

figures are scarcely seen enjoying the source. To the right of Moses is a crowd of excellent figures; the woman, with a can in her hand, looking up, is very beautiful; and the little boy on the grey horse charming; nothing can be more natural than the expression of his joy at the sight of the water rushing from the rock; and the little girl handing him a pitcherful is very fine. There is also, on that side, an exquisite group of a lovely woman drinking, while a child she is carrying holds out its little hands to beg a drink; the dog at her feet is also thirsty, and looks up wistfully for its share. On the left of Moses is a group of seven or eight figures eager to quench their thirst; amongst them a beautiful woman giving some water to her eager boys; one admirable figure is on his knees, putting out his can for some; and a head of a camel is visible, waiting patiently its turn. This painting may well be called "La Sed" (the Thirst.) It reminded me most forcibly of the arrival of a caravan, after traversing a desert, at a river or a source, and the eagerness men and beasts exhibit to relieve their sufferings. The colouring is only tolerably good for Murillo, but the composition is truly magnificent.

The two colossal paintings of the Miracle of the Loaves, and Moses striking the Rock, have the advantage of being seen in the situation for which Murillo painted them. Soult carried off five others which were here: Santa Isabel, now at Madrid; the

Angels and Abraham and the Prodigal Son he sold to the Duke of Sutherland; the Healing of the Cripple to Mr. Tomline; and the Angel and St. Peter the Marshal still retains, and thirteen other Murillos, as his son informed me in Paris; but the gallery was in disorder, and they could not be seen.

We went up stairs, and saw a full-length portrait of the founder, M. Manara, by Valdes. He is seated at a table, pointing to a cross and it is quite like a Titian in expression and colouring. In one corner is a little boy with a book in his hand, a finger to his lip and a smile on his face; the crumpled letter on the ground is also admirable. Beneath this excellent painting is his thin sword and a table covered with the crucifix and other things copied in the painting; the cloth did exist, but is now worn out. They show roses in pots in the little garden only a few years old, which they say are descended from trees planted by M. Manara himself, and it seems to have been a work of love to preserve this remembrance of a good man, the founder of this valuable institution, and the patron and friend of Spain's best painter.

CHAPTER II.

THE MUSEUM—THE WALLS—THE BARBICAN—THE HOSPITAL DE LA SANGRE — THE LONJA—THE AYUNTAMIENTO—MURILLO'S HOUSE—THE INQUISITION—TOBACCO MANUFACTORY—PRIVATE HOUSES—PROMENADES.

THE museum of Seville is, they say, the best in Spain after Madrid, yet it was in a sad state, and as usual without a catalogue. We entered into a court encumbered with fragments of statues, and then went into a beautiful patio decorated with marble columns, azulejos, and in the centre a fountain. The first room we saw in the museum contains some fine carvings (of alerce wood) from the choir of the Carthusian Convent. Over each stall is a figure of a saint, above which are medallions with angels, &c., all good, and many of them admirable. The ornaments are also beautifully carved; and the chair of the Prior is very handsome.

A description of the interesting painted sculp-

ture, and principal paintings will be found in Appendix C.

The walls of Seville are very picturesque, with their towers and battlements, reminding us sometimes of the Romans, and sometimes of St. Ferdinand and his gallant host. We saw the Carthusian Convent from the opposite side of the river; and from there its towers are pretty, though mixed with furnaces, for it is now a pottery, and all is blackened, and there is little to see of the riches it once contained. In the distance we saw Italica and the Convent of St. Jerome. We followed the fortifications to the Hospital de la Sangre; the walls and towers increasing in height and in picturesque appearance, and we often passed considerable remains of the barbican. The Hospital de la Sangre is simple and elegant, and is said to be by Herrera. The *façade* is six hundred feet long, and appears rather low for its length. The windows of the ground floor are small, and between each are Doric pilasters. Those on the first floor are very neat, and are divided by Ionic half columns. A marble doorway, ornamented with Doric and Ionic columns, leads into a patio, in the centre of which is a church, with an elegant *façade*. The beautiful portico leading into this church, is decorated with Doric and Ionic capitals in a very pure style. The excellent marble sculptures over the door, representing Charity in the centre, and Hope and Faith on

each side, are by Pedro Marchuca, who was a painter, sculptor, and architect, and studied in Italy, and afterwards resided chiefly in Granada, where he worked for Charles V. at the Alhambra. The interior of the church is not good. The retablo of the great altar contains some tolerable paintings by Alonso Varquez, who died about 1650. The St. Joseph and Child perhaps the best. There are several paintings of female saints by Zurbaran, remarkable for their beautiful drapery; the St. Dorothy I admired the most. The Hospital is for all kinds of diseases, and often contains three hundred patients, though at present only two hundred and sixty, who are nursed by sisters of charity, with white head-dresses, like the Beguin nuns in Belgium. The patio, full of oranges and roses, is pretty, and all the rooms seemed neat and comfortable. The most interesting portion of the walls of the city is between the Hospital de la Sangre and the Capuchin Convent, as in that part, the barbican is more perfect, and the views of the towers often picturesque. The foundations of the walls are very massive, and apparently of very great antiquity. The Capuchin Convent is a large straggling building, now occupied by poor tenants, but it is interesting, as the place whence many of the fine Murillos in the museum came from. Before entering the Puerta de Cordova, we passed the Chapel of San Hermenegildo, where the saint was killed and Herrera was confined. Looking along

the fortifications from this point, the barbican may be traced for some distance, but not apparently so perfect as between that gate and La Sangre. The walls and towers are high and very picturesque, with La Trinidad in the distance. The gates of Triana and Xeres are the finest entrances into the city.

The Lonja, or Exchange, designed by Herrera, an isolated quadrangle, each side being two hundred feet wide and sixty-three feet high, stands on an elevated basement, seven steps leading up to it all round. On the highest are half columns and chains surrounding the building. The exterior is very elegant, with simple, plain windows, with square slabs above, and Doric pilasters between them; but I do not admire the pyramidal pinnacles at each angle. The patio is beautiful, and consists of five circular arches on each side; the buttresses between them ornamented towards the court with half Doric columns. The decorations are similar on the floor above, but the columns are Ionic, and the arches are filled up with windows; the floor is paved with small square slabs of alternately black and white marble. A magnificent staircase, of rose and grey coloured marbles leads to the first floor, where the archives of the Indies are kept. There are papers of Columbus, Cortes and Pizarro, though the latter could not sign his name, but these treasures are not shown; each package is registered and dated with

apparent order, and deposited in mahogany Doric cases without glass, in a handsome room, extending almost round the building, with a roof beautifully arched and groined. The floor is paved with rose and white marbles, except at the angles, where there are circles, and other patterns of rose, grey, and white marbles. The portrait of Columbus was presented by his family, and, therefore, more likely to resemble him than the apocryphal one by Parmegianino at Naples. It represents a hard-featured, clever man, clad in armour, but the figure is badly drawn and wretchedly coloured. There are also portraits of Cortes, Charles III., Charles IV., and Ferdinand VII.

The stone staircase leading up to the roof is curious, as it is not perceptible how the large stones are supported. The view from the top is fine of the town and the adjoining country. On the ground floor are two rooms which are scarce worth visiting, though each contains a portrait of the Queen, one as a child, and the other just before her marriage. One of these rooms is called the Tribunal of Commerce, and there five merchants sit and decide all mercantile differences and suits at a slight expense, advocates sometimes appearing before them. There is an appeal from this court to the regular tribunals, but appeals they say are rare.

The exterior of the Ayuntamiento, or Town-hall, is a beautiful specimen of the plateresque

style, and some of the ornaments of the pillars and pilasters are quite Raphaelesque. In the interior there is a handsome room, the roof of which is divided into forty divisions, each containing a carved representation of a king with a spear and mace. In the small room there is a good painting of the Queen, by Gomez, the best of any I have seen. In the Academia there is a Conception, painted by Roelas. The angels holding the crown are very beautifully coloured.

Murillo's home is in the ancient quarter of the Jews, but the Israelites have had no abiding-place in Seville since Ferdinand and Isabella foolishly expelled them, though many of the nation are said to exist in all the large cities. Most of the streets in this district are narrow, and some of them picturesque; many of the houses are large, and the one Murillo lived in is a comfortable and pleasant residence. We entered a good-sized porch, at the end of which, opposite the doorway, are two arches, divided by marble columns, and above them the inscription: "En esta Casa murio, B. E. Murillo;" and over the inscription a tolerable portrait of the artist. Through the iron lattice gates which fill up the arches, we passed into a pretty patio ornamented with marble columns, a fountain in the centre, and the walls of the court covered with paintings. We went up stairs into the rooms in which the great artist

worked, and in all Seville rooms more suitable for a painter could not be found, as the house is situated close to the walls, which are not so high as the windows, and, therefore, do not interfere with the light nor interrupt the pleasing prospect of gardens and the distant country. There are three rooms which command this view, a centre room and a smaller one leading out of it at each end. They are all full of paintings, the owner, Dean Cepero, being passionately fond of them, and possessing a good private fortune, besides his income from the Church. There is a good copy of Murillo in the principal room, and a fine Spagnoletto. In one of the small chambers a St. Joseph and Child, and a Conception, though not, I think, as he says, by Murillo. In the library, several doubtful Murillos, but two very nice little paintings, by San Juan de Sevilla. In another room a pretty Child Asleep, by Cano, said to be by Murillo; and a really fine Murillo of the Virgin, with her hands closed, and looking up to heaven. Though most of the paintings in this collection are very indifferent, it is a great pleasure to see the house of the great Sevillian artist in the possession of a gentleman, who has not only a taste for art, but was, more than any person in Seville, a preserver of the works of Murillo when the convents were destroyed.

The house where the Inquisition stood, when the mob broke into it, and set fire to some gunpowder

which blew up the chapel, is a pleasant-looking place, fronting the old Alameda, and one can scarcely conceive it to have been the scene of so many horrors.

The Inquisition appears from the earliest period to have been connected with the political government in Spain. Ferdinand was crafty enough to see the utility of such a power in alliance with the throne, and the gentle Isabella's religious confidence in her artful confessor led her, no doubt, to think that the end justified the means, and induced her to ask for the introduction of the holy office into her dominions as a Christian benefit to her people.

The first court commenced operations at Seville on the 2nd of January, 1481, in the Convent of St. Paul, but want of space soon obliged it to be moved to the Castle of Triana, of which there are now scarcely any remains. Llorente, in his History of the Spanish Inquisition, of which he was Secretary, states, on the authority of Bermeldes, a cotemporary historian, that seven hundred persons were burnt in Seville alone, during the first eight years, and he calculates, that on an average, during that period eighty-eight were burnt annually, forty-four more in effigy, and six hundred and twenty-five otherwise punished.* And yet Mariana, speaking of the establishment of the Inquisition, says, "A greater blessing and more fortunate event for

* Llorente, vol. 1, p. 414.

Spain, was the establishment about this period, of a new and holy tribunal." Yet even the Jesuit historian, though he did not dare to do otherwise than praise a power which high and low, the intellectual and the ignorant, were compelled to bow to, exhibits the misgivings of his own mind when he describes the complaints that were made of children being answerable for their father's crimes, and the accused being ignorant who were their accusers, and not allowed to be confronted with the witnesses, contrary to the ancient customs of other tribunals; and when he describes the secret agency and *espionage* which existed in the cities, towns, and villages, depriving every one of the liberty of hearing and speaking, as a slavery, some say, as bad as death.

Perhaps it was for the expression of these doubts and objections to the Inquisition, which he answered most feebly, that the learned Jesuit was summoned himself before the Inquisition, in order to avow his submission to its authority.*

That a religious war of nearly eight centuries should have made the Spaniards the bitter enemies of all who did not bow to the Cross, is not surprising. They could never forget that the Jews, an Oriental people, were the natural allies of the Moors, facilitated their conquest of the kingdom,

* Tickler, p. 427.

and in the enjoyment of a religious toleration, which the Moors, to their great credit, conceded to every sect, were with their vast treasures, literature and science, the most valuable subjects of the Spanish caliphs. The ostentatious wealth, great learning, and rare financial talents of the Jews, excited the jealousy of the Spaniards, and it was undoubtedly an easy way to cancel their pecuniary obligations to that ever money-lending people, to cast them into the prisons of the Inquisition, whence no voice was ever heard, except that of agony in the *autos da fès*. Those who escaped, stripped of their wealth, broken in fortune and in spirit, would probably hasten to some corner of the earth, where they might die in peace rather than linger in the place of their captivity, and venture to ask Christian creditors for the gold they had lent to them.

The free exercise of their religion, which the Spaniards promised the Moslems, must have been galling to the sight of such bigoted Christians, and their crafty priests would find it easy to persuade them that it was a greater crime to keep than break such engagements. The impatience of the Moors under the Christian yoke, and at last their repeated revolutions and backslidings, removed all scruples from even the most lenient of their oppressors.

When, however, we think of the immense popula-

tion which existed in the cities and districts where the Jews and Moslems ought to have been allowed to dwell, in the peaceful enjoyment of their wealth, their arts, their learning and their religion, instead of being cruelly persecuted, and ultimately inhumanly and impolitically driven into exile, there is truly a poetical retribution in their present decayed state, in the comparatively deserted streets, and in the numerous wild plains (*despoblados*) once so rich and beautiful.

The tobacco manufactory is well worth seeing; the building is immense, but here also there is great difficulty in obtaining permission to go over it; the administrador must be asked, and he is never in the way or engaged, and they will not disturb him. I went there twice, and I heard of others who had been three or four times. Spaniards think nothing of the value of time, and seem to delight in making you wait an hour or two; generally they are civilly dilatory, but here they were rude and insolent. The great sight of this manufactory is the long room where the women work; there were three thousand of them rolling the dirty-looking fragments of the tobacco in large, clean-looking leaves, which give them their neat appearance. Among the three thousand, it was quite extraordinary how few were at all good-looking, and not one really beautiful. There were women of all ages, and most of them had made the best of them-

selves, their hair being neatly dressed and decorated with flowers, but there were scarcely half a dozen that would be called pretty in England.

They are paid by the quantity of work they accomplish, and earn generally about sixpence or eightpence a-day. There are some men employed, who are paid in the same way, and gain, they say, double as much as the women, whose fingers, I should have thought, would have been more nimble than the men's, but I think they lose a deal of time in gossiping. I never heard such a Babel of tongues, it was as stunning as the whirl of as many spinning-jennies. Many of the men were very handsome, which confirms my impression that the males generally in Seville are better-looking than the females, and that the latter are not remarkable for their beauty, though their grace and elegance are beyond all praise.

We visited in the rappee manufactory a room where there is clumsy machinery for chopping the tobacco, the wheels of which are turned by mules, the Spanish substitute for a steam-engine, which in England would do the work, and we then saw the rooms where the tobacco is steeped in a decoction to give it its peculiar pungent flavour, but the smell was so disagreeable I was glad to escape from them, and they say, that in the heat of summer, all who work in the manufactory are affected by it. We afterwards went into a room where the rappee is put into large

earthen vases, where it effervesces, and lastly it is put into tin canisters made in the establishment. Throughout Spain there is an estanco publico even in the smallest village; and in the large towns many, where the manufactured tobacco is sent for sale, and at no other place can cigars or snuff be legally purchased. I used often to buy them to give to the muleteers, mayorals and others, an attention which made them very friendly for the journey at least; but I seldom saw any good ones except in the sea-ports, where I had every reason to suppose they had been smuggled into the kingdom from Gibraltar. The Government buys the raw tobacco at four reals a pound, and sells it manufactured at twenty-four.

Seville, as a residence, is a charming place; the streets and plazas are so picturesque, especially the Plaza del Ayuntamiento and the Plaza del Duque, where crowds assemble every evening under the shady trees, and also the Plaza de San Salvador, and numerous others. The streets are all white, and clean, and pretty, from the general effect of the balconies, covered with flowers; but they are very narrow, so much so, that when a carriage passes, the foot passengers have often to retire into the always open porches of the houses; and through some of them carriages cannot pass at all. Every street has a row of flags on each side near the walls for foot passengers, but, not being elevated, it is no

protection. Seville is so large, and so few of the streets are straight, it would be difficult to find the way to the sights without a guide; I strongly recommend Diego Hainsworth, who does not ply at the hotels for custom, but who may be found at No. 15, Frente à la Torre de San Bartolomé. He is a very honest, respectable Englishman, an old servant of Mr. Wetherell's.

The number of excellent houses is immense, though few of the *façades* are remarkable for their architecture; but the pride of the Sevillians is their patio. A hundred thousand columns are said to decorate the courts of Seville, and I cannot conceive the number exaggerated. I was never weary with looking at them, with their marble columns and pavements, the pretty fountains and flowers in vases generally so fresh and so beautiful. In searching for private collections of paintings, I saw the interior of many houses belonging to nobles, members of the Cortes, *employés* and tradespeople, and they were always scrupulously clean and neat, and often handsomely furnished. The windows are invariably covered with iron lattices, which give a Moorish appearance to the houses.

The walls are generally whitewashed, but almost always quite fresh, and without a spot. The floors were sometimes covered with carpets, but often with the beautiful mats which they make in Seville. The walls of the houses I was taken to, were

generally covered with paintings belonging to persons who had a taste for the arts, or who had inherited pictures. In the rooms which were not thus adorned, and in other houses I saw, there were frequently prints on the walls, mostly coloured ones of a very inferior kind, proving that in the birthplace of Murillo there is not now much feeling or taste for high art. In the summer time, when the family migrates from the upper rooms into the marble courts, which are then covered with an awning, the pictures and prints are carried down, and decorate the walls of the patio.

It is astonishing how few paintings for sale are to be seen by Murillo in private hands, scarcely above two or three in his best style, and those enormously dear. A Mater Dolorosa, very small, £1000, at Signor Romero's. A Virgin, also small, £300, at the Dean C.'s. In the house of a member of the Cortes, a very fine St. Joseph and Child, £400. Some in Murillo's cold style, but chiefly disagreeable, or, at all events, uninteresting subjects, such as evangelists and saints, in friars' dresses. The English Consul has several. At Signor G. Cala Naravete's, is a good Head of St. Francis, in Murillo's cold style, £40. In several houses, I saw some Zurbarans, but all uninteresting, and very dear. In many collections, there are paintings which they call Murillo's, but they do not require much examination to perceive they are by very different artists. Many of his scholars

coloured like their master, but none drew in such an admirable style. It is, therefore, more by the drawing than the colouring that real Murillos may be distinguished from good ancient copies, or from the works of his pupils. The Torre del Oro, so called because the treasures of the Indies were deposited there, is very picturesque, though the whitewash gives it almost a modern appearance. The tower, fringed with its pretty battlements, might well from its solidity be supposed to have been built by the Romans, but it is Moorish, and the thin minaret upon it is very elegant. The tower of Don Fabrice is also one of the best in Seville, and is ornamented with battlements and pointed arches. The old Alameda of Hercules is little visited, though its elms are fine.

The Santa Catalina and Las Delicias, near the cool Guadalquivir, are the favourite resorts. As the Arabian poet Ibnu Saffar says :

“The breeze falls playfully on the river, and, lifting up the skirts of its robe, agitates the surface of its waters; the stream, resisting the outrage, hastens down to revenge it.

“The ring-dove laughs on its banks from the excess of his love, and the whole scene is covered with the veil of tranquillity and peace.”*

The gardens are pretty, and filled with roses, and the walk on the side of the river delicious, and must

* Makkari, vol. 1, p. 57.

be especially so on a sultry autumnal evening. On *fête* days there are many carriages, but the Spaniards are fond of walking, and generally descend from their vehicles. The Infanta has purchased a grand palace close to this promenade, a handsome building, with a churrigueresque entrance; the garden front is gaily painted, and looks into a large grove of splendid orange-trees.

The time for walking for all ranks is from just before sunset until long afterwards. Often, when the streets have been quiet and lifeless during the hot mornings, suddenly they become so animated and gay about dusk, that any one would suppose it to be a *fête*; and the streets are crowded, but always far more men are seen than women. Seville ladies make their purchases generally by gas-light, and there is no better place than the shops for a stranger to judge of their beauty; but only on the promenades can he form a true estimate of their easy carriage and inimitable grace and manners. I think, however, that the men are better-looking than the fair sex, and that without the fascinating mantilla and those dark glances, they, above all other women, know how to throw, their charms would never equal expectations, though their figures are generally excellent, and undoubtedly their manners are perfection, so unaffected and so natural. The ladies of high rank and station go out very little — many only on *fête* days, and not always then.

The Promenade del Duque is, perhaps, the best place for observing the beauties of Seville, and their graceful walk and manners, especially for those who have not access to the tertullias, or little conversazionis, where, without form and stiffness, they receive every evening their intimate friends. In every corner in Seville, and especially all round this plaza, there are little picturesque stalls, painted green, and other gay colours, and laden with glasses and liqueurs, vases filled with iced water, and rows of oranges and lemons. The Spaniards excel in all kinds of cool delicious drinks, to assuage the thirst of this parching clime. The iced lemonade is nectar itself, and the orgeat and other drinks are worthy of the gods. With a large glass of this delicious beverage, let the traveller seat himself on one of the benches, and watch the passing crowd—there is no danger of the Andalusian belles not giving him ample opportunity to appreciate their charms—and there, at his ease, in perfect good-humour with the gay scene around him, and in the enjoyment of the delicious climate—alone great happiness—he will perhaps agree with Byron in his description of Spanish women :—

The seal Love's dimpling finger bath impressed,
Denotes how soft that skin which bears his touch ;
Her lips, whose kisses pout to leave their nest,
Bid man be valiant ere he merit such ;
Her glance, how wildly beautiful ! how much

Hath Phœbus wooed in vain to spoil her cheek !
 Which glows yet smoother for his amorous clutch.
 Who round the north for paler dames would seek ?
 How poor their forms ! how languid, wan, and weak !

* * * *

Match me, ye climes which poets love to laud ;
 Match me, ye harems of the land where now
 I strike my strain, far distant, to applaud
 Beauties that e'en a cynic must avow ;
 Match me those houris, whom ye scarce allow
 To taste the gale lest Love should ride the wind,
 With Spain's dark glancing daughters—deign to know
 There your wise Prophet's paradise we find,
 His black-eyed maids of heaven, angelically kind.

The mantilla is invariably worn in the South, and a head-dress so becoming and so suitable to the climate will never, I trust, be changed for frightful bonnets. In cold weather, the silk or velvet mantilla trimmed with rich lace, and in summer the beautiful fabrics of blonde, of which Catalonia may well be proud, make even plain women good-looking. Black is still the general colour of the dress, but gayer silks are creeping in very fast, and French fashions to such an extent, that it is very rarely that even the peasant women wear any of those beautiful costumes for which they were once so distinguished.

Every woman has her fan, her eloquent fan, which often says more than she would dare to utter, though Spanish women are not very particular in what they say. It requires more experience than mine to

explain its mystery. An Andalusian woman might as well lose her tongue as her fan, which has this advantage over the natural organ of speech, that it conveys thought to a greater distance. A dear friend at the furthest end of the public walk is greeted and cheered up by a quick tremulous motion of the fan, accompanied with several significant nods. An object of indifference is dismissed with a slow, formal inclination of the fan, which makes his blood run cold; the fan now screens the titter and whisper; now condenses a smile into the dark sparkling eyes, which take their aim just above it. A gentle tap of the fan commands the attention of the careless; a waving motion calls the distant; a certain twirl between the fingers betrays doubt or anxiety; a quick closing or displaying the folds indicates eagerness or joy. In perfect combination with the expressive features of the Andalusian women, the fan is a magic wand, whose power is more easily felt than described.*

* Doblado's Letters, p. 56.