

the road. The rustic lady's-maid (whether the practice be more or less fashionable I know not) had placed on a stool, within reach of her right hand as she stood behind her seated mistress, a jug fresh water. This did she lift, just as I approached, up to her mouth, into which she received as large a portion of its contents as could be there accommodated; while with her left hand she grasped the extremity of a mass of silken hair, black as the raven's wing, and an ell in length. Both hands now, stroking down the mass, spread it out so as to present a horizontal surface of as large an extent as possible, when, suddenly, from the inflated cheeks of the abigail, re-issued with a loud sound the now tepid liquid, and bathed the entire surface, which it seemed to render, if possible, still more glossy than before. The rest of the duty of the hands appeared to consist in repeatedly separating and replacing the handfuls, until the same proceeding was reacted.

The entrance to the Giralda is outside the cathedral. Before we make the ascent, we will walk to the extremity of the Moorish enclosure of the orange-court, along the raised pavement which surrounds the whole. At the angle there is an antique shaft of granite, higher than the rest of those placed at equal distances along the edge of

the pavement. From that point the proportions of the tower are seen to advantage, while you are at the same time sufficiently near to observe the details of the carving, and of the windows, with their delicately formed columns of rare marbles; and to lose in a great measure the effect of the subsequent additions, which surmount and disfigure the work of Geber.

The Arabian part of the building is a square of about forty-five feet, and measures in elevation four times its width. The ornaments are not exactly alike on all the four sides. On the north side (our present view) the tracery commences at a height of eighty feet, up to which point the wall of brick is perfectly plain and smooth, with only the interruption of two windows, placed one above the other in the centre. The ornament, from its commencement to the summit, is divided into two lofty stories, surmounted by a third, of half the height of one of the others. The two first are divided vertically into three parts by narrow stripes of the plain wall. The centre portions contain two windows in each story, one over the other, making, with the two in the lower portion, six altogether, which are at equal distances from each other. The form of these windows is varied, and in all uncommonly elegant; some are double,

with a marble column supporting their two arches, and all are ornamented round the arches with beautiful tracery, and furnished with marble balconies. At one of the balconies, the Muezzin, in Mahometan times was accustomed to present himself at each of the hours appointed for prayer, and to pronounce the sentences ordained by that religion for calling the people. The half-story at the summit is ornamented with a row of arches, supported by pilasters.

On the top of the tower were seen originally, four gilded balls of different sizes, one over the other, diminishing upwards; the iron bar on which they were fixed, was struck by lightning, and gave way, leaving the balls to roll over; since which period they were never restored to their place.

The additional buildings were not erected until the seventeenth century. They are not in themselves inelegant, with the exception of the portion immediately rising from the old tower, and containing the bells. This portion is of the same width as the tower, and appears to weigh it down with its heavy effect; on the summit of the whole, at about three hundred feet from the ground, is a colossal statue of bronze, representing Faith, holding in one hand a shield, and in the other an olive-branch. By means of the shield, the statue obeys the movements of the wind, and thus gives the name of Giralda (weather-cock) to the tower.

An interior tower, rather more than twenty feet square, runs up the whole height of the Moorish portion of the building; between which and the external walls an easy ascent is contrived on an inclined plane. The necessity of introducing light throughout the ascent accounts for the different elevation of the windows and ornaments of the different sides; but the architect has so managed this difficulty, that no bad effect is produced in the external view. At the lower part of the tower the ascent is sufficiently wide to admit of the passage of two men on horseback abreast; but it becomes narrower as it approaches the summit. Queen Christina is said to have been drawn up in a small carriage. The walls, both of the inner and outer tower, increase in thickness as they rise, and as the ascending plane decreases in width: a plan which appears opposed to the principle usually adopted by modern architects.

It is known that Geber was the architect of the Giralda, but no certainty exists respecting its date. The Spanish antiquarian Don Rodrigo Caro supposes it to have been erected during the reign of Benabet Almuçamus, King of Seville, shortly before the appearance in Spain of the Almoravides; but this is no more than a conjecture, founded on the supposed wealth of that King, who possessed larger states

than his successors, and who paid no tribute to the sovereigns of Castile.

Immediately over the highest story of the Moorish tower is the belfry. The bells are suspended on the centre of revolving beams, which traverse the open arches of the four faces of the tower. They are consequently in full view, as they throw their somersets and send forth their lively clatter on a *dia de fiesta*.

Their effect is very original, and as unlike as possible to the monotonous and melancholy cadence of an English peal. None of them are deep-toned nor solemn, but all high and sharp: so that being let loose in merry disorder, and without tune, they somehow appear to harmonize with the brilliant skies, just as the descending ding-dong in England suits the gloom of the northern heavens. Leave Seville, and never shall their tones steal on your memory without your being transported into a blaze of bright sunshine

In Spain the houses of the *grandees* are not called palaces, as those of the same rank in Italy are usually termed. There is not even an intermediate term, such as mansion,—still less the hall—abbey, or castle. They have the last, but only applied in cases in which it is correctly and legitimately applicable. The Arab expression *alcazar*, composed of the article

al and *cazar*, is so like the Spanish *la casa* (the house), that, not having at hand a professor of Arabic to consult, I will risk the assertion that it bore the same meaning; notwithstanding the opinion of several French writers who translate it *château*. Chenier, author of the history of Morocco, derives it from the word Caissar, which he considers synonymous with Cæsar: but this derivation appears to admit of much doubt, as the word would signify the Emperor, instead of his residence. Supposing it to signify the house, it must no doubt have meant the principal, or royal house. At present the two words are admitted into the Spanish language as one, which is applied indiscriminately to royal town-residences, whether castles or not, as well as the term *palacio*. But a private residence of whatever extent is modestly termed a house.

In this instance, as in many others, the proud contempt of high-sounding phraseology is common to Spain and England, where some of the most palace-like habitations are called Wentworth House, Hatfield House, Burleigh House: the very porters' lodges being sometimes such edifices as would claim the title of *château* in some other countries. But this same haughty modesty is rather individual than collective, and does not prevail as applied to towns and cities. In public acts and addresses, and even in the

most homely precautionary warnings placarded at the corners of streets or promenades, the form used is,—“The constitutional Alcalde of this heroic and very invincible town of Madrid, or Seville, forbids, or orders, &c;” and still more splendid epithets are found for the nation in general.

I don't know whether it has occurred to you that this progressive dereliction of consistency is universal in human nature, although it assumes a variety of forms. In the present instance modesty commences at home, as they say charity should.

By the way, if charity should commence at home, together with the other affections of the heart, such as patriotism, then did the first Brutus make a mistake. If, on the contrary, his merit was great in sacrificing his son to his nation, it follows, that, in causing his entire nation to be butchered the first time they were guilty of any encroachment on the rights of the rest of the world, his glory would have increased in the ratio of one to some millions.

He either acted on a principle of justice, or preferred the applause of his compatriots to the affection of his son. If, therefore, an opportunity was ever afforded him of doing the world the above-mentioned act of justice at the expense of his countrymen, and he abstained from it,—it being impossible to suppose a Roman republican capable of a dereliction

of principle—it is clear that he preferred the applause of his nation to that of the rest of the world; and all becomes a question of taste. But what, you exclaim, has the first or any other Brutus to do with Pilate's house, the description of which is preceded by this long introduction? And was not his murder of his son benevolence itself, compared to the infliction of these digressions on your patience?

The Casa de Palatos is a palace belonging to the Duke of Medina Coeli. One of his ancestors is said to have built it in exact imitation of Pontius Pilate's palace in Jerusalem, and to have obtained possession of a large quantity of the ornaments and portable furniture belonging to the ancient building, which, on the completion of his edifice at Seville, he established, each object in the place corresponding to that which it originally occupied.

A lofty wall, filling the side of the small square, called the Plaza de Pilatos, and surmounted by a balustrade, forms the outer enclosure of the palace. You enter through a large plain arched doorway, and pass through a court, containing the porter's house, and other out-buildings devoid of ornament. A small door on the left leads from this enclosure to the principal court. Here you might imagine yourself still in the Alcazar. The ornament is in the same style; only the arcades are inferior in light-

ness and beauty. It contains, however, a fountain very superior to that of the principal court of the Alcazar.

At the four angles are colossal statues of white marble, representing deities of the Grecian mythology. They are antique, and of Roman origin. Under the arcades a series of busts of the Roman emperors, are placed round the walls; the greater part of them are also antique. On one side of this court is the chapel, very small, and entirely covered with Arabesque ornament. At one side is placed erect against the wall a black cross, said to be a facsimile imitation of that actually carried by our Saviour, which occupied a similar situation in the palace at Jerusalem. Its length is about seven feet, and the thickness of the wood about four inches by two. Opposite to the cross is a Madonna by Raffaele. As no light enters the chapel, excepting through a small door, and that placed under the arcades, and the picture is hung at a considerable height, it can only be examined by the aid of a ladder, which is kept near it, and then only very imperfectly. At the time the chapel was habitually used, it probably contained candles always burning.

The great staircase is very ornamental and leads to several handsome suites of rooms. There is a colonnade on one side of the garden, under which

lies a valuable collection of antique busts, columns, capitals, and fragments of all sorts, "in most admired disorder." The proprietor never visits this residence, and every part of it is in a very neglected state.

Seville lays claim to no less a founder than Hercules. A magnificent temple dedicated to him is said to have existed on the spot at present occupied by the parish church of San Nicholas. Near it a statue of the demigod has been discovered, together with six columns, four of which are sunk so deeply in the earth that they cannot be brought to light. The other two are placed on lofty pedestals, and adorn the largest of the promenades of Seville, that called the Alameda. One of them is surmounted by the statue mentioned above, and the other by one of Julius Cæsar. Venus is also stated to have shared with Hercules the devotions of the Sevillanos. The existence of her worship in ancient times is placed beyond a doubt by the well authenticated martyrdom of Saints Justa and Rufina, condemned for refusing to do honour to the rites of that goddess, and to figure in her processions.

These two martyrs to the Christian faith have pursued, on various subsequent occasions, a conduct calculated to afford a degree of advantage to an adversary, should he presume to accuse them of renegade propensities. They have manifested them-

selves determined protectors of the Arab tower, on every occasion of its being threatened with danger. Numerous instances are on record; the most remarkable of which, is one that has given rise to much controversy, and employed in more recent times the researches of learned men. The tradition states, that, during an earthquake, which took place in the year 1504, and of which a vivid description may be found at the end of a book, called the Regla Vieja, which exists in the archives of the cathedral—the two virgins were seen to support the tower and prevent it from falling, surrounding it with their arms, one on each side. It is also related that, on the occasion of a previous earthquake, that of the year 1396, voices were heard in the air, articulated by demons, crying, “Throw it down, throw it down;” and that others replied, “No, we cannot, for those villanous saints, Justa and Rufina, are guarding it.” For these reasons it is usual, in paintings representing the Giralda, to place the figures of the two virgin Saints supporting it, one on either side; and a small model thus supported by images of the two martyrs, executed in wood, is carried in the principal religious processions. In all these representations, the figures stand rather taller than the tower.

The hospital of La Caridad is one of the principal attractions to strangers at Seville; for in its chapel

is contained the picture, which passes for the master-piece of Murillo. The chapel is narrow and lofty, and the picture placed as near as possible to the ceiling. A sight of it can only be obtained at an angle of about twenty degrees. But the aching of the neck is unheeded during the examination of this superb picture. It is called *Las Aguas*, the Waters. Moses has just struck the rock, and stands in a simple and dignified attitude. In the complete contentment of his countenance there may be traced a mingled expression of pity and gratitude, as he looks on the scene which follows his action. The artist has given proof of consummate talent in the choice and treatment of his subject; which afforded him a variety of grouping, of expression, and of attitude, of which few were capable of taking better advantage.

This picture is a specimen of his natural style, and its success is considered, and I think justly, superior to that of any other of his works. The imitation of material nature is here carried to as great perfection as in many of his paintings; while at the same time nothing can surpass the poetry of the composition, nor the exquisitely harmonious grouping of the men and animals. In this last quality, Murillo is certainly unequalled. He seems also in this instance, to have reached the utmost limits of art in the ex-

pression of the countenances, throughout the different groups, whether employed in offering silent thanksgivings, or entirely absorbed in the eager effort to obtain for their parched lips a draught of the bright liquid. In the feeling displayed in these instances, and so well represented, there is, it is true, nothing elevated, but still it is feeling; and its materiality is amply made amends for, by the chief personage of the scene, in whose countenance nothing but the sublime can be traced.

Had Murillo not painted this picture and the Saint Elizabeth of Hungary, Spanish art must have contented itself with the second rank, and Raphael would have continued without a rival. These pictures occasion regret that such genius should have employed itself during a long period, on works of a different sort. The San Antonio and a few others, were no doubt productions worthy of the painter of the Aguas, and a hundred or two others are magnificent paintings; but the time employed on some of these, and on a still greater number of less prominent merit, would have been more profitably devoted to the production of two or three which might have ranked with these giant creations of his talent.

In viewing either of these compositions, the other speedily becomes present to the imagination, and

forces you to draw a comparison between them. They have a sort of affinity in their subject as well as in their style. The sufferers of the St. Elizabeth, occupied with their torments and their gratitude, answer to those of the Aguas, engrossed also with almost parallel feelings. The Moses, tranquil and erect in the midst of the action which surrounds him, is the exact pendant of the majestic figure and compassionate countenance of the youthful princess, exercising her saintly charities. These pictures ought to be companions in the same gallery, were it possible for two such works to find their way into one and the same apartment. But that would be a consummation as hopeless as finding St. Peter's and the Duomo of Milan in the same town; Naples and Seville in one province, a London and a Paris in one country, an Ariosto and a Byron in the same language. It has more than once occurred to me, since I have seen these two pictures, that were Raphael's Spasimo and Transfiguration placed on one side of a room, and these two on the other, and the choice offered me which pair I would possess, I should never be able to come to a decision.

Another large picture by Murillo, the multiplying of the Loaves in the Desert, is suspended opposite the Aguas, and at the same elevation. On attempting to examine it, you are forcibly reminded by cer-