charles V. roamed with his young bride, Isabella of Portugal. The portraits of Charles show a well-knit figure, and a good forehead, with the projecting lower jaw characteristic of his family. He was fond of music, and was accounted well cultured. Mr. Edward Armstrong tells us, however, in his *Emperor Charles V.*, that the sovereign was a 'singularly bad linguist.' He knew only a few words of Spanish after he had ruled Castile and Aragon for two years. 'French was his natural language, but he neither spoke nor wrote it with any elegance.' The Emperor's knowledge of theology was scanty; and though he was a stern defender of the Catholic faith, he could scarcely read the Vulgate.

Isabella was but twenty-three years of age at the time of her marriage with Charles. She was, however, no child. Her intelligence was quick. The Princess was short, spare in body, with a clear white skin. The wedding was celebrated in Seville, in March 1526. For the honeymoon the Emperor and his bride visited Córdoba and Granada.

Charles liked the seclusion of his palace in Seville. 'Not greedy of territory, but most greedy of peace and quiet,' was the description of the monarch by Marcantonio Contarini, in 1536. He was strongly attached to his wife; he was fond of children, and kept pet animals, 'including a parrot and two Indian cats.' The Emperor was interested in gardening, and he introduced the carnation into Spain. At table he was a glutton, and unable to exercise self-control over his greedy appetite. It was said that Charles five times drained a flagon, containing nearly a quart of Rhenish wine, during a single meal. We need not be surprised that he suffered from severe attacks of gout. Yet he would not forego the pleasures of the table, and when his physician warned him that beer was injurious to his constitution, the Emperor refused to give up drinking it.

In dress Charles was economical. He went to Italy in a shabby suit, hoping by his example to check the tendency to extravagance displayed by his courtiers and the nobles of Spain. His servants were sometimes in tattered clothes.

'A fine taste for art seemed inborn in Charles,' writes Mr. Armstrong. 'Before he ever set foot in Italy he had summoned Italian architects and sculptors to build the splendid Renaissance palace at Granada, which was destined to remain unfinished.... Music was a passion from boyhood. The Emperor's choir was the best in Europe. To his choristers he was most generous, for when their voices broke he would educate them for three years, and afterwards, if they recovered voice, he would give them the preference for places in his chapel.'

## CHAPTER VII

### *The Literary Associations of the City*

'Among no other people did the spirit and character of the middle age, in its most beautiful and dignified form, so long continue and survive in manners, ways of thinking, intellectual culture, and works of imagination and poetry, as among the Spaniards.'—SCHLEGEL, *Philosophy of History*.

WE have noted that in the Visigoth and Moorish periods Seville was a centre of literature and the arts. The Christians had their St. Isidore, a famed historian and theological writer, and the Moriscoes acclaimed the sagacious El Begi, 'whose knowledge was a marvel.' Many Moorish scribes laboured in the city before San Fernando regained it for the Spaniards; but very few of their names have lived through the stress of turbulent times, when every man was for fighting, and art and letters languished.

When we reach the fifteenth century, we find that certain enterprising German printers set up presses in Seville, and that books, such as Diego de Valera's *Cronica de España*, were printed and published.

The printing press gradually destroyed the wonderful art of the illuminated missal, in which the monks excelled, and letterpress began to supersede manuscript. In the Cathedral Library of Seville is the great Bible of Pedro de Pampeluna, in two volumes. It was transcribed for Alfonso the Learned, and the work is perhaps unmatched. Rich illuminations abound in the pages, testifying to the skill and the patience of the artist.

But this industry, followed with such zeal by the clergy, was soon lost. With the advent of machinery more books were produced, and they came into the hands of the people, who in the pre-printing days were unable to purchase the costly volumes of manuscript.

At this time also secular dramas began to take the place of mystery plays. The theatre has remained one of the favourite recreations of the Spanish people, and on the modern stage serious plays, dealing with social problems, are often produced. Among the playwrights of Spain the name of Lope de Rueda is held in reverence, for it was he who opened the way for them. 'The real father of the Spanish theatre' was a native of Seville, and by trade a goldsmith. From 1560 to 1590, the dramas of Lope de Rueda were performed in Seville. Cervantes may have been influenced by this pioneer of dramatic art, for, as a youth, he saw Lope de Rueda act.

In his zenith, the player's stage consisted of half-a-dozen planks, laid upon four benches. There was no scenery. Old blankets served as curtain and 'back sheet.' Between the acts a few singers sang without any instrumental accompaniment. With such primitive paraphernalia this Thespian travelled about with his company of mummers, writing his own dramas, and acting in them. He died about the year 1567.

Contemporary with Lope de Rueda and Cervantes was Domingo de Bercerra, who was born in the city in 1535. During the campaign with the Turks, he was seized by Moorish pirates and taken prisoner with Cervantes to Algiers. De Bercerra is known for his translation of Giovanni della Casa's *Il Galateo*. Hieronimo Carranza, who wrote *Philosophia y destreza de las Armas*, and Juan de la Cueva, writer of plays and poems, lived in Seville at this time.

We now enter upon an era memorable in the literary annals of the city. This is the period when Seville could boast of her scholars, poets, dramatists and historians, and lay claim to distinction as possessing the most cultured circle of writers and artists in the whole of Spain. Fernando de Herrera, born in 1534, in Seville, holds a high position among Spanish poets. His *Canción á Lepanto*, a poem in celebration of the victory of Lepanto, 'deserves,' says Mr. Butler Clarke, 'to be placed side by side with the first eclogue of Garcilaso as one of the noblest monuments of the Spanish tongue.'

Rodrigo Caro, the historian, and one of the Sevillian authors, says in his *Illustrious Men, Natives of Seville*, that Herrera 'understood Latin perfectly, and wrote several epigrams in that language, which might rival the most famous ancient authors in thought and expression. He possessed a moderate knowledge of Greek.' The prose writings of 'the divine Herrera' are marked with the same beauty as his poetry. He wrote a great general history of his country, up to the reign of Carlos V., and earned from Lope de Vega the title of 'the Learned.'

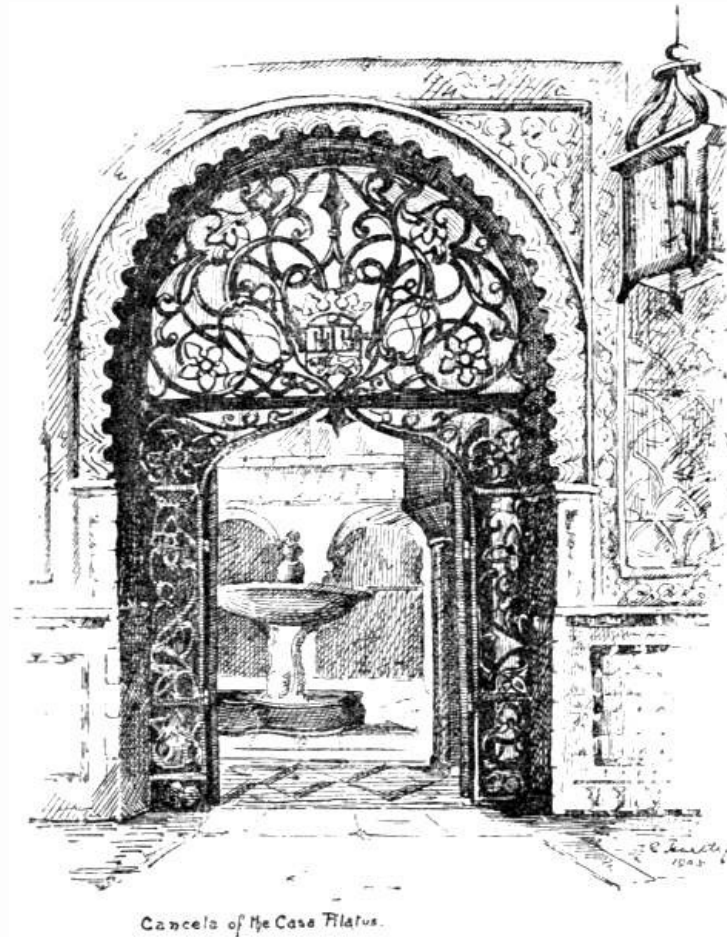
We learn that Fernando de Herrera was a tall man, with a handsome countenance, thick curling hair, and a beard. The love of his life appears to have been 'spiritual'; he was enamoured of Eliodora, Countess of Gelves. This adoration was of the nature of that manifested by Dante for Beatrice. The poet calls his divinity 'Love,' 'Sun,' and 'Star,' but there is an unreality in his odes to the Countess. We read, too, that Herrera was well read in philosophy, and expert in mathematics.

At this time there were two resorts in Seville for authors, artists, and men of culture. One was the house of the refined and versatile Pacheco, Canon of the Cathedral; the other was the Casa Pilatos, the mansion of the Duques de Alcalá. In the circle of Francisco Pacheco we shall find all the notable painters and poets of Seville; Céspedes, Cervantes, and Velazquez, who married Pacheco's daughter, were frequenters of the Canon's hospitable house. It was Pacheco who collected and published Herrera's poems, under the patronage of the Condé d'Olivarez, and to him we owe the preservation of some wonderful fragments of a poem on the art of painting, composed by Pablo de Céspedes. These selections were quoted by Pacheco in his treatise on art, and one of the finest passages is that of counsel to an artist in painting a horse. Except for these portions, nothing remains of the poem of Céspedes, which was a work of high merit, written in the purest form of the Castilian language. The author was a man of conspicuous ability. He painted, wrote, carved statuary, and designed buildings.

The genial Pacheco is perhaps better known as a writer upon painting, and a maker of Latin verse, than as an artist with the brush. His great book on art, *Arte de la Pintura*, was published in 1649. It is anecdotal, technical and historical, and displays the credulity of the writer in regard to the miraculous. He had the honour of training Velazquez, his future son-in-law, and the satisfaction of discovering the power of his young pupil.

We will now take our way to the Casa Pilatos, which stands in the *plaza* of that name. Passing under a gateway, we enter a court. On the right is a very beautiful ironwork door in the *Mudéjar* form. An attendant opens it, and we pass into an inner *patio*, surrounded by busts, portions of antique sculpture, and two statues of Athena. In the centre is a fountain. The *casa* was designed by Moorish artists, early in the sixteenth century, for Don Pedro Enriquez, and his wife Doña Catalina de Ribera. A descendant, Don Fadrique, who had travelled in Palestine, added the so-called

Prætorium, and probably named the mansion after Pontius Pilate. There are unlettered persons in Seville who will assure you that Pilate lived in the house.



The third Duke of Alcalá, Fernando Enriquez de Ribera, established a great library here, and the Casa Pilatos was the rendezvous of a polished coterie. The Duke collected pictures, procured Roman relics from Italica, and had cabinets of coins and medals, and cases containing manuscripts. He was an amateur painter, a patron of the fine arts, and the encourager of struggling genius. Pedro de Madrazo, in his *Sevilla y Cadiz*, states that 'the Casa Pilatos is an august representation of the architectural genius of the sixteenth century; memorable for the reunions of Pacheco, Céspedes, the Herrerias, Góngora, Jauregui, Baltasar de Alcázar, Rioja, Juan de Arguizo, and Cervantes.'

Other writers describe the architecture of the palace as pseudo-Moorish. It is indeed a mixture of Gothic, Moorish, and Renaissance designs, adorned with *azulejos*, the decorations being *Mudéjar* for the greater part. Pacheco, the friend of the Duke de Alcalá, painted the salon.

Mr. M. Digby Wyatt, in his valuable work, *An Architect's Note Book in Spain*, describes the Casa Pilatos as possessing two special 'points of architectural value,' *i.e.*, 'the entirely Moresque character of the stucco work at a comparatively late date, and the profuse use of *azulejos* or coloured tiles. It is ... in and about the splendid staircase that this charming tile lining, of the use of which we have here of late years commenced a very satisfactory revival, asserts its value as a beautiful mode of introducing clean and permanent polychromatic decoration.'

In the principal garden there are remains from Italica. The orange, lemon and jasmine grow profusely in this sunny, sheltered corner of the city. Here the cultured Duke Fernando Enriquez de Ribera discoursed with his illustrious guests, when the stars twinkled and the air was sweet with the odour of the jasmine and rose. No doubt Francisco Pacheco brought his pupil Velazquez to the symposia. We can picture Cervantes relating the story of his imprisonment in Algiers, or diverting the company with anecdotes of the thieves and sharpers of Seville, whose exploits are recorded in his novel of *Rinconete y Cortadillo*. Góngora, the poet, whose affectations and 'Gongorisms' offended George Henry Lewes, probably read his verses to a critical audience in the salon. Wit vied with wit, scholar discussed with scholar, and artists discoursed upon the new methods of painting. This was the intellectual centre of Seville, where kindred souls uttered their deepest thoughts, assured of sympathy and of comprehension. When the courtly owner of the palace died, his library, his treasures and curiosities were removed to Madrid, and Sevillian men of letters and painters lost a true friend.

In 1588, Miguel de Servantes Saavedra, otherwise Cervantes, lived in the city. In his twenty-first year, while at Madrid, he had written a pastoral poem called *Filena*, some sonnets and canzonets. A few years later he obtained a position as chamberlain to Cardinal Julio Aquaviva at Rome; but he was not long in Italy. The love of adventure inspired him to enlist in the expedition force sent by Philip II. against Selim the Grand Turk. At the famous battle of Lepanto the young soldier received a wound in the left hand, which necessitated amputation. The surgeons bungled, and Cervantes lost the use of his arm. Still, he continued to serve as a private soldier in the ranks.

In 1575, Cervantes was aboard a galley called the *Sun*, and when journeying from Naples to Spain, he and the entire crew were captured, and borne to Algiers as prisoners. For five years he lay in a dungeon until a sum was paid in ransom. Upon returning to his native land, he joined his mother and sister at Madrid, and there he led a studious life for three years. His fighting days were at an end. He had seen strange things in foreign lands, and greatly enriched his store of experience of life. Henceforward he gave of his knowledge of the world, and toiled as a writer

of poetry, dramas and marvellous romances. His struggle with fortune was severe. He wrote thirty comedies without gaining recognition. At this time he married Doña Catalina de Solazar y Palacios y Vozmediano.

In Seville there lived two relatives of the soldier-dramatist. They were merchants, with a large business, and it is said that they offered Cervantes employment. Mr. J. Fitz-Maurice Kelly tells us that the author obtained a post in the Real Audencia in Seville, probably that of tax-gatherer. Cervantes himself relates that 'he found something better to do than writing comedies.' Whether he sat on a stool in the mercantile office of his relations, or travelled as a tax-collector in Andalusia, is perhaps not quite certain. At anyrate, the dramatist continued to produce plays. He sought an appointment as Accountant-General of the new kingdom of Granada, or as Governor of Secomusco in Guatemala, or as Paymaster of the galleys at Cartagena, or as Corregidor in La Paz. His application was unnoticed, and it was not until 1808 that the document was unearthed. It is a story of hardship, neglect and disappointment. The soldier who had lost an arm in combat with his country's foes, the genius whose name was to reach the far ends of the civilised world, was forced to go begging for situations, which were refused to him. He still plied his pen for poor returns in the way of money. For Rodrigo Osorio he agreed to write six comedies at fifty ducats each. The price was not to be paid unless each play was 'one of the best ever presented in Spain.' Was there ever a more arbitrary contract? It is doubtful whether Cervantes received anything for this work. Then came the quarrel between the Church and the Stage. Playwrights and actors were banned, and four months before the death of Philip II. all the theatres were closed.

The clouds lifted slightly. In 1595 'Miguel Cervantes Saavedra of Seville' won the prize offered by the Dominicans of Zaragoza for a series of poems in honour of St. Hyacinthus. He appears to have earned his living at this period as a tax-gatherer. Sometimes he was to be found at Pacheco's house, and at the Casa Pilatos. Cervantes discerned the genius of Herrera, and the two poets became friends. A sonnet in praise of Herrera was written by Cervantes.

Fresh trouble beset the unfortunate author. 'About this period Cervantes fell into the first of his money troubles,' writes Mr. Watts, in his *Miguel de Cervantes*, 'in connection with his office. Having to remit a sum of 7,400 *reals* from Seville to Madrid, he entrusted it to the hands of one Simon Freire, as his agent. Freire became bankrupt, and fled from Spain. This involved Cervantes in a debt to the crown, for which, being unable to pay, he was thrown into prison. Having reduced the amount by what he recovered from the bankrupt estate of Freire to 2,600 *reals*, Cervantes was released after a detention of three months. Neither then, nor at any time afterwards—although the affair hung over him to trouble him for many years—was there any charge implicating his own personal rectitude.'

Cervantes' pictures of the seamy side of Sevillian life were drawn vividly in his *picaresco* novels. The tales contain phrases in *Germania*, or thieves' argot, showing that the author closely observed his types of low life. It was not until he had reached his fifty-seventh year that he finished the first part of *Don Quixote de la Mancha*. The great romance was partly written during Cervantes' imprisonment in La Mancha. There are three versions of the circumstances that brought about his confinement. One account is that Cervantes made himself unpopular as a tax-gatherer. But could that be made a felony or misdemeanour meriting gaol? Another story relates how he became a factory-owner, and polluted the Guadiana with waste matter; while a third report ascribes his punishment to the offence of uttering satires upon a lady.

In 1605 *Don Quixote* was published, in a quarto volume, by Juan de la Cuesta of Madrid. Within seven months the book had reached its fourth edition. W. H. Prescott, in his essay on 'Cervantes,' states that two editions were issued in Madrid, one in Valencia, and one in Lisbon. Yet the author was not relieved of the burden of poverty. Fame sounded his name far and wide. But he had sold the copyright of his romance. And although his reputation was established beyond all doubt, he does not appear to have been in a position to obtain worthier remuneration for his labours. What is perhaps more strange, the leading incidents of his life were scarcely known in Spain when his first biographer, Mayans y Siscar, essayed a history of the great writer's career. Seven towns claimed him as a native when Tonson, in London, issued the first English edition in 1738.

'If Cervantes, like his great contemporary, Shakespeare, has left few authentic details of his existence,' writes Prescott, 'the deficiency has been diligently supplied in both cases by speculation and conjecture.'

In 1616 Cervantes fell sick of a dropsy. He was then in the sixty-ninth year of his age. After a brief illness, the genius expired, receiving the extreme unction as a devout Catholic.

In the Calle de Santa Clara in Seville is the Casa de los Marqueses de Castromonte, a house mentioned by Cervantes in his novel, *La Española Inglesa* ('The Spanish-English Lady'). This *novela* relates the adventures of a Cadiz maiden, who was carried to England by one of the Earl of Essex's captains in 1596.

We must now quit the stately Casa Pilatos, with its great literary traditions, and briefly note a few more of the writers who are associated with Seville. One of these is the novelist Cecilia Boehl von Faber, of German descent, who wrote under the *nom de plume* of Fernán Caballero. This gifted authoress wrote several novels of social life in Spain, in which she did not flinch from attacking faulty institutions. She had even the courage to condemn the national pastime of bull-fighting, an institution that very few Spaniards have ventured to call in question. Fernán Caballero lived in the street that bears her pen-name, and a tablet will be found upon the house which she occupied.

Mateo Aleman, author of *Guzman de Alfarache*, who is sometimes ranked next to Cervantes, lived in the parish of San Nicolas. Alberto Lista, the poet, also resided in Seville.

Lord Byron was here in August 1809. In a letter he writes:—

'We lodged in the house of two Spanish unmarried ladies, who possess *six* houses in Seville, and gave me a curious specimen of Spanish manners. They are women of character, and the eldest a fine woman, the youngest pretty, but not so good a figure as Donna Josepha. The freedom of manner, which is general here, astonished me not a little; and in the course of further observation, I find that reserve is not the characteristic of the Spanish belles, who are, in general, very handsome, with large black eyes, and very fine forms.' ...

The elder of the two ladies presented Byron with a tress of her hair, measuring about three feet in length, and begged a lock of his lordship's hair in return.

I have already mentioned Blanco White, who was born in Seville, and wrote *Letters from Spain*, in the name of Leucadio Doblado. His reminiscences should be read for the pictures of Sevillian society, in the early part of this century. White's *Life*, by J. H. Thorn, was published in London, in 1845.

Théophile Gautier spent some time in the city, and related his impressions in his *Voyage en Espagne*, which is the most ably written of all books upon Spanish places and people. The author of *Mademoiselle de Maupin* excels in his

descriptions of Seville, its monuments, paintings, and its life and character. He praises the charms of Sevillian *doñas*, declaring that they 'quite deserve the reputation for beauty which they enjoy.'

The eccentric George Borrow came to Seville to distribute the Scriptures, as an agent of the Bible Society. His experiences with the clerical authorities of the city are recounted in *The Bible in Spain*. It is not strange that the priests of 'the Spanish Rome' resented the intrusion of the English Protestant missionary, and it was fortunate for Borrow that the Inquisition days were of the past. Otherwise, he would have suffered in the manner of the hapless Lutherans of Ponce de León's time. As it was, the heretical *colporteur* had seventy-six copies of the New Testament confiscated. The books had been placed in the keeping of a bookseller. Borrow was never timid. He went straight to the ecclesiastical governor, and asked why the Testaments had been seized. The dignitary's reply was that the books were 'corrupting,' and he soundly reproved the audacious Protestant for venturing to disseminate such dangerous literature in orthodox Seville.

George Borrow does not write in flattering terms of the Andalusians. He says: 'I lived in the greatest retirement during the whole time that I passed at Seville, spending the greater part of each day in study, or in that half-dreamy state of inactivity which is the natural effect of the influence of a warm climate. There was little in the character of the people around to induce me to enter much into society. The higher class of the Andalusians are probably upon the whole the most vain and foolish of human beings.' ...

Such was Borrow's opinion of the society of Seville. He appeared to be quite as contemptuous of the frivolous rich class as he was of most scholars and literary men. Fashionable London was never able to 'lionise' Bohemian Borrow. He loved 'the wind on the heath,' the song of the waves on the Norfolk coast, the purple *sierras* of Spain, and the company of those children of nature, the *Kaulos* of Britain and the *Zincalis* of Castile. Elsewhere, however, in his writings, George Borrow speaks highly of the Spaniards in general. It was the pretensions of 'respectability,' whether in Spain or England, that called forth his pungent sarcasms.

We must not forget that a famous prelate of the Roman Catholic Church, Cardinal Wiseman, was born at Seville, in 1802.

It is perhaps not out of place in this chapter to allude to the attraction that Seville has possessed for three great musical composers. Mozart laid the scene of his *Don Juan* and *Figaro* in the city. Bizet's *Carmen* is concerned with Seville; and most famous of all in local interest is Rossini's *Barber*. Rossini's opera is still popular in Spain. I saw it acted by an excellent company at Córdoba, in May 1902.

The dispersal of the cultured circle of Casa Pilatos would seem to mark the hour of the beginning of the decline of literature and the arts in Seville. We may feel astonishment that the writers of the Inquisition times were able to publish any works save those of theology, church history, or devotion. But we must remember that Pacheco was a cleric, that Góngora was a priest, and that Rioja held a post in the Holy Office. Antonio, the bibliographer, was a canon of the Cathedral, and Cervantes was a staunch Catholic. These authors were safe; they were either priests of the Church or sworn defenders of the faith.

Philosophers, scientific writers, and heterodox thinkers were unable to survive their environment. New thought was stamped out as soon as it was uttered, and it was seldom indeed that bold spirits dared to express innovating opinion. The greatest writer could scarcely subsist upon the earnings of his pen. He was forced, as in the case of Cervantes, Calderon, and Lope de Vega, among many other authors, to enter the army. The choice lay between the military and the ecclesiastic professions. Outside of these no man possessed a status.

With the decline of literature in Spain, the teaching that science is an evil spread everywhere. In the seventeenth century, on the authority of Spanish historians, the arts had fallen into decay. At the same time the trade of Seville greatly suffered. The city was reaping the harvest of trouble sown by the Inquisition, with its disastrous proscriptions of scientific inquiry, and its taboos upon learning and the arts. Not only were Bibles burnt publicly in Seville and elsewhere, but secular books, treating upon many subjects, were thrown to the flames, in the height of the Inquisition fanaticism. At the end of the fifteenth century six thousand volumes were thus destroyed at Salamanca. Such wanton acts contributed to the causes that brought the downfall of Spain. When Córdoba, Granada and Seville were under the Saracen rule, the conquered Christians were protected in their religious rights, and there was no restraint upon knowledge. These cities possessed excellent schools and huge libraries. The Arabic and Spanish languages were both spoken, and there was an Arabian translation of the Bible. Unfortunately, the Christians failed to profit by this example of rational tolerance when they again came into power.

Classical learning was fostered in Seville by Antonio de Lebrixa, who lectured in the University, about 1473. Lebrixa had studied for ten years in Italy. He was opposed by the Sevillian clergy, who claimed sole authority in instruction; but fortunately Lebrixa found favour with influential persons, and so contrived to save himself from persecution. Queen Isabella had lessons from the learned Lebrixa, who may be called the Erasmus of Spain. But the royal tutor narrowly escaped the awful punishments of the Holy Tribunal, under Deza, Archbishop of Seville, and successor of Torquemada. The Inquisitor-General commanded the manuscripts of Lebrixa to be seized, and accused him of heresy for making corrections on the text of the Vulgate, and for his exposition of passages of Scripture.

'The Archbishop's object,' wrote Lebrixa in an Apologia, 'was to deter me from writing. He wished to extinguish the knowledge of the two languages on which our religion depends; and I was condemned for impiety, because, being no divine but a mere grammarian, I presumed to treat of theological subjects. If a person endeavour to restore the purity of the sacred text, and points out the mistakes which have vitiated it, unless he will retract his opinions, he must be loaded with infamy, excommunicated and doomed to an ignominious punishment!'

'Is it not enough that I submit my judgment to the will of Christ in the Scriptures? Must I also reject as false what is as clear and evident as the light of truth itself? What tyranny! to hinder a man, under the most cruel pains, from saying what he thinks, though he express himself with the utmost respect for religion! to forbid him to write in his closet or in the solitude of a prison! to speak to himself, or even to think! On what subject shall we employ our thoughts, if we are prohibited from directing them to those sacred oracles which have been the delight of the pious in every age, and on which they have meditated by day and by night.'

Lebrixa here eloquently announces the right of the layman to translate the Scriptures and to expound religion. He claims that liberty of inquiry and of speech which belongs to every man. His case is typical of the vast difficulties that encompassed all thinkers of his age.

Science and letters were not only hindered by the Church. Some of the kings of Spain were hostile towards



learning, while others were apathetic. Carlos IV. instructed his Prime Minister to inform the heads of universities that 'what His Majesty wanted was not philosophers, but loyal subjects.' It was no uncommon custom of the inquisitors to enter private libraries, and to carry away such books as they considered heretical or dangerous.

In Seville, therefore, as elsewhere throughout Spain, institutions tended to crush out the genius of authors, and to discourage philosophy and science. We cannot wonder that Emilia Pardo Bazan, a modern Spanish writer, should say: 'Perhaps our public is indifferent to literature, especially to printed literature, for what is represented on the stage produces more impression.' It has also been said that the upper classes of Madrid would rather spend their money on fireworks or on oranges than on a book.

But Spain possesses to-day four or five gifted novelists, who give their readers true pictures of modern life and manners. Valdes and Galdos are social influences. Their books are eagerly read and discussed by the young intellectual spirits in whose earnestness lies the hope of Spain.

## CHAPTER VIII

### *The Artists of Seville*

BY C. GASQUOINE HARTLEY

'Beauty, like all other qualities presented to human experience, is relative.'—WALTER PATER.

THE art of Spain was, at the outset, wholly borrowed, and from various sources: we see heterogeneous, borrowed elements assimilated sometimes in a greater or less degree, frequently flung together in illogical confusion, seldom, if ever, fused into a new harmonious whole by that inner welding fire which is genius; and we see in the sixteenth century a foreign influence received and borne as a yoke, because no living generative force was there to throw it off; and finally we meet this strange freak of nature—a soil without artistic initiative bringing forth the greatest initiator in modern art—Diego Velazquez.'

These words, which form a portion of the address delivered by the late Lord Leighton to the students of the Royal Academy Schools, in the year 1889, epitomise the salient points in the artistic history of Seville. An almost impenetrable gloom shadows the early records of her art. Only one work remains to testify to the skill of her artists, during the thirteenth century. This is a rare old Bible, written on vellum and richly illuminated. It was transcribed for Alfonso, the Wise, by Pedro de Pampeluna, in the thirteenth century, and its numerous miniatures represent the pristine efforts of the Sevillian school of painting.

During the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the artists of Seville were wholly dominated by the Flemish school. The great master of the Low Countries, Jan van Eyck, visited the Peninsula, and from that time the Flemish influence continued to increase in potency. Flemish works of art were largely imported into Spain, and three Flemish artists, according to Professor Carl Justi, were employed in the court of Isabella la Catolica. The Gothic characteristics of the Northern school are manifest in all the pictures of this period. They may be readily recognised by their long lean figures, their definite, almost harsh outlines, and their rich colours, which are frequently embellished with gold.

The pictures painted during these years bear little trace of Italian influence, although we know that in the year 1466 a Florentine painter, Dello, who belonged to the school of Giotto, was living in Seville. No authentic works from his hand remain, but he amassed great wealth, as a proof of which we are told that he always painted in an apron of stiff silk brocade.

Many of these paintings, dating to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, bear no signature. They are classified without distinction as the *Escuela Flamenca*, and the Spaniards apparently regard them with scant reverence. They are all interesting, while many of them possess great charm, and reveal well-developed artistic power. The Gothic influence is dominant, but a distinctly Spanish tendency can frequently be discerned. Local dress and customs are often depicted, and the pictures are executed with the relentless vigour, which is the specific characteristic of the early Spanish school. Examples of these Hispano-Flemish pictures will be found in the Museo, in the *Cap de Santa Ana* and the *Cap de la Antigua*, in the Cathedral, and in many of the churches.

The earliest Sevillian artist of whom we have any distinctive record is Juan Sanchez de Castro, who lived in the city from 1454 to 1516. Sir W. Stirling-Maxwell calls him 'the morning star of the school of Andalusia.' He quickly absorbed the Flemish influence, and his works are wholly Gothic, both in conception and manner of treatment. No details of his life are extant, but the wreckage of time has spared his work, and we can still study both a fresco and a panel painting executed by his hand.

In the Church of San Julian, situated in the *plaza* of that name, is a giant San Cristobal, painted by Sanchez in 1484. It is executed in tempera upon the wall of the church, close to the principal entrance. The figure of the saint is of enormous size, entirely subordinating the remainder of the composition, thus producing an effect of exaggeration and lack of proportion. The fresco has unfortunately been repainted, and little of the old master's work remains, except his signature and the date 1484.

Of infinitely greater value is his painting on panel, preserved among the pictures collected by the late Señor D. Manuel López Cepero, which may now be seen in the house of Murillo, described elsewhere in these pages. The picture is painted upon a panel of wood, covered with canvas and carefully prepared plaster, as was the manner of the early masters, who did none of their work hurriedly, and devoted much time to the painstaking preparation of their materials. The picture may be regarded as a typical instance of the Hispano-Flemish manner. The conventional grief, symbolised by the drooping eyelids, falling tears and set countenances of the women; the harsh outlines; the extreme length of the reclining figure of the Christ, all bear the imprint of the Gothic school. The picture deserves much study. Its decorative proportions, extreme simplicity and harmony of colour can hardly be praised too highly. It is a meritorious herald of the work of the Sevillian artists.

Juan Nuñez, the pupil of Sanchez, continued to imitate the manner of his master. His finest work is a composition,

representing the *Piéta*. It was painted for the Chapter of the Cathedral, during the latter half of the fifteenth century, and now hangs in the *Sacristía de los Cálices*, where many of the choicest treasures of art are preserved. The Virgin supports the dead body of the Christ; St. Michael and St. Vincent are at her side, while kneeling ecclesiastics pray below. The Flemish manner still prevails, and the Gothic stiffness of the Saviour's figure bears a strong resemblance to the work of Sanchez. Cean Bermudez praises the picture very highly, and states that it is not inferior to Albert Dürer in colour and arrangement of the drapery. Like many of the early religious painters, Nuñez appears to have been destitute of a sense of humour, and in a picture of St. Michael and St. Gabriel, painted for the Chapter of the Cathedral, he depicted the saints adorned with gaily-coloured peacocks' wings.

The Hispano-Flemish manner was perfected by Alezo Fernandez, who came from Córdoba, in 1525, to work in Seville Cathedral. Lord Leighton considers him 'the most conspicuous among the Gothic painters,' and without doubt, his work marks a further advancement in the development of the Andalusian school. It bears testimony to advancing knowledge. For the first time we perceive clearly the growth of a distinctive Spanish style. The Flemish manner is still strongly visible, but from out of this eclecticism emerges that forceful effort after truth and natural expression, which is the conspicuous characteristic of the Spanish school. His finest picture is the *Virgen de la Rosa*, in the Church of Santa Ana, at Triana. The charm of this work is very great. The mellow splendour of its tones, and the lofty spirit in which it is conceived render it a study of high merit. Other pictures by this master may be seen in the Palacio Arzobispal, where hang the Conception, the Birth of the Virgin, and the Purification, three works of great interest; and in the Church of San Julian, where there is a fine altar-piece. The figure of San Pedro depicted upon the left of the composition is one of the ablest; beside him is San Antonio, while San Julian and San Josef stand upon the right. Over the altar are representations of the Incarnation and the Crucifixion.

During the opening years of the sixteenth century a new influence from without was imposed upon the Spanish school of painting. The Italian Renaissance extended to Spain, and this movement, which in Italy produced the brilliant group of the *quattrocentisto*, fell upon the artistic genius of Spain as a deadening blight. It was alien to the temper of the Spanish nation. The simple, truthful directness of their early mode was forgotten; gradually their art became steeped in a hopeless mannerism.

Luis de Vargas, who was born in Seville in 1502, was the first Andalusian artist, whose work testifies to the Italian influence. He spent many years studying in Italy. He was a devout Catholic, and like all the artists of Seville was supported by the munificence of the Chapter of the Cathedral. Unfortunately his frescoes, upon which his reputation, according to Cean Bermudez, largely rested, have been almost entirely obliterated. Dim traces of them may be seen upon the Giralda Tower, and upon the outer wall which encloses the Court of the Oranges; but it is impossible to appraise the work of De Vargas from these time-spoilt relics.

Of his panel paintings only a small number have been preserved. They are simple, yet powerful in design; the colour is fresh, and the drawing is good. They are specially noteworthy for the charm with which women are portrayed, a characteristic unusual among the artists of Spain. The earliest known work of De Vargas was *The Nativity*, which was painted for the Chapter of the Cathedral, in 1555, and placed over the Altar del Nacimiento, where it still hangs. Sir W. Stirling-Maxwell says that the figure of the Virgin, as she stands gazing upon her babe, 'bears a simple dignity not unworthy of Raphael.' The grouping of the figures is admirable. Notice especially the peasant, as he kneels and offers his basket of young doves. The care bestowed upon the execution of the details shows that De Vargas had not yet forgotten the example of the early masters. The goat, the sheaf of corn, the Spanish pack-saddle, all the accessories are painted with Flemish accuracy.

The Temporal Generation of our Lord, in the south transept of the Cathedral, adjacent to the colossal figure of San Cristobal, is generally considered the masterpiece of Luis de Vargas. It is an allegorical composition, representing Adam and Eve adoring the infant Christ, who rests in the arms of the Virgin. The picture is lacking in charm, but the figures are finely conceived, and executed with power. Indeed, the life-like drawing of Adam's leg has given the picture its name of *La Gamba* (the leg). It is reported that the Italian Perez de Alesio, the painter of the giant San Cristobal, exclaimed when gazing upon his handiwork, 'The whole of my figure is of less merit than the leg of Adam.'

Greater than Luis de Vargas was the Flemish painter Pedro Campaña, who came to Spain and settled in Seville in the year 1548. He had spent many years in Italy, studying in Rome, and his pictures bear the impress of a combined Flemish-Italian influence. He stayed in Seville for twenty-four years, and is always identified with the artists of Andalusia. His finest picture, *The Descent from the Cross*, was painted for the Church of Santa Cruz in the year he came to Seville, 1548. The strength and realism of this work are truly majestic. It is, without doubt, the finest picture painted by the Italian mannerists in Seville. It exerted great influence upon the artists of a later day. Pacheco declared that its realism was so overmastering that he did not care to be left alone with it in the dimly-lighted chapel. Murillo spent long hours in earnest contemplation of the picture. He was wont to perform his devotions before it, and once, when asked why he sat watching the picture so intently, he is reported to have answered, 'I am waiting until those men have brought the body of our Blessed Lord down the ladder.' It was beneath this picture that the favourite master of Seville chose to be buried. The picture now hangs in the *Sacristía Mayor* of the Cathedral. It was rescued from the Courts of the Alcázar, where it had been wantonly flung by the French, during the War of Independence, and tolerably restored by Joaquin Cortes, in 1882.

Seville contains many other works by the Flemish master. In the *Cap de Mariscal*, in the Cathedral, is a very beautiful Purification of the Virgin. The charm and simple grace of the fair-haired maiden, who stands upon the left of the picture, contrasts vividly with the form of the beggar beneath. The half-length portraits of the Mariscal Don Pedro Cabellero and family, which also hang in the chapel, are individual and life-like. There is little trace of Italian influence in the rendering of these figures; they are all painted with Flemish carefulness. Other works of Campaña may be seen in the Church of San Pedro and the Church of Santa Ana, at Triana. The individuality of Campaña can hardly be too strongly emphasised. His pictures possess many of the essential and distinctive attributes, which characterise the work of the greatest of the Sevillian artists.

Contemporary with Luis de Vargas and Pedro Campaña—the masters of the early Italian mannerists—worked a group of artists of lesser fame. Antonio de Arfian, 1537-1587, a native of Triana, painted frescoes for the parish church of St. Mary Magdalen. Juan Bautista Vasquez, in 1568, executed an altar-piece for the Church of Our Lady of the Pomegranate, in the Court of the Oranges; and other works since destroyed, for the Cathedral. Alonso Vasquez painted many pictures for the Cathedral and the Convents of St. Francis and St. Paul. The few of these works which remain may be seen in the Museo, where they hang neglected, fast rotting in their frames. These artists closely

imitated the style of De Vargas.

More individuality is revealed in the works of Pedro Villegas Marmolejo, 1520-1597, an artist whose pictures are extremely rare. The Virgin visiting Elizabeth, which hangs over the *Altar de la Visitación* in the Cathedral, is a good example of his work, and displays his charm as a colourist. The garments of both the Virgin and Elizabeth are beautiful with radiant harmony. The works of Francesco Frutet—like Campaña a Flemish artist trained in Italy, who came to Seville, about the year 1548—will be noticed in the account of the Museo.

Another foreigner, who worked in Seville during this period, was Sturmio, probably a German, who, in 1554, painted nine pictures on panel for the *Cap de los Evangelistas*, in the Cathedral. These studies are important, for they afford the earliest instance of the fine brown tones distinctive of the Sevillian school. The central picture depicts St. Gregory saying Mass, while around him are grouped the fourteen evangelists, and the saints of the city. Santos Justa and Rufina, the holy maids, frequently portrayed by the artists of Seville, are among the best.

The work of all these artists, who may be classified as the early Italian mannerists, reveals a distinctive personality. The individuality of the artist constantly breaks forth, through the strong Italian bias, while traces are often revealed of the truthful expression of the early Hispano-Flemish mode.

As the sixteenth century drew to its close, the tendency to adopt a style of affected mannerism was largely augmented in the work of the artists of Andalusia, the result being a corresponding loss of national individuality. All that was essentially Spanish was for the time forgotten, submerged in an imported Italianism. The pictures of these later mannerists are dreary and almost entirely without interest. Their work may be readily identified by the conventional conceptions, the flat tones, the dry, hard colours, and the utter lack of that element of charm, so essential to all works of art.

Juan del Castillo, 1584-1640, and Francisco Pacheco, 1571-1654, may be regarded as types of this phase in the record of Andalusian art. Their reputation rests largely upon the renown of their pupils. Juan del Castillo was the master of Murillo and Alonso Cano, and the chief interests incited by the study of his work, rests in tracing the influence he may have exercised in moulding the work of the Sevillian favourite. His best picture is the Assumption, in the Museo, in which the figure of the Virgin has some merit.

Francisco Pacheco, the father-in-law and devoted teacher of Diego Velazquez, claims our attention as an individual, rather than as an artist. He painted innumerable pictures, which may still be viewed in the Cathedral, the churches and the Museo, but none rise above the level of mediocrity. They are carefully executed and rarely offend the rules of drawing, but they are all hopelessly 'mannered,' and entirely devoid of individual imagination.

We owe a debt of gratitude to Pacheco for his *Arte de la Pintura*, a treatise upon the principles of art, and the lives of the artists of Spain, published in Seville in 1649. In style the work is pompous and prolix, and often very tedious, but as a record of the lives of the Sevillian artists it possesses great value. Pacheco was the Inquisitor of Art, or Familiar of the Inquisition. His authority under the Holy Office was great, and it was his duty to see that no indecorous or indecent pictures found their way into the churches. Here is a copy of the commission which was granted to him: 'We give him commission and charge him henceforward that he take particular care to inspect and visit all sacred subjects which may stand in shops or in public places; if he finds anything to object to in these he is to take the picture before the Lords, the Inquisitors.'

The degraded Italian taste was carried to its uttermost limits by Herrera El Mozo (the younger), 1622-1625, who, by a strange anomaly, was the son of the man, who was the first to break completely away from the trammels of the pseudo-Italian manner. His works may be viewed in the Cathedral and the Museo; they instance the degradation which had been brought upon the art of Seville, by the unintelligent adoption of an alien style.

It is a relief to revert to the work of those men, whose sturdy Spanish spirits refused to bend beneath the yoke of conventional tradition. The work of the cleric, Juan de la Roelas, 1560-1625, bears little, or no, trace of the degenerate pseudo-Italianism, although his pictures are not exempt from foreign influence. They are Venetian in colour, soft, yet free, in their drawing. They exhibit many of the features, afterwards amplified in the work of Murillo. His finest composition is the Death of San Isidore, in the parish church, dedicated to that saint. The theme of the picture is the transit of the holy man, Archbishop of Seville, during Gothic days. Many figures fill the canvas, but with true artistic unity, the interest is centralised upon the dying saint, who rests upon the ground, clad in dark mantle and finely-painted pontifical robes. Subtle discernment is manifested in the grouping of the figures. The aged fathers are thrown into distinct relief, by the youthful bloom of the children who kneel beside them. The shadowy forms of the worshippers, as they kneel in the receding aisles of the church, lend atmosphere to the study. The heavens are depicted above, and in the midst of a blaze of glowing light, the Virgin awaits with Christ, the coming of the saint.

San Santiago, destroying the Moors in the battle of Clavigo, which hangs in the Cathedral, affords another fine instance of the work of Roelas. Three more of his pictures may be seen in the University—The Holy Family, The Nativity, and the Adoration of the Shepherds, while several hang in the Museo. A figure of a black-robed kneeling saint, in the Holy Family, is said to be the portrait of Roelas.

Francisco de Herrera, 1575-1656, termed, *el Viego* (the Elder) to distinguish him from his son, possessed a character of unusual vigour. The traditions which have survived, reveal the temper of the man. His methods were eccentric. He worked with a dashing pencil, and it was his custom to employ any implement, which presented itself as convenient. It is reported that upon one occasion, when short of a brush, he painted a picture with a spoon. His fame induced numerous artists—the young Velazquez being among them—to seek his studio; but his irascibility was so great that few of them remained. He broke many a maul-stick across their shoulders, and frequently he was left without a single pupil to execute his mandates.

It is said that one day, when this had occurred, he rushed into the kitchen, and insisted upon the serving-maid becoming his attendant; and amidst oaths and blows, he forced the trembling girl to prepare a canvas for the composition he desired to execute. His turbulent spirit led him into difficulties, and he was accused—whether falsely or not it is now impossible to say—of coining money. To escape punishment he sought sanctuary in the College of the Jesuits, where he painted the Legend of St. Hermingild, now in the Museo. In the year 1624 Philip III. came to Seville, and visited the college. In common with all the house of Austria, the King had a fine appreciation of art, and when he saw the work of Herrera, he at once recognised its merits, and desired to see the artist. Herrera knelt at the King's feet, and told the reason of his confinement in the convent. 'What need of silver and gold has a man gifted with a talent like yours? Go, you are free,' was the answer of the King.

Such was the nature of the man, whose cogent individuality re-established a national Spanish style. His pictures are distinguished for their vigorous force. Sir W. Stirling-Maxwell calls him 'the most remarkable of the painters, who learnt their art solely in Andalusia'; while Palomino, often termed the Spanish Vasari, says that the boldness of his manner conveys to his figures the appearance of being painted in relief. Several of his pictures are now in the Museo; the Cathedral possesses none, but there is one in the Church of San Bernardo, which, in spite of dirt and dim lighting, affords a fine instance of the power of Herrera. In the upper portion the Lord is shown with a band of attendant angels, while below St. Michael divides the sinful from the righteous. The canvas is overcrowded; a fault in which the majority of the compositions of Herrera share, and the form of St. Michael is somewhat uncouth, but the picture is full of power, and many of the figures, especially among the hosts of the wicked, are drawn with a fine freedom of handling.

Francisco de Zurbaran, a peasant, born in Estremadura, in the year 1598, was the veritable follower of Herrera. His work more fully than that of any other artist typifies the genius of Spain. Lord Leighton speaks of him 'as a man of powerful personality, in whom more than any of his contemporaries, the various essential characteristics of his race were gathered up—its defiant temper, its dramatic bent, its indifference to beauty, its love of fact, its imaginative force, its gloomy fervour, its poetry, in fact, and its prose.'

He was the pupil of Juan de las Roelas, but his work soon eclipsed that of his master. From the very first he cast from him all mannered tradition, and determined unflinchingly to follow natural methods. He copied all objects directly from Nature, and while still a lad working in the studio of Roelas, he refused to paint drapery, without having it placed upon a lay figure to represent the living model. He has been termed the Spanish Caravaggio from his strict adherence to Nature, and his delight in breadth and strong contrasts of light and shadow. As he saw Nature thus he painted her, without desire to soften or to idealise. His one purpose was to portray conscientiously the exact impression of the objects he beheld. And for this reason he may be designated the herald of Velazquez. His pictures lack the facility, the charm and the impelling force of the great master; but in their adherence to Nature and strict nationality of style they are in nowise inferior. The Adoration of the Shepherds, the fine picture in our National Gallery, formerly ascribed to Velazquez, is now held to be the work of Zurbaran. His colour is above all praise; his tints, although sombre, have at times, as Sir W. Stirling-Maxwell justly remarks, 'the depth and brilliancy of Rembrandt.'

His earliest work was a series of pictures, illustrative of the life of the Apostle Peter, which he painted for the Chapter of the Cathedral. They may still be inspected in the *Cap de San Pedro*, but unfortunately the deficiency of light renders it well-nigh impossible to see them.

The celebrated Death of St. Thomas Aquinas, and the remarkable series of pictures, painted for the Chartreuse monks of Santa Maria de las Cuevas, are now in the Museo.

For the Church of the Hospital del Sangre he painted eight small pictures of female saints. They are portraits of the beauties who reigned in the city during the life of Zurbaran, and are among the most charming of the pictures of women to be found in Seville. Especially mark Santa Matilda in her crimson robe, embroidered with gold and pearls, Santa Dorotea in lilac, and Santa Iñes in purple, and bearing a lamb in her arms.

The fame of Zurbaran was overshadowed by Murillo, who became the central figure in the artistic life of Seville, during the latter half of the seventeenth century.

The position Murillo occupies in the record of Andalusian art is so significant, that it appears fitting to notice his work, and that of his brilliant contemporary Velazquez, in a separate chapter; and to conclude this brief chronicle of the Sevillian artist with two names—Alonso Cano and Juan de Valdés Leal, the last painters of Andalusia, whose work is worthy of special note.

Alonso Cano, 1601-1667, was not born in Seville, but came to the city, when quite young, to receive instruction from Pacheco and Juan de Castillo. He painted pictures for the Carthusians, and the other convents and churches, but a duel, fought with a brother artist, in 1639, drove him from the city. The finest instance of his work in Seville is Our Lady of Bethlehem, in the Cathedral. It was painted in Malaga for Señor D. Andres Cascentes, who presented it to Seville. The light is dim, and it can only be seen by the glow from the tapers which burn upon the altar. It is somewhat conventional in treatment, and bears distinct traces of Italian mannerism. Yet the picture is not without charm, and the Spanish national note is not entirely absent. The hands and feet are painted with extreme care, and the crimson robe and dark-blue mantle of the Virgin are exquisite in colour. The picture may be regarded as typical of his work. One of his chief faults was repetition, and he was frequently accused by his contemporaries of copying from the works of other masters; a charge which he is said to have challenged, with the following answer: 'Do the same thing, with the same effect as I do, and all the world will pardon you.' His power as an artist has been somewhat over-estimated, and his claim to be called 'the Michelangelo of Spain' rests solely upon the fact that he was sculptor and architect as well as painter.

Juan de Valdés Leal, 1630-1691, lived until the time when Andalusian art was fast approaching its decline. His early life was embittered by jealousy of Murillo, and much of his energy was expended in useless quarrels with his brother artists. His pictures are mannered, but the best are vigorous, and their main defects are due to hasty execution. He appears to have had no power to finish his work; when he tried to be careful he became weak. The Museo contains many of his pictures. The Virgin bestowing the Chasuble on San Ildefonso in the *Cap de San Francisco*, in the Cathedral, is one of his finest works. The two pictures in the Hospital de la Caridad were painted to illustrate the vanity of worldly grandeur. They are theatrical, and have little 'literary' attraction, but the execution exhibits a certain power. In one of them a hand holds a pair of scales, in which the sins of the world—represented by bats, peacocks, serpents and other objects—are weighed against the emblems of Christ's Passion; in the other, which is the finer composition, Death, with a coffin under one arm, extinguishes a taper, which lights a table spread with crowns, jewels and all the gewgaws of earthly pomp. The words *In Ictu Oculi* circle the gleaming light of the taper, while upon the ground rests an open coffin, dimly revealing the corpse within.

It was this picture which caused Murillo to remark that it was something to be looked at with the nostrils closed. To which rather uncertain praise Leal is reported to have replied, 'Ah, my compeer, it is not my fault, you have taken all the sweet fruit out of the basket and left me only the rotten.'

With the death of Valdés Leal, at the close of the seventeenth century, the long chain of artists, who had made the name of Seville famous, terminates. He left behind him no painter of specific merit. The artists who remained were dreary conventionalists, without originality, mere copyists of those who had preceded them. The study of their work

yields neither pleasure nor profit. It is better to leave the record of the artists of Seville, while the memory of her greatest masters is still vivid, than to trace the slow decay of her art into feeble mediocrity.

*Note.*—In order to facilitate the finding of the works of the artists mentioned in this chapter, this list is appended, naming their chief pictures, and the places where they may be found.

Artists.	Pictures.	Where Situated.
Pedro de Pampeluna (thirteenth century).	Illuminated Bible.	Library of the Cathedral.
Juan Sanchez de Castro (1454-1516)	Fresco of San Cristobal.	San Julian.
"	Painting on panel of the Entombment.	House of Murillo.
Juan Nuñez (fifteenth century).	Piéta.	Sacristía de los Cálices, Cathedral.
Alezo Fernandez (worked in Seville about 1508).	Conception.	Palacio Arzobiscopal.
"	Birth of the Virgin.	Ditto.
"	Purification.	Ditto.
"	Virgen de la Rosa.	Santa Ana, Triana.
"	Altar-piece.	San Julian.
Luis de Vargas (1502-1568).	Frescoes.	The Giralda Tower.
"	The Nativity.	Outer Wall of the Court of the Oranges.
"	Temporal Generation of Our Lord.	Altar del Nacimiento, Cathedral.
"	Portrait of Don Juan de Medina.	Altar de la Gamba, Cathedral.
"		Ditto.
Pedro Campaña (1503-1580).	The Descent from the Cross.	Sacristía Mayor, Cathedral.
"	Purification of the Virgin.	Cap de Mariscal, Cathedral.
"	Portraits.	Ditto.
"	Altar-piece.	San Pedro.
"	Retablo, with fifteen paintings.	Santa Ana, Triana.
Antonio de Arfian (1537-1587).	Frescoes on the History of St. George.	St. Mary Magdalen, Triana.
Juan Bautista Vasquez (worked in Seville about 1568).	Altar-piece.	Altar of Our Lady of the Pomegranate, Court of the Oranges.
Alonso Vasquez ( <i>d.</i> 1648).	Various works.	Museo.
Pedro Villegas Marmolego (1520-1597).	Virgin visiting Elizabeth.	Altar de la Visitación, Cathedral.
"	Doubtful Works.	Museo.
Francesco Frutet (worked in Seville about 1548).	Several Works.	Museo.
Sturmio (worked in Seville about 1554).	St. Gregory saying Mass.	Cap de los Evangelistas, Cathedral.
"	Evangelists.	Ditto.
"	Saints.	Ditto.
Herrera, el Mozo (1622-1685).	Several Works.	Cathedral.
"	"	Museo.
Juan de las Roelas (1560-1625).	Martyrdom of St. Andrew.	Museo.

"	Other works.	Ditto.
"	Death of San Isidore.	San Isidore.
Juan de las Roelas (1560-1625).	San Santiago.	Cap de Santiago, Cathedral.
"	Holy Family.	The University.
"	Nativity.	Ditto.
"	Adoration of the Shepherds.	Ditto.
Herrera, el Viego (1576-1656).	Legend of St. Herminigild.	Museo.
"	Other works.	Ditto.
"	St. Michael and the Hosts of the Wicked.	San Bernardo.
Juan de Castillo (1584-1640).	Assumption.	Museo.
"	Other pictures.	Ditto.
"	Virgin and Child.	House of Murillo.
"	Other works.	The Churches.
Francisco Pacheco (1571-1654).	Many works.	Museo.
"	"	House of Murillo.
"	"	Cathedral.
"	"	Churches.
Francisco de Zurbaran (1598-1661).	Legend of St. Pedro.	Cap de St. Pedro, Cathedral.
"	Death of St. Thomas Aquinas.	Museo.
"	Other works.	Ditto.
"	Eight Female Saints.	Hospital del Sangre.
Alonso Cano (1601-1667).	Our Lady of Bethlehem.	Altar de la Virgin de Belen, Cathedral.
Juan de Valdés Leal (1630-1691).	San Ildefonso.	Cap de St. Francisco, Cathedral.
"	Pictures illustrating the vanity of worldly grandeur.	Hospital de la Caridad.
"	Many works.	Museo.

## CHAPTER IX

### *Velazquez and Murillo*

'The more the artist studies Nature, the nearer he approaches to the true and perfect idea of art.'—Sir J. REYNOLDS.

ON the 15th of June, in the year 1599, Diego Rodriguez de Silva y Velazquez was born in Seville. Eighteen years later affords the record of birth of Murillo. Contemporary, or nearly so, they began their lives in the same environment, yet from their earliest youth they tended to develop upon divergent lines. The young Velazquez, at the age of thirteen, became the pupil of the vigorous Herrera, while Murillo entered the school of the academic Juan de Castillo.

It was reserved for Velazquez to break away from the traditional limitations of the Sevillian school, while the work of Murillo was to develop them to their fairest fruition.

The national manner, begun by Herrera and developed by Zurbaran, was, by the genius of Velazquez, carried to perfect fulfilment.

The grave and truthful simplicity of his pictures is unsurpassed among the artistic records of any nation. His supreme effort was directed to the portrayal of Nature. With unerring judgment he selected the essential details of a composition, and painted them with unflinching fidelity. He depicted each colour precisely as the lighting of his canvas revealed it to him. He is the master of chiaroscuro, by the perfect unity of his tones. His style is wholly personal, his pictures bear pre-eminently the mark of individual expression. From his earliest youth this was his method of work. 'He kept,' Pacheco tells us, in the account he gives of his pupil and son-in-law, in his *Arte de la Pintura*, 'a peasant lad, as an apprentice, who served him as a study in different actions and postures—sometimes crying, sometimes laughing—till he had grappled with every difficulty of expression; and from him he executed an infinite variety of heads, in charcoal and chalk on blue paper, by which he arrived at certainty in taking likeness.' In this way did Velazquez train his power; and we are able to comprehend the wonderful portraits, which have



rendered the House of Austria familiar to the world, when we picture the youth drawing his slave, again and yet again, in different attitudes and ever varied changes of expression.

This, then, was the divergence between the methods of Velazquez and Murillo. The one painted Nature as she was; the other depicted men and women as they never could be, but in the guise of saints, according to the desires of the Catholic Church. It is in this dis-similarity of their aims, that we shall find the explanation of the fact, which cannot fail to impress the visitor to Seville, that, while the city abounds in the works of Murillo, no single picture from the hand of Velazquez is to be found in Cathedral, Church or Museo. The city of his birth is destitute of any commemoration of his genius, if we exclude a few pictures, of very doubtful authenticity, to be found in some of the private collections.

The art of Seville was maintained by the munificence of the Church. Painting was the handmaid of the Catholic religion. Pictures were painted for the glory of God; they were valued as aids in the due performance of religious observance rather than as works of art. For the artist whose supreme desire was to follow truth Seville was no home. Realism was opposed to the very essence of the Catholic mind. The mediæval spirit did not exist in Velazquez, the most modern of all the old masters; he yearned for a freer and wider scope for the development of his genius.

In March, 1621, Philip III. died, and was succeeded by his young son, Philip IV., who at once began to collect about the throne the literary and artistic genius of the day.

Accompanied by Pacheco, Velazquez went to Madrid and craved an audience of the King. The favour was denied, and after some months of waiting, the young artist returned to Seville. Next year he again sought the metropolis. One of the Canons of Seville Cathedral, Don Juan Fonseca, had obtained a post in the King's service; Velazquez painted his portrait. It was carried to the palace before it was dry, and in an hour the whole court had seen it. 'It excited the admiration of the capital,' writes Pacheco, exulting in the success of his favourite, 'and the envy of those of the profession, of which I can bear witness.' Velazquez's position was assured. He was formally received into the King's service, and became a member of the royal household. His genius was lost to Seville. He is classed among the artists of Castile, and to study his works it is necessary to visit, not Seville, but the Prado Museo, at Madrid.

Of the pictures he painted in his youth none remain in Seville. The most famous are *The Water Carrier*, or *Aguador*, now in the collection of the Duke of Wellington, at Apsley House; *The Omelet* belonging to the late Sir Francis Cook; *St. John in Patmos* and *The Woman and the Dragon*, the property of Sir Bartle Frere; *The Epiphany* in the Prado Museo; and *The Adoration of the Shepherds* in the National Gallery.

*The Water Carrier* and *The Omelet* are studies of street life, finished with great care; a class of picture known as *bodegones*, often painted by the Spanish artists. The former is the finer work. It is a magnificent instance of Velazquez's power during his student days.

Either a study for this picture, executed by Velazquez himself, or a copy by one of his pupils, can be seen in the house of Murillo. The courteous owner, Señor Don López Cepero, is always willing to show his valuable collection of pictures. He believes the work to be a genuine Velazquez, and it is just possible that it may be so, and in any case it is a study of much interest. The Corsican water-seller, clad in his brown frock, a well-known figure in the streets of Seville, hands a glass of water to a boy, while in the distance another figure is dimly discerned, with his face buried in an earthenware mug. The background is very dark; the figures alone stand in the light. There is no scenery, and the accessories are painted with absolute truth.

While the art of Velazquez was unsuited to the city of his birth, the works of Murillo breathed the very spirit of the life around him. His pictures represent the religious emotion of his period; they may fittingly be termed, 'the embodied expression of Spanish Catholicism, during the seventeenth century.'

This fact in a large measure accounts for the popularity of Murillo, and the rapid recognition which his merits received at the hands of his countrymen. His art appealed pointedly to the hearts of the people; the expression of his genius was comprehensible to them all. He speedily became the favourite artist in Spain, and his fame gradually extended throughout Europe.

Murillo's artistic career may be divided into four periods. During the first he was needy and unrecognised, gaining a precarious livelihood by painting rude pictures for the *Feria*, a weekly fair, held every Thursday at the northern end of the Old Alameda, in front of the Church of All Saints. The artistic training he had received was slight. Juan de Castillo, who, as a relative of the family, had taught the boy free of charge, left Seville, and the young Murillo was too poor to enter the schools of Herrera, Pacheco, or Zurbaran. He was obliged to toil with strenuous effort to support himself and his sister, who was dependent upon him.

We can picture the future genius of Seville, standing in the market of the *Feria*, exposing his pictures for sale. He would often paint them while he waited, or would alter each composition to suit the fancy of an intending purchaser. Ambitious dreams fired his imagination. Pedro de Moya, an artist friend, had been to Rome, and had returned imbued with the glories of the metropolis of art. Murillo aspired to visit Italy, and with this hope he toiled, until he had saved a sufficient sum to take him to Madrid. He at once sought the counsel and protection of his old friend Velazquez. The court artist received him with the utmost kindness. He gave him lodging in his own apartments, and obtained permission for him to work in the Royal Galleries. A new world was revealed to the young Murillo. For two years he worked, then Velazquez advised him to go to Italy, to continue his studies in Rome, or Florence. He offered him letters of introduction, and did all in his power to induce him to undertake the journey, but for some reason Murillo declined his offer and returned to Seville.

His earliest work was to paint a series of studies of the Legend of St. Francis, for the Franciscan Convent, formerly situated behind the Casa del Ayuntamiento. They at once assured his fame; the unknown artist became the most popular painter in opulent Seville. The only person who failed to acknowledge his genius was Francisco Pacheco. Jealous for the fame of Velazquez, and unable to forgive the lack of appreciation which Seville had tended to his favourite, he makes no mention of Murillo or his works, in his *Arte de la Pintura*; a curious omission only to be accounted for by private enmity.

None of the Franciscan cycle of pictures are in Seville, and only two, *The Heavenly Violinist*, and *The Charity of St. Diego*, are in Spain. They were carried away by the French during the War of Independence.

The influence of the two years Murillo had spent in Madrid can readily be traced in these early paintings. The

outlines are distinct and in some cases hard; while the tone of the shadows, and the treatment of the lights follows the method of the realists, and affords little or no sign of the melting indecision of outline, the manner so prevalent in his later work. The pictures belonging to this period are said to be painted in the *Estilo Frio*, or cold style. The best instance in Seville, is *La Anunciación de Nuestra Señora*, in the Museo.

In his later work Murillo abandoned the influence of Ribera, Zurbaran, Velazquez and the Spanish realists; he developed a manner more personal, and more in harmony with the mystic trend of his emotions. His outlines became softer, and his forms rounder, while his colour began to assume tones of melting transparency. A Spaniard writing of his work at this period remarks that his flesh tints seem to be painted '*con sangre y leche*' (with blood and milk).

The first picture painted in this manner, which is known as the *Estilo Calédo* (warm style), is *Nuestra Señora de la Concepción*, executed for the brotherhood of the True Cross, in 1655, for the sum of 2500 *reals*. To this period belong the fine portraits of St. Leander and St. Isidore, in the *Sacristía Mayor*, of the Cathedral; the Nativity, which formerly hung behind the high altar, until it was carried away by Sout; and the celebrated St. Anthony of Padua, receiving the infant Christ, still to be seen in the *Cap del Bautistero*.

The portraits of St. Leander and St. Isidore are among the finest instances of the powers of Murillo. All the accessories are painted with the utmost care, and perhaps the only criticism which can be offered is that the figures are rather short. These portraits must be classified with Murillo's fine *genre* studies—those charming representations of gipsy life and beggar boys, by which he is largely known in this country, but of which Seville unfortunately possesses not a single example.

The Nativity of the Virgin was received by Seville with a burst of enthusiasm. The St. Anthony was painted in 1565, the Chapter paying for it the sum of 10,000 *reals*. The light in the dim chapel renders it very obscure. A brown-frocked monk kneels at a table, and gazes at the Heavenly Child, who descends towards him. Upon the table rests a vase of lilies, and the story runs that they were so life-like that the birds, flying around the Cathedral, used to come and peck at them, while Murillo was engaged in painting them. The picture was restored, and almost repainted in 1833, which has doubtless done much to destroy its charm.

Shortly after this time Murillo adopted his third and last manner, known as "el Vaporoso," in which the outlines are entirely lost, obliterated in a misty effect of light and shade.

The first pictures painted in this method were executed for the Church of Santa Maria la Blanca, to illustrate the legend of our Lady of the Snow. They were carried away by the French and placed in the Louvre; but were rescued, and are now in the Académia de Belles Artes, at Madrid. The Virgin, appearing to the wife of a Roman senator, and telling her where she will find the patch of snow upon which to erect a church to her honour, is one of the loveliest of Murillo's conceptions.

The great cycle of pictures for the Hospital de la Caridad were painted about this time, being completed between the years 1660 and 1674. Three of the pictures stand in their original position, Moses striking the Rock, The Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes, and the Charity of St. Juan de Dios. The figure of the Prophet, in Moses striking the Rock, Sir W. Stirling-Maxwell says, 'is one of impressive dignity.' Clad in pale yellow robe and violet mantle, he occupies the central position in the picture. Behind him stands Aaron, with mystic breastplate, and robe of subdued white. Around the two prophets are grouped numerous figures, men, women and children, all quenching their thirst with feverish eagerness. This has given the picture its name of *La Sed* (the thirst). The figures bear no resemblance to the men and women of Palestine, they are ordinary Spanish peasants, such as Murillo would see in the streets around him. This custom of introducing common types into his scriptural compositions, Professor Carl Justi considers as one proof of Murillo's genius. The personality of Christ, in the Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes, lacks the force of the ancient prophet, and the work as a whole is inferior to its companion picture. The Angel appearing to St. Juan de Dios, as he sinks under the burden of a sick man, well represents the later manner of Murillo. In colour this picture is good, the tones are finer than in either of the other works. The five remaining pictures, which completed this great series, were carried away by Sout. The finest, St. Elizabeth of Hungary washing the Feet of Beggars, is now at Madrid. The Return of the Prodigal is in the collection of the Duke of Sutherland. Two others, The Healing of the Paralytic, and Abraham with the Angels, are in England, while the last, St. Peter released from Prison, is in St. Petersburg.



**THE GUARDIAN ANGEL**

**Murillo**

The final work of importance undertaken by Murillo, was the execution of a series of twenty pictures for the Capuchin Convent of the Franciscans. The convent was destroyed in 1835, when its treasures were scattered. The greater number of the pictures are now in the Museo; the immense altar-piece of the Porciuncula is in Madrid; while the Angel de la Guarda is in the *Sacristía de los Cálices*, having been presented to the Cathedral, by the Franciscans, in 1814. There is great beauty in this composition; which was founded upon the text, Matthew xviii. 10.

An angel, in a rich yellow robe and royal purple mantle, points with one hand to heaven, while with the other she tenderly leads a lovely child. It is painted with great lightness of touch; the diaphanous drapery of the child's dress has a transparency of texture rarely seen in Spanish pictures.

The life of Murillo was nearing its completion. He worked until its very close; and devotion to the art he loved was the immediate cause of his death. In 1678 he painted for the Hospital de los Venerables a very fine Conception, which has since been lost; he also executed two pictures for the Augustine Convent, now in the Museo. In 1681 he was summoned to Cadiz to paint an altar-piece for the Capuchins of that city. The work was nearly completed, when he fell from the scaffolding, upon which he was standing in order to reach upper portions of the picture. He received an internal injury, and returned to Seville to die, on April 3, 1682.

The whole city sorrowed for his loss. His obsequies were conducted with great magnificence. His bier was carried by four marquesses and four knights. He was buried in the Church of Santa Cruz, beneath his favourite picture, The Descent from the Cross, by Pedro Campaña. The spot was marked by a simple marble slab, upon which was engraved, according to his own desire, his name, the figure of a skeleton, and the words '*Vive Meritorus.*'

The position Murillo occupies in the heart of Andalusia is almost unprecedented. To this day a picture of great merit is in Seville termed a 'Murillo.' What Cervantes was in literature Murillo was in art. Sir David Wilkie justly remarks, in his comparison of Velazquez and Murillo, 'Velazquez by his high technical excellence is the delight of all artists; Murillo, adapting the higher subjects of art to the commonest understanding of the people, seems, of all painters, the most universal favourite.'

Artists. Pictures. Where Situated.

THE PRINCIPAL WORKS OF MURILLO IN SEVILLE CATHEDRAL.		
Artists.	Pictures.	Where Situated.
Murillo	Angel de la Guarda.	Sacristía de los Cálices.
"	SS. Leander and	Sacristía Mayor.

(1617-1682).

	Isidore.	
"	Conception.	Sala Capitular.
"	St. Anthony of Padua.	Cap del Bautisterio.
"	Moses striking the Rock.	Hospital de la Caridad.
"	Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes.	Ditto.
"	Charity of St. Juan de Dios.	Ditto.
"	Seventeen works from the Capuchin Convent, and other works.	Museo.
	Other Pictures in many of the Churches.	

## CHAPTER X

### *The Pictures in the Museo*

'The office of art is to educate the perception of beauty.'

EMERSON.

IN the south-western quarter of Seville, in the midst of a palm-shaded *plaza*, stands the Museo Provincial, a picturesque structure, whose history dates back to the thirteenth century. It was originally a monastery, founded by the pious San Fernando, in the year 1249, for the monks of the order of the Merced, whose duty it was to redeem the Christian captives taken from the Infidel. Sumptuously rebuilt by Carlos V., it was a religious house of great wealth during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

Little of the former glory now remains. The convent was destroyed, and the monks expelled in the year 1835. New uses were found for the ancient edifice. The Roman and Visigothic relics were brought from Italica, and stored within the quiet cloisters. Numerous pictures, rescued from the convents and churches by the efforts of Dean Manuel López Cepero, were hung upon the walls of the old convent church. The sole relic of the banished order of the Merced is the emblazoned arms of the brotherhood, which may still be seen upon the rich and curiously-pannelled doors.

The majority of the pictures hang in the Salón de Murillo, the name now given to the convent church. The collection cannot be taken as representative of the genius of Seville. There are numerous examples of the work of Murillo, more than half of the room is occupied by the canvases of the Sevillian favourite. There are some fine instances of the work of Zurbaran. The elder Herrera and Valdés Leal are also well represented. But there are only two specimens of Luis de Vargas and Juan de las Roelas, while the works of Velazquez, Alonso Cano, Nuñez, Campaña and several other artists are entirely absent. The space which the compositions of these masters might have occupied is filled with comparatively worthless pictures, painted by the decadent artists, who lived during the eighteenth century.

The pictures<sup>[D]</sup> are well lighted, in a tolerable state of preservation, and are arranged with some method.

The compositions of Murillo immediately attract attention. There are more than twenty in number, almost all of which are ranged in the nave of the Salón. The seventeen pictures, painted for the Capuchin Convent, are the most important. The finest is Santo Tomás de Villanueva socorriendo á los pobres<sup>[E]</sup> (rendering succour to the poor). Murillo esteemed this picture above all his works, and was wont to call it *su lienzo* (his own picture). In literary conception the work has much merit. It is executed in the misty, *vaporoso* manner. The light is skilfully handled and the figure of the saint is well realised. Robed in black, and bearing a white mitre in his hand, he stands at the door of his Cathedral, ministering to the needs of a beggar; whose feeble form, clad in filthy rags, affords a fine contrast with the calm beauty of the saint. Penurious men and women, waiting to be relieved, stand grouped in the foreground. The little urchin, who exultingly exhibits the *maravedis* which have fallen to his share, is a typical Murillo beggar-boy.

The two fine pictures of San Antonio with the infant Jesus are both instances of Murillo's latest manner. A similar picture is the Virgin revealing herself to San Félix de Cantalicio. The outlines in all three pictures are obliterated, lost in a haze of misty vapour. The deposition of the drapery in St. Leander and St. Buenaventura is admirable. The picture of Santos Justas y Rufina, supporting the famous Giralda Tower, to guard it from the ravages of the tempest, should be compared with the picture of the same saints by Francisco Goya, in the *Sacristía de los Cálices*, in the Cathedral. In the composition of Goya we have an instance of a saintly subject treated in a realistic manner; Murillo follows the accustomed mode and depicts the maidens as holy saints, crowned with halos of glory.

The fable that the picture of La Virgen con el Niño Jesús was painted upon a serviette has no foundation, as can readily be seen by examining the panel upon which the study is painted. The story, which is very widely credited, says that the cook at the Capuchin Convent, having rendered Murillo some service, was asked by him what recompense he desired. He at once craved a sketch from the hand of the great master. Murillo, according to the fable, took the serviette which the cook was carrying, and with a few rapid touches of his brush created the picture, which is still noteworthy for the brilliancy of its tints.



**THE CONCEPTION**

**Murillo**

One of the sweetest of Murillo's Madonnas may be seen in *El Nacimiento de Jesucristo* (The Nativity). Cean Bermudez praises this picture very highly, while Antonio Ponz, a later Spanish critic, says that the stream of light which floods the picture is worthy of Correggio. There are four Immaculate Conceptions. In one the Virgin is supposed to be a portrait of the daughter of Murillo. Possibly the finest is the one termed 'la Grande,' although the difference between the pictures is very slight.

At the farther end of the nave, close to the works of Murillo, is *El Martirio de San Andres*, by Juan de las Roelas, a huge composition, crowded with numberless figures. In spite of this defect the picture has power. The expression of the faces is individual and life-like, and the form of the martyr, bound to his double-cross, is well drawn. The chief merit of the work rests in its colour, which is Venetian in many of its tones. Very beautiful is the picture of Santa Ana teaching the Virgin to read. The drawing, especially of the hands, is defective, but the flesh tints are full of rich warmth, indeed, the colouring of the whole picture can hardly be too highly praised.

Near to the Martyrdom of St. Andrew hang the *Visión de San Basilio* and the *Apotósis of San Hermenegildo*, two works of great size, by Herrera el Viego. The latter is the finer composition as the canvas of the Vision is overcrowded and the interest of the work is not sufficiently centralised. San Hermenegildo is a noteworthy instance of the power of Herrera, and exemplifies his vigorous individual style. The favoured saint of Seville ascends to heaven in a flood of yellow glory, which reveals the steel blue of his cuirass, and the rich crimson of his flowing mantle. Two angels bear the axe and chain, the trophies of his triumph; while all around cherubs hover, waiting to crown with flowers the newly-martyred saint. Beneath are three figures—a fair-haired, kneeling boy, the son of San Hermenegildo, St. Isidore, robed and mitred, and King Leovigild, the Visigoth, who imprisoned and killed his brother for his defection from the Arian faith.

Upon the same wall as the Santa Ana are the works of Juan de Valdés Leal. They are of uneven merit, and traces of hurry and lack of careful completion may be discerned in almost all of them. One of the most interesting is, *La Virgen, las tres Marías y San Juan, en busca* (search) *de Jesús*. The figures convey the idea of motion, while eager expectancy finds expression in look and gesture. The series of pictures illustrative of the life of San Jerónimo are also interesting, notwithstanding the lack of harmony which mars several of the compositions. Entirely distinct are, *La Concepción*, and *La Asunción*. They are poor, both in drawing and colour; distinctly mannered, and devoid of simplicity and deep religious feeling.

The works of Francisco de Zurbaran are collected in the old convent choir. In the centre is, *La Apotósis de Santo Tomás de Aquino*, considered by some critics the masterpiece of Zurbaran. It is a triple altar-piece, allegorically representing the death of the patron of the College of St. Thomas. The saint is ascending to heaven to join the blessed Trinity, the Virgin, St. Paul, and the hosts of glory. Below sit the venerable figures of the Doctors of the Church; on the right kneels the Bishop Diego de Deza, the founder of the college, while the Emperor, Charles V.,

with a train of ecclesiastics, stands upon the left. The dark, mild face of the figure immediately behind the Emperor is supposed to be the portrait of Zurbaran. As a work of art the picture is defective; it lacks charm, and the literary interest of the composition is too diffused. The execution is excellent, the colour, though sombre, is rich with a splendid mellowness of tone, while each of the heads bears the imprint of being a separate study.



**THE ROAD TO CALVARY**

**Valdes Leal**

The three studies of Carthusian monks amply manifest the charm which this allegorical composition lacks. La Virgen de las Cuevas, and San Hugo en el refectorio will be found on either side of the choir, while the third of the series, Confrancia de San Bruno con Urban II. hangs close to the St. Thomas. The genius of Zurbaran is disclosed in these scenes of monastic life. All three pictures are executed with remarkable fidelity, but the finest of the three is St. Hugo visiting the monks in their refectory. It is painted with realistic and individual truth. The monks, clad in the white robes of the Carthusians, sit around a table at their mid-day repast. In the foreground stands the aged figure of St. Hugo, attended by a young page. The saint has come to reprove the order for unlawfully dining upon flesh meat. His purple vestments supply an effect of fine colour, which contrasts with the dull white cowls and frocks of the brothers. What cold, passionless faces! Zurbaran has embodied the very spirit of asceticism. Each monk is a portrait, probably drawn from life. It is a perfect realisation of a monastic scene from the life of ancient Spain.

We can only touch briefly upon the remaining pictures of Zurbaran. They are all worthy of study. Signs of weak drawing can often be detected, but the effort after truthful expression, and the entire absence of a desire to please by any special trick of manner will commend his work to every student. Note the simple, yet powerful, sincerity of his Crucifixion. Consider the manner in which he has depicted the boy Jesus in the picture, El Niño Jesús. A boy clad in a simple gown of darkest grey; no halo surrounds his head, and upon his knees rests a twisted crown of thorns. One of the prickly spines has pierced the boy's finger, and with the verity of life Zurbaran depicts him pressing the finger to extract the thorn. The drawing of the figure is faulty and the execution of the little sketch is not equal to many of the other pictures, but the mode of treatment illustrates very convincingly the sincerity of the artist's purpose. Many of the studies of monkish figures are very fine. San Luis Beltrán is a work of wonderful power. The careful painting of the hands, and the way in which every detail of the picture is subordinated to the whole effect deserve high praise.

To turn from the works of Zurbaran to the pictures of Francisco Pacheco and Juan de Castillo is somewhat difficult. The hard, flat, lifeless portraits of the one, and the dull, faultily drawn, religious composition of the other, offer little inducement to linger. Were it not for the interest which attaches to these artists from the illustrious fame of their pupils, their very names would hardly be remembered.

Equally disappointing are the majority of the remaining canvases, which hang in the nave of the Museo. The modern pictures appear out of place. The chief idea they convey is one of intense crudity of colour. Among the numerous pupils and imitators of Murillo not one is worthy of attention. The work of the pupils of Zurbaran reaches a somewhat higher level. The pictures of the Apostles, by the brothers Miguel and Francisco Polancos are good studies.





**SAINT HUGO IN THE REFECTORY**

**Zurbarán**

In the nave are two pictures, both good and one of fine merit, executed by artists not belonging to the Sevillian school. *La Sagrada Cena* (The Last Supper), by Pablo de Céspedes, the artist of Córdoba, 1538-1608, hangs upon the end wall of the nave, near to the Martyrdom of St. Andrew. The colour is good, there is a slight confusion of detail, but the picture is not without charm. The portrait of himself, by Doménico Theotocópuli,<sup>[F]</sup> 1548-1625, better known as El Greco, the genius of Toledo, will be found near the door. It is a magnificent study and testifies to the power of the hand which executed it. Composition and technique alike, are above praise. The portrait is life-like in its reality; we grow to know the dark face of the artist, as he stands, with his brush and palette in his hand.

Three other rooms, of small size, complete the Museo. The pictures they contain are not of great importance, but there are a few interesting canvases in the old sacristy, leading from the south transept of the Salón. Among them are several compositions of the early fifteenth century, classified as belonging to the *Escuela Flamenca*, by artists whose names have not been preserved. The tones in many of these antique pictures are wonderful, and they are all painted with a naïve simplicity. The colour in the two compositions, *El Señor Coronado de espinas* (thorns), and *La Anunciación de Nuestra Señora* is especially good. The long lean figures and conventional grief depicted in *El enterramiento del Señor*, strongly resemble the similar picture by Sanchez de Castro, in the house of Murillo.

The works of Francisco Frutet will be found in this room. The finest, a grand triptych, entitled, *Jesús en el camino* (road) del Calvario, is a work of much beauty. The central picture of the Crucifixion is finely conceived, and Sir W. Stirling-Maxwell thinks that several of the figures bear a resemblance to the *Spasimo de Sicilia* of Raphael.

*El Juicio Final*, by Martin Vos, a Flemish painter, who worked in Seville during the early years of the sixteenth century, is a quaintly-conceived allegorical picture. This finest portion represents the hosts of the wicked. The drawing of the figures is good, but the canvas is much crowded.

### ***The Statuary in the Museo.***

Before studying Spanish statuary, it is well to remember that this branch of art never attained to the same level in the Peninsula as the sister art of painting. The reason of this lack of development is not difficult to appreciate, when we remember that statuary was executed, almost without exception, for the religious uses of the Catholic Church. The images were needed to increase the pious fervour of the populace; they were carried in the religious processions, and often they were credited with miracle-working powers. The one necessity for a Spanish statue was that it should be an exact imitation of life. The more realistic the illusion, the greater was the power of the statue to conform to the requirements of the Church.

It will readily be seen that marble—the substance most fitting for the artistic rendering of form, would not comply with these demands. Thus, in Spain, the classic marble was discarded, while wood and plaster were employed in its place. These substances could be readily coloured, or even covered with a canvas, like a skin, and then painted to counterfeit life. This barbaric custom—a relic of heathen days, did much to seal the doom of the art of sculpture in Spain. In seeking to imitate life the artists frequently rendered their statues grotesque. The ambition of art is not to be a deceptive imitation of nature. The true purpose of sculpture is to depict pure form; when it departs from this limitation it loses its distinguishing motive, the representation of repose, and becomes a degraded intermingling of the two arts of sculpture and painting.

Yet, in spite of these limitations, there are several Spanish sculptors whose works deserve praise, and two of the most famous lived and worked in Seville.

Pietro Torriggiano, of Florence, a roving soldier-sculptor, came to Spain, in the year 1520. He had journeyed in

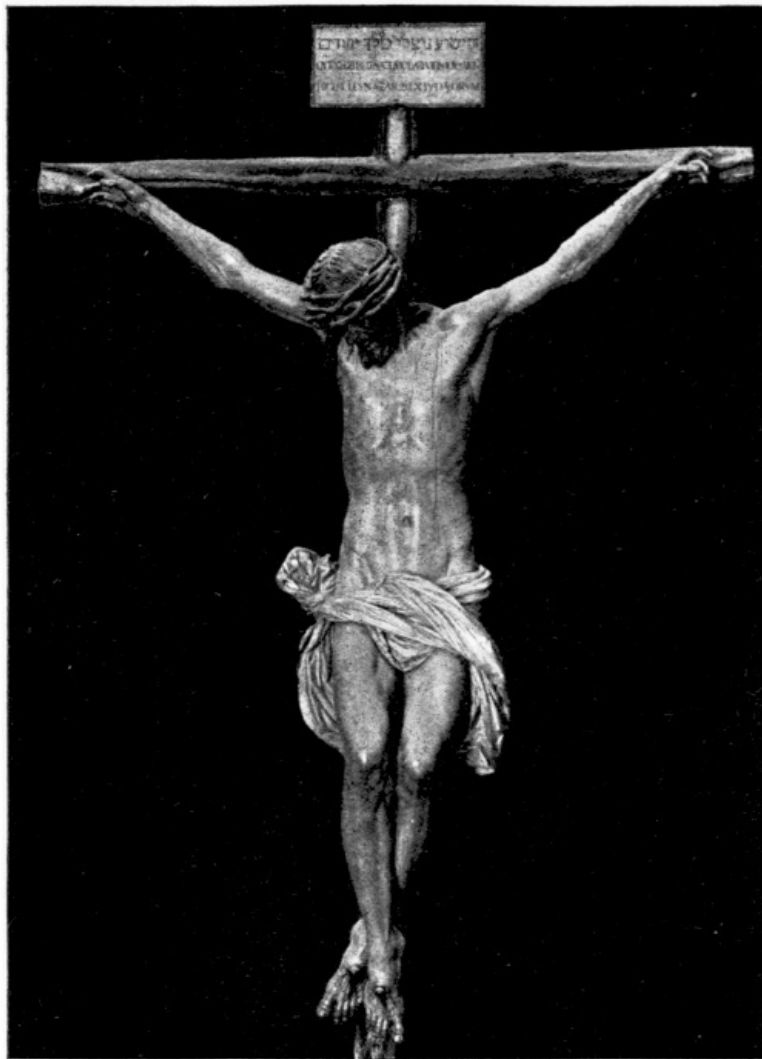


many lands, and to his skill we owe the fine tomb of Henry VII., in Westminster Abbey. He settled in Seville, and soon completed his great work, San Jerónimo penitente, now in the north transept of the Museo.

It is impossible to rightly estimate the value of this work in its present position. The bright colours of the modern picture, which forms its background, are entirely unharmonious. The penitent saint, with his sinewy, attenuated form, frowning brow and shaggy locks, needs to be seen alone. Its original home was a lonely grotto in the gardens of the Jeronimite Convent; and in such a place of quiet solitude we must picture it, before we can appraise its worth. Cean Bermudez twice visited it in company with Francisco Goya. It excited their unbounded admiration, and Goya pronounced it 'the finest piece of work of modern sculpture in Spain, and perhaps in the world.' Torriggiano fell under the ban of the Inquisition, and died in the prison of the Holy Office.

Facing the San Jerónimo, in the south transept, rests the Santo Domingo, of Martinez Montañes, the most eminent sculptor of Seville, if not of the whole of Spain. The date of his birth is not recorded, but we know he was working in Seville in the year 1607; he died in 1649. Like its companion work of art the Santo Domingo suffers from its situation. Such works are utterly unsuited to the crowded gallery; they need the silent cloister, or quiet corner in some convent church. The saint kneels and scourges himself. The figure is of wood and of great dignity. The colouring is subdued, so as not to interfere with the fineness of the conception. The statue is a powerful study of asceticism.

Finer than the Santo Domingo is the Crucifixion, by Montañes, in the *Sacristía de los Cálices*, in the Cathedral. It is unrivalled among the statues of Spain. The anatomy is excellent, the sufferings of the Christ are portrayed with powerful reality.



THE CRUCIFIXION

Montañes

## CHAPTER XI

### *The Churches of the City*

'The different provinces of Spain differ from each other in their architecture, as in their history; some of the buildings are purely Moorish, others have a mixture of that style....' J. H. Parker, *The Study of Gothic Architecture*.

**I**N order to appreciate the Andalusian character, it is essential that one should take into account the vast sway exerted by the Church in Spain. Devotion to piety has ever been one of the cardinal traits of the true Spaniard, and uncompromising faith in prelatial absolutism is considered one of the first virtues. In the long crusade against

Saracen infidels, Arians, Jews, Protestants and apostates, men of high birth and wealth abandoned a life of ease to fight under the standard of Rome. To serve one's country as a priest or a soldier was the chief duty of the Christian.

The wars of the country were fought to preserve the traditional faith. As early as the seventeenth century, the clergy possessed more power in Spain than in any other European country; and the sovereigns were pledged to protect the faith. The bishops were the king-makers, the predominant rulers of the nation. During the forty years' reign of Carlos V., the main object of the State was to suppress heresy, and this had been the ambition of all the rulers since Fernando the Saint.

In the seventeenth century, the Church secured even greater power in temporal affairs; but this power began to wane when Florida Blanca, the new Minister, made a determined effort to lessen the dominance of the Church, in 1780. For diplomatic reasons, Blanca signed treaties with Turkey, Tripoli, Algiers and Tunis, thus exhibiting amity towards the very infidels, 'whom, in the opinion of the Spanish Church, it was the first duty of a Christian government to make war upon, and, if possible, to extirpate' (Buckle). The expulsion of the Jesuits was a part of the same policy. And now, for the first time for centuries, the secular authority gained supremacy over the spiritual class.

The cathedrals and churches of Spain remain as instructive monuments of the powerful religious fervour of the Middle Ages. They were built by men of profound faith, by devotees who were ready to die for their creeds. Those who endowed the buildings gave ungrudgingly; rich and poor were liberal in contributing the means, and clerics sometimes yielded half of their stipends to assist in the cost of beautifying the venerated piles. One and all, those who subsidised the labour, the architects, masons, artists and carvers, were inspired by a deep faith.

Such was the enthusiasm that produced the rich designs of rose windows like that of San Pedro in Avila, the doors of Toledo Cathedral, the marvellous architecture of Burgos Cathedral, and that of León and many other sacred buildings in the Peninsula. When surveying with delight these examples of æsthetic inspiration, we must remember that the artists worked not only to charm men, but to show reverence to their God. Every curve, tracery and adornment was conceived in a spirit of pious homage and of religious duty.

It is only when faith is enfeebled that we may observe the touch of indifference in the hand of the ecclesiastical builder and artist. There is nothing 'cheap,' nothing hasty, nothing paltry in the scheme and construction of the temples dedicated by mediæval believers to the worship of God and the Holy Virgin Mother. We may have outgrown the taste in certain forms of decoration, but the work will not strike us as ill-considered and commonplace. It stands as a testimony to the influence of faith and devotion upon the imagination and the artistic spirit.

If the modern churches of Spain disappoint us, we must remember that in these days men have, to a marked extent, lost that tenacity of belief, which once urged them to expend a great share of their wealth upon the founding of splendid houses of worship. 'The temples made by hands' are to-day less beautiful than those of the age when creed ranked before country, and was the absorbing subject and the profoundest conviction of the Spanish mind.

But the ancient cathedrals and churches endure as solemn memorials. Atmospheric influences do not cause crumbling and speedy decay in this land of dry winds and sunshine. The edifices were built to stand, and they have stood well the wear and tear of the centuries.

Most of the Seville churches exhibit the art itself, or at least the artistic influence, of the Moorish designer. The reconciled and converted Morisco had to live among his conquerors. Why should he not set his hand to the building of their temples? The Christians were pleased to borrow from his designs, to imitate his half-orange cupolas, his graceful arches, his glazed tiles, ribbon decorations and *ajimez* windows. Why should he refuse to design churches, and erect and adorn them, for the good pay that the Christians offered? The *Mudéjares*, or 'reconciled' Moors, became, therefore, the chief and most lavishly-remunerated artisans of Seville. In building the churches and mansions of the city, they no doubt experienced a compensation for their subjection in the thought that they were permitted to labour with a free hand, and to design and embellish sacred or secular buildings after the manner of their own nation. They had no faith to inspire them; the religion foisted upon them was repugnant to their consciences and minds. But they possessed a potent stimulus to good execution—the love of art for art's sake. This was their inspiration, and we may see its effect in many details of ecclesiastic architecture in the Sevillian churches.

*San Marcos*.—This church is of exceptional interest on account of its tower, a fine example of Morisco architecture, and its beautiful *Mudéjar* portal. The tower is in the minaret form, and was no doubt built in imitation of the Giralda, which it resembles in miniature. It is seventy-five feet in height, and ten feet wide, the loftiest tower in the city, except, of course, the stupendous Giralda, which is reared over all other edifices. The church is of Gothic design, and dates from 1478, though the much older tower and the chief portal are Arabian. The interior is not of much importance. It is said that the love-sick Miguel Cervantes used to ascend the tower of San Marcos to gaze around for one Isabel, a Sevillian beauty, who had entranced him. The church of San Marcos is approached from the Feria by the Calle de Castellar.

*The Church of the Convent of Santa Paula* is behind San Marcos, and within a few steps of that church. The *azulejos* covering the walls are fine examples of sixteenth-century workmanship from the potteries of Triana. The reliefs of saints on the Gothic portal of the nunnery are from the design of Pedro Millan, a famous sculptor, and are the work of Niculoso of Pisa. From the convent we may retrace our steps to San Marcos, turn to the right, and follow the Calle San Luis to

*Santa Marina*. The handsome Gothic portal of this church has some notable sculptures. It is said that the tower and the chapels are the remains of a mosque.

*San Gil* is on the left-hand side of San Luis, close to the Church of Santa Marina. It was originally a Moorish *mezquita*. The doorways are Gothic. The effigies of the Saviour and the Virgin within the church are attributed to Roldan, one of the pupils of Montañez.

*Omnium Sanctorum* is in the Plaza de la Feria. This church stands on the former site of a Roman temple, and it was built by Pedro the Cruel in 1356. It exhibits a mingling of Gothic and *Mudéjar* architecture. There are three naves and three doors. On the tower are some noteworthy frescoes. Francisco de Rioja, the poet, lived in this parish.

*Santa Catalina* is situated in the *calle* of that name. This church was also built on the ground once occupied by a Roman fane, and afterwards by a Mohomedan mosque. The façade is another instance of the survival of Moorish art, while the principal chapel is Gothic. Within are three remarkable paintings by Pedro de Campaña, a Flemish artist, who is claimed as one of the Sevillian school. These masterpieces of

early Andalusian art are described in the chapter on the painters of Seville.

The inspection of these churches would fill a long day. But there are several more fine *parroquias* to be visited, for it must be remembered that the churches are the art museums of Spain, and no one can gain knowledge of the development of architecture, sculpture and painting in the country without spending a considerable portion of one's time in the dim, perfumed naves and chapels. The stranger will be impressed by the garish decoration of the interiors of many of the churches of Seville. Gilt is spread lavishly, and the effect is often tawdry. Some of the images are poor, especially in the modern churches, and one's taste is often shocked by their incongruity. The figures of the Virgin often lack dignity and beauty. But, as Mr. Henry James points out in his sketch 'From Normandy to the Pyrenees,' in *Portraits of Places*, those images of the Holy Mother are 'the sentiment of Spanish Catholicism' of modern times. They are, therefore, instructive from that point of view.

But from a devotional, as well as an æsthetic, standpoint, one is disposed to ask whether the sacred idols would not gain in nobility, pathos and stateliness if the Virgin were represented in the realistic garb of a Jewish woman of the people, instead of in modern dress, with trappings of lace and jewellery. It is with no disrespect towards Catholic prejudices in this matter that one expresses this view. The mediæval conception of the Madonna in painting appeals to the imagination, because in the works of the great masters there is beauty, simplicity and convincingness.

In the northern district of the city, beyond the Convento de Santa Paula, we may, in a few minutes, reach—

*Santa Lucia*.—This church is now used for profane purposes; but its splendid Gothic portal remains. The Morisco tower is also notable.



*San Roque* is in the Barrio de San Roque, not far from Santa Lucia. The church was destroyed by fire in 1759, and rebuilt in 1769. It is not of great interest, though the arches of the naves are graceful, and the small tower is worthy of note. In times of flood, the Guadalquivir inundates this suburb, and the water flows into the church.

*San Bartolomé* may be reached from the last-mentioned church by the Recared ó Industria and the Calle Tinte. The church was built on the site of a Jewish synagogue, after the expulsion of the Jews by the Catholic Kings of Spain. The *retablo* and the sculpture of our Lady of Joy is antique and interesting.

*Santa Maria de las Nieves, or la Blanca*, is close to San Bartolomé. Until the year 1391 this church was a synagogue. It has three small naves, marble columns, and plateresque ornamentation. The two doors are Gothic. There is a painting attributed to Murillo, and one of our Lady of the Augustias, with the dead Christ in her arms, by Luis de Vargas, the famous fresco painter.

*San Salvador* is in the centre of the city, behind the Audencia, and may be reached from Sierpes by the Calle de Gallegos. This church is not of much importance from its age; but it contains effigies by Montañez, the most celebrated being the figure of San Cristobal.

*San Isidoro* is built upon the ground where a fine mosque once stood. It is stated that St. Isidore was born upon this spot or close to the church. Juan de las Roelas painted the Translation of San Isidoro for the principal altar. There are also pictures by Murillo, Valdés, and Tortolero, and a statue of Santa Catalina by Roldan the Elder.

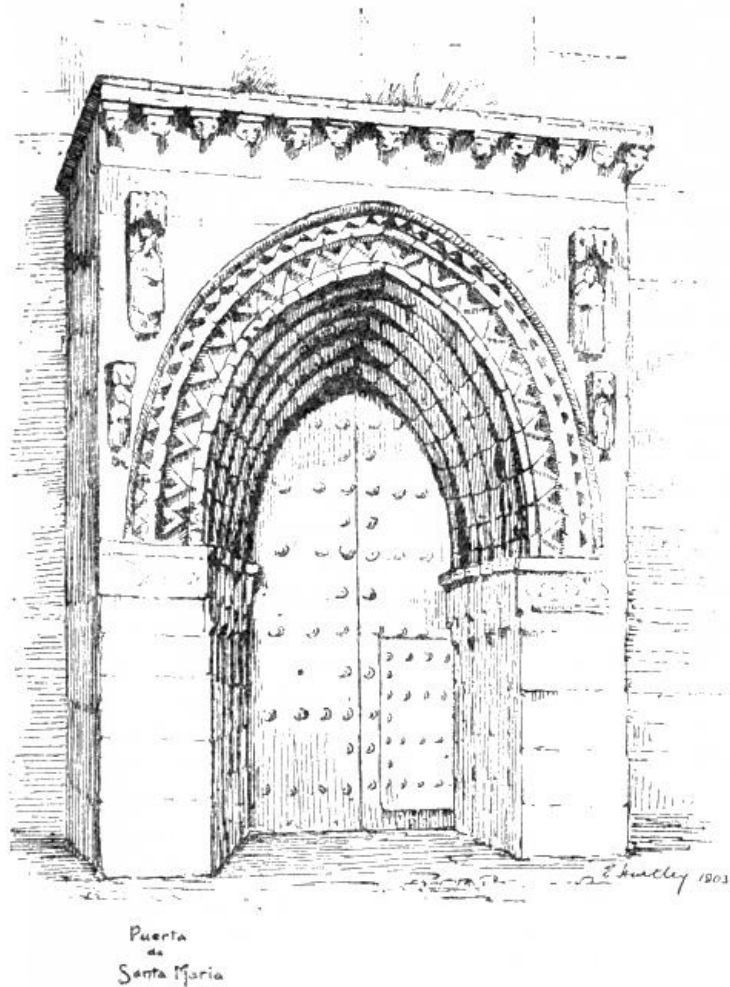
*San Julian* should be visited for an inspection of the large painting of San Cristobal, the work of Juan Sanchez de Castro. The painting of St. Christopher has been retouched. It was executed in 1484, and the work is of great interest as an example of the art of the earliest Sevillian painter.

I have now mentioned thirteen churches. There are more to visit.

*San Bernardo* is in the suburb of that name. It is built on the spot where a hermitage stood until 1593. The church has three wide naves. It should be visited for an inspection of the pictures. In the left nave is a painting of the Last Judgment, the work of Herrera the Elder.

The *Cena de Jesus* is by Francisco de Varela. It was executed in 1622, and is regarded as one of the finest works of that painter. The statues of St. Michael, the Faith, St. Augustine and St. Thomas are the work of Luisa Roldan. The organ of this church is one of the best in Seville.

*The Convent Church of La Trinidad*. The associations of the church are of considerable interest. In the time of the Roman rule in Seville, the palace, ecclesiastical court, and dungeons of a governor were built upon this ground. The church is dedicated to the saints of Seville, Justa and Rufina, the guardians of the Giralda. When the Romans conquered the Spaniards, they sought to convert the subject-people to the Pagan religion. Among the potters of Trajan's town, now known as the suburb of Triana, were two girls, both of great beauty, named Justa and Rufina. The maidens were renowned for their Christian piety. They refused to worship the Roman gods, and in their zeal they became iconoclasts. Their image-breaking brought them beneath the tribunal; they were sentenced to extreme punishment. The wretched victims were scourged, and forced to walk barefooted on the bleak mountains of the Sierra Morena. But this persecution failed to shatter their fervent devotion to Christianity. They continued to protest against the religion of the Romans. Justa was imprisoned and slowly starved to death, while Rufina was cast to the lions in the arena.



The portraits of the youthful saints have been painted by several of the Sevillian artists. Murillo's SS. Justa and Rufina is in the picture gallery at Seville. The treatment is conventional. The saints are holding a model of the Giralda in their hands, and the martyrs' palms. At their feet are broken crockery, showing the nature of their calling. To the left are the ruins of a building. The figures of the maidens are large, and halos surround their heads.

In the same gallery are two pictures of the Sevillian saints by an unknown artist. One is a portrait of Santa Justa. The saint is holding a white vase and the martyr's palm in her hands. Santa Rufina, in the other painting, is bearing a plate and a palm branch. The Santa Justa is the more notable of these works. The conception is beautiful and the colouring subdued.

H. Sturmio's painting of Justa and Rufina is in the Cathedral, and so is that of the celebrated Luis de Vargas. From the artistic standpoint, the picture of the two saints by Francisco Goya is the finest of all. It is to be seen in the *Sacristía de los Cálices* in the Cathedral.

In the crypt of the Convent Church of La Trinidad is shown a rock, to which the saints were bound when scourged by their persecutors. There is a poor shrine in a dim cellar; and the sacristan shows a long, dark passage, full of water, which is said to be a part of the Roman prison, where heretics were confined and starved to death. The story of the saints of Triana is legendary; but it is no doubt credited as actual history among the devout of the city.

It is recorded that the martyrs incurred death for breaking a statue of Venus. Tradition is hazy concerning the place of their burial. In one account we learn that SS. Justa and Rufina were laid to rest in Burgos. Another historian assures us that they were buried in Seville, while a third story relates that their bones are in the mountainous Asturias, in the North of Spain.

A big book might be written on the churches of Seville alone. There are so many of those edifices, and few of them are devoid of interest to the antiquarian, art lover, and student of ecclesiastical history. The amalgamated Moorish and Renaissance elements in the Seville churches lend a charm to the architecture and the adornments. This strange combination of styles is only to be found in the Christian churches of Spain. Almost everywhere we are confronted in Andalusia with this seeming incongruity, the employment of designs for religious edifices from the hand of the despised and detested *Mudéjar*. The phenomenon is strange and instructive. The zealous Catholic kings, sworn to the extirpation of the Moslems, allowed the Moors to build their churches in the style of temples devoted to Allah.

The same monarchs who ordered the destruction of the beautiful Moorish baths in Córdoba and Seville were willing that Mohammedan genius should have full play in the design, construction and decoration of Christian temples.

But, after all, was it not a question of necessity? When a nation has only two honourable professions, the military and the clerical, where is the scope for a development of skill in the industrial arts? The Moriscos were martial, but they never neglected the peaceful occupations. Sadly had Spain to learn that the neglect of culture and the arts was the cause of her decline. Germans, Italians and Moors were employed in the erection and adornment of ecclesiastic and civil buildings. The Teutons Johann, and his son Simon, of Cologne, were the chief architects of Burgos; and it is probable that German designers and masons performed a large share in the building of Seville Cathedral. At Burgos, Toledo and León we may note the influence of French architects.

The interiors of the churches of Seville are so dark that it is often difficult to see the pictures clearly. Even on the brightest days the sunshine penetrates imperfectly through the stained windows, and in some cases the works of art are in the gloomiest chapel or recess of the building. The sacristans are usually to be found in or near the churches, and they are mostly courteous to the visitor, and anxious to point out the most important paintings, statues and relics. But in their desire to please, they sometimes ascribe the pictures to the wrong artist. A daub by an unknown artist becomes a work of Zurbaran, if the stranger appears to be greatly interested in that painter.

Several spurious Murillos were shown to me. Now and then, the sacristan knows very little about the art treasures of his church. When you ask who painted a picture or carved an image, the attendant shrugs his shoulders, and murmurs *No se* (Don't know). The boys who volunteer as guides are of no service to the visitor. In the chapter of information I have given the name of a reliable guide.

## CHAPTER XII

### *Some Other Buildings*

'Fair is proud Seville; let her country boast  
Her strength, her wealth, her site of ancient days.'  
*Childe Harold*, Stanza lxxv.

THE *palacios* and fine *casas* of Seville are numerous. Some of them retain a distinctly *Mudéjar* design in their architecture, and all of them possess an Oriental atmosphere or tone. One may spend many hours in visiting the courts of the big houses of the city. As a rule, the porter has instructions to admit strangers into the courts, but very rarely within the houses. But from the courts one may gain very considerable knowledge of the progress of architectural style in the dwelling-houses of the South of Spain, where, above all, we may trace the influence and art of the Morisco designer and craftsman.

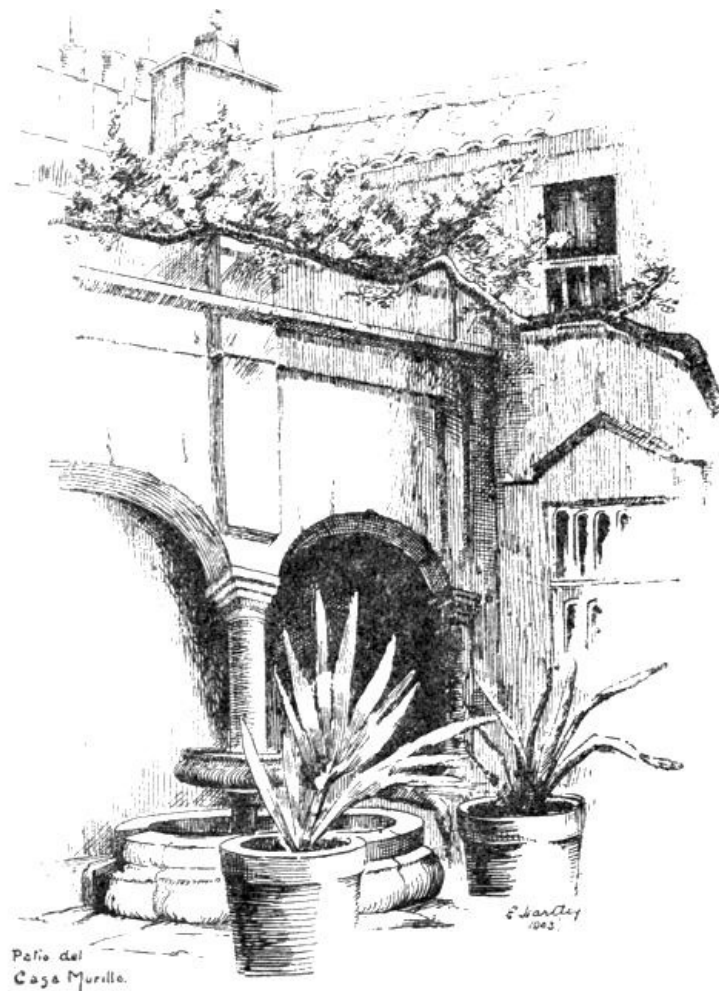
We will first visit the Casa de los Taveras, in the Calle Bustos Tavera. The house is principally celebrated as the scene of the tribunal of the Inquisition from 1626 to 1639. In the corridors is a collection of family portraits.

Finer, from the point of view of architecture and adornment, is the Casa de los Marqueses de Torre Blanca, in the Calle de Santiago, number thirty-seven. It has a very beautiful *patio*, and a splendid marble staircase. These two houses are mentioned as well worth seeing in the little book *Sevilla Histórica*.

Roaming in the Calle O'Donnell, I peeped into the court of number twenty-four. The fine *patio* is surrounded with the heads of bulls killed in the arena. Number seventeen in the Calle Alfonso XII. is another handsome *casa*, with a typical court. Visitors may discover many sumptuous houses in this quarter of the city. The Casa Alba once had eleven courts and nine fountains. It is decidedly Moorish in build, with Renaissance details in the stucco-work. This beautiful palace, in the Calle de Dueñas, was at one time owned by the Ribera family (the Dukes of Acalá). It was begun about 1483. The Casa Alba is larger than the Casa Pilatos, described in the literary chapter of this book.

Mr. Digby Wyatt says of the Casa Alba, in his *Architect's Note Book in Spain*, that this is one of the rare instances of Renaissance ornamentations executed by Moorish workmen. 'For these, no doubt, they were furnished with drawings or models, since in no other parts of the same building, and especially in many beautiful rooms in the interior, where they have apparently been left to themselves, they have reverted partly to *Mudéjar* work, and partly to the old types of geometrical enrichment, which may be regarded as specifically their own. Much of this is almost reduced to a flat surface by repeated coats of whitewash.'

The Casa de los Abades is 'more Italian in its plateresque than is usual in other houses in Seville,' says Mr. Digby Wyatt. The mansion was built early in the fifteenth century, and was modified and embellished by the Pinedos, a Genoese family, in 1533. Mr. Wyatt tells us that: 'If it were not for the peculiar engrailed double edging to the arches, the thinness of the marble central window shaft, and a few Oriental turns here and there given to the foliage and enrichments of the mouldings, one could almost believe that this architecture was regular Genoese cinquecento.' After the Pinedo family, the *casa* came into the hands of the Abades, members of the Cathedral staff.



A *Mudéjar* window in the Fonda de Madrid has been sketched by Mr. Digby Wyatt in the afore-mentioned book. This is an *ajimez* window, 'through which the sun shines.' It is of brickwork and was 'once covered apparently in Moorish fashion with thin plaster, excepting the column which is of white marble.'

We may now visit the Palacio Arzobiscopal, the Archbishop's Palace, in the Plaza de la Giralda. The doors are in the plateresque style. You may enter the courtyard, and ascend the marble staircase, which is one of the most beautiful in the city. The *Salón* contains some pictures that were formerly in the Cathedral. Among them are three paintings by Alejo Fernandez, an artist of the early Sevillian school, representing the Conception, Birth, and Purification of the Virgin. There are also pictures by J. Herrera and Juan Zamora.

It is a few steps across the *plaza* to the Casa Lonja. This Renaissance edifice was erected in 1583. The Academy of Painters formerly held their councils in the Lonja. It is now a library, and a repository of archives relating to the Indies. The *patio* is fine, paved with marble, and surrounded by a double arcade. On the fountain is a statue of Columbus. A marble staircase, constructed in the time of Charles III., conducts the visitor to Achivo General de Indias.

From the Casa Lonja pass down the Calle Santa Tomás to the Hospital de la Caridad. This institution has a church, built by Miguel de Mañara. In the *Annales de Sevilla*, the author, Ortiz de Zuñiga, says that the record of the Brotherhood of the Holy Charity dates back to 1578, and that the institution had probably existed then for a century. The object of La Santa Caridad was to provide Christian burial for evildoers and offenders against the law of Spain. La Caridad is, however, associated with Don Miguel de Mañara Vicentelo de Leca, Knight of Calatrava, a Don Juan of Seville, who abandoned his profligate life, and became a devout pietist. In his youth, Mañara was a renowned duellist, a boon companion, and a gambler. He was generous to his friends in a spendthrift fashion, and he was cultured enough to expend large sums of his wealth upon the fine arts. Murillo was under his patronage and enjoyed his friendship.

Don Miguel de Mañara was born in the year 1626, and is supposed to have married the *señorita* of the House of Mendoza. There are several stories of the young rake's career in Seville, and of his resolve to dedicate his riches to the service of the Church and to the poor of the city of his birth. One day a gift of some choice hams was sent to Mañara. In compliance with the regulations, the hams were detained by the customs' officers until the dues upon them were paid. The Don was extremely angered at the detention of the hams. He went out, in a furious passion, to upbraid the officials for the delay. As he paced fuming through the streets, 'the Lord poured a great weight upon his mind,' and Mañara was suddenly convicted of the sinfulness and folly of his life. Such is one account of Don Miguel's 'conversion.' Another annalist informs us that Mañara, while stumbling homewards after a night of carousal, saw a funeral procession approaching him. The priests and the usual torch-bearers accompanied the bier. Stepping up to the bearers, the young man said: 'Whose body is that which you are carrying?' The reply was startling: 'The body of Don Miguel de Mañara.' The prodigal reeled away, filled with horror; for he had looked upon the corpse, and seen his own features. Upon the next morning Mañara was found insensible in a church. It was the turning-point in his life. He became an ascetic and devotee. Because he liked chocolate, he refrained even from tasting that innocent beverage. He was seen no more among the dissolute of Seville, and his money went to the building and decoration of the Hospital and Church of the Holy Charity. In his treatise *Discurso de la Verdad* (Discourse upon Truth) Don Miguel Mañara tells us of the hollowness of existence apart from holiness. He reflects often upon the solemnity of

death, and the necessity for practising virtue and charity. His repute as an almsgiver of discretion was so great that one Don Gomez de Castro gave him an estate worth 500,000 ducats for charitable disbursement.

In the Sala del Cabildo of La Caridad, you may see a portrait of the pious founder, painted by Juan de la Valdés. Mañara has a sad, thin face. He is seated at a table covered with black velvet and gold, and he appears to be reading aloud. A charity lad is seated on a stool, with a book on his knees. Mañara's Toledan sword is exhibited in a case. He died in 1679, and bequeathed his fortune to the hospital, except some legacies to servants. To his confessor the Don presented his ivory Christ. His sister received a picture, which was upon his bedstead, representing the Saviour on the Cross. The work was said to be from the brush of Murillo.

The founder was interred in the vault of the hospital church. There is a legend that, two months after burial, the corpse was found without any trace of decay. It is also related that by the touch of some documents which had belonged to Mañara, a knight of the Order of Santiago was cured of a headache.

In Mr. C. A. Stoddard's account of La Caridad, in *Spanish Cities*, the name of the founder is given wrongly as Mañana. Mr. Stoddard writes that Don Miguel desired to be buried at the church door, with the epitaph upon his tomb: 'Here lies the worst man in the world.' Mañara was, however, buried in a vault of the church, and in the inscription upon the stone he was lauded as 'the best of men.'

For viewing Murillo's pictures in the Hospital Church of La Caridad, it is best to seek admission in the afternoon. The Charity Hospital is built in the Greco-Romano style from designs by Bernard Simon de Pineda, or Pereda. Visitors should examine the five large *azulejos* of the exterior, said to have been designed by Murillo, the friend of the founder. The centre is Charity, a woman with a child in each arm and a boy at her side. Other designs represent Santiago slaying Moors, and San Jorge spearing the dragon.

Sir Stirling-Maxwell speaks of the Church of La Caridad as 'one of the most elegant in Seville.' The aisle widens beneath a lofty and ornate dome. One of the chief objects of interest is the famous retablo; but the church is mostly visited by admirers of Murillo. The eleven works of the master, which once adorned the building, were painted in four years. Soult carried away five of the paintings. Four of them were sold by the French marshal, and one was presented to the Louvre. Mr. Stoddard praises Moses and the Rock as one of the finest pictures of Murillo. There are three groups in the scene. Water gushes from a dark rock in the centre of the picture, and Moses, with hands folded, offers thanks for the miracle. Behind is Aaron, in an attitude of worship. The Israelites press forward to quench their thirst. *Le Sed* (The Thirst) has been reproduced by engraving, and is well known.

The other pictures by Murillo are the Infant Saviour, the Annunciation, and the San Juan de Dios. In the last painting the saint, assisted by an angel, is bearing a sick man to the hospital. Christ feeding the Five Thousand (*Pan y Peces*) and the Young John the Baptist are large pictures, showing Murillo's broad method.

The curious paintings by Juan Valdés Leal are described in the chapter on 'The Artists of Seville.' They are at the west end of the church.

The court through which one enters the hospital is very handsome, and a good example of the Sevillian *patio*. A Sister of Charity conducts the visitor to the wards and to the council room of the institution. The sick and the convalescent recline upon their beds, and there is a hush in the long chambers. The patients are all men. They appear to be well cared for, and the wards are clean and sunny.

In the Plazo de Alfaro, number seven, is the house where tradition states that Murillo lived. From the Plaza de Giralda follow the Calle de Barceguineria, and take the second street on the right hand side, passing the Church of Santa Teresa. Turn to the right at the end of the Calle de Santa Teresa. Murillo's house is in a corner of the Plaza de Alfaro. It is now occupied by the Señores López Cepero, two cultured and courteous brothers, the nephews of a greatly respected dean of the Cathedral, who in his day collected a number of fine pictures, and did much to encourage artists in the city.

Don Juan Maria López Cepero speaks English well. I paid three visits to the historic *casa* that he inhabits, and he told me that his house was open to all lovers of art who desire to see his collection of pictures. In the chapter on Sevillian artists will be found descriptions of some of the oil paintings in the Casa Murillo.

Don J. López Cepero showed me his beautiful garden, with its Moorish bath, frescoed walls, rose trees and carnations. The *patio* is planted with palms, and on the walls are pictures. The mural paintings in the garden have been attributed to Luis de Vargas; but they are unfortunately almost obliterated. At the end of a long salon, covered with pictures, is the room wherein Murillo is said to have died on April 3, 1682.

I am indebted to Don López Cepero for the opportunity of seeing his valuable pictures, for the information which he gave me concerning books upon Seville by Spanish authors, and for the permission granted to my collaborator to reproduce some of the paintings in photography. His services to me were most valuable, and I now repeat my thanks for his assistance.

The University, founded by Alfonso the Learned, is in the Calle de la Universidad. In the rooms are portraits of St. Francis of Borja and of Ignatius Loyola by Alonso Cano, and a picture of a saint by Zurbaran. The University Church has a notable retablo by Roelas; an Annunciation by Pacheco, and statues of St. Francis of Borja and of Loyola by Montañez. There is a monument to Enriquez de Ribera, and one to his wife Catalina in the nave. The Don was the first owner of the Casa Pilatos, and a benefactor of the city. It was he who founded the excellent Hospital Civil, in 1500, in the Calle de Santiago. The building was reconstructed near the Puerta de la Macarena in 1559.

The Hospital Civil is best reached by the tramway from the Plaza de la Constitución. It is surrounded by gardens, and has a charming *patio*. In the church of the hospital there are pictures of saints by Zurbaran, and the Apotheosis of St. Ermenigild and Descent of the Holy Ghost by Roelas.

The most handsome of the Renaissance buildings in Seville is that of the Casa de Ayuntamiento, or City Hall, in the Plaza de la Constitución. It was designed by Riaño in 1526. The ornate carved doors, and the plateresque ornamentations of the masonry are highly decorative, and the marble floors and vaulted ceiling within should be seen. In the Municipal Library of the Ayuntamiento is the banner of the city, of the fifteenth century, bearing a figure of San Fernando.

We have not yet visited the Biblioteca Columbina, given to the city by Fernando, son of Christopher Columbus. It is in the Cathedral precincts, and can be entered from the Patio de los Naranjos (the Court of the Oranges). The beautiful illuminated Bible of Alfonso the Learned, by Pedro de Pampeluna, used to be shown here, but it has, I believe, been removed by the Chapter. The Columbus manuscripts are here, in glass cases. There is a copy of the



*Tractatus de Imagine Mundi*, with notes by Columbus, and the famous treatise attempting to prove Scriptural prophecies concerning the discovery of the New World. A sword here exhibited is said to be that of Perez de Vargas, used by him in the capture of Seville. I have referred to the manuscripts of Christopher Columbus in the historical portion of this book.

Close to the Fabrica de Tabacos is the Palace of San Telmo, the former residence of the Dukes de Montpensier. The building dates from 1734, and it was first used as a naval school. It passed into the hands of the Infanta Maria Luisa, widow of the Duke of Montpensier. The *palacio* has been shorn of its splendour by the removal of most of its works of art. It is of little interest; but the garden is a beautiful shady retreat, with semi-tropical plants and trees.

There are but few statues in the streets of the city. Velazquez has been honoured by a bronze figure, which stands in the Plaza del Duque de la Victoria. It was cast by Susillo in 1892. The monument to Murillo, in the Plaza del Museo, is also of bronze. It is the work of Sabino Medina, and the cast was made in Paris in 1864.

Number eleven in the Plaza del Duque de la Victoria is now a large drapery store. It was formerly the splendid palace of the Marquis de Palomares. It is a fine example of a Seville residence.

As we wander from church to palace and alcázar of this ancient and beautiful capital, we are often reminded of the words of Cervantes in *The Two Maiden Ladies*: 'Seville is a city of Spain, of which you cannot fail to have heard frequent mention, considered, as it is, to be one of the wonders of the world.'



Amphora

## CHAPTER XIII

### *Seville of To-day*

'To have seen real doñas with comb and mantle, real caballeros with cloak and cigar, real Spanish barbers lathering out of brass basins, and to have heard guitars upon the balconies.'—THACKERAY, *Cornhill to Cairo*.

'MANY monuments, fine religious processions, splendid bull fights, and not much business,' was the pithy description of modern Seville given to me by an intelligent Basque *señora*, living in the Province of Santander.

The picture is a good one. As to the monuments, we have seen that the city abounds with them. But it is not only the historic buildings, associated with the Romans, Goths, Berbers and Almohades, that lend the fascination of antiquity to Seville. The Andalusian features, the manners, the speech, the domestic habits, the music, songs and dances of the people remind us hourly, while in the city, of the Seville of a thousand years ago.

A spell of Orientalism, strange and seductive, comes upon the stranger, as he sits on the marble benches under the palms in the Plaza de San Fernando, watching the olive-skinned *chicos* at their evening pastime of mimic bull-fighting, or dancing, with quaint, slow movement of the feet and much swaying of the body, to a semi-barbaric accompaniment of clapping hands and a low chanting. The gaunt mules, with their Arabesque wool trappings and panniers, that pass slowly by, the water-sellers in their white garments and hemp-soled shoes, and the women with their black lace *mantillas*, which must surely be a survival of the Mohammedan veil, all serve to impress one with their suggestion of Moorish influence.

Electric lights and electric tramcars scarcely mar the charming illusions of the Oriental and the mediæval in the Seville of to-day. The tokens of modernity are subservient; they do not jar continually as in Madrid, perhaps the most commonplace of Spanish cities. In Seville you cannot forget the Moriscoes, and the part they played in the making of the city, the memories of Christopher Columbus, the art of Velazquez and Murillo, the romances of Cervantes, and the traditions of the Mother Church of Christendom. Every step causes reflection upon the past. You are carried back to the Middle Ages from the ringing of matin bells till the midnight cry of the watchman.

The costume of the Sevillian *caballero*—and remember that every man in Spain is a cavalier—has suffered, no doubt, in picturesqueness since the time of Don Quixote. But there is a real grace and a romantic charm in the winter *capa*, flung upon the shoulders, with one of its plenteous folds muffling the mouth, and another thrown back to show the gorgeous lining of amber, green, or crimson. One looks for the point of a scabbard, containing a good Toledan blade, below the cloak. It is not there, though the practice of carrying weapons still survives everywhere in the Peninsula.

Once only have I seen the sword carried by a civilian in Spain. Travelling from Córdoba to Toledo by rail, I had as companion a young man who had provided himself with a cutlass and a revolver, in case of assault by robbers. The sword was thrust through the straps of his bag. Revolvers are frequently worn on a belt under the coat, and most of the working class carry the *navaja*, a knife with a long blade, a sharp edge, and a keen point.



Patio del Collegio  
San Miguel.

There is, however, no need for the traveller to provide himself with a six-shooter or a dagger; indeed, the revolver hung at the head of the bed, as I have seen it in a Seville hotel, is not only superfluous, but the mere possession of arms is apt to cause surmises as to the valuables carried by the armed stranger, and may lead to the pilfering of his portmanteau.

The custom of going about armed is just one of those mediæval usages that still prevail in spite of the suppression of brigandage and the protection of the railway trains and stations by the vigilant, well-trained and courteous Civil Guards. Spaniards are conservative; they cling to practices that are no longer necessary, and the carrying of knives and pistols is one of those quixotic characteristics of the race, which will probably survive for several generations. As a matter of fact, the stranger in Seville is as safe, to say the least, as he is in London. The species Hooligan is unknown in Spain, though, of course, there are thieves in the country as in every other quarter of Christendom throughout the globe. The *navaja* is never worn and used ostentatiously. It is the weapon of the criminal population and the disreputable, and it is too often drawn in street broils and for vendetta purposes.

It is not necessary that I should caution the visitor against wandering alone, after dark, in the low streets of the city, nor warn him that it is risky to engage professional guides, who are not well known for honesty, and recommended by one of the proprietors of the better-class hotels. I do not wish to alarm the timid traveller. One should point out, however, that highway robberies do occasionally occur in the country districts.

Two years ago, in the neighbourhood of Granada, a party of travellers found themselves and the guides surrounded by ruffians on a mountain-side, and were submitted to a complete rifling of their pockets before they were allowed to proceed on their way. A friend of mine, an English artist, was one of the party. You are frequently told in Spain that brigandage has been entirely suppressed. It is quite true that the Civil Guards have almost exterminated the organised bands of brigands that used to infest the lonelier roads of the country. But, here and there, as in Galicia, robbers sometimes work in small parties on the high roads, after dark. In Seville, however, one may feel as secure as in any other continental city. The average Andalusian is honest. Railway porters, cabmen, and hotel servants expect a *propina* or 'tip'; but they are seldom exacting, and rarely addicted to pilfering. The *propina* is a national institution; but a small gratuity is, as a rule, gratefully received, and I have met porters and others who have refused a fee for their assistance. Railway servants and hotel waiters are so poorly paid in Spain that they rely largely for their living upon the generosity of travellers. There is, however, a protest afloat against the *propina*, and a

society has been formed in Madrid to combat the custom of giving 'tips.'

The smart or fashionable life of Seville may be studied, after five in the evening in the warm months, in the narrow central thoroughfare called Sierpes, or in the drives of the beautiful gardens bordering the Guadalquivir. The Calle de Sierpes signifies in English the street of the serpents. It is a street for foot passengers only, with many *cafés*, wine bars, nick-nack stores, and superior hatters', tailors' and tobacconists' shops. In this quarter ladies will find a fine array of fans, *mantillas* and showy Andalusian shawls. Some of these articles bear the label 'made in Austria.' The shawls worn by the *majas*, or Sevillian smart dames, and maidens of the middle and working class, are sometimes very beautiful. Yellow is a favourite hue, as it accords with the black which is universally worn by the women of southern Spain.

The *majo* costume, as 'sported' by the dandies of Sierpes, is correctly made up of a wide-brimmed brown or white felt hat, a shirt with a frilled front, and diamond or paste studs, a low waistcoat, or broad silk band around the middle, a short coat, resembling an Eton jacket, and trousers cut exceedingly tight across the hips. A *majo* affects the dress and conversation of his ideal, the bull-fighter. He favours the tightest, thin-soled, pointed brown shoes, crops his hair, shaves his cheeks and chin clean, walks with a self-consciousness, and ogles and bandies repartee whenever he passes a *maja*. The loungers of Sierpes exhibit more or less amused interest in the English or American lady visitors. Their hats are a wonder to them; their serviceable travelling dresses appear severely plain, their coats masculine in fashion, and their shoes short, broad, and absurdly low in the heel.

How different is the guise and demeanour of the Spanish *señora*! If she is of the upper rank of society, she may wear a Parisian hat and a dress in the English style; but her slow, erect and graceful walk proclaim her an Andalusian. She will not start and seem insulted when a man stares her full in the face, smiles, and exclaims: 'How lovely you are! Blessed be the mother who bore you!' A parting of the lips, perhaps a slight flush, show that she is pleased when the gallant turns to gaze at her.

So much has been sung and written about the loveliness of the Sevillian *doñas* that I may perhaps be taken to task if I do not join in the rapturous chorus. The beauty of the Andalusian women does not startle one immediately upon setting foot in Seville. It seems to me to be a charm that needs comprehension. Undoubtedly you may see a proportion of handsome faces among the ladies in the evening parade in the park, on the racecourse, at the bull fights, and in the theatres. If you expect to find that every other woman in Seville is a belle—well, I think you will be disappointed.

'If Shakespeare is right in saying that there is no author in the world "teaches such beauty as a woman's eyes," then Andalusia easily leads the world in personal beauty.' So writes Mr. Henry T. Finck, in his *Romantic Love and Personal Beauty*. Byron comments in the same strain, and so does Blanco White, not to mention other authors. Perhaps Mr. G. P. Lathrop's description of the girls of the Seville tobacco factory may, by reason of its dispassionateness, be accepted as a fair estimate. In *Spanish Vistas*, Mr. Lathrop writes: 'Some of them had a spendthrift common sort of beauty, which, owing to their southern vivacity and fine physique, had the air of being more than it really was.... The beauty of these Carmens has certainly been exaggerated. It may be remarked here that, as an offset to occasional disappointment arising from such exaggerations, all Spanish women walk with astonishing gracefulness, and natural and elastic step, and that it is their chief advantage over women of other nations.'

The opinion of Washington Irving on the charms of the Seville fair may perhaps explain my qualification that the graces do not make a sudden and arresting appeal, but require reflection and comprehension, like many interesting works of art. Washington Irving says: 'There are beautiful women in Seville as ... there are in all other great cities; but do not, my worthy and inquiring friend, expect a perfect beauty to be staring you in the face at every turn, or you will be awfully disappointed.... I am convinced the great fascination of Spanish women arises from their natural talent, their fire and soul, which beam through their dark and flashing eyes, and kindle up their whole countenance in the course of an interesting conversation. As I have had but few opportunities of judging them in this way, I can only criticise them with the eye of a sauntering observer. It is like judging of a fountain when it is not in play, or a fire when it lies dormant and neither flames nor sparkles.'

A true appreciation of the Sevillian dame is only possible to such as possess the wit to understand the quality known as *sal* or 'salt.' Andalusian *sal* has a flavour of its own. It is made up of *persiflage* and the quality called 'smartness.' *Sal* is more esteemed than beauty in a woman; it is more fascinating than physical comeliness. 'The Andalusian women,' writes the author of *Costumbres Andaluzas*, 'has on her lips all the salt of the foam of two seas.' ... The woman of Andalusia 'is frank, passionate, loving or hating without taking the trouble to dissemble her sentiments.' She is 'life, light, fire'; she 'is beauty illumined by the torch of Paradise,' etc. Such is the strain of Spanish gallantry.

In the old days the ardent lover was wont to beat himself beneath a maiden's window, until the blood trickled down his back. Nowadays, the amorous cavalier waits below the casement, and when he catches a glimpse of the object of his devotion, exclaims: 'Your beauty ravishes me! Your eyes burn into my soul!'

The peculiarly guarded life of the young Spanish woman, which is in part a relic of Orientalism, and in part traceable to her religion, forces her to develop ingenuity in attracting an admirer, and in her means of communicating with him.

Mr. Lathrop, in his *Spanish Vistas*, says that the beggars around Seville Cathedral are sometimes the bearers of love letters to the ladies who attend the services and go to confession. A piece of silver is dropped into the mendicant's dirty palm, and a little note is transferred to the *señorita's* hand. And with eyes fixed modestly upon the ground, the maiden steps out of the portal of the sacred building, clutching the tender missive which she burns to read. In all countries stealthy courtship has its charm and romance for lovers; and in Spain the zest of wooing is quickened by the devices employed for clandestine assignations, and the secret conveying of gifts and letters from one lover to another. Our forthright British mode of love-making might appear almost barbarous to an Andalusian girl.

The women of Southern Spain are short, and they incline to stoutness. Mr. Finck says that sexual selection 'is evolving the *petite* brunette as the ideal of womanhood,' and that 'the perfected woman of the millennium will resemble the Andalusian brunette, not only in complexion, hair, eyes, gait, and tapering plumpness of figure, but also in stature.'

Among the men of Seville one sees many slim, lissome, well-proportioned figures of medium height. Some of the

*majos* of Sierpes are of this type, and among the working class there are many good-looking, clean-limbed men. The masculine physiognomies impress me as being much more varied in contour and more expressive than those of the women. Faces that might be English are not uncommon among the men of Seville. But the true Andalusian features are distinctive, and have an Arab cast. The hair is dark, black or brown, and the skin olive or tawny. There is an unshaven look about many of the middle-class men. A *majo* who dresses in the height of fashion will often go out to parade the streets with a three days' beard on his chin. But his hands will be scrupulously washed several times a day, and the finger nails will be carefully trimmed and polished.



To see Sevillian society out of doors, go to the Parque Maria Luisa and the adjoining Paseo de las Delicias about five in the afternoon. This is the fashionable promenade, and here the *élite* of the city drive in open carriages daily. The costumes of the *señoras* are varied and stylish. Some of the ladies wear English gowns and hats, and one sees a few of the latest Paris fashions in dresses. But the majority have not discarded the *mantilla* of black or white lace, and the fan is in every hand. A 'smart turn-out' is a sort of four-wheeled dogcart, drawn by four mules, with bells, and gay worsted ear-caps and worked bridles. The servants are dressed in London livery, the landaus are of French or English make, and many fine horses may be seen. *Caballeros* ride upon prancing nags. Under the palms and orange trees there are seats filled with loungers, the women fanning themselves, the men smoking cigars or cigarettes. None but foreigners smoke a pipe in the streets of Seville. A *majo* would not be guilty of such vulgarity.

Beneath the odorous orange trees, where innumerable nightingales warble, one may watch the afternoon procession of carriages and pedestrians. A breeze blows from the wide Guadalquivir. It is cool by the ornamental water, where roses and camellias are rife. The blue uniform of an officer, the white duck trousers of a dandy, the sunshades of the ladies show amidst the greenery of the avenues. From the cavalry barracks comes the blare of bugles. In the Parque there are peacocks and a den of wild boars.

In April, during the *feria* week, there is horse-racing on the broad meadows beyond the Paseo de las Delicias. English horses, ridden by English jockeys, sometimes compete in the races. The grand stand is a large one, with a long enclosure. It is well filled on race days with the rank and fashion of Andalusia. One is struck with the gravity of the spectators as contrasted with the animation of a British crowd upon a racecourse. The people are thoroughly enjoying the spectacle; but they do not shout, and there is no ring of bellowing bookmakers. Backers of horses purchase a ticket at a little office in the enclosure. There is only one of these offices, and there are no betting men behind the ropes of the course.

An element of pageant is introduced by the company of cavalry drawn up near the grand stand. When officers of the State arrive upon the course, they are saluted with a flourish of trumpets. A number of mounted men of the Civil Guard keep the course clear of pedestrians. The resplendent dresses of the ladies, the bright uniforms of the soldiers and the costumes of the jockeys make a brilliant scene in the dazzling southern sunshine.

But horse-racing is not the national pastime of Spain. Bull-fighting is deemed the nobler sport, and Seville has been called 'the Alma Mater of the bull-fighter.'<sup>[G]</sup> I do not here propose to describe one of these combats. Such descriptions have perhaps occupied an undue space in many books about Spanish ways and customs. The most reliable accounts of bull-fighting are to be found in Mr. Williams's *The Land of the Dons*, and in *Wild Spain*, by A. Chapman and W. T. Buck.

There is a handsome Plaza de Toros at Seville, built in 1870, with seats for fourteen thousand spectators. At Easter, and during the *feria* festivals in April, there are several fights in the arena, which are attended by immense crowds made up of all classes from the duke to the girls from the cigarette factory. The enthusiasm which bull fights evoke is so great that large crowds collect around the hotels, where the bull-fighters reside during Holy Week and fair time, in order to watch the heroes of the ring start for the Plaza de Toros.

I was in Seville during the *feria* of 1902, and I may now attempt to describe the scene on the Prado de San Sebastian. The city was thronged with sight-seers; every hotel and boarding-house was overcrowded, and hundreds of cattle and horse dealers, gypsies and itinerants slept on the fair ground in booths or upon the bare earth. I found the open space on the Prado covered with flocks of sheep and goats, droves of bullocks, horses, mules and donkeys, tended by picturesque herdsmen and muleteers in the dress of several provinces. An English carriage and pair of

handsome horses paraded the ground, and changed hands at a high price. *Caballeros* rode their steeds up and down, to show off their points, and gipsy 'copers' haggled and chattered. In the long row of refreshment tents was one bearing the sign of *Los Boers*. I entered one of the booths, and ordered a *refresco*, a bitter, syrupy decoction, with a tang of turpentine. Men and women were sipping this beverage with much zest, and watching the continual procession of holiday-makers under the trees. Everyone was quiet, orderly and sober. I did not see one drunken or quarrelsome person on either of the fair days, which I think may be taken as a token of the sobriety of the Spaniards. The diversions of the *feria* struck me as innocent, perhaps childish; but there was none of the coarseness and the squalor of a fair in England. There were only a few shows.

The Gitanas had their tents, where they danced to *gorgio* audiences, exacting exorbitant fees for each performance. Importunate gipsy dames stood at the doors of their tents, inviting the visitors to enter, and to taste their curious liquors, or to have their fortunes told. It was not easy to escape from these syrens, for they seized one's coat sleeve, and almost dragged one into their shows and booths. Some of the Gitana girls are remarkably handsome, and the gay colours of their clothing lend animation to this part of the *feria*.

One of the most interesting streets of the fair is that of the *casetas*, or pavilions of the influential Sevillians, who spend the day in receiving guests, dancing, guitar playing and singing. The doors of the *casetas* are open. You can look within at the merry company. The old folk sit around on chairs; someone clicks a pair of castanets, and a graceful girl begins to dance. Fans are fluttering everywhere; there is a soft tinkling of guitars. Dark eyes flash upon you, and red lips part in smiles as the hats of *majos* are raised. Some of the children are dressed in old Andalusian costume, with black lace over yellow silk, and *mantillas* upon their dark hair. They dance to the castanets, and win handclaps from grandfathers and grandmothers, who recall their own dancing days of forty or fifty years ago.

There is an iron tower in the centre of the fair ground. I ascended it, and gained a view of the bright crowd, the flocks, the prancing horses and the waving bunting everywhere displayed. At night the avenues of booths are illuminated with thousands of fairy lights, electric lamps and Chinese lanterns. The fair is then thronged in every part, and everyone submits to a good-humoured jostling. At this festive time you must be prepared for disturbed nights. The streets are never quiet by day or night, and there is a constant tramping up and down the stairs of the hotels. Long after midnight one hears the revellers in the *plazas*, singing and dancing to the clapping of hands or the strumming of guitars.

This 'fantastic pandemonium,' as it is called by a Sevillian rhymist, lasts for about eight to ten days. During the three days of the *feria*, the hotel charges are doubled, and in some cases trebled. The city profits considerably through the influx of visitors at this time, and also during *Semana Santa*, or Holy Week, when Seville is very crowded.

Nothing can prove so instructive concerning the Spanish devotion to ritual and religious pageant as a visit to Seville at Easter. The processions and celebrations of *Semana Santa* are exceedingly interesting from the artistic and the antiquarian point of view. All the costly vestments, the rare ecclesiastic treasures of the Cathedral, the works of artists and sculptors, and the sacred images of Christ and the Virgin are then displayed, in the midst of high pomp, to the adoring eyes of the vast crowds lining the streets and filling the windows. It is during these ceremonies that one may catch the spirit of mediævalism still surviving in Spain. Even the religious dances of antiquity are performed in the Cathedral before the high altar on Corpus Christi day. The dancers are boys, sixteen in number, and they are called the *Seises*. They dress in the costume of the reign of Felipe III.

The *pasos* or processions of *Semana Santa* pass through Sierpes to the Plaza de la Constitución, where the mayor of the city is seated on a dais before the Ayuntamiento. Here there are stands for spectators. The processions are headed by men of the Guardia Civil; mummers dressed as Romans follow, then come masked monks, girls in white raiment, bands of music, and city officials. On Palm Sunday there is a blessing of the palms in the Cathedral by the Cardinal Archbishop, who is clothed in purple canonicals. The procession leaves the edifice by the Puerta San Miguel. At Vespers the sacred banner is elevated, and at six in the evening four *pasos* parade the streets, in honour of San Jacinto, Santísimo Cristo, San Juan Bautista and San Gregorio.

Figures by Montañez, the celebrated ecclesiastical sculptor, are borne in these processions. One of the most imposing objects of veneration is the immense crucifix, carried on a stand by thirty concealed bearers. It is followed by musicians playing the solemn funeral music of Eslava.

Miguel Hilarion Eslava, the composer, was born in 1807, near Pampeluna, in the north of Spain. He sang in the cathedral choir of that city, and afterwards played the violin in services. First a priest, he became chapel-master at Seville, in 1832, where he composed a great number of pieces of church music and masses. His chief work is *Lira Sacro Hispánica*, a collection of sacred music from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century, with brief biographies of the composers. This *magnum opus* is in ten volumes.

Eslava also wrote secular music, and his operas of *El Solitario*, *La Tregura di Ptolemaide* and *Pedro el Cruel* were first produced at Cadiz. The eighth volume of the *Lira* contains only Eslava's music, and the *Museo Organico Español* embodies some of his own organ compositions. This famous composer spent many years of his life in Seville. He lived in a house in the Calle del Gran Capitan, now used as the Colegio de San Miguel, a school for boys. Over the gateway is an inscription announcing that Eslava lived in this house. The courtyard is extremely quaint, and should be seen.

The solemn strains of Eslava's *Miserere* may be heard in the Capilla Mayor of the Cathedral during Holy Week, upon the day of 'rending the Veil of the Temple.' This ceremony is accompanied by peals of artificial thunder. On the Saturday after Good Friday, the *Velo Negro* (black curtain) is torn amidst the clanging of bells and claps of thunder. On the same day a candle, twenty-five feet in height, is consecrated.

There is a similarity in the processions of *Semana Santa*, and they are less sumptuous than in bygone times. But they are still popular, and the visitor should endeavour to obtain a favourable point of view for watching the ceremonials in the streets and in the Cathedral. The figure of the Virgin is always the same in Spain; an image clad in black velvet, trimmed with lace, and adorned with diamonds, while the *tableaux* of the Saviour upon the Cross are often very realistic and ghastly. On Good Friday the large image of the Virgin is carried by thirty-five men, and there is a representation of Christ in the throes of death upon a splendid cross of tortoiseshell and silver.

An interesting rite is performed on Thursday afternoon, when the Cardinal Archbishop washes the feet of twelve poor persons, who are given new clothes and a substantial meal. In the evening the *Miserere* of Eslava is again sung in the Cathedral by a chorus of one hundred and fifty voices, accompanied by ninety instrumentalists.

During Holy Week a lamb fair is held in the FERIA del Rastro. The lambs are bought and given to children, who lead them about the streets.

The Corpus Christi festivals, or *La Fiesta del Santísimo Corpus*, are less gorgeous than those of *Semana Santa*, but they are not without interest to the student of religious custom. The dancing of the *Seises* in the Cathedral is certainly a curious spectacle. Blanco White says that among the treasures carried in the Corpus Christi procession of his day were the tooth of St. Christopher, the arm of St. Bartholomew, the head of one of the eleven thousand virgins, a part of the body of St. Peter, a thorn from the crown of the Saviour, and a fragment of the True Cross.

Special services and pageants are also celebrated on All Saints' Day and at Christmas (*La Natividad*). The pilgrimages are another Andalusian custom dating from early Christian times. These *romerías* are of a festal character. The people resort to Rocio in Almonte on Whit Sunday, dressed in holiday garb, and riding in carriages decked with banners. Dancing, singing and feasting are the chief attractions of these semi-religious *fêtes*. *La Consolación de Utrera* is celebrated on September 8, when excursion trains are run from Seville to Utrera. In October there are *romerías* on each Sunday at Salteras, eight miles from the city. The festivities usually end with a display of fireworks.

Passion plays are still represented in Seville. At Easter the drama of the 'Passion and Death of our Lord Jesus Christ, with the Glorious Resurrection' is acted at the Teatro Cervantes. The Teatro de San Fernando is the home of opera and spectacle, and there is a summer theatre, the *Eslava*, in the Paseo de la Puerta de Jerez.

Who has not heard of the charm of Andalusian dancing? Seville is the home of the *bailarin*, the artist of the *bolero*, *olé*, *Sevilliana*, and other dances. On every evening in summer, the inhabitants dance in their *patios* to the guitar and castanets, while the street lads perform their Oriental antics in the *plazas* and bye-streets. The cleverest professional dancing is to be seen at the *Café de Novedades*, at the end of the Calle de las Sierpes, where it is joined by the Calle de Campana. There are other *cafés* in Sierpes where national and gipsy dancing may be witnessed, but perhaps the most characteristic performances are those of the *Novedades*. You may obtain a seat, just in front of the stage, for half a peseta. The entertainment usually opens with a representation of gipsy or *flamenco* dancing, which is a strange exercise and difficult to describe. A number of women sit in a semi-circle on the stage, and in the centre of the dancers is a male guitar player. Nothing happens for some time, but the spectators evince no impatience. They sip coffee, smoke, and chat contentedly.

Presently one of the *flamenco* women quits her chair, and begins to strike extraordinary postures. At one moment she might be trying to impersonate Ajax defying the lightning; in the next she is apparently fleeing from a satyr. Her hands are held high above her head, and there is a continual movement of the fingers. She writhes and wriggles rather than dances, and the feet play no part, except that the heels now and then thump the stage. Meanwhile her seated companions drown the sound of the guitar with the clapping of their hands and cries of *anda!*

One after another the women go through these curious contortions to the delight of the audience. I believe that there are subtle fascinations in these dances when one understands the drama which they represent; but to the casual spectator they are somewhat tedious, and they do not make much appeal to the imagination or to one's sense of the graceful in movement. Most visitors will prefer the Andalusian dancing. The dancers of the *Novedades* are extremely nimble in the *bolero*, one of the prettiest and most joyous of dances. Their shapely, lissome feet skim and bound in bewildering and intricate steps, to the clicking of ribbon-decked castanets. They spring into the air, hover, and bound again; they move rapidly on their toes, float, glide, and almost fly. It is a wonderful sight. One is sorry when the troop leave the stage. There is an intoxication in watching such grace, lightness and agility.

The singing of *coplas* (couplets) is one of the attractions at this *café*. This form of vocalisation is very Andalusian. I can only describe it as a prolonged *tremolo*; the singer appears to sing a verse without drawing breath, and the effort often seems painful. A 'star' in this art is exceedingly popular, and his singing is sure to be followed by loud plaudits.

Gitana dancing of a more pronounced sort may be studied in the suburb of Triana, where there is a colony of gipsies. Those who have read George Borrow's *The Zincali: An Account of the Gypsies of Spain*, will discover an increased interest in their visit to the Gitana quarter. Some of the Triana gipsies are the swarthiest and weirdest of their race. A hag, who might be a hundred, clutches your arm, and looks into your face with her cunning black eyes as she begs for alms. She has the features of an Egyptian, coal black hair, and a skin like the calf-binding of an old book. A nude brown boy rolls in the road, a Cupid in sepia.

Here is a lovely girl of fourteen, with a lithe figure, feline movements, huge dark eyes, jet locks, and a rich olive tinting of the skin. She is conscious of her beauty, and will not cease to insist upon receiving a coin for the pleasure that her charms afford the admiring Gentiles. Whatever you give her, she will ask for more. But she is very beautiful, and most beauties are exacting. Some of these Romany people are almost as swarthy as negroes. There is hardly one who would not make a splendid model for an artist. Their graceful unstudied pose is most alluring to the painter, while the mystery of their glowing eyes, their strange lore, and secret speech invest them with romance and poetry that appeal to Mr. Leland and Mr. Watts-Dunton.

George Eliot must have experienced the spell of these tawny folk during her visit to Spain. Her 'Spanish Gypsy,' is a 'creation' but it was to the Gitanas of the highways that the poet owed her inspiration. 'Gypsy Borrow' found the race irresistible; the tongue, the customs, the esoterics of the *Zincali* of Spain were to him a subject of fascinating study.

In the old days the Romany fared ill in the Peninsula. He was a pariah, a suspect, an object of persecution. But today Sevillian gentle-folk are inclined to pet the Gitanas, and it is quite 'good form' to use Romany phrases, and to appear a little gipsyish. The sons of wealthy families are the patrons of the *flamenco* dances; they are enthralled by the loveliness of the lithe nut-brown maids, with piercing eyes, carmine lips, and pearly teeth. But it all ends in admiration. No bribe will tempt the Gitana lass to swerve from the strict code of chastity laid down by the tradition of her class.

To see the Gitanas at their best, or living under primitive conditions, take a trip down to Coria on the Guadalquivir. A steamboat starts daily from the Triana Bridge at about half-past seven in the morning. The voyage is interesting, and you can return in time for evening dinner. You pass two or three villages with landing-stages, and gain views of the distant marshes towards the mouth of the river, while on the right bank are slopes clothed with olives and vines. Pottery is made from the red clay of the foothills, and a number of gipsies work at this industry.



At Coria you will be an object of curiosity, for very few strangers visit the little village. The Gitanas inhabit 'dug-outs,' or caves, in the hillside. These dens are only lit by the doorway, but they are not so dark within as one might expect. Nor are they unwholesome, for the gipsies appear to take pride in keeping their habitations clean. Most of the cooking is done outside the burrow. There is quite a warren in the hill, which is honeycombed with dwellings of this savage kind.

Strange to say, not a single Gitana begged from me when I visited the colony. But the Gentile population of Coria were somewhat importunate when our party embarked for the return journey to Seville, and most of the lads of the village congregated on the landing-stage to beg for *centimos*.

Macarena and Juderia, the poor *barrios* or suburbs of Seville, are not like our English slums. There is no sign of abject want, though the people have a keen struggle for subsistence. The houses are all white-washed without, and the little courts have their climbing roses or a grape vine trained to pillars. There are malodours here and there, owing to the insanitary practices of the people; but the inhabitants of these quarters are seldom ragged, and they do not appear dejected, dirty and degraded.

Now and then, a mischievous boy will throw a stone at the foreigner, or a group of idlers will break into derisive laughter when you pass by. On the other hand, ask a question civilly of these people, and they will put themselves to trouble to assist you in finding the church or the monument of which you are in quest. Beware, however, of the soft-tongued, amiable loafer who persists in dogging your heels and offering his services as a guide.

Begging, which is such an intolerable nuisance in some of the Spanish towns, has been almost suppressed in Seville by the rigorous municipal laws. The mendicant is not extinct; some of the order are sure to be encountered in the neighbourhood of the Cathedral, but they do not pester the visitor incessantly as in Toledo and Granada. A number of the idle and vicious inhabitants of Seville appear to be homeless. In this balmy Southern climate, the *al fresco* life of the tramp is not unendurable; still I am told that beggars sometimes die in Spain by the roadside from sheer want.

The Plaza Nueva is a favourite nocturnal resort of the *gamins* and vagabonds of the city, and at one in the morning the space presents a scene resembling that of Trafalgar Square in the days when unfortunate 'out-of-works' camped there nightly.

In the Macarena quarter is the market street of the Feria. This thoroughfare should be seen. It is the home of metal-workers, whose beaten brass, iron and copper ware is interesting and artistic in workmanship. Peripatetics here display a jumble of second-hand articles upon the ground, such as books, old pictures, brass candlesticks, tools, buttons, pistols, rusty swords, harness, and mule bells. There are stalls of fruit, coloured kerchiefs, hats and caps, shoes, and common china ware. The scene is bustling and bright.

Here the young and unknown artists of Seville were wont to sell their pictures in former times. Murillo and many another painter of renown stood here anxiously awaiting chance purchasers for their works. These 'fair pictures' were often daubs; but sometimes, no doubt, a buyer secured the work of a young genius for a trifling sum. If a purchaser wished a picture altered to his taste, the artist would retouch it upon the spot.

These were hard days for young painters. But many who hawked their religious pictures and portraits of the Virgin and the saints for pesetas rose to fame, and gained wealth in their later days. A *pintura de la Feria* became a term in Spain for a meretricious picture. Some of the Feria paintings were still-life subjects, and others were *sargas*, large screens or banners used in sacred processions.

One of the sights of modern Seville is the Fábrica de Tabacos, a factory where a large number of women and girls are employed. The building is a handsome one, in the baroque style, in the Calle de San Fernando. The *cigarreras* work in overcrowded rooms. On public holidays they don their smartest dress, and are to be seen at the *romerías* and dances.

A survival of the ancient potter's art in Seville is the factory of La Cartuja, in Triana, owned by the English firm of Prickman and Sons. The works supply almost the whole country with china, and examples of antique Spanish majolica may be seen here. La Cartuja was once a convent. The church should be seen; it has a fine door in the *Mudéjar* style.

Campaña's paintings in the Church of Santa Ana, in Triana, may be inspected after a visit to La Cartuja. Near this church are the streets inhabited by the Gitanas. The SS. Justa and Rufina, mentioned elsewhere in these pages, made pottery in this quarter in the Roman days.

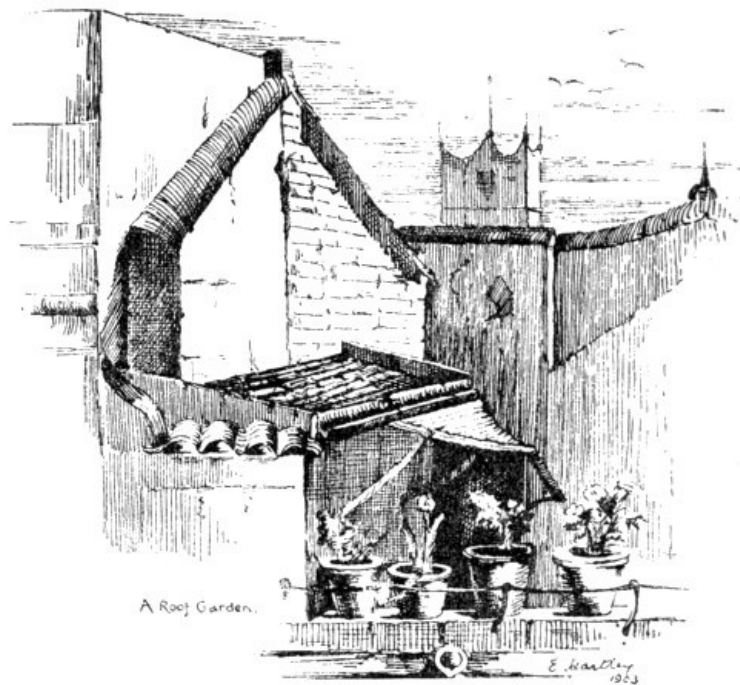
The custom of selling drinking water in the streets is common almost everywhere in Spain. Velazquez painted the familiar figure of the water-seller, who is to be seen to-day in the *calles* of Seville, crying *agua fresca*. The water is carried on the men's shoulders, in graceful Oriental jugs of earthenware.

Sometimes one hears the sound of the drum and the *dulcinea*, a pipe played with one hand, and used to provide music for village dances in many parts of Spain. The music proceeds from a man, who is accompanied by a led bullock, and it announces that tickets may be bought for a lottery in which the prize is a horse. Piano organs enliven the streets, playing popular dance music, and these seem to have superseded the performances of guitarists.

Time can scarcely hang heavily upon the visitor to 'the diadem in Andalusia's crown.' Days may be spent in the noble Cathedral, dreamy hours passed in the scented garden of the Alcázar, or by the Guadalquivir, where the bulbul still sings as in the Moorish days. Each time one climbs to the summit of the Giralda, a fresh beauty in the prospect of the sunny, white city and the glowing plain fascinates the vision. The picture gallery should be visited more than once; and there are so many works of art in the churches, monasteries and public buildings that one is never at a loss for pleasant recreation or serious study.

Delightful, too, are the cool evenings in the *plazas*, or the gardens, when the sinking sun sheds its beams on the stately Cathedral and the proud Giralda. The storks sail homewards far overhead in the glow of the rising moon; a chorus of birds dies away in the tangled banks of the Guadalquivir. Brief night succeeds the twilight; day dawn soon appears, and the hawks flash from their eyries in the Giralda, and the mule bells begin to jingle in the sunlit streets.





A Roof Garden.

E. H. H. 1903

The quay, which stretches from the Triana Bridge to the Delicias, forms a pleasant promenade. By the Golden Tower there are seats under the trees, and the kiosks of the *refresco* sellers, who dispense orange-water, lemonade and sarsaparilla to the sailors and the girls from the tobacco factory. Adjoining that part of the quay where English vessels are loaded with iron brought upon a tramway, there is a little booth for the sale of refreshments. It is kept by a young Spaniard and his wife, named José. The boothkeeper has made several trips to England in trading vessels, and he speaks English very fairly. José has a 'connection' among the British sailors, who come to his pavilion for rum, whisky and other drinks beloved of English tars. He possesses a great regard for England and the English, and among his customers José is often addressed as Johnson.

Near the Golden Tower there is another house of call used by seamen. In the window you will see advertisements of British beverages, and announcements in several European languages. Ships from Liverpool, Glasgow and Cardiff are often anchored in this part of the Guadalquivir, and now and then there is an English yacht in the port.

The fishermen of Seville have a curious method of taking shad. They work a cross-line under water from two boats on opposite sides of the river. The line is armed with hooks, baited with pieces of meat. Now and then, the fishermen haul up a fish. But the Guadalquivir is heavily netted and fished, and the shad are not very plentiful in this reach. There are some very big eels in the river, which can be caught with a rod and line from the banks.

As the *pescadores* slowly scull their boats down the river, they sing strange Andalusian melodies, with a kind of *yödel*. Their voices reach far along the stream on still days. The men are hard-working, and their catches scarcely repay them for their patience and labour in the burning sun.

Along the quay, and at every point of entrance to Seville, there are customs' officers in uniform, with swords at their sides. The *consumo* is not a popular character in Spain. Peasants and small traders resent the tax upon the produce which they bring into the markets, and many attempts are made to evade paying the duty. At Córdoba I heard a violent altercation between a peasant and a *consumo*, who demanded duty upon a live pigeon.

Spain is the land of officials in uniform. Down the Guadalquivir you will see armed men who protect the wooden breakwaters. Then there are four grades of police, the *consumos*, and the watchmen, all of them provided with weapons.

The quaint, irregular thoroughfares of Seville, its palm trees and olive gardens, its Morisco remains, its *hidalgos* and *doñas*, its brightness and gaiety, and its blue skies will not soon be forgotten by those who pass a short time within its ancient walls. Lord Byron praises the city as the most beautiful in Spain. It is certainly charming, but there are towns in the Peninsula more antiquated in aspect, and more picturesque in their surroundings. Still, the Andalusian capital possesses a strong fascination, and few persons will dispute, in the main, the truth of Byron's lines in the first canto of *Don Juan*:—

'In Seville was he born, a pleasant city,  
Famous for oranges and women—he  
Who has not seen it will be much to pity,  
So says the proverb—and I quite agree;  
Of all the Spanish towns is none more pretty,  
Cadiz, perhaps—but that you soon may see;—  
Don Juan's parents lived beside the river.  
A noble stream, and call'd the Guadalquivir.'

Since the days of Cervantes, the aspect of the city and the manners and customs of its inhabitants have not undergone any profound change. The monumental buildings remain, and the cry of the watchman and the notes of the guitar are still heard by night in the tortuous alleys, and under the palm trees of the *plazas*. The careless, merry Sevillanos continue to love the dance, the song, the bull fight and the theatre more than science and literature. We may see the types sketched by the great satirist in *The Jealous Estremaduran*, if we will but enter one of the

fashionable *cafés* during the evening. It would be unfair to say that Sevillian society is composed entirely of adventurers, but they are a distinctive class in the pleasure-loving capital. 'In the city of Seville,' writes Cervantes, 'is a class of idling, lazy people who locally go by the common name of "the children of the ward"; they are considered as foragers on the public; they are the sons of rich parents, not of the nobility; always well-dressed, fond of pleasure, extravagant and expensive, plunging themselves and their parents in debt; always feasting and revelling; every way bringing discredit on society, defrauding and injuring their creditors.'

The stranger will not be in the city many hours before he notices a curious device on public buildings, official uniforms and elsewhere. This is the node, or knot (*el nodo*), which forms a part of the coat-of-arms of Seville. The knot is in the centre of an ornamental circle, and on one side of it are the letters NO and on the other DO. This legend in full is *No madeja do*, or, *No me ha dejado*, which means: 'It has not deserted me.' The symbol of the *nodo* was adopted after the fealty of the *muy leal* city to Alfonso X.



## CHAPTER XIV

### *The Alma Mater of Bull-fighters*

'The Arabs were much given to bull-fighting, and highly skilled in the *lidia*, whether mounted or on foot.'—SANCHEZ DE NIEVA, *El Toréo*.

SEVILLE is so renowned in the annals of the great Spanish sport of bull-fighting, that I propose to devote a chapter to a brief history and description of the 'science of tauromachia,' or the recreation of the *lidia*. Mr. Leonard Williams, in *The Land of the Dons*, is somewhat apologetic to his readers for introducing three chapters upon the bullfight and its history; but such is the enthusiasm exhibited for the pastime, that Mr. Williams states that thirty chapters, instead of three, would scarcely be disproportionate to the importance in which the *corrida* is esteemed by the Spanish nation. While making personal confession that I am not an *aficionado*, or enthusiast, of the art of bull-fighting, I will endeavour to convey to the reader a conception of the influence of the sport upon the Andalusian public, from which the moralist and sociologist may draw their conclusions.

There is an odour of Pharisaism in the British fox-hunter's denunciation of the bull fight on the score of cruelty to animals. But in defence of the hunter, it may be pointed out that he rarely sacrifices the life of his steed in order to be in at the death of a fox, and that he would certainly scorn to torture a worn-out and decrepit horse by riding it till it dropped with a ruptured heart. In bull-fighting there is no pity shown for horses. The emaciated beasts, upon which the *picadores*, or spearmen, are mounted, are urged at the bull, and serve as a target for its terrible horns until they are no longer able to stand upon their legs. Even when ripped open, or otherwise wounded, the bleeding, terrified creatures are sewn up, or have their wounds plugged with tow, and are again lashed and spurred to the attack.

Surely it is impossible to defend this element of the *corrida*. The Spaniard does not attempt to do so; he cannot easily understand the point of view that calls for such defence. All over Spain domestic animals used in the service of man are treated mostly with callous insensibility to their sufferings, and often with cruelty that appals and disgusts the stranger. What does it matter whether an old, used-up horse goes to the knacker or into the bull ring to end its days? In Spain there is no sentimental bond between the aged, faithful, hard-working horse and its owner. The horse or mule is a mere beast of burden and of draught, to be worked as hard as possible, half-fed, cursed, abused, and at all times beaten, goaded and kicked.

It would seem that a long training in warfare, the effect of harsh rule, and the terrible example of the Inquisition form a trinity of evil that has made the mass of the Spanish people indifferent to the spectacle of certain kinds of pain. That this apathy to the sufferings of human beings and brutes is compatible with strong physical courage is a fact well supported by examples in the histories of nations and individuals. It is also true that the humane man can be exceedingly courageous. Cruelty in sport has, however, characterised other European countries than Spain, which in this matter may be said to stand where we stood, ethically speaking, in the days of bull-baiting, cock-fighting and badger-drawing. The English crowd that went to see an unhappy victim of nervous irritability ducked in a dirty pond, for the offence of nagging at the goodman, was on the same level of civilisation as the mob in Spain that enjoyed the sport of arming blind men with swords, turning pigs loose among them, and urging the sightless to hack at the pigs, with the result that the men frequently injured one another instead of the porkers.

So far, then, as bulls and horses are concerned, we can only expect to find blunted feeling in Spain. And I am not sure that we need expend much sympathy upon the bull of the arena. In the ordinary fate he has to die, and it is probable that he would prefer to live the life of a fighting bull than bear the yoke and drag the cumbrous cart along dusty, scorching high roads. At all events, the bull reared for fighting has a placid existence until he is 'warrantable'; and in the excitement of his short contest with men he may suffer much less pain than we imagine. And as for the *matadores*, the heroes of the populace, the favourites of the aristocracy,—well, it is their affair if they and their

attendants choose to risk their lives to make a Seville holiday. The human performers in the drama are not forced to fight. If one falls, he is not flogged till he rises to face the bull again, and when injured he is tended at once by skilful surgeons.

This is really all that one can say in reply to the charge of cruelty, and it is little enough. Bull-fighting is specifically a Spanish sport, and efforts to introduce it into other countries have failed. British and American visitors to Seville are frequently to be seen at the Plaza de Toros; and at Algeciras and La Linea, the soldiers of the British garrison, and the people of Gibraltar, are the principal supporters of the bull rings. Throughout Spain the word *toro* creates keen interest in all classes of society. The State, the Church and the aristocracy support the recreation of the *corrida*. Most of the bull rings have their chapels attached, where the performers receive the sacrament and a priestly blessing before entering the perilous arena. Ladies of the highest birth are among the breeders of fighting bulls; even some of the clerics rear beasts for the pastime, and attend the exhibitions of tauromachia. The passion for the sport is deep and apparently ineradicable in the people of Spain. Isabel the Catholic, after witnessing a sanguinary display in the ring, endeavoured to suppress bull-fighting. But not even the popular Queen could divert her subjects' interest from the absorbing sport. Moral suasion and attempted legislative methods are alike futile. The people demand the bull fight. In the very midst of war's alarms, and during civil trouble, the *plazas de toros* were thronged with enthusiastic spectators. Jovellanos, Charles III., Señor Castelar, and Señor Ferreras, the editor of *El Correo*, are among those who have protested against bull-fighting. 'Spain pays no heed to any of these agitators,' writes Mr. Leonard Williams, 'but continues unmoved the proud traditions of the arena. The superb bull ring inaugurated not long ago at Barcelona was consecrated by the clergy in procession, on the very day on which a novel of the naughty Tolstoi was thrust upon the list *librorum expurgatorum*.' In Spain the schoolmaster is a bankrupt, while the famous bull-fighter receives five thousand pesetas for killing two or three bulls. There are sociological inferences to be drawn from this fact.

### BULL-FIGHTING OF THE PAST.

There is no doubt that encounters between men and bulls are of ancient origin in the Peninsula. The Moors are said to have brought bull-fighting into Spain, and there is historical proof that exhibitions of daring in worrying and attacking bulls were one of the chief recreations of the Moorish feast days. During times of truce between Moslems and Christians, displays of tauromachia were arranged by the rival leaders, and knights of both sides took part in the ring. The great Cid distinguished himself in fights with fierce bulls, and his horsemanship in the arena was widely admired. In these early days of the sport, the tournament, or *lidia*, was celebrated in the largest *plaza* of the towns. Raised seats were erected for the cavaliers and ladies, and the *fêtes* were attended almost entirely by the higher classes of Andalusian and Castilian society. The combatant of the bull was mounted on a plucky Arabian horse, and armed with a lance, called the *rejón*, a weapon about five feet in length. At a signal the bull was let loose. The knight charged the beast, and endeavoured to thrust his spear-head into the neck. An expert performer sometimes killed his bull at the first thrust. When hurled from his steed by a charge of the bull, the knight was bound by the rules of the ring to face the brute on foot, with a sword. Vassals assisted their master by essaying to draw the attention of the bull, and at the right moment the knight plunged his steel into the animal's neck.

Such combats appear to have been held in Andalusia as early as the eleventh century. In one of Goya's bull-fighting sketches, we may see a Moor, with a cloak on the left arm, and a dart in the right hand, practising the *suerte de banderilla*. In the fifteenth century bull-fighting was recognised as the chief national sport. In 1567 Pius V. issued a threat of excommunication for all rulers who permitted bull-fighting within their realms, and for all priests who witnessed the shows. Fighters who fell in the ring were denied burial with Christian rites. The Bull of the Pope was utterly disregarded. Nobles continued to erect bull rings and to arrange *corridas*. The Church then exercised wonted discretion. A decree came from Salamanca that priests of a certain order might be present at bull fights, and the institution of the *lidia* was made semi-sacred and wholly respectable.

At Valladolid, Charles I. engaged and killed a bull in the public arena. Succeeding kings and the flower of the nobility yearned to graduate in the art of bull-fighting. The sons of *hidalgos* resorted to the slaughter-houses of the towns to practise with cloak and sword the feints and passes of the *matador*. A valorous bull-fighter won his way to women's hearts and to the favour of princes. In 1617 the Pope issued a Bull announcing that the Virgin was conceived immaculately and was as pure as her divine offspring. The announcement threw Seville into a frenzy of delight. Archbishop de Castro gave a splendid service in the beautiful Cathedral. Guns boomed from the ramparts of the city, and all the church bells clanged and pealed. In the bull ring, Don Melchor de Alcázar, a friend of Velazquez, arranged a special display. The Don, with his dwarf and four immense negroes, gave a remarkable show of their daring to a host of spectators.

Upon the day that Fernando VII. abolished the University of Seville, he established an academy of bull-fighting in the city. The building was constructed with a small ring for the practice of students in the art of tauromachia, and contained stables, bedrooms, and other apartments. From that time Seville was regarded as the classic home of bull-fighting, and many of the most valiant fighters were trained in that city. Then arose the professional *matador*, or *espada*, the swordsman who faces the bull single-handed, when it has been worried and incensed by the *picadores* and the *banderilleros*.

Two of the first paid *matadores* were the brothers Juan and Pedro Palomo. They were succeeded by Martínez Billon, Francisco Romero and his son Juan, and José Delgado Candido, who was killed on the 24th of June 1771. The original Plaza de Toros of Seville was constructed in 1763, and from that date until the end of the century several bull rings were built in Andalusia and Castile.

'Andalusia,' write the authors of *Wild Spain* 'has always been, and still remains, the province where the love of the bull and all that pertains to him is most keenly cherished, and where the modern bull fight may to-day be seen in its highest perfection and development. It provides the best bull-fighters and the most valued strains of the fighting bull. It may be added that the Andalusian nobility were the last of their order to discontinue their historic pursuit; and when, during the darker days of this sport, the Royal order of the Maestranza de Sevilla was created by Philip

V., it was conceded in the statutes that members of the order could hold two *corridas* with the long lance annually outside the city walls. Three gentlemen subsequently received titles of exalted nobility of this order in respect of brilliant performances with the lance.' José Candido, usually known as Pepe Hillo, brought about a great revival of the *corrida* after the Bourbons had sought to discountenance the sport of the nobility. *Pepe Hillo* is the title of a drama concerned with the valiant exploits of the celebrated master among *matadores*. Hillo, though he was said to be illiterate, drew up the rules of the sport, and even to-day he is regarded as one of the highest authorities upon the art of the bull fight.

According to Mr. Leonard Williams, Francisco Romero, of Ronda, in Andalusia, was 'the first great exponent of the modern *torero*.' Romero was put to shoemaking, but he abandoned that homely trade for the profession of bull-fighter, acting first as a page to the knights who encountered the bulls. It was Romero who introduced the pass of fluttering the cloak, or red cloth, in the face of the bull, and then, at the fitting opportunity, thrusting the sword into the creature's neck. Most of the reputed *matadores* are of Sevillian birth. In the days of Romero and his son, Juan, who died at the age of one hundred and two, there lived the famous Sevillian *toreros*, the brothers Palomo, Manuel Bellón, Lorenzo Manuel, Joaquin Rodriguez, and Pepe Hillo, or Illo.

Among the Andalusian schools of bull-fighting Ronda was renowned for daring, and Seville for coolness. The intrepidity of the Sevillian bull-fighters was remarkable. The *salto del trascuerno*, or jump across the head of the bull, was one of their favourite feats. Mr. Williams tells us that the most redoubtable of all the *toreros* of Seville was one Martin Barcaiztegui, called Martincho, a cowherd of Guipuzcoa. Martincho was a pupil of the famous José Leguregui, and his bravery excelled that of his trainer. 'His favourite accomplishment was to mount upon a table, when his legs were closely fettered with massive irons. The whole was then set opposite the *toril*. The bull, emerging, sighted the table, covered with a crimson cloth, and charged it, when Martincho would leap along his back from head to tail, and alight in perfect safety. The table, one presumes, went flying into splinters. On a certain occasion, at Zaragoza, Martincho, seated in a chair, killed a bull by a single thrust, using his hat as a *muleta*.'

Martincho died in 1800, having survived the dangers of the arena. He lived for a time with the artist Goya, who has drawn his friend in several of his bull-fighting pictures. Costillares and Pepe Hillo were also celebrated for their reckless daring in the bull-fighting exhibitions of Seville. These heroes retired from the ring before Godoy influenced Maria Luisa to suppress the *corrida*. For three years there was no bull-fighting in Spain. Upon the revival of the sport under Joseph Bonaparte, Pedro Romero was appointed chief instructor of Ferdinand's academy of tauromachia at Seville. This *matador* died at Ronda in 1839. During his public career, he killed no less than 5,600 bulls.

#### BULL-FIGHTING OF THE PRESENT.

Montes now comes into prominence among the famous *toreros* of Andalusia. Francisco Montes fought for the first time at Madrid in 1832. He attracted the notice of Candido, of the academy of bull-fighters at Seville, and he was accepted as a pupil and granted a pension of six *reales* per day. Montes introduced the modern style in the art of the *torero*. He wrote a treatise on bull-fighting, entitled: *El arte de torear á pie y á caballo*. 'Considered to be the *torero's* very bible for the infallible wisdom of its precepts.'

The *matador* of to-day is the idol of the populace; but he is not so honoured by persons of noble birth as in the earlier times of bull-fighting. Luis Mazzantini is perhaps the greatest living *torero*. Guerrita has retired. Antonio Fuentes and Reverte are accomplished bull-fighters. Montes died of injuries received in the ring, in the year 1850, at the age of forty-six.

To show the favour formerly extended to the *torero*, we may quote the story of Lavi and Queen Isabel II. Lavi was a Romany by birth, and a bold *matador* of his day. During a royal *corrida*, the gipsy pluckily tore out the *moña*, or bunch of ribbons in the bull's neck, and advanced towards the Queen. 'Here,' he cried, 'this is the first *moña* your majesty has had the honour of receiving at my hands!'

The retinue of the *matador* consists of the *picadores*, or mounted spearmen, the *banderilleros*, or dart throwers, and the *monos sabios*, who repair the damages to the wretched horses and thrash them to their feet. The *matador* is clad in silk and gold, with a spangled cloak, which he wears in the parade of the fighters previous to the display. It is stated by one writer that a bull fight in Seville cost from £1100 to £1200. The value of each bull killed is about £70. The *matador's* fee is from £120 to £200; but this includes the fees paid by him to his *cuadrilla*, or troupe. The horses are valued at from £120 to £200, according to the number killed by the bull. The cost of the seats is from a *peseta* to three *duros*. Guerrita could 'command all over Spain and in the South of France almost any remuneration.' The *banderilleros* receive about fifty dollars, and the *picadores* something less than that for their share in the performance.

The glory that surrounds the *matador* induces a large number of Spanish youths to adopt the profession of bull-fighting. In consequence, there is a surplus of indifferent *toreros* and novices, who are awaiting their chance for promotion and for an appearance in the arena.

These hangers-on of the sport are to be seen in the Puerta del Sol of Madrid, and in the *paseos* and streets of Seville. They have a 'horsey' air, and are proficient at lounging, and chaffing the women who pass by. A little pigtail hangs from the brims of their hats, and they are fond of frilled shirts, in which they display paste studs. Every city and provincial town of Spain has its *aficionados* of bull-fighting. These amateurs talk learnedly upon *encierros*, *suertes*, and *pases por alto*. They are vain of their acquaintance with popular *toreros*, and they read all the literature of the beloved sport. The *Historia del Toreo* is better known among these 'sports' than the poems of 'Herrera the divine.' At the *cafés* they pore over the bull-fighting journals, *El Toréo*, *El Enáno*, and *La Lidia*.

Mr. H. T. Finck describes the bull fight as 'the most unsportsmanlike and cowardly spectacle I have ever seen.' This author does not believe that bull-fighting is highly dangerous. 'No man,' he writes, 'who has a sense of true sport would engage with a dozen other men against a brute that is so stupid as to expend its fury a hundred times in succession on a piece of red cloth, ignoring the man who holds it.'

The bull fight not dangerous! I can imagine the indignation of the devotees of the sport at such a suggestion. Personally, I am not in a position to affirm how great or how small is the peril to the man who finds himself alone in a

ring, face to face with a savage Andalusian bull. I have, however, been told by a Spaniard, living in Madrid, that the fluttering of the red cloth certainly distracts the bull's attention from its combatant, and that the animal invariably closes its eyes when the *muleta* is whisked in its face. This 'fact,' given on the authority of my Spanish friend, may throw a side-light on the art of the *matador*. But I am certainly not prepared to say that bull-fighting is without danger to the human performers in the tournament. Many lives have been lost in the arena, and injuries are of comparatively common occurrence. On October 7, 1900, Dominguin was killed at Barcelona; two novices were wounded at Carabanchel; Parrao was injured at Granada, Telilas had his collar-bone broken at Madrid, and Bombita was wounded at the same place. Such was one day's list of mishaps in the amphitheatres of Spain.

Until infuriated by the lances and darts, many of the bulls are far from savage. There is the story of a bull in the arena, that recognised the voice of a lad, who had tended it on the plains, and came towards its friend with apparent pleasure at the re-meeting. On the other hand, there is the account of the bull of Muruve, who fought at Seville, in 1898, and carried a horse and a *picador* upon its horns from the barrier to the centre of the ring. A strong bull will sometimes toss a *picador's* saddle high in the air; yet Mr. Williams tells us that two men are required to carry the saddle. Bulls frequently leap the *barrera* of the arena, although the height is over five feet. 'At Málaga, some six years ago, a bull leaped over the barrier at precisely the same spot *fourteen* times in swift succession. At Madrid, in 1898, another cleared *both* barriers,' writes Mr. Williams, 'landing with his head among the spectators, but falling back into the *callejón*. On April 30, 1896, at Madrid, Ermitaño, the second bull of the *corrida*, cleared the barrier four times, jamming a carpenter between a pair of doors and severely injuring him. All the above I have myself witnessed; but other feats, perfectly authenticated, are even more remarkable.'

The Plaza de Toros at Seville is a handsome building. It was constructed to seat fourteen thousand spectators. The chief fights take place on Domingo de Resurrección, and during the week of the *feria*, in April. The seats are arranged in boxes (*palcos*), the *asientos de barrera* (barrier seats) and the *asientos de grada*. A higher price is charged for seats in the *sombra*, or shade; while the cheaper positions, occupied by the poorer classes, are in the *sol*, or sunshine.

It is fashionable to drive to the *corrida* behind four or six horses or mules, with gay trappings and jangling bells. Hawkers, thieves, programme vendors and beggars throng around the *plaza*. The half-hour of waiting, preliminary to the first combat, is enlivened by the arrival of smart people and notabilities of the city, while the orchestra plays a selection of pieces.

Reverte or Fuentes arrives, and is acclaimed by his admirers. The knowing *aficionados*, who have seen the doomed bulls in their enclosure, promise an excellent show. The seats gradually fill; there is a loud hum of conversation and a waving of fans by the *señoras* in the *palcos*. At a signal from the President of the *corridas*, the ring is cleared of the groups of *toreros* and their friends. Then the band strikes up, and the bull-fighters march out, with the *matadores* in front of their attendants. They salute the President. The key of the bull enclosure is thrown down, an official unlocks the door, and into the arena canters the first bull, to encounter a charge from the *picador*. Sometimes the bull refuses to fight. The beast is lazy, good-tempered, or dazed. Not even the darts will enrage the creature. It gazes upon its tormentors with benign amazement. This poor sport; *toro* must be worried into a passion. An explosive dart is thrown at the bull. The fire burns into its nerves. It is more than the most placid bull nature can endure with patience. *Toro* lowers its horns and rushes upon its assailants.

The spectators, men, women and children, closely watch every move and double of the fighters. A *picador* is thrown. The horse, with a ghastly dripping wound in its flank, rushes around the ring. It is met by the bull, gored, and tossed in the air. The wounded nag cannot regain its feet. Again and again the infuriated *toro* vents its rage on the struggling horse. Presently, the bull's attention is drawn from the steed, and it turns to face the gaudy *matador*. A thrust of a dagger ends the convulsive kicking of the dying horse.

With scientific precision, the swordsman flutters his *muleta* in the bull's face. At each charge the *matador* bounds aside, and the beast worries the red rag. At length, *toro* stands snorting and pawing the ground. The magnificent brute surveys his enemy with hatred, and makes another rush. Again it is thwarted. Finally, the sword is plunged deftly into the creature's viscera. *Toro* trembles, falls, and lies prone. The *coup de grace* is administered with a big knife. There is deafening applause, the strains of the band, and the dead bull is dragged from the ring by a team of mules.

'When I see children at the *corrida*, I sigh and think of the future of Spain,' said my Spanish friend. Such expression of opinion is almost treasonable. Long live the bull fight! Humanitarian cant is not to be taken seriously. It is not only the Spanish people who love the sport. 'There are no more enthusiastic patrons of the bull ring in Madrid,' writes Mr. H. C. Chatfield Taylor, author of *The Land of the Castanet*, 'than many of the foreign diplomats, and one remembers clearly the Secretary of the United States Legation, stationed in Madrid at the time of a former visit, saying that he was an annual subscriber, and had not missed a *corrida* during his entire term of office.'

## THE LIFE OF THE FIGHTING BULL.

In Great Britain our nobility and gentle-folk breed racehorses. In Spain the aristocracy and grandees rear bulls for the ring. The breeders of bulls are termed *ganaderos*. Around Seville, Jerez, Huelva and Valladolid are born the *toros bravos*. At the age of one year the bulls selected for the arena are branded, and sent on to the plains to graze, in charge of a *conocedor*, who is assisted by an *ayudante*. When the bulls are two years of age, they are tried for the first time to prove their pluck and pugnacity. At four years old they are put into huge enclosures of good pasturage, and in time of scarcity they are fed upon vetches, maize and wheat. From five to seven *toro* is warrantable for the *lidia*. At his trial, at the age of two years, the owner of the herd invites a number of friends to the ranche. Young and clever horsemen attend these trials, and vie with one another in courage. The *caballeros* are armed with the *garrochas*, lances about twelve feet in length, with short steel points. Visitors to Seville may often see parties of mounted sportsmen returning from these *tentadores*, or trials.

A bull is separated from its companions. The horseman, carrying the *garrocha*, pursues the brute, and attempts to overturn it by a powerful thrust on the flank, delivered at full gallop. The horseman must be a bold rider, possessed

of coolness and strong in the arm. If the charge is successful, *toro* tumbles with its feet in the air. Another rider now takes up the attack. He has a sharper spear, and is called *el tentador*. Should the young bull refuse to charge, it is discarded as a *toro bravo*, and the slaughter-house or the life of labour awaits it. The chosen bulls are then christened, and entered upon the breeder's list of warrantable animals. In due time their names appear on the brilliant placards advertising the *corridos* of Seville or Cadiz.

'The *tentadero* at the present day,' writes the authors of *Wild Spain*, 'affords opportunity for aristocratic gatherings, that recall the taumachian tournaments of old. Even the Infantas of Spain enter into the spirit of the sport, and have been known themselves to wield the *garrocha* with good effect, as was, a few months ago, the case at a brilliant *fête champêtre* on the Sevillian *vegas*, when the Condesa de Paris and her daughter, Princess Elena, each overthrew a sturdy two-year-old; the Infanta Eulalia riding *á ancas*, or pillion-fashion, with an Andalusian nobleman, among the merriest of a merry party.'

Travelling by rail across the wide and lonely plains of Southern and Central Spain, the stranger often sees large herds of bulls, quietly grazing in charge of an attendant, who leans upon a long wooden staff, and wears a plaid upon his shoulder. The Spanish travellers crowd to the window at the magical words *los toros*, and in an animated manner the points of the herd are discussed. This pleasant pastoral life lasts for five years of the bull's life, though during that time it has to endure the trial with the *garrocha*. The bulls are divided into three classes after the *tientas*, or trials, *i.e.*, those of the first rank, the 'brave bulls'; those of the second order, the *novillos*, which are used by second-rate *matadores* and beginners, and those sentenced to death, or a life of toil. Amongst the most eminent strains of Andalusian bulls used for the ring are those of Cámara, Miura, Muruve, Pérez de la Concha, Conradi, Adalid, Ibarra, Saltillo, and Anastasio Martin.

The animals are sold from four to eight at a time, according to the status of the *corrida* for which they are purchased. If the distance to the ring is short, the bulls are driven by night through the country, and pastured in the daytime. They are led by peaceable cattle with bells hung from their necks. 'These intelligent beasts keep the wild ones together and out of mischief,' says Mr. Leonard Williams, 'with the same unerring watchfulness as a collie controlling a flock of sheep, and lightening to an incalculable extent the labours of the accompanying horsemen.' At night the bulls are driven into the town, the sides of the streets being barricaded. When the beasts are consigned to buyers at a long distance from the ranche, they are conveyed by rail in strong boxes.

Just before the encounter in the ring, the *toros* are confined in the *chiqueros*, dark dens with strong doors that are opened and closed by ropes pulled from above. Difficulty is often experienced in coaxing refractory animals into these cells. The operation is witnessed by *aficionados*, who pay a fee for the privilege.

Among the best-known *garrochistas* of modern times are the Señores Don Antonio Miura, Don Faustino Morube, Don Miguel Garcia, Don Guillermo Ochoteco, Don José Silva, Don Fernando Concha, Don Augusto Adalid, Don Angel Zaldos, Don Manuel Sanchez-Mira, Marques de Bogaraya, Marques de Guadalest, Don Frederico Huesca, and the Marques de Castellones. Two of the finest exponents of the art of wielding the *rejón*, or short lance—a weapon surviving from the early times of the *lidia*—are the Señores Heredia, Ledesma, and Grané. Mr. Williams says that there are not a dozen horsemen in Spain and Portugal who can successfully perform the feat of killing the bull with the *rejón*.

'An animated spectacle it is on the even of the *corrida*,' write the authors of *Wild Spain*, 'when amidst clouds of dust and clang of bells, the tame oxen and wild bulls are driven forward by galloping horsemen and levelled *garrochas*. The excited populace, already intoxicated with bull-fever and the anticipation of the coming *corridas*, lining the way to the Plaza, careless if in the enthusiasm for the morrow they risk some awkward rips to-day.

'Once inside the lofty walls of the *toril*, it is easy to withdraw the treacherous *cabestros*, and one by one to tempt the bulls each into a small separate cell, the *chiquero*, the door of which will to-morrow fall before his eyes. Then, rushing upon the arena, he finds himself confronted and encircled by surging tiers of yelling humanity, while the crash of trumpets and glare of moving colours madden his brain. Then the gaudy horsemen, with menacing lances, recall his day of trial on the distant plain, horsemen now doubly hateful in their brilliant glittering tinsel. No wonder the noble brute rushes with magnificent fury to the charge.'

The bull fight of Spain and Portugal is the modern form of the gladiatorial shows of ancient Rome. At Urbs Italica, the Roman city of old, is the ring wherein many victims of Pagan persecution were forced to combat with fierce beasts. It is but a step upwards from this sanguinary sport to the tournament with bulls, introduced into Andalusia by the Moors. The fascination of the horrible is the motive that impels men to witness exhibitions involving risk of human life and cruelty towards animals. Our bull-baiting with dogs was certainly not more sportsmanlike than the Spanish duels between knights, armed only with the lance or sword, and a fierce bull of the plains. Yet bull-baiting was a favourite diversion of the British nation from the time of King John until about a hundred years ago. In the reign of Elizabeth bear-baiting was a fashionable recreation in London, and there were 'Easter fierce hunts, when foaming boars fought for their heads, and lusty bulls and huge bears were baited with dogs' (*Sports of England*).

When public opinion began to recoil from such barbarous amusements, Windham, in the House of Commons, made a brilliant speech in defence of the sport of bull-baiting, and the Bill for its abolition was rejected. That was in 1802. Yet, no doubt, a number of our countrymen of that period were accustomed to denounce the atrocious cruelty of the Spanish bull-fighters.

Statute 5 and 6, William IV., in 1835, made bull-baiting and cock-fighting illegal. The Act enjoined 'that any person keeping or using any house, pit, or other place, for baiting or fighting any bull, bear, dog, or other animal (whether of a domestic or wild kind), or for cock-fighting, shall be liable to a penalty of £5 for every day he shall so keep and use the same.' In 1837 the provisions of this Act were extended to Ireland.

We must remember, therefore, that a high stage of culture and refinement must be attained before nations will consent to abandon cruel and dangerous contests between men and brutes, or between beasts. Even in Spain there is a growing revolt from the exhibitions of combats between bulls and other animals, which are sometimes given in the big towns. In these fights—which take place in a cage in the centre of an arena—a wretched, half-fed lion or elephant is pitted against a bull. Cock-fighting still flourishes in the Peninsula. It is popular in Seville, and like bull-fighting, the sport has its *aficionados* in every town and hamlet. Sunday, after Mass, is the favourite day for a display of cock-fighting. These *funciones gallisticas* have been described by one or two writers upon Spain, who agree that the diversion is of a degrading character.

Those among my readers who are interested in bull-fighting, its history and its anecdotes, will find a chapter on

'Tauromachia' in that fascinating work *Wild Spain*, by Mr. Abel Chapman and Mr. Walter J. Buck. A full account of the sport, and the most modern of all the numerous contributions to the literature of the bull ring, is that in the three special chapters of Mr. Leonard Williams's *The Land of the Dons*, published in 1902.

## CHAPTER XV

### *Information for the Visitor*

**M**OST English visitors to Seville travel by way of Paris, Irún, the Spanish frontier town, and Madrid. By this route the interesting towns of Vittoria, Burgos, Valladolid and Segovia may be visited should the tourist's time permit. Many travellers break their journey at Madrid, spend a day or two in that city, and proceed by the night-express to Seville. For comfort, it is advisable to take the south express *train de luxe* from the Quai D'Orsay, Paris. This train is made up of first-class carriages only, and provided with sleeping berths, for which there is an extra charge. By the ordinary express trains the journey is slower, and the traveller has to provide his sleeping accommodation in the shape of rugs and pillows. A pillow may be hired at most of the large Spanish railway stations for one peseta, *i.e.*, sevenpence half-penny in British money.

Railway travelling in Spain is not luxurious. The first-class compartments are usually stuffy, and at night they are ill-lighted, while the second-class carriages will not compare with the English third-class. Compartments of the *tercera clase* (third-class) are uncomfortable and cushionless. They may be used for short day journeys in Spain by the stranger who wishes to come into touch with the people. As a rule, the third-class passengers are quite orderly in behaviour, and the foreigner need not fear to travel with them. Still, from the point of view of comfort, the Spanish third-class cannot be recommended, especially to ladies.

The journey by rail from Madrid is across the monotonous plains of La Mancha, made world-famous by the exploits of Don Quixote, through interminable olive gardens, wide grass meadows, and by groups of bare and fantastic rocks, to ancient Córdoba. Thence we reach the fertile land of Andalusia, follow the windings of the clay-stained Guadalquivir, and come into the district of the cactus and almond tree, and a semi-tropical climate.

Before leaving the railway station square, the stranger must submit to the inspection of his luggage by the customs' officers (*consumos*), who are on the watch for taxed articles. Usually the search is a mere formality, as English visitors are rarely regarded as 'suspects.' Assure the officer that you have nothing to sell, and he will in most instances refrain from overhauling your baggage.

Hotel omnibuses, cabs and outside porters await the arrival of every train at the Estación de Cordoba. The fare for a one-horse carriage to any part of Seville, with one or two passengers, is a peseta, and for each piece of luggage the charge is from half-a-peseta to a peseta. The driver expects a *propina* ('tip') of at least half-a-peseta. Avoid hotel touts and loafers who crowd outside the railway station.

*Hotels.*—The majority of English and American visitors stay at the Hôtel de Madrid, at the corner of the Plaza del Pacifico. It is a large house, with a court in the Moorish style, adorned with palms. The position is central. The boarding terms are from about twelve pesetas per day, but the charge is from about fifteen pesetas in the spring season. The Hôtel de Paris is also in the Plaza del Pacifico. Here the tariff is about ten pesetas per diem, and the cuisine is of the first-class Spanish order.

Smaller, but comfortable, hostels are Hôtel de Roma and the Hôtel Europa, with a pension tariff of ten pesetas. If the visitor desires to see something of the life of Spanish people of the middle-class, he will prefer to take up his quarters in one of the minor hotels. Such a house is that of Juan Zamanillo, Hôtel de la Victoria, in the Plaza Nueva. The charge here is from five pesetas a day, which includes a comfortable bedroom, with clean linen and mosquito curtains to the bed, luncheon (*almuerzo*), and dinner (*comida*). The Victoria is frequented by English artists, and the proprietor is accustomed to English guests. The head waiter is an intelligent man. In hotels of this order the sanitary arrangements are Spanish. Even in the first-class houses of Spain these arrangements need improvement. On the other hand, the rooms are scrupulously clean, the cuisine very fair, and the bedrooms comfortable.

At most of the hotels there is an extra charge for the early breakfast (*desayuno*), which consists of a cup of chocolate, flavoured with cinnamon, or of *café con leche* (coffee with milk), and a small roll without butter. Many Spaniards take a cup of coffee in their bedrooms about half-past eight in the morning, and do not eat until luncheon, which is usually served in Seville from eleven till one. Visitors who are accustomed to a substantial breakfast often find themselves somewhat faint by the hour of *almuerzo*. The two meals are much alike in their courses. Soup, fish, meat or poultry, salad, cream cheese of Burgos, fried potatoes, various kinds of cakes and fruit are served at luncheon and dinner. The table wine is provided free of charge, but it is often of a very inferior quality, and should be used sparingly, especially in hot weather. A cheap, palatable wine is the Rioja. Mineral waters can be had at all the hotels and *cafés*.

At the Spanish houses, as distinguished from the hotels mostly frequented by foreigners, Andalusian dishes form the chief part of the *menu*. Shad, sea-bream and codfish, garnished with onions, are served cold. *Pollo con arroz* (fowl with rice), and curried rice, with cockles and sausages, are favourite dishes. One course is usually composed of stewed mutton, or beefsteaks grilled. The meal begins with eggs, boiled, poached, or made into savoury omelettes. Those visitors who do not enjoy the flavour of garlic should say to the waiter, "*No ajo, sirvase*," *i.e.*, "No garlic, if you please," before ordering an omelette. In the larger hotels the cookery is usually French, with an occasional dish of the country.

*Cafés.*—Spaniards spend a good share of their leisure time in the *cafés*. In Seville the chief resorts of this kind are in the Calle de las Sierpes, the Calle Tetuan, and the Plaza Nueva. It is the custom in Spain to make business appointments and to arrange friendly meetings in the *cafés*. The drinks are coffee, chocolate, tea, wines, liqueurs, and mineral waters. Coffee is usually taken black, with cognac. The spirits are *caña*, *agua ardiente*, and cognac. A favourite liqueur is anisette. At some of these houses Bass's ale and Scotch whisky can be obtained. The Spanish



bottled cider (*sidra*) is a refreshing drink, mixed with lemonade, in hot weather.

An English medical practitioner, Dr. Dalebrook, resides in the Calle Albareda, leading out of the Calle Tetuan. A guide, whom I can recommend as well-informed, is Señor Carlos Rudé, 22 Otumba. Señor Rudé is known as "Charles" by the English visitors. He speaks English well, and can obtain entrance to private collections of paintings in the city.

A large stock of interesting photographs of Seville, pictures and characters is kept by Señor Julio Beauchy, 24 Calle de Rioja.

## A LIST OF BOOKS UPON SEVILLE, OR CONTAINING REFERENCES TO THE CITY.

### *History.*

- 'Sevilla' (A volume in the series '*España*')—Don Pedro de Madrazo.
- 'Annales de Sevilla'—Don Ortiz de Zuñiga.
- 'Sevilla Histórica,' etc.—By 'A Son of Seville.'
- 'Histoire des Arabes d'Espagne' (3 vols.)—De Circourt.
- 'Memoirs of the Kings of Spain' (5 vols.)—W. Coxe.
- 'History of Spain and Portugal'—Dunham.
- 'Ferdinand and Isabella'—Prescott.
- 'History of the Reformation in Spain'—T. M'Crie.
- 'The Ottoman and the Spanish Empires'—L. Ranke.
- 'History of the Reign of Philip II.'—R. Watson.
- 'Philip II.'—Prescott.
- 'Charles V.'—Armstrong.
- 'Recherches sur l'histoire et la littérature de l'Espagne'—Dozy.
- 'Spain'—H. E. Watts.
- 'The Moors in Spain'—S. Lane-Poole.
- 'The Inquisition'—Llorente.
- 'The Story of Spain'—E. E. and S. Hale.
- 'Historia de la Ciudad de Sevilla'—Joaquin Guichot.
- 'Historia de Sevilla'—Alonso Morgado.
- 'Antigüedades Prehistóricas de Andalucía'—Miguel de Gongora.

### *Art.*

- 'Descripción Artística de la Catedral de Sevilla'—Cean Bermudez.
- 'Seville Mosque Cathedral' (Paper Architect. Society)—R. H. Carpenter.
- 'An Architect's Note Book in Spain'—D. Wyatt.
- 'Annals of the Artists of Spain'—Sir W. Stirling-Maxwell.
- 'Spanish and French Painters'—G. W. Smith.
- 'Velazquez'—G. C. Williamson.
- 'The Industrial Arts of Spain'—J. F. Riaño.
- 'La Giralda'—A. Alvarez Benavides.
- 'Alcázar de Sevilla'—J. Gestoso y Pérez.
- 'La Imprenta en Sevilla.'
- 'Velazquez: Life and Work'—G. H. Stokes.
- 'Renaissance Architecture and Ornament in Spain'—A. N. Prentice.
- 'Seville Cathedral' (article in 'Macmillan's Magazine,' May 1903)—Havelock Ellis.

### *Literature.*

- 'History of Spanish and Portuguese Literature' (2 vols.)—Bouterwek.
- 'History of Spanish Literature'—Ticknor.
- 'The Spanish Drama'—G. H. Lewes.
- 'Vida de Cervantes'—M. F. Navarette.
- 'Tipografía Española'—Mendez.
- 'Spanish Literature'—H. Butler Clarke.
- 'Life of Cervantes'—J. Fitz-Maurice-Kelly.
- 'Cervantes'—H. E. Watts.

## *Social and General.*

- 'Letters from Spain'—Doblado (Blanco White).  
'Handbook for Spain'—R. Ford.  
'Old Court Life in Spain'—F. M. Elliott.  
'The Bible in Spain'—Geo. Borrow.  
'Spanish Vistas'—G. P. Lathrop.  
'Voyage en Espagne'—T. Gautier.  
'Spain and Portugal' (Handbook)—Karl Baedeker.  
'The Zinicali'—Geo. Borrow.  
'A Summer in Andalusia' (2 vols.)—R. Bentley.  
'Seville' (article in 'Harper's Magazine,' March 1901)—Arthur Symons.  
'Spanish Cities'—C. A. Stoddard.  
'The Land of the Castanet'—H. Chatfield-Taylor.

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THE END

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Alterations in the text made by the etext transcriber:

1. Abdelgfar=>Abdelgafar
  2. Abdelgafr=>Abdelgafar {2}
  3. Gránada=>Granada
  4. then it its pristine splendour=>then in its pristine splendour
  5. Francico=>Francisco {2}
  6. Alfonzo=>Aflonso {2}
  7. she had seem a fight=>she had seen a fight
  8. peceptions=>perceptions
  9. The ascetic artist was born in Seville, in 1502, and died there about the year 1658=>The ascetic artist was born in Seville, in 1502, and died there about the year 1568
  10. Capella de San Hermenegildo=>The Capilla de San Hermenegildo
  11. Hermenegildo=>Hermenegildo {2}
  12. Francisan Convent=>Franciscan Convent
  13. Alcazár=>Alcázar {3}
  14. Franciso Pacheco=>Francisco Pacheco
  15. Emilio Pardo Bazan=>Emilia Pardo Bazan
  16. mannnerists=>mannerists
  17. Chasuble on San Ildefenso=>Chasuble on San Ildefonso
  18. San Ildefenso=>San Ildefonso
  19. Sacristiá=>Sacristía {numerous}
  20. Calices=>Cálices {3}
  21. La Anunciación de Neustra Señora=>La Anunciación de Nuestra Señora
  22. Neustra Señora de la Concepción=>Nuestra Señora de la Concepción
  23. Sacristia=>Sacristía {6}
  24. Sacristiá de los Cálices=>Sacristía de los Cálices {2}
  25. La Anunciación de Neustra Señora=>La Anunciación de Nuestra Señora
  26. Martinez Moñtanes=>Martinez Montañes
  27. Mahommedan=>Mohammedan
  28. nine fountain=>nine fountains
  29. cannot=>cannot
  30. Spaniard are conservative=>Spaniards are conservative
  31. A suvival=>A survival
  32. it Morisco remains=>its Morisco remains
  33. Sevillaños=>Sevillanos
  34. smart poople=>smart people
  35. A bull is separted=>A bull is separated
  36. 'Sevilla Historica,'=>'Sevilla Histórica,'
  37. 'Antigüedades Prehistoricas de Andalucia'=>'Antigüedades Prehistóricas de Andalucia'
  38. 'Descripción Artística de la Catedral de Sevilla'=>'Descripción Artística de la Catedral de Sevilla'
  39. 'Tipografía Española'=>'Tipografía Española'
  40. Dukes of Alcalá=>Dukes of Alcalá
  41. Fábrica de Tabácos=>Fábrica de Tabacos
  42. Domenico Theotocopuli & Dominico Theotocopuli=>Doménico Theotocópuli
  43. Virgen de la Rosa=>Virgen de la Rosa
  44. Erminigild=>Ermenigild
  45. Cap de los Evangelestas=>Cap de los Evangelistas
  46. Sevilla Historica=>Sevilla Histórica
  47. Pedro Villegas Marmolego, 1520-1597=>Should be: Pedro Villegas Marmolejo, 1519-1596.
  48. Patio de los Naranjas=>Should be: Patio de los Naranjos
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