

himself in effigy *only*. His and Lord Byron's "friend," Don Juan, was a Sevillian *majo*, and a true hidalgo. The family name was Tenorio. He lived in a house now belonging to the nuns of *San Leandro*, in which there is some good carving, although the French did infinite mischief there. (For his real pedigree, see our paper in the 'Quar. Rev.' cxvii. 82; consult also the *Burlador de Sevilla* or *Convidado de Piedra*, by Tirso de Molina, with Ochoa's preface in the *Tesoro del Teatro Español*. Paris, 1838; vol. iv. 74); the Tenorios had a chapel in the Franciscan convent, where the murdered Comendador was buried, and to which *Don Juan* fled, when the monks killed him, and trumped up the story of his Devil-death: the chapel and the *statue* were destroyed when the convent was burnt.

Do not fail to look at the extraordinary *Azulejo* portal of *Santa Paula*, of the time of the Catholic kings; the carvings in the chapel are by Cano. The French carried off all the pictures. Here are sepulchres of Juan, constable of Portugal, and Isabel his wife, the founders.

The foundling hospital, or *La Cuna*, the *cradle*, as it is called in Spain, is in the *Calle de la Cuna*; a marble tablet is thus inscribed, near an aperture left for charitable donations:—"Quoniam pater meus et mater mea deliquerunt me Dominus autem assumpsit" (Ps. xxvii. 10). A wicket door, *el torno*, is pierced in the wall, which opens on being tapped, to receive the sinless children of sin, whom a nurse sits up at night to take in. This, formerly little better than a charnel-house, and where sinless children of sin and innocents were massacred (see 'Gatherings,' p. 223), has been taken in charge by some benevolent ladies, assisted by Sisters of Charity, and, although the shadow of death still hovers over this so-called *cradle* of life, is better conducted: the inadequate funds are much increased, a duty of a real being levied for its support on every *fanega* of corn sold in the market.

Seville is surrounded with seven

suburbs; the circuit of the Moorish walls, about a league, with its gates and towers, once numbering 166, contains many objects of first-rate interest. We shall commence going out from the *Calle de las Armas*, by the *Puerta Real*, the Royal Gate, through which St. Ferdinand entered in triumph. It was called by the Moors *Goles*, which the Sevillians, who run wild about Hercules, consider to be a corruption from that name: it is simply the gate of *Gules*, a Moorish suburb (Conde, iii. 35). The present gate is built in the Roman style, and is disproportionate to the site. Emerging from a dip to the rt. is the *Colegio de Merced*, or *San Laureano*, which was pillaged and desecrated by Soult's troops, and made a prison for galley-slaves by the Spaniards; behind it are the ruins of the house of Fernando, son of the great Columbus. The suburb is called *Los Humeros*, supposed to have been the site of the Roman naval arsenal. Here were the *tunnels* and Moorish dock-yard, and residence of fishermen. It is now tenanted by gipsies, the *Zincali*; Seville in their Romany is called *Ulilla* and *Safacoro*, and the Guadalquivir, *Len Baro*, or the Great River. *Zevya* is their darling city, where so much is congenial to their habits. Here always resides some old hag who will get up a *funcion*, or gipsy dance (see 'Gatherings,' p. 327). Here will be seen the dark-eyed *callees*—*ojos con gran fuego y intencion*—and their lovers, armed with shears, *para monrabar*. Here lives the true blood, the *errate*, who abhor the rest of mankind, the *busné*. Borrow's accurate vocabulary is the key to the gitanesque heart, for according to him they have hearts and souls. As the existence of this work of the Gil Blas of gipsies is unknown to them, they will be disarmed when they find the stranger speaking their own tongue; thus those who have a wish to see the fancy and *majo* life at Seville, which is much the fashion among many of the young nobles, will possess *la clé du caveau*, and singular advantages. Our younger Britons must be cautious, for,

as Cervantes says, "These gipsies are but a good-for-nothing people, and only born to pick and steal;" they are "fish-hooks of purses," as Solorcano has it. The pretty gipsy lasses are popular; they traffic on sure wants; they prophesy money to Spanish men, and husbands to Spanish women; and in spite of their cheating words, a little will stick with listeners who readily believe what they vehemently wish.

Turning to the rt., between the river banks and the walls, is the *Patin de las Damas*, a raised rampart and planted walk, made in 1773. The city on this side is much exposed to inundations. Opposite in its orange-groves is Mr. Pickman's pottery—once the celebrated *Cartuja* convent; beyond rise the towers of Itálica and the purple hills of the *Sierra Morena*.

Passing the gate of San Juan is *La Barqueta*, or the ferry-boat. In the *Chozas*, opposite, true ichthyophiles go, like herons on the bank, to eat the shad, *Savalo*, the Moorish Shebbel. *Los Huevos* and *Savalo asado* are the correct thing, but this rich fish is unwholesome in summer. Here also *El Sollo*, the sturgeon, is caught, one of which the cathedral chapter used to send to the royal table, reserving the many others for their own. The walls now turn to the rt. Half a mile outside is the once noble convent of St. Jerome, called, from its pleasant views, *La Buena Vista*. The fine church was used for the furnaces of a bottle manufactory; that has burst since, and become bankrupt, but the smoke blackening the sacred pile has left the mark of the beast; it had previously been turned into a school, which also failed. The *Patio*, in Doric and Ionic worthy of Herrera, was designed by two monks, Bartolomé de Calzadilla and Felipe de Moron, in 1603. Observe the spacious red marble staircase, and the rich plaster pendentives to the ceilings in the first floor leading to the mirador. Here Axataf took his last farewell of Seville, when St. Ferdinand entered. Returning by gardens hedged with aloes and tall whispering canes, is San Lazaro, the *Leper Hospital* founded in

1284: the term *gafó*, leper, the Hebrew chaphaph, was one of the 5 actionable defamatory words of Spanish law. Observe the terra cotta ornaments on the Doric façade. The interior is miserable, as the funds of this true Lazar-house were either appropriated by the government or converted by the trustees chiefly to their own use. There are generally some twenty patients. Here will be seen cases of elephantiasis, the hideous swelled leg, a disease common in Barbary and not rare in Andalusia, and which is extended by the charity-imploing patient in the way of the passenger, whose eye is startled and pained by what at first seems a huge cankered boa-constrictor. These hospitals were always placed outside the cities: thus for this purpose our St. James's *Palace* was built; so, among the Jews, "lepers were put out of the camp" (Numb. v. 2). The plague-stricken were compelled to dwell alone (Lev. xiii. 46). The word *Lepero*, at Mexico, is equivalent to "beggar." He is the *Lazzarone* of Naples, that Paradise of idlers.

A Moorish causeway, raised in order to be a dam against inundations, leads to *La Macarena*, the huge *La Sangre* Hospital rising to the rt.; this is the suburb of the poor and agricultural labourers. The tattered and coloured denizens of all ages and sexes, the children often stark naked, *vétus du climat* as in Barbary, and like bronze Cupids, cluster outside their hovels in the sun. Their carts, implements, and animals are all pictures; observe the primitive carts, true *plaustra*, netted with *esparto*, and the patient resigned oxen with lustrous eye, so scriptural and sculptural, and mark the flower-adorned *frontales* between the horns; everything falls into a painter's group, a tableau vivant, and particularly as regards that Entomological Society which forms by far the most numerous and national of Spanish naturalists; they pursue certain "small deer," *caza menor*, for which a regular battue is always going on in the thick preserves of the women's hair. Here Murillo

came for subject and colour; here are the rich yellows and browns in which he revelled; here are beggars, imps, and urchins, squallid and squalling, who, with their parents, when simply transcribed by his faithful hand, seem to walk out of the frames, for their life and reality carries every spectator away.

Continuing the walk, turn l. to the enormous Hospital *de la Sangre*, or *de las cinco Llagas*, the 5 bleeding wounds of our Saviour, which are sculptured like bunches of grapes. Blood is an ominous name for this house of *Sangrado*, whose lancet, like the Spanish knife, gives little quarter; neither does this low quarter, exposed to inundations and consequent fevers, seem well chosen as a site for a hospital. This edifice was erected in 1546 by Martin de Gainza and Hernan Ruiz. The intention of the foundress, Catalina de Ribera, was more perfect than the performance of her successors; after her death the funds were misapplied, only a fourth part of the plan was finished, and the building remains, and *may* remain, unfinished, although a pious person, named *Andueza*, has left legacies for the purpose.

The S. and principal façade, 600 ft. long, presents a noble architectural appearance of the classical Ionic and Doric style. The portal is one of the good architectural bits in Seville. The interior *Patio* is striking; the handsome chapel occupies the centre; on the front are sculptured medallions of Faith, Hope, and Charity, by Pedro Machuca; the chapel is a Latin cross, with Ionic pillars; the *Retablo* of the high altar was designed by Maeda in 1600, and gilt by Alonso Vazquez, whose pictures in it have suffered from neglect and repainting. Observe the "Crucifixion," with the "Magdalen," and eight Virgins, by Zurbaran, of no great merit. Invalid pictures, at all events, were not *restored* in this hospital, as many were used as floor-cloths.

The interior management of this hospital, now the principal one of Seville, is hardly yet a thing of which Medical Spain can be proud, although

recently somewhat improved in that respect, and much boasted of here.

Returning to the city walls, observe *la Barbacana*, the Barbican, Arabicè *Bab-el-cana*, the gate of the moat, or enclosure. The circumvallation all the way to the gate of *Osario*—so called because leading to the Moorish burial-ground—and admirably preserved, is built of *tapia*, with square towers and battlements, or *almenas*, which girdle Seville with a lace-like fringe. Near the Cordova gate, and opposite the hermitage of *San Hermenegildo*, where Herrera el Viejo was imprisoned, is the Capuchin convent of *Santas Justina* and *Rufina*, built on the spot where the lions would not eat these ladies patronesses of Seville. The church was long adorned by the Murillos now in the *Museo*; and rich was the treat in our day to see them all hanging as placed by the painter himself, with the bearded *Capuchinos* for ciceronis, who might have sat for the original monks, and who looked as if they stepped from the frames, of pictures, which they thus realised. Near the *Puerta del Sol*, the most E. gate, are *Los Trinitarios Descalzos*, the site of the palace of Diogenianus, where the above-mentioned *Santas Justina* and *Rufina* were put to death. This fine convent was pillaged and desecrated by Soult's troops. Passing the long fantastic *salitres*, the salt-petre manufactory, now abandoned and going to ruin, the scene becomes more lively at the gate of Carmona. To the l. is *San Agustin*, once full of Murillos; M. Soult, having carried off the best, gutted the convent, and destroyed the magnificent sepulchres of the Ponce de Leon family, and rifled the graves: the tombs were restored in 1818 by the Countess-Duchess of Osuna, and an indignant record placed of these outrages against the dead. Next, this convent was made a den of thieves, a prison for galley-slaves, and is now become a matting manufactory, not worth inspecting. This side of Seville suffered somewhat from the bombardment in July, 1843.

The long lines of the aqueduct, *Los*

Caños de Carmona, now run picturesquely up to the *Humilladero* or *Cruz del Campo*. It was to this spot in April that all the world used to go, to behold the *Majos* return from the *Feria de Mairena*, before it was shorn of its glory. The next gate is *la Carne*, so called because leading to the shambles. To the l. is the suburb *San Bernardo*, which must be visited; the mounds of earth are composed of the collected heaps of Seville dust-holes; a planted walk leads to the *Fundicion*, the low, large artillery-foundry erected by Charles III., who employed one Maritz, a Swiss, to cast his cannon; once one of the finest in Europe, now it is one of the very worst: power of motion is obtained by mules or rude *maquinas de sangre*, engines of blood, not steam, and murderous is the waste of animal labour. Soult reorganised this establishment. Here were cast, by a Catalan, those mortars, á la Villantroy, with which Victor did not take Cadiz, while one of them was taken and now ornaments St. James's Park. Soult, before he fled, ordered as a parting legacy the foundry to be blown up, but the mine accidentally failed. The furnaces were then filled with iron, and with those cannon which he could not remove; but the amalgamated masses were subsequently got out by the Spaniards, and remain as evidence of his culinary talents. The relic is called *la torta Francesa*, or French omelette; a flint was also placed in the wheel of a powder-mill, which, when set in motion, struck against a steel; and by this cowardly contrivance, Colonel Duncan and other men were blown to atoms. (Conder's 'Spain,' ii. 14.) The splendid cinque-cento artillery, cast in Italy at a time when form and grace were breathed even over instruments of death, were "removed" by Angoulême in 1823. The Bourbon was the ally of Ferdinand VII.; Soult was, at least, his enemy.

In this suburb was the celebrated *Porta Celi* (Cœli), founded in 1450; here was printed the *Bula de Cruzada*, so called because granted by Innocent

III., to keep the Spanish crusaders in fighting condition, by letting them eat meat rations in Lent when they could get them. This, the bull, *la Bula*, is announced with grand ceremony every January, when a new one is taken out, like a game certificate, by all who wish to sport with flesh and fowl with a safe conscience; and by the paternal kindness of the Pope, instead of paying 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*, for the small sum of *dos reales*, 6*d.*, a man, woman, or child may obtain this benefit of clergy and cookery: but woe awaits the uncertificated poacher—treadmills for life are a farce—perdition catches his soul, the last sacraments are denied to him on his deathbed; the first question asked by the priest is not if he repents of his sins, but whether he has his *bula*; and in all notices of indulgences, &c., *Se ha de tener la bula* is appended. The bull acts on all fleshly, but sinful comforts, like soda on indigestion: it neutralizes everything except heresy. The contract in 1846 was for 10,000 reams of paper to print them on at Toledo, and the sale produced about 200,000*l.*; the breaking one fast during Lent used to inspire more horror than breaking any two commandments; it is said that Spaniards now fast less—but still the staunch and starving are disgusted at Protestant appetites in eating meat breakfasts during Lent. It sometimes disarms them by saying "Tengo mi *bula* para todo." M. Soult robbed the till, burnt the printing-presses, and converted everything into a ruin (see 'Gatherings,' p. 243, and 'Compendio de las tres Gracias de la Santa Cruzada,' Fr^o. Alonso Perez de Lara, Mad. 1610).

The *Parroquia de San Bernardo* contains a superb "Last Judgment," by the dashing Herrera el Viejo; a "Last Supper," in the Sacristia, by Varela, 1622; and a statue of the "Tutelar," by Montañes, and others by Roldan. Here also is the *matadero*, the slaughter-house, and close by Ferdinand VII. founded his taumachian university. These localities are frequented by the Seville fancy, whose favourite and classical dishes of a sort

of tripe, *callos y menudos*, are here eaten in perfection. See Pliny, 'N. H.,' viii. 51, as to the merits of the *Callum*. N.B. Drink manzanilla wine with these peppery condiments; they are highly provocative, and, like hunger, *la Salsa de San Bernardo*, are appropriately cooked in the parish of this tutelard of Spanish appetite. The sunny flats under the old Moorish walls, which extend between the gates of *Carmona* and *La Carne*, are the haunts of idlers, *Barateros*, and gamesters. The lower classes of Spaniards are constantly gambling at cards: groups are to be seen playing all day long for wine, love, or coppers, in the sun, or under their vine-trellises, capital groupings and studies for artists. There is generally some well-known cock of the walk, a bully, or *guapo*, who will come up and lay his hand on the cards, and say, "No one shall play here but with mine"—*aquí no se juega sino con mis barajas*. If the gamblers are cowed, they give him *dos cuartos*, a halfpenny each. If, however, one of the challenged be a spirited fellow, he defies him. *Aquí no se cobra el barato sino con un puñal de Albacete*—"You get no change here except out of an Albacete knife." If the defiance be accepted, *vamos alla* is the answer—"Let's go to it." There is an end then of the cards: all flock to the more interesting *écarté*. Instances have occurred, where Greek meets Greek, of their tying the two advanced feet together, and yet remaining fencing with knife and cloak for a quarter of an hour before the blow be dealt. The knife is held firmly, the thumb is pressed straight on the blade, and calculated either for the cut or thrust, to chip bread and kill men.

The term *Barato* strictly means the present which is given to waiters who bring a new pack of cards. The origin is Arabic, *Baara*, "a voluntary gift;" in the corruption of the *Baratero*, it has become an involuntary one; now the term resembles the Greek *βαρβαρος*, homo perditus, whence the Roman *Balatrones*, the ruiners of markets, *Barathrumque Macelli*; our legal term

Barratry is derived from the medieval *Barrateria*, which Ducange very properly interprets as "cheating, foul play." Sancho's sham government was of *Barateria*; *Baratar*, in old Spanish, meant to exchange unfairly, to thimble-rig, to sell anything under its real value, whence the epithet *barato*, cheap. The *Baratero* is quite a thing of Spain, where personal prowess is cherished. There is a *Baratero* in every regiment, ship, prison, and even among galley-slaves. For the Spanish knife, its use and abuse, see *Albacete*.

The open space beyond the *Carne*, and called el Rastro, presents a no less national scene on the *Sabado Santo*, which may be considered a holiday equivalent to our Easter Monday. There and then the Paschal lambs are sold, or *corderos de Pascua*, as Easter is termed in Spanish. The bleating animals are confined in pens of netted rope-work; on every side the work of slaughter is going on; gipsies erect temporary shambles on this occasion; groups of children are everywhere leading away pet lambs, which are decorated with ribbons and flowers. The amateur will see in them and in their attitudes the living originals from which Murillo faithfully copied his St. Johns and the infant Saviour, *el divino Pastor*. This buying and selling continues from the Saturday until the end of Monday.

The huge mounds of rubbish opposite are composed of the accumulated dungholes of Seville, and under them are buried those who have died of plagues, which these *Immondezzaios* are enough to render endemic; they were allowed to accumulate, while the clergy managed to suppress *theatres* to prevent recurrence of plague, a punishment from heaven.

Returning to the walls are the cavalry barracks, in which men, horses, and saddles are occasionally wanting. Now the Alcazar towers above the battlemented girdle of walls to the rt. The classical gate, *San Fernando*, was built in 1760; here it was that the Virgin miraculously introduced St. Ferdinand into Seville during the siege.

To the l. is the *Fabrica de Tabacos*, where tobacco is made into snuff and cigars. The edifice has 28 interior *patios*, and the enormous space covers a quadrangle of 662 feet by 524. It was finished in vile taste in 1757 after plans of one Vandembeer, a fantastic Dutchman. It is guarded by a moat, not destined to prevent men getting in, but cigars being smuggled out. This national manufactory may be said to be the only genuine and flourishing one in Spain: it was fortified in 1836 against the Carlists, but the *fighting* ended in smoke.

There are sometimes as many as 4000 persons employed in making cigars, and principally female: on an average 2 millions of pounds are made in a year. A good workwoman can do in a day from ten to twelve bundles, *atados*, each of which contains 50 cigars; but their tongues are busier than their fingers, and more mischief is made than cigars. Few of them are good-looking, yet these *cigarreras* are among the lions of Seville, and, like the grisettes of Paris, form a class of themselves. They are reputed to be more impertinent than chaste: they used to wear a particular *mantilla de tira*, which was always crossed over the face and bosom, allowing the upper part only of most roguish-looking features to peep out. In the under-floor a fine rappee snuff is made, called *tabaco de fraile*: it is coloured with red *almagra*, an earth brought from the neighbourhood of Cartagena. These "pungent grains of titillating dust" closely resemble the favourite mixture of the Moors, and one comes out powdered as with rhubarb, and sneezing lustily. The use of tobacco, now so universal among all classes in Spain, was formerly confined to this snuff, the sole solace of a celibate clergy. The Duc de St. Simon (xix. 125) mentions, in 1721, that the Conde de Lemos passed his time in *smoking* to dissipate his grief for having joined the party of the Archduke Charles—"chose fort extraordinaire en Espagne, où on ne prend du tabac que par le nez." This is at least a national *Fabrica*,

although a mania rages in Spain just now, of encouraging native talent, and Spaniards are striving to do badly and dearly what elsewhere can be done better and cheaper. Essentially agricultural, and makers of nothing well except paper cigars, with mistaken industry they neutralize the gifts of Providence, and neglect their soil, which produces easy and excellent raw produce, to force cotton-spinning, iron founderies, manufactories, &c. Thus the tall British chimney rises on the ruins of the Castilian convent belfry. The iron and engine works of Señor Bonaplata, in the suppressed San Antonio, beat Birmingham in the eyes of the Boetians; but when it is added that there is no bank at Seville, the Manchester school will understand the petty, paltry, passive retail commerce of this marvel city of Spain.

On the flat plain outside the walls, called *El Prado de San Sebastian*, was the *Quemadero*, or the burning-place of the Inquisition, where the last act of the religious tragedy of the *auto de fe* was left, with the odium, to be performed by the civil power. The spot of fire is marked by the foundations of a square platform on which the faggots were piled. Here, about 1781, a *beata*, or female saint, was burnt, for taking upon herself the hen and heretical office of hatching eggs. Townsend, however, (ii. 342), says that she was very bewitching, and had a successful monomania for seducing clergymen.

Elderly Spaniards are still very shy of talking about the *Quemadero*; sons of burnt fathers, they dread the fire. *Con el Rey y la Inquisición, chiton! chiton!* Hush! hush! say they, with finger on lip, like the image of Silence, with King and Inquisition. As the heavy swell of the Atlantic remains after the hurricane is past, so distrust and scared apprehension form part of the uncommunicative Spaniard in dealing with Spaniard. "How silent you are," said the Empress of Russia to Euler. "Madam," replied he, "I have lived in a country where men who speak are hanged." The burnings of

torrid Spain would have better suited the temperature of chilly Siberia.

The effects are, however, the same, and this engine of mystery hung over the nation like the sword of Damocles; invisible spies, more terrible than armed men, omnipresent, omniscient, omnipotent, aimed at every attribute of the Almighty, save his justice and mercy. It arrested the circulation of life, and man's heart trembled to hear the sounds of his own beating. It brooded like a nightmare on the body and breath of the nation; hence their dwarfed literature, and unsocial isolation. The dread of the Inquisition, from whence no secrets were hid, locked up the Spanish heart, soured the sweet charities of life, prevented frank and social communication, which relieves and improves. Hospitality became dangerous, when confidence might open the mind, and wine give utterance to long-hidden thought. Such was the fear-engendered silence under Roman tyranny, as described by Tacitus (*Agr. ii.*): “*Adempto per inquisitiones et loquendi et audiendi commercio, memoriam quoque ipsam cum voce perdidissemus, si tam in nostrâ potestate esset oblivisci quam tacere.*”

It is as well, therefore, here as elsewhere, to avoid jesting or criticism on this matter; *Con el ojo y la fe, nunca me burlaré.* Spaniards, who, like Moslems, allow themselves a wide latitude in laughing at their priests, are very touchy on every subject connected with their creed; however *enlightened* now-a-days, it is a remnant of the loathing of heresy and their dread of a tribunal which they think sleepeth, but is not dead, scotched rather than killed. In the changes and chances of Spain it may be re-established, and, as it never forgets or forgives, it will surely revenge, and the spirit of the Inquisition is still alive, for no king, cortes, or constitution ever permits in Spain any approach to any religious toleration.

The Inquisition, a tribunal of bad faith, bigotry, confiscation, blood, and fire, was initiated by St. Dominick, who learnt his trade under Simon de

Montfort, the exterminator of the Protestant Albigenes. It was remodeled on Moorish principles, the *garrote* and furnace being borrowed from the bowstring and fire of the Moslem, who burnt the bodies of the infidels to prevent the ashes from becoming relics (*Reinaud, 'Inv. des Sarasins,' 145*).

Spanish cities have contended for the honour of which was the first seat of this *holy* tribunal, once the great glory and boast of Spain, and elsewhere her foul disgrace. This, says Mariana (*xxv. 1*), was the secret of her invincible greatness, since “the instant the holy office acquired its due power and authority, a *new light* shone over the land, and, by divine favour, the forces of Spain became sufficient to eradicate and beat down the Moor.”

Seville was the first and the headquarters of these bright fires. The great claim put forth in 1627 for the beatification of St. Ferdinand was, that he had carried faggots himself to burn heretics. But the spirit of the age was then fanatically ferocious. Thus Philip le Bel, his cousin, and son of St. Louis, tortured and burnt the Templars by a slow fire near his royal garden; and our Henry's writ de heretico comburendo, and approved of by Coke (*iii. Inst. 5*) pro salute animæ—out of regard for the soul of the burnt man—was only abolished by Charles II. The *holy* tribunal was first fixedly established at Seville in 1481, by Sixtus IV., at the petition of Ferdinand, who used it as an engine of finance, police, and revenge. He assigned to it the Dominican convent of St. Paul, and when that was found too small for the number of its inmates, gave it the citadel of Triana. This tribunal, judge, jury, and executioner of its victim, was too truly a thing of Spain not to root and flourish in a congenial soil. Lay pride allied itself to *such* a religion, the grandes held office both from bigotry, love of new titles, and self security, by becoming members of the dreaded system. Tomas de Torquemada was the first high-priest who carried out, to use Bossuet's mild phrase, “the holy se-

verity of the church of Rome which will not tolerate error." According to the best authorities, from 1481 to 1808, the Holy Tribunal of Spain burnt 34,612 persons alive, 18,048 in effigy, and imprisoned 288,109—but these vast numbers are questionable—the goods and chattels of every one of them being first duly confiscated. In addition to these victims it entailed to poor, uncommercial, indolent Spain, the expulsion of her wealthy Jews, and her most industrious agriculturists, the Moors. The dangerous engine, when the supply of victims was exhausted, recoiled on the nation, and fitted it for that yoke, heavy and grievous, under which for three centuries it has done penance; the works of Llorente have fully revealed the secrets of priestcraft in power. The best account of an *Auto de Fe* is the official report of José del Olmo, 4to., published at Madrid in 1680.

Near the *Quemadero* is San Diego, a suppressed Jesuit convent, and given in 1784 to Mr. Wetherell, who was tempted by Spanish promises to exchange the climate of Snow Hill, Holborn, for torrid Andalucía. Townshend (ii. 325) gives the details. This intelligent gentleman, having been the first to establish a tannery with steam-machinery in Spain, was ruined by the bad faith of the government, which failed in both payments and promises. The property has now passed by a Spanish trick into other hands, the court of appeal having been *induced* to allow a false deed, or *Escritura*. Mr. Wetherell lies buried in his garden, surrounded by those of his countrymen who have died in Seville: *requiescant in pace!* The scene of a countryman's grave cut off in a foreign land is affecting, and doubly so to those who have left here a branch of themselves; pull out, therefore, the nettle which has no business to grow here.—R. F.

On the other side of the plain was the great city cemetery of *San Sebastian*, now moved N. not to offend the Infanta who lived near it. Into this Romanist Necropolis no heretic, if dead,

is allowed to enter; nay, the orthodox canons of the cathedral have a separate quarter from the laity. Burial out of towns—a hygienic necessity—was vehemently opposed by the Spanish clergy, who lost their fees, and assured their flocks that those interred out of their parish churchyard, would risk the neither resting in their graves, nor rising at the resurrection. The catacomb system is here adopted: a niche is granted for 80 reals for 6 or 7 years, and the term can be renewed (*prorogado*) by a new payment. A large grave or ditch is opened every day, into which the bodies of the poor are cast like dogs, after being often first stripped by the sextons even of their rags.

This cemetery should be visited on the last night of October, or All Hallowe'en, and the vigil of All Saints' day; and again on Nov. 2, the day of All Souls, when all the town repairs there. It is rather a fashionable promenade than a religious performance. The spot is crowded with beggars, who appeal to the tender recollections of one's deceased relations and friends. Outside, a busy sale of nuts, sweetmeats, and cakes takes place, and a crowd of horses, carriages, and noisy children, all vitality and mirth, which must vex the repose of the blessed souls even in purgatory (see 'Gatherings,' p. 250).

Returning from *San Sebastian* to Seville, the change from death at the *Puerta de Xerez* is striking: here all is life and flower. This quarter, once the dunghill of the city, was converted into a Paradise by Jose Manuel Arjona, in 1830. This, the last *Asistente* of Seville—*ultimus Romanorum*—was its Augustus: to him are owing almost all of the many modern improvements, paving, lighting, cleansing, &c. The principal walk was laid out by him in honour of Christina, then the young bride of Ferdinand VII. *El Salon* is a raised central saloon, with stone seats around. In the afternoon and evening all the "rank and fashion" assemble to promenade here. Beyond, along the bank of the river, are *Las Delicias*, a charming ride and walk.

Here is the botanical garden, and truly delicious are these nocturnal strolls. Night in the south is beautiful of itself. The sun of fire is set, and a balmy breeze fans the scorched cheek: now the city which sleeps by day awakes to life and love, and bright eyes sparkle brighter than the stars. The semi-obscure, not too dark for them, hides poverty and decay, and pleasant it is to listen to the distant hum of the guitar, and think that a whole town is happy.

At the land side of the walk is a huge pile of churrigueresque, long the nautical college of San Telmo, the patron of Spanish sailors, who, when the storm is going to be over, appears at the mast-head with a lambent flame. It was founded by Fernando, son of Columbus, and built in 1682, by Antonio Rodriguez. Here the middies were taught navigation in a room, from a small model of a three-decker. When the nautical college was removed to Cadiz, as somewhat a sinecure, the Spanish fleet being a myth, the Duke of Montpensier and the Infanta bought the building, and have very much improved it, inside and outside.

The *Puerta de Xerez*, said to be built by Hercules (*Hercules me edificó*, p. 169), was at all events rebuilt by the infidel. Now the *arroyo Tagarete* reappears. This rivulet, or rather Fleet-ditch, winds round the E. and W. sides of Seville, and here empties itself and its impurities into the *Guadalquivir*. The filthy contents of this open sewer decomposing under the sun breed fever and unhealthiness. Any real board of health would order it instantly to be covered over. The Moorish walls which hang over this stinking Styx once were painted in fresco. Up to 1821 they connected the Alcazar with the outpost river-guarding tower, called *La torre del Oro*, "of gold," to distinguish it from *La Torre de Plata*, that "of silver," which lies nearer the mint. These fine names are scarcely sterling, both being built of Moorish *tapia*. The former one, most absurdly ascribed to Julius Cæsar, was raised

by the Almohades, who called it *Borju d-dahab*, "the tower of gold," because their treasure was kept in it; now it is only gilded by sunsets. It was used by Don Pedro *el Cruel*, as a prison for his enemies and his mistresses. The Spaniards have built a sentry-box on the top of this Moorish tower, where their red and yellow flag occasionally is hoisted.

Passing on is the *Aduana* or Custom-house, a hotbed of queer dealings, which lies between the *Postigos de Carbon* and *del Aceite*: inside are some pretty Prout-like old houses for the artist.

Close by are "the *Atarazanas*," the Dar-san'-ah, or house of construction of the Moors, whence the Genoa term *darsena*, and our word arsenal. The present establishment was founded by Alonso el Sabio, and his Gotho-Latin inscription still remains imbedded in the wall near the *Caridad* hospital. Observe the blue *azulejos*, said to be from designs by Murillo, who painted the glorious pictures for the interior (see p. 190). This modern arsenal, which generally is miserably provided, is never worth inspection: it is not better provided with instruments for inflicting death than the wards of La Sangre are with those for preserving life. Misgoverned, ill-fated Spain, which, in her salitrose table-lands, has "villainous saltpetre" enough to blow up the world, and copper enough at Rio Tinto and at Berja to sheathe the Pyrenees, is of all countries the worst provided in ammunition and artillery, whether it be a batterie de cuisine or de citadel.

Adjoining the arsenal is the quarter of the dealers of *bacalao* or salted cod-fish. "You may nose them in the lobby." This article long formed a most important item in national food. The numerous religious corporations, and fast-days, necessarily required this, for fresh-water fish is rare, and sea-fish almost unknown, in the great central *parameras* of the Peninsula. The shrivelled dried-up cod-fish is easily conveyed on muleback into uncarriageable recesses. It is much consumed,

mixed with rice, still all along the *tierra caliente*, or warm zone of Spain, Alicante being the port for the S. E., as Seville is for the S. portions: exposed to the scorching sun, this salt-fish is anything but sweet, and our readers when on a journey are cautioned not to eat it, as it only creates an insatiable thirst, to say nothing of the unavailing remorse of a non-digesting stomach. Leave it therefore to the dura ilia and potent solvents of muleteer gastric juices. At all events it ought to be put many hours *al remojo*, to soak in water, which takes out the salt and softens it. The Carthaginians and ancients knew this so well that the first praise of a good cook was *Scit muriatica ut maceret* (Plaut. 'Pœn.' i. 2, 39).

In this piscatose corner of Seville, poverty delights to feed on the Oriental cold fried fish, and especially slices of large flounders, whiting, and small bits of *bacalao* fried in yolk of eggs, called familiarly *Soldaões de Pavia*, because yellow was the uniform of that regiment, and possibly in remembrance of the deficient commissariat of the victors of that day. The lower classes are great fish-eaters: to this the fasts of their church and their poverty conduce. They seldom boil it, except in oil. Their principle is, when the fish has once left its native element, it ought never to touch it again. Here, as in the East, cold *broiled fish* is almost equivalent to *meat* (St. Luke, xxiv. 42).

Next observe the heraldic gate, *del Arenal*, of the Strand, and a sort of Temple Bar; the contiguous streets have long been inhabited by denizens of indifferent reputation; here the rogue of a *Ventero* in Don Quixote was educated; here Cervantes placed the school of *Monopodio*, who in his *Rinconete y Cortadillo*, "Hole-and-corner man and cut-purse," gave the idea of Fagin and "artful dodger" to Dickens; but nothing is new under the sun, not even thimble-rigging, *ψήφοπαίξις*. The open space in front is called *la Carretería*, because here

carts and carters resort; and also *el Baratillo*, the "little chepe," from being a rag-fair, and place for the sale of marine stores or stolen goods. Accordingly, the new public prison is not ill placed here, on the site of the old convent, *del Populo*. Near this is the *Plaza de Toros*, which is a fine amphitheatre, and will hold more than 12,000 spectators, although injured by a hurricane in 1805 and unrepaired, especially on the cathedral side, which at least lets in the Giralda and completes the picture, when the setting sunrays gild the Moorish tower as the last bull dies, and the populace—*fex nondum lassata*—unwillingly retire. This Plaza is under the superintendence of the *Maestranza* of Seville. This equestrian society of the highest rank was formed in 1526, to encourage tournaments and the spirit of chivalry then wearing out; now the chief end is the wearing a scarlet uniform.

Tauromachian travellers will remember the day before the fight to ride out to *Tablada* to see the *ganado*, or what cattle the bulls are, and go early the next day to witness the *encierro*; be sure also at the show to secure a *boletín de sombra* in a *balcon de piedra*, i. e. a good seat in the *shade*.

Leaving the *Plaza*, we now approach *el Rio*, the River Strand, where a petty traffic is carried on of fruit, mattings, and goods brought up in barges; so much for the scanty commerce of a city thus described four centuries ago by our pilgrim (Purchas, ii. 1232):—

———"Civyle! ground! that is so fre,
A paradise it is to behold,
The frutez vines and spicery thee I have told
Upon the haven all manner of merchandise,
And karekes and schippes of all device."

Here the hungry tide-waiters look out for bribes, and an official post-captain pompously announces the arrival of a stray smack. A rude boat-bridge here for ages stemmed the Guadalquivir, and was at once inconvenient in passage and expensive in repair: formerly it was a ferry, until Yusuf abu Yacub first threw across some barges Oct. 11, 1171, by which the city was provi-

sioned from the fertile *Ajarafe*; the destruction of this communication by St. Ferdinand led to the surrender of Seville. This bridge of boats has been for ages a source of profit to the commissioners, who have received funds sufficient to have built one of marble: a suspension bridge has since been erected, and was inaugurated in June, 1852, and blessed by the priests. The people at first were afraid to cross the heretical bridge—a *punte del Diablo*, or *del Ingles*, although the first stone was sanctified by the Dean.

Next observe *el Triunfo*, a monument common in Spanish towns, and raised in honour of the triumph obtained by the advocates of the Immaculate Conception; a statue of the Virgin and local tutelars are usually placed on the erection; the Doric gate which here leads into the town is called *la Puerta de Triana*, because facing that suburb: it was erected in 1588, and is attributed to Herrera. The upper story was used as a state prison—a Newgate: here the Conde del Aguila, the Mæcenas of Seville, was murdered by the patriots, urged on by the Catiline Tilli (see Schep. i. 269, and Doblado's Letters. p. 439). The plain beyond was formerly *el Perneo*, or the pig-market; during the cholera, in 1833, the unclean animals were removed to the meadows of the virgin patronesses Justa and Rufina, behind *San Agustin*, and the space made into an esplanade: now re-entering by the *Puerta Real*, the circuit is concluded.

Of course the traveller will ride out some day to *Alcalá de Guadaira* (see p. 159).

A smaller and home circuit should also be made on the rt. bank of the Guadalquivir, crossing over to the suburb *Triana*, the Moorish *Taray-anah*, a name supposed to be a corruption from *Trajana*, Trajan having been born near it, at Italica. It is the *Transtevere* of Seville, and the favourite residence of gipsies, bull-fighters, smugglers, robbers, and other picturesque rascals; hence it is much frequented

by the *áficion*, by fancy men and *Majos*, who love low company: this is the place to behold a *funcion de gitanos*, got up in all the glory of Gaditanian dancing, *jaleos y arañas, un festejo de gente buena con muchissimo mostagan*. To the rt., on crossing the bridge, are some remains of the once formidable Moorish castle, which was made the first residence of the Inquisition, the cradle of that fourth Fury. The Guadalquivir, which blushed at the fires and curdled with the bloodshed, almost swept away this edifice in 1626, as if indignant at the crimes committed on its bank. The tribunal was then moved to the *Calle San Marcos*, and afterwards to the *Alameda Vieja*. The ruined castle was afterwards taken down, and the site converted into the present market.

The parish church, *Santa Anna*, was built by Alonso el Sabio, in 1276: the image of the "Mother of the Virgin," in the high altar, is a *Virgen aparecida*, or a divinely revealed palladium, and is brought out in public calamities, but as a matter of etiquette it never crosses the bridge, which would be going out of its parochial jurisdiction: in the *Trascoro* is a curious Virgin, painted and signed by Alejo Fernandez; in the plateresque *Retablo* are many fine Campanas, especially a "St. George," which has much of a Giorgione. The statues and bas-reliefs are by Pedro Delgado. Visit the church *Nuestra Señora del O*; many females are here christened with this vowel. Great quantities of coarse *azulejo* and *loza*, earthenware, are still made here as in the days of Santas Justa and Rufina. The *naranjales*, or orange-gardens, are worth notice. The principal street is called *de Castilla*: here the soap-makers lived, whence our term Castile soap. (?) There is a local history, "*Aparato de Triana*," Justino Matute, Sevilla, 1818.

To the rt., a short walk outside Triana, and on the bank of the river, is the *Cartuja* Convent, dedicated to *Nuestra Señora de las Cuevas*, and begun in 1400 by Arch. B. Mena: the funds left

by him were seized by the Government, always needy and always unprincipled. Finished by Pier Afan de Ribera, it became a museum of piety, painting, sculpture, and architecture, until *el tiempo de los Franceses*, when, according to Laborde, iii. 263, "Le Ml. Soult en fit une *excellente* citadelle, dont l'Eglise devint le magasin; la Bibliothèque ne valoit rien; elle a servi pour faire des gargousses" (cartridges); unlike our Essex at Cadiz in 1596, who ordered the fine *Osario* library to be preserved, and gave it to Bodley, and many of the books are still preserved at Oxford; the silver full-length saints, San Bruno, &c., were melted by Soult into francs. Sequestered latterly, and sold, the convent has been turned into a pottery by Mr. Pickman, a worthy Englishman, who, not making the chapel his magazine, has preserved it for holy purposes. Now the drones are expelled, the block of the convent is the hive of busy ceramic bees, originally *swarmed* in England. Mr. Pickman, a foreigner, warned by Mr. Wetherall's fate, took into partnership certain natives. Observe the fine rose window in the façade, and the stones recording the heights of frequent inundations; inquire in the garden for the old burial-ground, where foreigners now rest, and the Gothic inscription of the age of Hermenegildo. N.B. Its oranges are delicious.

Following the banks of a stream we reach the miserable village of *Santi Ponce*, a corruption from the name of San Geroneio, its Gothic bishop, or, according to others, of *Santo Pozo*, the "holy well:" it was the once ancient Italica, the birthplace of the Emperors Trajan, Adrian, and Theodosius; it was founded U.C. 547, on the site of the Iberian town Sancios, by Scipio Africanus, and destined as a home for his veterans (App. "B. H." 463). It was adorned by Adrian with sumptuous edifices. The citizens petitioned to become a *Colonia*, that is, subject to Rome, instead of remaining a free *Municipium*: even Adrian was surprised at this Andalusian servility (Aul. Gell. xvi. 13). Many Spaniards

assert that the poet Silius *Italicus* was born here; but then the epithet would have been *Italicensis*: his birth-place is unknown; probably he was an Italian, for Martial, his friend, never alludes to his being a *paisano*, or fellow-countryman. From his admiration and imitation of Virgil he was called his ape. To the Spanish antiquarian he is valuable from having introduced so many curious notices in his *Punica*. Pliny Jr. (Ep. iii. 7) thus justly describes his style: Silius scribebat carmina majore curâ quam ingenio.

Italica was preserved by the Goths, and made the see of a bishop: Leovigild, in 584, repaired the walls when he was besieging Seville, then the stronghold of his rebel son Hermenegildo. The name Italica was corrupted by the Moors into Talikah, Talca; and in old deeds the fields are termed *los campos de Talca*, and the town *Sevilla la vieja*. The ruin of Italica dates from the river having changed its bed, a common trick in wayward Spanish and Oriental streams. Thus Gour, once on the Ganges, is now deserted. The Moors soon abandoned a town and "a land which the rivers had spoiled," and selected Seville as a better site; and ever since the remains have been used as a quarry. Consult "*Bosquejo de Italica*," Justino Matute, Sevilla, 1827; and for the medals, Florez, "Med.," ii. 477. Of these many, chiefly copper or small silver coins, are found and offered for sale to foreigners by the peasants, who, with a view of recommending their wares, polish them bright, and rub off the precious bloom, the patina and ærugo, the sacred rust of twice ten hundred years.

On Dec. 12, 1799, a fine mosaic pavement was discovered, which a poor monk, named Jose Moscoso, to his honour, enclosed with a wall, in order to save it from the usual fate in Spain. Didot, in 1802, published for Laborde a splendid folio, with engravings and description. The traveller will find a copy in the cathedral library in the *Patio de los Naranjos*, at Seville. Now this work is all that remains, for the

soldiers of M. Soult converted the enclosure into a goat-pen.

The amphitheatre lies outside the old town. On the way ruins peep out amid the weeds and olive-groves, like the grey bones of dead giants. The amphitheatre, in 1774, was used by the corporation of Seville for river dikes, and for making the road to Badajoz. See the details, by an eye-witness, "*Viaje Topografico desde Granada á Lisboa*," duo. 1774, p. 70. The form is, however, yet to be traced, and the broken tiers of seats. The scene is sad and lonely; read in it by all means the sweet ode by Rioja. A few gipsies usually lurk among the vaults. The visitors scramble over the broken seats of once easy access, frightening the large and glittering lizards or *Lagartos*, which hurry into the rustling brambles. Behind, in a small valley, a limpid stream still trickles from a font and still tempts the thirsty traveller, as it once did the mob of Itatica when heated with games of blood.

The rest of Itatica either sleeps buried under the earth, or has been carried away by builders. To the west are some vaulted brick tanks, called *La Casa de los Baños*. They were the reservoirs of the aqueduct brought by Adrian from *Tejada*, 7 L. distant. Occasionally partial excavations are made, but all is done by fits and starts, and on no regular plan: the thing is taken up and put down by accident and caprice, and the antiques found are usually of a low art. The site was purchased, in 1301, by Guzman *el Bueno*, (see p. 149,) who founded the castellated convent *San Isidoro* as the burial-place of his family. The sacred pile, built like those in Syria, and near the infidel, half fortress and half convent, was gutted and ruined by Soult on his final evacuation of Andalucia, and next was made a prison for galley slaves. The chapel is, however, preserved for the village church. Observe the statues of San Isidoro and San Jeronimo by Montañes, and the effigies of Guzman and his wife, who lie buried beneath, date from 1609. The tomb was opened

in 1570, and the body of the good man, according to Matute (p. 156), "found almost entire, and nine feet high;" here *lies* also Doña Uraca Osorio, with her maid Leonora Davalos at her feet. She was burnt alive by Pedro the Cruel for rejecting his addresses. A portion of her chaste body was exposed by the flames which consumed her dress, whereupon her attendant, faithful in death, rushed into the fire, and died in concealing her mistress.

The *Feria de Santi Ponce*, in the beginning of October, is the Greenwich fair of Seville, and all the rage just now: then booths are erected in the ancient bed of the river, which becomes a scene of *Majeza* and their *Jaleos*. The holiday folk, in all their Andalucian finery, return at nightfall in *Carretas* filled with *Gitanas y Corraleras*, while *los majos y los de la aficion* (fancy) *vuelven á caballo, con sus queriditas en ancas*. Crowds of the better classes come or used to come out to see this procession, and sit on chairs in the *Calle de Castilla*, which resounds with *requiebros*, and is enlivened with exhibitions of small horns made of *barro*, the type of the *Cornudo paciente* of Seville; the civilization of the coat, alas! is effacing these nationalities; already the females are quitting their charming costume for bonnets à *la Française* and Manchester cottons; then with their dark faces, white gowns, and gaudy ribbons, they put one in mind of May-day chimney-sweepers.

The traveller may return from Itatica to Seville by a different route, keeping under the slopes of the hills: opposite Seville, on the *summit* to the rt., is Castileja de la *Cuesta*, from whence the view is fine and extensive. Here, at No. 66, Calle Real, lived Fernan Cortes, and died Dec. 2, 1547, aged 63, a broken-hearted victim, like Ximenez, Columbus, Gonzalo de Cordova, and others, of his king's and country's ingratitude. He was first buried in San Isidoro at Itatica, until his bones, like those of Columbus, after infinite movings and changings of sepulture, at last reached Mexico,