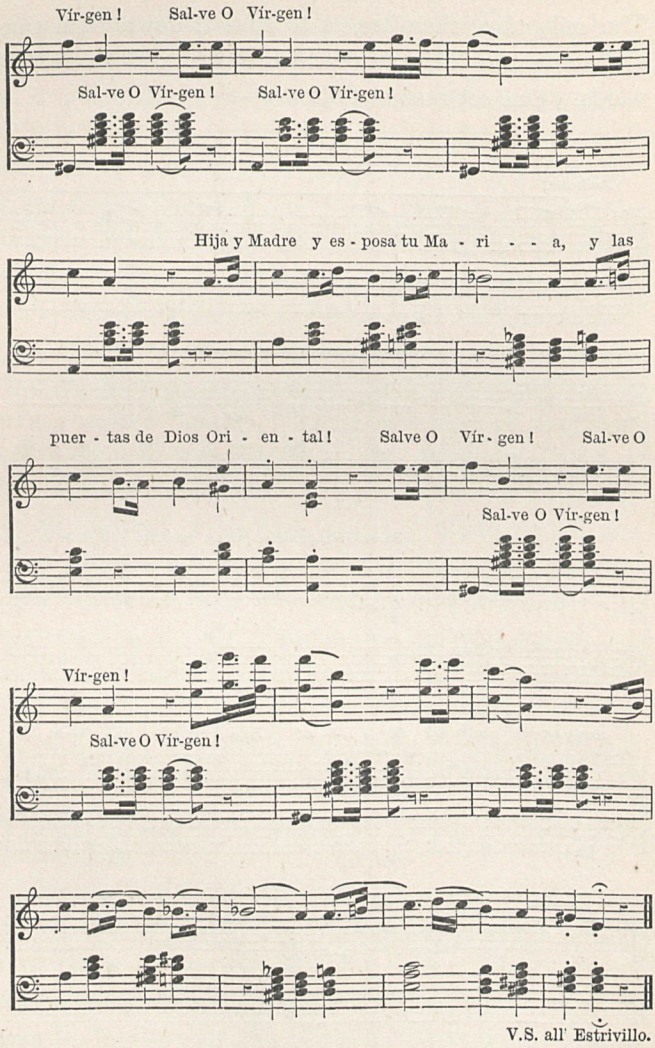
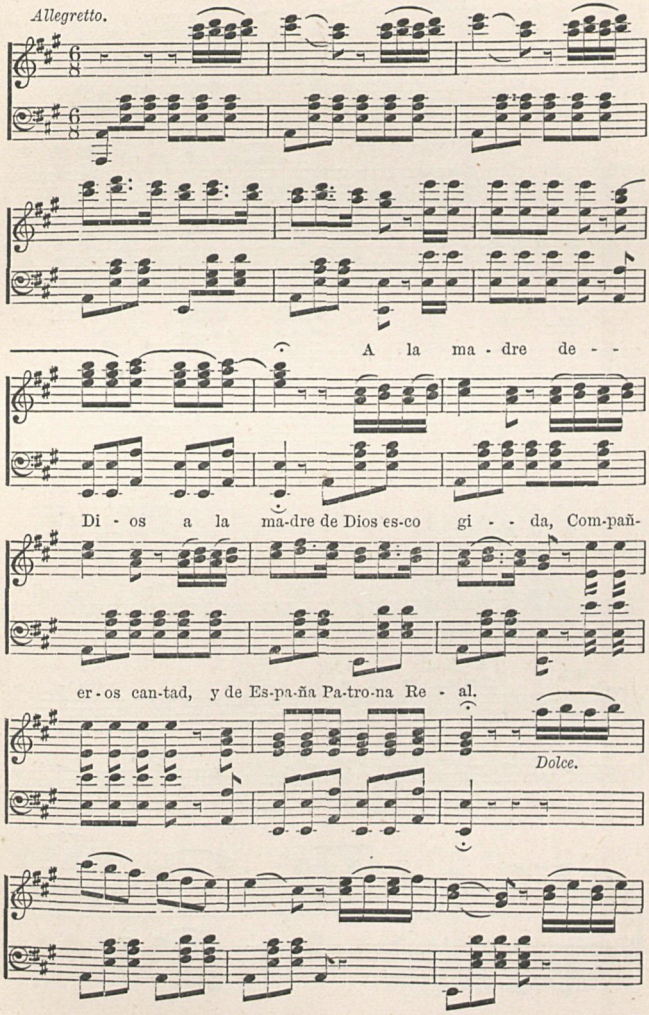
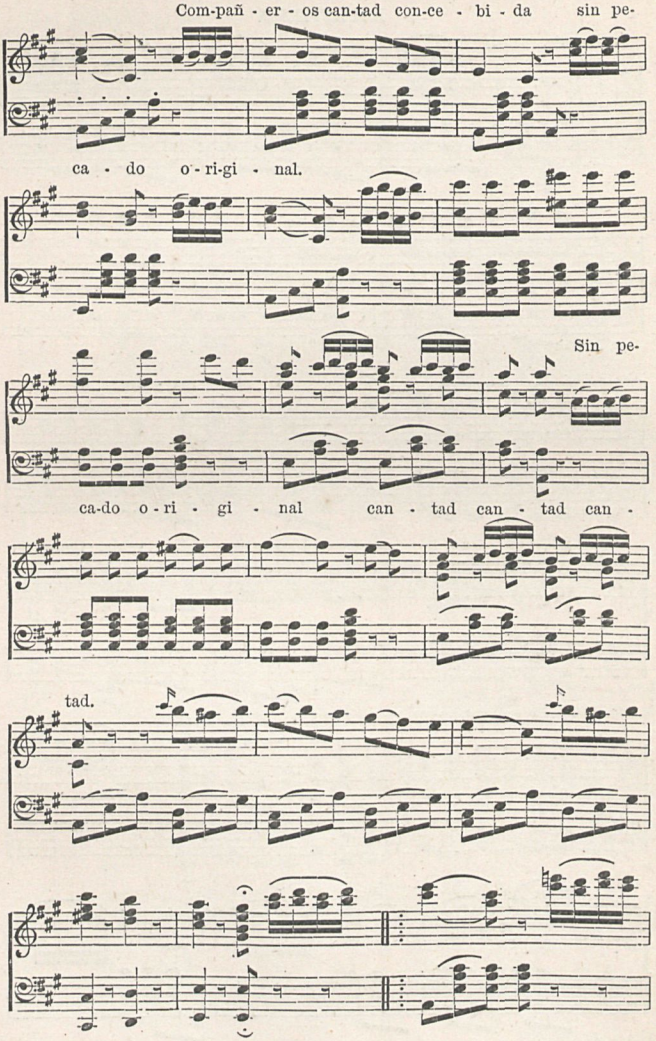
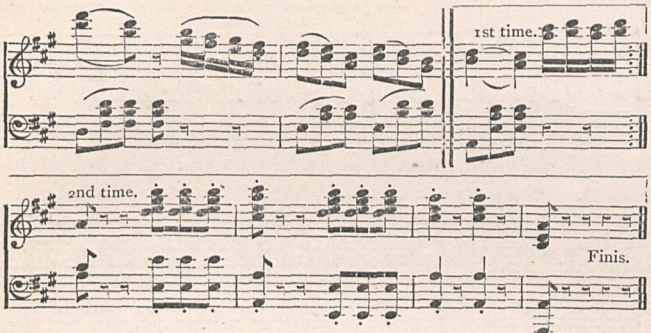


V.S. all' Estrivillo.

ESTRIVILLO.



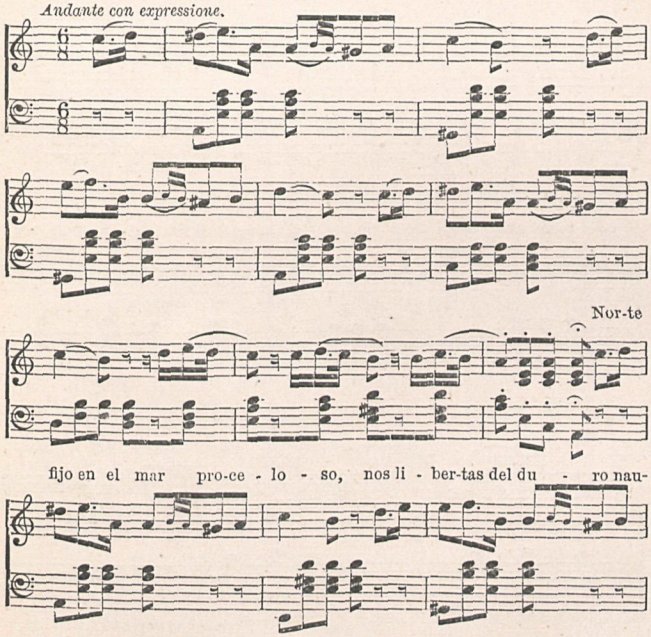

Com-pañ - er - os can-tad con-ce - bi - da sin pe-
ca - do o - ri-gi - nal.
Sin pe-
ca-do o - ri - gi - nal can - tad can - tad can -
tad.

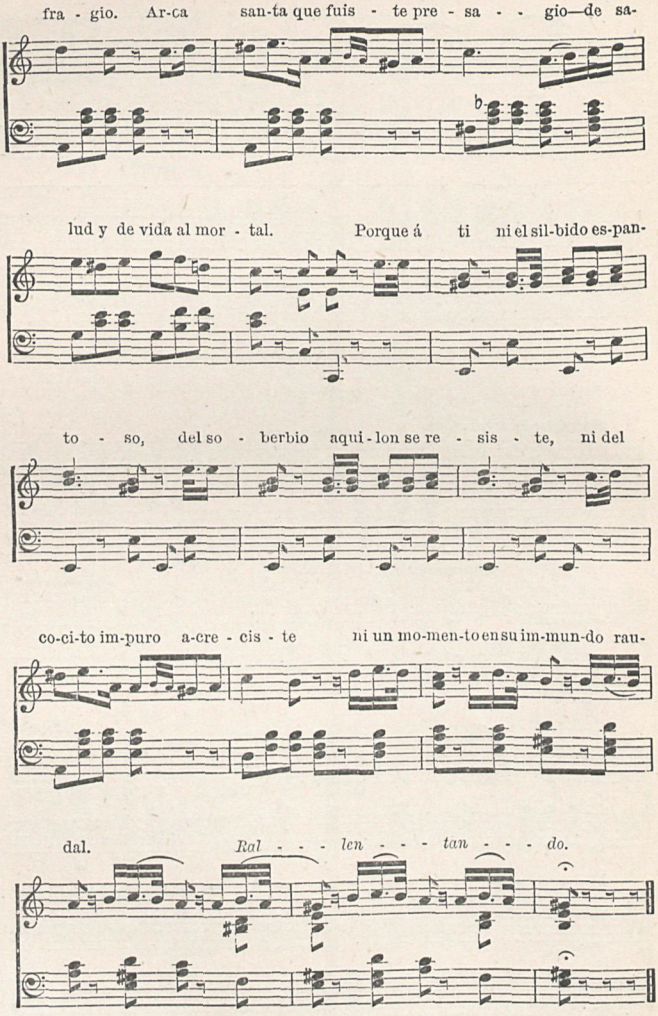


Repeat the Estrivillo for another verse, and then V.S. to Coplas.

COPLAS.

Andante con expressione.





Repeat one verse of Estrivillo.

It is tempting to linger over the services in this cathedral, for they are exceptionally good—good even down to the daily matins and vespers. The best *funcion* of the year, perhaps, is the midnight Misa del Gallo (Mass of the Cockcrow) on Christmas Eve. The huge building is thronged then with the devoutest of congregations, and the flood of light from the giant silver candelabra before the high altar brings into dazzling relief the gorgeousness of the ritual, with the glory of its furnishing, and throws all the rest into a most impressive gloom and blackness. And the effect produced is in all ways legitimate. The carol-singing away in the semi-obscurity of the organ-gallery—with its quaint background of drum, castanet, triangle and subdued organ accompaniment—the jubilant outburst of the *Gloria in Excelsis*, the prostration before the altar in the *Credo*, with all the other solemnising adjuncts of the scene and service, leave behind them impressions which must linger long in the memory.

At the extreme north-west of the church, in the dark passage called 'El Lagarto,'* are some curious remains of the old mosque of Yacub Yusuf, which stood here at the time of the re-conquest, and was the Christian cathedral until the fifteenth century, when it was pulled down to make room for its great successor. Without lies the Moorish Patio de los Naranjos—not so fine as that at Córdoba—with its ancient fountains

* From the crocodile which hangs in it, a present from the Sultan of Egypt to Alonso El Sabio.

where the faithful performed their ablutions, the unused and somewhat uninteresting Columbina library, and the rich, *mudejar* Puerta del Perdon. It is a shame—yet a natural result of the tone of Sevilla's life and conversation—that the library should thus fail to fulfil its mission, for it has had great advantages, and still possesses valuable works. Among the MSS. here may be seen some authentic notes of Christopher Columbus upon his voyages, and other interesting pieces of his handwriting; also the large collection of books belonging to his son Fernando, and bequeathed to the canons as the nucleus of the library. Perhaps the most interesting feature of the patio is a relic of mediæval days, in the shape of a rough stone pulpit placed against the eastern wall, from which some of Spain's finest preachers—San Vicente Ferrer, San Francisco de Borja, Fernando de Contréras, Juan de Avila, and others—have declaimed to the great congregations which we can easily picture grouped around the old fountain, and under the orange trees.

Passing out of the Patio de los Naranjos upon the north side, and turning to the right, we may begin the round of a most notable series of buildings—a series which makes this corner of Sevilla, in spite of its ugliness, valuable beyond all other spots in the city. The road should first be crossed in order to get a good near view of the massive and yet delicate Giralda tower, which is even more to Sevilla than Giotto's

Campanile is to Florence, or that of St. Mark's to Venice. Long before the traveller reaches the city the Giralda seems to beckon him onwards to his promised land; during all his peregrinations through the intricate streets and lanes it is his trusted guide, always ready to serve him, soaring as it does far above all surroundings; it is a thing of unfailing beauty and interest as day by day he passes and repasses it, or wanders about its precincts; it tells him, even afar off, how the day moves on, and how the night; and it dwells in his thoughts the fairest memory of his sojournings in the queen of the Southern cities.

Nor does its value lie merely in any region of sentiment. At the lower portion, at least, one cannot look too carefully. It is the purest piece of Moorish work in the province, and one of the purest pieces in the country. Preceding the great Granada examples by some four centuries, it shows both in construction and decoration, though it belongs strictly to what we have called the second period of Moorish art, the worthiest possible infancy of nearly all the forms which were, later on, to be carried to such an inconceivable height of luxury and phantasy. Here is the cusped and pointed arch, the brickwork diapering and ornamentation, the *ajimez* window, the foreshadowing of the arabesque, and even a notion of the stalactite roof. There is really everything except the scroll-work; for here, too, might have been seen the azulejo decoration, and the burnished cupola, before Fernando Ruiz—

nearly four hundred years after the tower was finished —set up his inadequate, and withal vainglorious, belfry.

Twice, at least, must the ascent of the Giralda be made. By moonlight, in order to look out upon the panorama of gleaming white houses and silvered groves, threaded in all directions by lines of twinkling lights, upon the broad Guadalquivir too, and the solemnly dark plain beyond; and again about three o'clock in the afternoon, when the *repiqué* is rung, at the conclusion of vespers. An easier method of ascent than the broad, gently-inclined, well-lit ramps which lead up to the belfry-stage, cannot be desired; and at each turn one gets the most charming vistas through the cleverly-designed double windows, which formed a favourite and altogether praiseworthy device of Moorish architects. The centre of the tower is divided into sleeping-rooms for the ringers, of whom there is quite a goodly array. There is a well-known society of guitarrists—the only good one in Sevilla—of which these ringers form the main body, and which meets for practice in one of the lower apartments of the tower. Here, by dint of a little politeness and good fellowship, the peculiar guitar-playing of the South may be heard to perfection. It is very quaint—evidently very Eastern—in its wild rhythm, cadence, and echoes, at first a little harsh and repelling to ears trained to sweeter and more elaborate music, but presently, if correct in pitch, and properly instinct with fire and energy, strangely fascinating.

The archbishop's palace, which stands over against the Giralda, is in no way remarkable; but at the opposite corner of the plaza there is a building which rivals even the cathedral and belfry-tower in repute and interest—the famous Alcázar.

Greater far in reputation than intrinsic worth. Like the Mother church, it forms a sort of sightseers' goal; and it shares equally in the good fortune of so entirely satisfying the requirements of superficial observers, that it is esteemed a kind of heresy to take exception to its noble rank as a typical piece of Moorish work. Yet it is just a great house, of southern and somewhat ancient construction—say the fifteenth century—with a number of square rooms and courts, arranged and decorated after Arab models as far as was possible in the case of a building designed to fulfil the requirements of Western civilisation. Nothing else. Of course, if the courts and towers of the Alhambra have not been seen—or are not to be compassed—there will be found here an infinity of fresh loveliness in design and colouring, together with a vast amount of detail which will repay study. But even then it must all be looked upon as an exceedingly clever reproduction of beautiful and artful forms, not as their best possible setting forth, or type. There are dark winding passages—evidently dictated by the exigencies of the work—but they yield none of the delicate surprises which form so great a charm of the old Moorish monuments. There is any amount of rich decoration and Moresque detail; but

never the notion of the luxury and voluptuousness of Eastern life, or a suggestion of its thousand-and-one adjuncts. There are, here and there, indubitable traces of the original, eleventh-century Alcázar of Yacub Yusuf; but there is nothing either distinctive or precious about them, and the rest is a record rather of Christian than Arab ways. Pedro the Cruel first took the building in hand, and almost entirely reconstructed it. To him the Alcázar owes its best portions, and to his life and intrigues its most cherished interest. Then came the weak and art-loving Juan II., who restored some of the chief apartments—notably Las Muñecas—and the Reyes Católicos, who added the chapel, and some prettily-decorated rooms upon the second floor. Fifty or sixty years later the place became unfortunately a favourite residence of Carlos Quinto, who brought here his beautiful and passionately-loved Isabel of Portugal. It was then that the greater portion of the Renaissance additions were made, and the gardens laid out. To Charles's successor are due the incongruously-placed portraits of Spanish kings in the Hall of Ambassadors, and the Sala called by his name. The palace now came to its zenith in point of size and magnificence, reaching right away down to the river-bank, and including the old Prada de Plata and the still-existing Torre del Oro. That was during the seventeenth century. Then, for a hundred years or more, the world used Spain and her rulers badly, and the pet royal residence fell into grievous disrepair. It

was reduced to something like its original limits, and an occasional coat of whitewash was the only token of care bestowed upon it. Thirty years ago the ex-queen Isabella II. determined to restore the place to at least a semblance of its ancient estate, and to her efforts it owes its present order and re-glorification.

It will be readily seen that it is next to impossible for a building which has undergone vicissitudes such as these to pose as a pure specimen of Moorish art;—even if one fails to appreciate exactly all the inconsistencies of style with which it abounds. And it would be equally impossible for it *not* to have been endowed with many beautiful bits of isolated work by the loving hands which have laboured upon it. The two finest portions are, undoubtedly, the façade of the great patio, and the separated building called the Sala de las Justicias, from a tradition that here Pedro the Cruel sat to administer justice, after the style of his Arab predecessors. The heavy central portal of the former, in its cusped and pointed arches, ajimez and pilastered windows, and delicate arabesques—even in its Gothic inscription—betrays a very particular care for Saracenic forms, and was probably just a copy of portions of the Alhambra. The Sala de las Justicias is very small—only 31 feet square—but is even more exquisite in its perfect preservation of Arab traditions. Notwithstanding all that is confidently stated as to its erection by Don Pedro, one cannot help suspecting, from its position, its purity, and its evidences of both age and

neglect, that this chamber formed a portion of the original Alcázar.

And after this everything bears the stamp of newness, and a certain crude brilliancy. Exactly behind Don Pedro's satisfactory façade is the Cuarto del Apeadero, the latest addition to the Alcázar, built by Philip V., a hundred and fifty years ago, for his own particular inhabiting. Here, as in many other salas, there is some admirable reproduction of coloured plaster decoration, and a very fine artesonado ceiling. The adjoining miniature Patio de las Muñecas, and larger court of Las Doncellas, are perhaps the gems of the *quasi*-Moorish work. Not only are they very lovely in their lace-like stucco ornamentation, their arabesques and inscriptions,* but they yield, too, some of the cleverly-calculated vistas of

* The inscriptions of the Alcázar pale in value before those of really Arab work, through their ignorantly imperfect execution, their mutilation at the hand of the restorer, and their necessary adaptation to Christian phraseology. The following are samples :—

"Only God is conqueror."

"Praise God for His benefits."

"Glory to the lord our Sultan."

"The eternal glory for Allah ; the unending rule for Allah."

"Lasting salvation."

"Blessing."

"This palace is alone in its prosperous good fortune."

"Glory to our lord the Sultan Don Pedro. May his victories be great."

"God stands alone. God is eternal. He gave birth to none, nor was born, nor has He any equal."

(An inscription strangely opposed to Christian doctrine, and probably a simple copy of some Arabic model.)

"God is the only protector. In Him I trust, and to Him I will turn."

"All that ye possess comes from God."

interlacing columns, arches, and alcoves in which the Easterns have always revelled, and which are a salient feature of the Alhambra Palace. The columns, capitals, doors, and inlaid azulejos here deserve especial attention. Some of these formed part of Yacub Yusuf's Alcázar, others were brought by Don Pedro from Toledo and Granada, and, while they give a somewhat incongruous effect to the whole, they are both fine and interesting in themselves.

One is already, however, in the region of the modern innovator, who accompanies us round all the succeeding salas—the Carlos Quinto, the Maria Padilla, Felipe Segundo, and Embajadores—conferring here a bald flat ceiling, or heavy gallery, there a piece of obtrusive Renaissance or Græco-Roman work, and everywhere excess of ornamentation, colour, and egoistic device. The best thing to be done is to resign oneself to the enjoyment of the flood of tradition and minute detail which an accomplished guide is able to pour out at each fresh step—to try to believe that the Sala de las Doncellas was so called from its having been, under Moorish domination, a sort of girls' slave-market; that the vexed question of the destination of its elaborate alcove is sufficiently settled by the assertion that it was here, and not in the courtyard, that Don Pedro administered justice; that the adjoining rooms are those of the Sultan Boabdil and the Sultana (!); that a particular stone in the very nearly beautiful Sala de los Embajadores—the step leading down into the sala of

Felipe Segundo—was the spot where Don Fadrique, Grand Master of Santiago, was murdered by his brother Pedro the Cruel, and still shows its blood-staining. And then to go out and wander about the bright gardens, with their labyrinths of flower-girt walks, their glorious date-palms, bananas, orange and citron groves, and try to bring back here—as somehow one cannot do within the great show-house itself—the old life and the old scenes which at once called the place into being and became its final desolation.

The other remarkable buildings of this fine group are the huge *Encarnacion* nunnery, the chapel of San Fernando, and the Lonja, or Exchange. The last shows what Herrera's true line was. Cathedrals, churches, great religious houses he could not do, but beyond doubt he could produce a perfectly satisfactory haunt for business folk—a temple of mammon. Would that he had never been employed on aught else!

One stumbles here upon an odd coincidence. On the steps of the Lonja—upon the cathedral side—there stands a great stone cross, around which clings exactly the same legend as that told concerning the church of 'Terra Mala' or 'Amara' in Milan, to the effect that it marks the spot where a greedy priest was buried alive for refusing interment to a poor parishioner. It is an admirable commentary upon the ways of tradition in general.

From the Triunfo plaza it is not far to the Casa de Pilatos, the fourth great monument of olden Sevilla.

Exception is often taken here, strangely enough, to some of the very faults which we have noticed in the Alcázar, but which are there usually either ignored or allowed. But surely one ought not to expect to find in a private dwelling, which has just been the whim and care of a few *dilettanti*, that unity and severity which are bound to characterise a great public, or *quasi*-public, building! The house was commenced about the year 1500 by one Don Pedro Enriquez, in the debased Saracenic style which was at that time a good deal affected by cultivated Spaniards. Don Pedro died, however, before its completion, and the work was carried out by his son Fadrique Enriquez. This young man, like many other scions of the great houses of the day, went upon a journey to the Holy Land, and, upon his return, determined to shape his hobby into some accord with Pilate's house at Jerusalem, then, as now, one of the lions of the sacred city. Accordingly we find the great reception-hall called the Prætorium; there is an upright column in imitation of the pillar at which Christ was scourged—a gift of Pope Pius V.; there is the bason into which the thirty pieces of silver were counted, and even the cock that crowed thrice—in the house of Caiaphas surely, not that of Pilate! To Don Fadrique succeeded Afan de Ribera, first Duke of Alcalá, who came to be appointed to a high post at Naples, and, being a great lover of art, filled his Sevillian home with Roman statuary and busts of the emperors, etc., some brought from Italy, some from the

ruins of Itálica. That, under these circumstances, the work should be rather patchy, and the place partake of the character of a great curiosity shop, is not to be wondered at—or carped at. It is just a delicious, sunny old home, in which a far pleasanter afternoon may be spent, and more soothing to one's feelings, than in the boasted Alcázar. At every step there are things of extraordinary beauty and art value, from the great patio with its splendid—really inlaid—azulejos, its diapered marble pavement, its alabaster fountains, its perfect Moorish colonnades, arabesques, lattices, and ajimez windows, round to the final rich staircase, or the strip of garden, sweet in its entanglement of orange, myrtle, and box trees, and brilliant-hued creepers.

Passing to and fro between the Casa de Pilatos and Las Sierpes the wayfarer will hardly fail to notice a characteristic evidence of the truth of the assertion that, if our forefathers belied their professions as readily in spirit as their great-great-grandchildren do, they were at any rate truer to the letter. The same Don Pedro—Pedro the Cruel—whose record is written at such length within the precincts of the Alcázar, was as much given to nocturnal and amorous adventures as Juan de Tenorio himself, and by no means particular as to the methods he employed to secure his ends. One night he had the evil manners to quarrel with, and kill, a Sevillian gentleman caught serenading a lady whose favours he himself coveted, and, as the unfortunate victim was well known, the murder could not easily be hushed up. The king,

jealous of his reputation as a latter-day Solomon, and relying upon the disguise he had adopted for his adventure, boldly summoned the district alcalde before him, and demanded the production of the murderer, within three days, under pain of death. Now, Don Pedro had not concealed his personality so carefully but that an old woman, who lived over against the spot where the crime had been committed, and had been attracted to the window by the noise of scuffling, had recognised him. She imparted her information to the alcalde, who prepared an effigy of the king, and presented himself at the appointed hour in the Sala de las Justicias. "Señor," he said, producing the image, "behold the murderer!" Don Pedro, faced thus with his crime and the evidence of detection, and struck with the ingenuity of the device which had been resorted to, rewarded the clever alcalde, and condemned himself, in proxy, to death. The sentence was carried out upon the scene of the murder, and the bust which is now to be seen in a niche of a house in the Calle Cabeza del Rey Don Pedro (the whole thing bears an odd likeness to a street shrine!) is said to be the very scapegoat hung here in chains five hundred years ago, while opposite stands the house from the window of which the committal of the crime was witnessed.

We saw something in the Madrid picture galleries of the powers and purposes of Murillo, and at the same time noticed that, notwithstanding all that is commonly said to the contrary, he is therein very adequately

represented. Nevertheless there is a strange charm about studying him in his native place, and harbouring a special, transient enthusiasm about him as a fellow-townsman. One sees again here—in Sevilla—how pre-eminently he was a servant of the church, always working for his *alma mater*, unfailingly honest in his devotional feeling, and as deep in its expression as his sunshiny genius would take him. Indeed it is ungracious to breathe anything like lukewarm praise when standing before such masterpieces as the *San Antonio* of the cathedral, or the *San Francisco* of the Museo Provincial. There are here two real, living Christs, and two real, living monks. There is no lack of divinity on the one side, or of humanity upon the other. These are perhaps his best, his most powerful, pictures in Sevilla—not to say in the world; but of course there is a very long array of his works to be found here, ranging from the varied efforts of his early, struggling days, to the grand religious subjects over which he spent the best part of his life. In the Museo alone there are over twenty examples, the finest being the *St. Francis* just mentioned, his own favourite of *St. Thomas of Villanueva distributing Alms to poor Mendicants at the door of his Cathedral*—"my picture," as he was wont to call it—*St. Anthony of Padua worshipping the Infant Saviour*, and the *Vírgen de la Servilleta*. This last is one of the most satisfactory of his manifold pourtrayals of the Virgin, and perhaps owes something of its strength to its having been the outcome of an odd