

## AN AMERICAN IN SEVILLE

Traces of the Auto da Fes of the Inquisition Found Everywhere.

## A FREE-THINKING SPANIARD

Catholic and Protestant Views of the

Passion Week Processions—A

Collection of Relics.

SEVILLE. April 12.—All Spaniards venerate the name of Isabel la Católica, nor is the impressionable De Amicis the only foreigner who has trembled and wept before the enshrined memorials, jewel box, mirror, missal, and crown of her royal womanhood. She is a precious figure in poor Spain's sunset reverie—a saint beneath a conquering standard, a silken lady in a soldier's tent. Yet this peerless Queen, merciful, magnanimous, devout, "the shield of the innocent," caring supremely for the glory of God and the good of her country, gave consent, albeit reluctant, to the establishment of the Inquisition, Christianity's chief scandal and Spain's most fatal blight. So ironic were the stars of Isabel.

Wherever one moves in Spain the sickening breath of the auto da fé lingers in the air. In such a square, we read, was once a mighty holocaust of Jews; beneath our feet, we are told, is a mass of human bones and cinders. This sunshiny Seville, with her parks and patios, her palms and orange groves, a city seemingly fashioned only for love and song, had her army of nearly twoscore thousand martyrs, who, dressed in the hateful San Benitos, yellow coats painted with flames and devils, were burned to death here in our gay Plaza de la Constitución, then known as the Plaza de San Francisco, and in the Quemadero beyond the walls. As one mingles with some outdoor throng, all intent on pageant, dance, or other spectacle, one shudders to remember that just such dark, eager faces were ringed about the agonies of those heroic victims. For there are two sides to the Spanish Inquisition. If Spaniards were the Inquisitors, Spaniards, too, were the dauntless sufferers. The sombre gaze of the torturer was met, as steel meets iron, by the unflinching eye of the tortured. But "the unimaginable touch of Time" transforms all tragedy to beauty, and red poppies, blowing on the grassy plain of the Quemadero, translate into poetry to-day that tale of blazing fagots.

## THE HOLY HOUSE OF SEVILLE.

Religious liberty now exists under the laws of Spain, although the administration of those laws leaves much to be desired. In three old conventual churches of Seville gather her three Protestant congregations. Beneath the pavements of two of these heretic strongholds old inquisitors sleep what uneasy sleep they may, while one of the Protestant pastors, formerly a Catholic priest, has quietly collected and stored in his church study numerous mementos of the Holy Office. Here may be seen two of those rare copies of the 1602 translation of the Bible, by Cipriano de Valera, whom the Inquisition could burn only in effigy, since the translator, who had printed his book in Amsterdam, did not return to accompany the Familiars to the Quemadero. Here are old books, with horrible woodcuts of the torments, and time-stained manuscripts, several bearing the seal and signatures of "the Catholic Kings," these last so ill written that it is hard to tell the name of Ferdinand from that of Isabella. Among these are royal commissions, or licenses, granted to individual inquisitors, records of auto da fes, and wills of rich inquisitors, the sources of whose wealth would hardly court a strict examination. Here, too, is the standard of the Holy Office, the very banner borne in those grim processions. Its white silk is saffroned now, but the strange seal of the Inquisition, a bleeding Christ upon the cross, is clearly blazoned in the centre, while the four corners show the seal of San Domingo.

The Inquisition prison, the dreaded Holy House of Seville, is used as a factory at present, and heresy no longer secures admission there, but I looked up at its grated windows, and then, with a secret shiver, looked down on the ground, where the Spanish pastor of antiquarian tastes was marking out with his cane the directions of the far-branching subterranean cells. We slipped into an outer court of the fabrica, where the two señores, effectively aided by as many sturdy lads, pried up and flung back a sullen door in the pavement and invited me to grope my darkling way down some twenty crumbling steps, overgrown with a treacherous green mold. There was no refusing, in face of the cloud of witnesses whose groans these stones had heard, and I took a heart-breaking plunge into the honeycomb of chill, foul-smelling, horror-haunted dungeons, whose roofs let fall a constant drip of water and from whose black recesses I was the unwilling means of liberating a choice variety of insects. Let Seville, as the ages pass, forgive her inquisitors, who knew not what they did, but may she rear a monument as beautiful as the Giralda to those high-hearted men and women of her noblest blood whose loyalty to what they held for truth not the uttermost agonies could break. Spaniards of every creed might well be proud of Spain's shining host of martyrs.

## OVERHEARD IN THE BALCONY.

The Holy Week pageants naturally give rise to controversy. Catholics and Protestants, standing close in our narrow balcony to watch the glittering processions, were as frank in discussion as the bounds set by Spanish courtesy permitted. Our hosts would not oppose their guests, nor the guests offend against the holdings of the house, nor would any Spaniard on such an occasion take issue with a foreigner, but the visiting Madrileño felt free to dispute with the calling Sevillano, especially when their bodies were stretched two-thirds over the balcony railings.

"Bravo! What luxury! What splendor! This doesn't look as if the power of the Spanish Church were waning, eh? See that tunic! See that canopy! What wealth! What magnificence of wealth!"

"Wealth! It's a miser's hoard. All that waste of gold, plastered over those useless trappings there, ought to be stripped off and put into circulation. What man! This is the nineteenth century!"

"True. So much the better. At the end of the nineteenth century there is one country left in Europe where religion counts for more than political economy."

"Religion? Honor to the word! But does not religion include charity? Half Andalucía goes starving and in rags, and your Sevillian Maries here wear fortunes on their wooden backs. Such shows are an insult to the poor. Why, man! You know that the Virgin of the Kings, in your cathedral, has sixty of those gorgeous mantles—satin, velvet, damask, silver tissue, gold lace, what not? If she heeded the bidding of Christ, fifty-nine of them would be given to the needy. All our poor repatriados might be clothed with only half of her wardrobe."

"Ah! Charity is a good word, too. But there are many forms of charity. Isn't it one of your modern doctrines that the best alms is work? Well and good. The more superb and prodigal these processions, the greater are the crowds of sightseers that flock to Seville, bringing bustle for us all, from the proprietor of the Hotel de Madrid to the old women who peddle gingerbread."

"Yes, for three or four days in the year, and no longer. I could invest those idle millions paraded through the streets in ways far better for the industrial interests of Seville."

"Many thanks! Business is much; devotion is more."

"You look with clouded eyes."

"The only cloud here, señor, is that made by *At this incense*, the son of our host dexterously stepped between with cooling lemonade."

## SPANISH LONGEVITY.

But the most uncompromising heretic I have encountered in Spain is an old philosopher, well on his way to the nineties, much the fashion in the Peninsula. They have a saying in Ronda, that one should not precipitate his life on wet stones, down a precipice, but at what bridge? "It doesn't look old and it doesn't look Roman," was our dubious comment, but our Roman, the Spanish conductor of a Gibraltar, the English-speaking, well on his way to the nineties, much the fashion in the Peninsula. They have a saying in Ronda, that one should not precipitate his life on wet stones, down a precipice, but at what bridge? "It doesn't look old and it doesn't look Roman," was our dubious comment, but our Roman, the Spanish conductor of a Gibraltar, the English-speaking,

series, where race after race has left its autograph. The Roman columns of the church make the Arab cupolas look young, and put the Gothic choir altogether out of countenance. A bright-shawled Spanish woman, who we fondly hoped might be a smuggler's wife, drew us delicious water from a Roman well in a Moorish patio, where a mediaeval King of gentle memory used to drink his wine from cups wrought of the skulls of those enemies whom he had beheaded with his own sword. But not all this, and more, could efface our doubts as to that Roman bridge, which, indeed, we found, on a belated perusal of our guidebooks, had been erected by a Malaga architect less than a century and a half ago.

But, however it may be as to Ronda octogenarians, I will vouch for my old philosopher. Extreme age has written its deforming marks on face and figure, yet he runs up the steepest stairs, reads the finest print, fills his days with a close succession of labors and amusements, and scoffs at religion as airily as if Death had passed him on the crowded way and would never turn back to look for him again.

He is nominally a Catholic, but of that class to which a large proportion of the Spanish men belong—indiferentes. He does not go to mass or to confession, and frets prodigiously when "that old wife of mine" gives pesetas to the priest. He cackles with mirth over the Holy Week processions and the Church ceremonies in general, and will laugh himself into a coughing fit full in the face of a bedizened Virgin.

## LITERARY PASTIMES.

At our first meeting he offered, with great kindness, to come and read Spanish with me. As I had invaded Spain for the express purpose of studying the Spanish drama, I took a volume of Calderon from my trunk and cheerfully awaited his visit. But it was a matter of several visits before I could open my Calderon. The jaunty old cavalier arrived, brimming over with chat and anecdote, and when at last hinted at the reading, produced with pride from his inner coat pocket a little, paper-bound geografia that he had written himself for use in the Spanish schools, and proceeded to regale me with extracts from its pages. I looked severely at my girl companion, whose eyes were dancing in a demure face, and endeavored to profit by this unexpected course of instruction. The author chuckled much over his sagacity in having arranged the subject matter of his book in paragraphs and not by question and answer. In the latter case, he explained, the children would learn the answers without reading the questions, a process bound to result in geographical confusion. The little volume, as is the wont of schoolbooks in other lands, tended to give to its students a disproportionate idea of the importance of their own country. Spain and her colonies were treated in seventy pages, Great Britain and her colonies in three, France in four, while America, from Greenland to Patagonia, was handled in a single entity, one figure each, and those absurdly small, being set for "her population, army and navy." The Confederación de los Estados Unidos was barely mentioned as one of the five "States" of North America.

But the only feature of his book for which the author felt called upon to apologize was the catering to popular superstition, as in stating, for instance, that in the Cathedral of Santiago de Compostela is adored the veritable body of St. James. He cast a quizzical glance at me in reading this, and then laughed himself purple in the face.

"One has to say these things in this country," he gasped, still breathless from his mirth. "Drops of water must run with the stream. Bueno! You know that Spaniards call the Milky Way the road to Santiago? And multitudes make the precious pilgrimage yet. If only there were a shrine where people might be cured of being fools!"

Quick-witted as the old gentleman was, he presently detected a lack of geographical enthusiasm in his audience. His literary vanity smarted for a moment and then he fell to laughing, declaring that ladies always had a distaste for useful information.

"That old wife of mine" could not abide arithmetic. He digressed into an explanation of the Roman notation, making it quite clear to us wherein IX. differed from XI.

and with antiquated courtliness of phrase, even for Spain, asked our gracious permission to cause himself the pain of departure.

He often reappeared. His wiry arm, reached through the Moorish bars of the outer door, would give its own peculiarly vigorous twitch to the bell chain looped within. A maid leaning over the railing of an upper story would call down the challenge inherited from good old fighting times:

"Who comes here?" And his thin voice would chirp the Andalusian answer:

"Peace."

On his second visit he fairly gurgled with pleasure as he placed another volume with his name on the title page before me. Since I did not incline to solid reading, behold him equally ready to supply me with the sweets of literature! This, too, was a school book, a somewhat hap-hazard collection of Castilian poems, with brief biographies of the authors represented. Its novel educational feature was the printing each poem in a different type. The result was a little startling to the eye, but the editor was doubtless right in claiming that it made the reading harder for the children, and so developed their powers through exercise. Here, again, he was ashamed of the fact that fully two-thirds of the poems were religious.

"But what can one do in this country?" he asked testily. "All the reading books have to be like that. Bah! But he will not read these pious verses. The others are much more entertaining."

Determined not to wound him again by any lack of interest in books of his own shaping, we sat patiently through page after page of that juvenile school reader, but when, with a pamphlet on spelling and punctuation, we had completed the list of his works, I once more called his attention to Calderon.

## DELIGHTED WITH CALDERON.

This struck him as a capital joke. He had never read Calderon himself, he had hardly heard of Calderon, and that a foreigner, a woman at that, should insist on reading Calderon, was funny enough to make his old sides ache. There were modern authors in plenty, who must certainly write much better than an out-of-date fellow like that.

He had books that he could lend to me. He had friends from whom he could borrow.

But nothing would please me but Calderon! Why under the whimsical moon should I set my heart on Calderon?

"Peace."

On his second visit he fairly gurgled with pleasure as he placed another volume with his name on the title page before me. Since I did not incline to solid reading, behold him equally ready to supply me with the sweets of literature! This, too, was a school book, a somewhat hap-hazard collection of Castilian poems, with brief biographies of the authors represented. Its novel educational feature was the printing each poem in a different type. The result was a little startling to the eye, but the editor was doubtless right in claiming that it made the reading harder for the children, and so developed their powers through exercise. Here, again, he was ashamed of the fact that fully two-thirds of the poems were religious.

"But what can one do in this country?" he asked testily. "All the reading books have to be like that. Bah! But he will not read these pious verses. The others are much more entertaining."

Determined not to wound him again by any lack of interest in books of his own shaping, we sat patiently through page after page of that juvenile school reader, but when, with a pamphlet on spelling and punctuation, we had completed the list of his works, I once more called his attention to Calderon.

## DELIGHTED WITH CALDERON.

This struck him as a capital joke. He had never read Calderon himself, he had hardly heard of Calderon, and that a foreigner, a woman at that, should insist on reading Calderon, was funny enough to make his old sides ache. There were modern authors in plenty, who must certainly write much better than an out-of-date fellow like that.

He had books that he could lend to me. He had friends from whom he could borrow.

But nothing would please me but Calderon! Why under the whimsical moon should I set my heart on Calderon?

"Peace."

On his second visit he fairly gurgled with pleasure as he placed another volume with his name on the title page before me. Since I did not incline to solid reading, behold him equally ready to supply me with the sweets of literature! This, too, was a school book, a somewhat hap-hazard collection of Castilian poems, with brief biographies of the authors represented. Its novel educational feature was the printing each poem in a different type. The result was a little startling to the eye, but the editor was doubtless right in claiming that it made the reading harder for the children, and so developed their powers through exercise. Here, again, he was ashamed of the fact that fully two-thirds of the poems were religious.

"But what can one do in this country?" he asked testily. "All the reading books have to be like that. Bah! But he will not read these pious verses. The others are much more entertaining."

Determined not to wound him again by any lack of interest in books of his own shaping, we sat patiently through page after page of that juvenile school reader, but when, with a pamphlet on spelling and punctuation, we had completed the list of his works, I once more called his attention to Calderon.

## DELIGHTED WITH CALDERON.

This struck him as a capital joke. He had never read Calderon himself, he had hardly heard of Calderon, and that a foreigner, a woman at that, should insist on reading Calderon, was funny enough to make his old sides ache. There were modern authors in plenty, who must certainly write much better than an out-of-date fellow like that.

He had books that he could lend to me. He had friends from whom he could borrow.

But nothing would please me but Calderon! Why under the whimsical moon should I set my heart on Calderon?

"Peace."

On his second visit he fairly gurgled with pleasure as he placed another volume with his name on the title page before me. Since I did not incline to solid reading, behold him equally ready to supply me with the sweets of literature! This, too, was a school book, a somewhat hap-hazard collection of Castilian poems, with brief biographies of the authors represented. Its novel educational feature was the printing each poem in a different type. The result was a little startling to the eye, but the editor was doubtless right in claiming that it made the reading harder for the children, and so developed their powers through exercise. Here, again, he was ashamed of the fact that fully two-thirds of the poems were religious.

"But what can one do in this country?" he asked testily. "All the reading books have to be like that. Bah! But he will not read these pious verses. The others are much more entertaining."

Determined not to wound him again by any lack of interest in books of his own shaping, we sat patiently through page after page of that juvenile school reader, but when, with a pamphlet on spelling and punctuation, we had completed the list of his works, I once more called his attention to Calderon.

## DELIGHTED WITH CALDERON.

This struck him as a capital joke. He had never read Calderon himself, he had hardly heard of Calderon, and that a foreigner, a woman at that, should insist on reading Calderon, was funny enough to make his old sides ache. There were modern authors in plenty, who must certainly write much better than an out-of-date fellow like that.

He had books that he could lend to me. He had friends from whom he could borrow.

But nothing would please me but Calderon! Why under the whimsical moon should I set my heart on Calderon?

"Peace."

On his second visit he fairly gurgled with pleasure as he placed another volume with his name on the title page before me. Since I did not incline to solid reading, behold him equally ready to supply me with the sweets of literature! This, too, was a school book, a somewhat hap-hazard collection of Castilian poems, with brief biographies of the authors represented. Its novel educational feature was the printing each poem in a different type. The result was a little startling to the eye, but the editor was doubtless right in claiming that it made the reading harder for the children, and so developed their powers through exercise. Here, again, he was ashamed of the fact that fully two-thirds of the poems were religious.

"But what can one do in this country?" he asked testily. "All the reading books have to be like that. Bah! But he will not read these pious verses. The others are much more entertaining."

Determined not to wound him again by any lack of interest in books of his own shaping, we sat patiently through page after page of that juvenile school reader, but when, with a pamphlet on spelling and punctuation, we had completed the list of his works, I once more called his attention to Calderon.

## DELIGHTED WITH CALDERON.

This struck him as a capital joke. He had never read Calderon himself, he had hardly heard of Calderon, and that a foreigner, a woman at that, should insist on reading Calderon, was funny enough to make his old sides ache. There were modern authors in plenty, who must certainly write much better than an out-of-date fellow like that.

He had books that he could lend to me. He had friends from whom he could borrow.

But nothing would please me but Calderon! Why under the whimsical moon should I set my heart on Calderon?

"Peace."

On his second visit he fairly gurgled with pleasure as he placed another volume with his name on the title page before me. Since I did not incline to solid reading, behold him equally ready to supply me with the sweets of literature! This, too, was a school book, a somewhat hap-hazard collection of Castilian poems, with brief biographies of the authors represented. Its novel educational feature was the printing each poem in a different type. The result was a little startling to the eye, but the editor was doubtless right in claiming that it made the reading harder for the children, and so developed their powers through exercise. Here, again, he was ashamed of the fact that fully two-thirds of the poems were religious.

"But what can one do in this country?" he asked testily. "All the reading books have to be like that. Bah! But he will not read these pious verses. The others are much more entertaining."