

hands are clasped in the attitude of praying; the Holy Spirit is descending upon her, and Christ and the Eternal rewarding her with a crown of glory. On each side of the Virgin are representations of palms, wells, a city, and other landscapes, allegorical of her manifold perfections; and in the service of the church there is a prayer for each of these representations. The ground is coloured a light yellow, and anything more beautiful than this painting cannot be imagined. The style is not so elevated as many of the paintings of Raphael and Correggio; it is natural, but nature so chastened, and so exalted, by apparently religious enthusiasm, that it is truly exquisite; such meekness and softness are worthy of the mother of Jesus. The two heads of our Saviour and the Creator are good, though not so fine as the Virgin's; but unfortunately the chapel containing the finest picture in Valencia, is so dark we could only see it by the light of candles.

The Church of San Nicolas is churrigueresque\* in its ornaments. There are some small paintings by Joanes, representing the Flagellation of Christ; Christ bearing his Cross; Betrayal of Christ in the Garden, Peter in the foreground striking off the ear of the high priest's servant; and St. Michael destroying the Devil; but these are inferior to

\* A term commonly used in Spain for all tasteless, rococo monstrosities, in compliment to a certain Josef Churriguera, who in the seventeenth century did his best to corrupt the national taste.

his best style. There is also a Holy Family, by Joanes; the St. Joseph good. The chief attraction of this church is, however, an exquisite small painting, by Joanes, of the Last Supper. Our Saviour and John leaning on his bosom and almost feminine in appearance, are extremely beautiful. Every head in this little painting, only about two to three feet broad, and less in height, is wonderfully executed; the very hairs in their beards and heads, are finished like a Denners, and all the figures are admirably coloured. The composition is in every respect excellent, better than any other painting I have seen by Joanes. The wine and cups on the table are well drawn, and also the white table-cloth, tied in a knot on one side, and the lights and shadows are very fine; altogether this is truly a charming picture, and, if inferior to the Conception in beauty, certainly excels that painting and every other in Valencia for composition. There are at this altar several other paintings by Joanes, which would be much admired elsewhere; but there the Last Supper rivets the attention. The paintings above seemed to be less interesting than several near the altar, representing the Eternal, and Adam and Eve; and Adam naming the Birds; and Adam naming the Animals—the latter the best. Behind the high altar is a splendid Head of Christ in the best style of Joanes.

The Church of the Colegio de Corpus, is a

gallery of Ribaltas. In the first chapel, to the left on entering, is an excellent painting by that master, representing our Saviour accompanied with Saints visiting San Vicente de Ferrer, in order to restore his health. The Saint is pale, rising from the bed of sickness, contrasting finely with the Messiah, well drawn and richly coloured; indeed, better coloured than any Ribalta I have seen in Valencia. The Last Supper in this church, by Ribalta, behind the high altar, is an extremely beautiful painting; the Christ very fine, and the second and third figures on his left, particularly the third Apostle with a white beard, are admirable. The Judas in the foreground is remarkably well drawn; but the colouring of the face dark and bad. The effect of light and shadow on the white tablecloth is wonderful. There is a Holy Family, by Ribalta, above this, but too high to distinguish more than the Child reposing on a white cloth. Some large frescoes cover the walls of this church, but they are much injured; and it is difficult to distinguish the subjects. One of them, the preaching of St. Vicente, seems to have been well drawn. In the sanctuary is a good painting representing the Martyrdom of St. Peter, by Espinosa.

Leaving the chapel, gentlemen, but not ladies, may enter the colegio. The court is very simple and handsome; the corridor round it is ornamented with Doric columns, and the loggie above with Ionic

columns, all of whitish marble. In the Rector's room is a fine half-figure of Christ, at the pillar, by Ribalta, but unlike his usual colouring, being much lighter, almost like the darker style of Guido; a red drapery hangs over the shoulders, and the expression of the painting is very fine. In the same room, is another good Ribalta, the subject similar; but this picture is full-length, and has no other drapery than a cloth around the waist. It is admirably drawn, and the expression full of feeling. In another room there is a fine portrait (by Juan Zarenena says the hand-book and Mr. Stirling; by Ribalta says the keeper of the convent) of the good Archbishop Ribera, who built this institution. Juan Zarenena was the son of a painter of the same name, who was a pupil of the elder Ribalta, and he and his brother Cristobal painted at Valencia in the beginning of the seventeenth century. The Rector, who now superintends the education of the youths in this college, has not, to judge from his countenance, a tenth part of the intelligence of the founder. The ceremony on a Friday in this church, will be described elsewhere. I went to the new church of San Salvador, but not succeeding in seeing the miraculous cross which found its way from Judea, without human assistance, and which is said to have worked so many conversions, I did not think it worth a second visit.

In the Church of San Thomas de la Congrega-

cion, as it is generally called, there is a beautiful Madonna and Child, said to be by Leonardo da Vinci, and Ponz they say describes it as such. If not a Leonardo, which I am inclined to think it is—though it is difficult to say, the light is so bad—there is no doubt of its being an excellent painting, and one of the best of Luini's. The Child is in rather an affected attitude, looking up to the Madonna, who is somewhat insipid, but the finishing and colouring of the painting are admirable.

I visited also the Church of the Carmen, where there is a beautiful Head of our Saviour. Those who are determined to see all the good pictures of this school, may, I am told, find many in the villages at some distance from here, where they are often to be purchased very cheap. I did not hear of them until my arrangements were all made for my departure.

The gallery of Signor La Quadra contains some good paintings, a St. Francis by Zurbaran very good. Christ with Mary at his feet, very like Murillo. Two small paintings by Joanes, of Saints with pretty blue landscapes behind, executed with his usual care. St. John and the Lamb, by Carreno, an extremely beautiful and graceful painting. Don Juan de Miranda Carreno, was born in the town of Aviles in the Asturias, in 1614, and died in 1685; an admirable portrait painter patronized by Velasquez.

The Death of St. Joseph, admirable for the Christ and the Angels, is by Francesco Herrera, the father, who was born at Seville in 1576, and has the merit of introducing the bold style adopted by Velasquez. His paintings often exhibit the roughness of his character, which was so brutal that his pupils would not stay with him. Charged with coining, he took refuge in a sanctuary, but Philip IV. granted him a pardon in admiration of his great talents. His son, a bad artist, corrupted by such an example, robbed his father, and fled to Rome; and his daughter became a nun.

A fine painting representing Gamblers, which the Signor called Italian, and it may be by Caravaggio, but it is not like his colouring; the old man to the right is admirable. A Priest well drawn, but not well coloured or pleasing, by Luis Tristan, who was born in 1586, near Toledo, and was a pupil of El Greco. A very good Christ, by Vincenzo Carducci, who was born at Florence 1585, and brought to Madrid by his brother Bartolomeo at an early age, and died there in 1658.

There is also a good painting of Coello, who was born at Valencia, and was the Velasquez of Philip II.; and a painting which I did not like, by El Mudo, whose real name was Juan Fernandez Navarrete. He was born at Legrono in 1526, studied in Italy, and became an admirable painter.

A nice painting of Christ, at the column, by

Alonso Cano ; the figure kneeling before our Saviour very exquisite, and the composition of this little picture is very good. There are there two landscapes by Murillo, with flocks of sheep beautifully painted. The paintings bear the name of Murillo, otherwise I should have doubted whether they were the works of the great Sevillian painter, though they are much better executed than any paintings I have yet seen by the Spanish Bassanos, and the light was bad for seeing them.

The master of this collection appeared to take a great pleasure in showing his paintings, and, what is seldom the case in Spain, seemed to understand them. On returning from this gallery, we observed erected in several of the little squares and places, wooden pedestals six or twelve feet square, covered with linen or cloth, and on these pedestals groups of figures, sometimes whole families, only one instance of a single figure representing a countryman. There was no fun in the compositions except in one well-dressed group, representing a cavalier fanning a lady who was seated on a chair, and by some mechanism the fan was always at work. At the close of the day, a bonfire was made of each of these representations. They are the Valencian Falæ erected by the carpenters of Valencia in honour of their saint, St. Joseph, the husband of the Virgin.

At the Presidio, and in the private residence of

the Governor of the Presidio, are some good paintings. At his house there is a painting by Ribalta the younger, of St. Christopher carrying our Saviour as a child across the river, which is very clever. A Crucifixion, by Espinosa; and a good Deposition, by Ribalta. There is also there an excellent March, the figures somewhat in the style of Jordaens. Four Saints, by Joanes, St. Jerome, Santa Armonica, St. Francis Assis, and Santa Clara; all small, and exquisitely finished. In the centre of the group, a Holy Family, very beautiful; the three children, St. John, our Saviour, and St. John the Baptist, admirably painted, and the head of the Eternal above the Holy Family, is very good. Perhaps the most interesting painting in this gallery is the Crucifixion, by Juan de Ribalta. It is a small study from the large painting in the museum, and is truly astonishing for any artist to have painted at the early age of eighteen. The drawing is admirable, and the soldiers and other figures well grouped.

There are some good paintings in the Presidio, several by Orrente; a Conception by Joanes, not good, if original; three ancient paintings very curious, and a great many copies. The Comandante will dispose of them if required.

In the palace of the Count de Villareal, is a beautiful Joanes, containing three subjects; a Madonna and Child, with St. John the Baptist and the Evan-



gest and another child and goat, with St. Joseph and St. Catherine on one side, and on the other two saints. These figures are admirably painted, and also the landscape in the distance. The child is very beautiful, and also St. Joseph on the right of the Virgin. Certainly it is an excellent Joanes, and well worth visiting.

The palace of the Count de Parsent is an immense building, with little to admire externally. As the Count lives at Bordeaux, where he has large possessions, the interior is neglected. The suite of rooms is very fine, consisting of splendid saloons and ball-rooms, decorated simply, but now almost unfurnished. This palace contains few good paintings. A Deposition from the Cross, in the style of Alonso Cano, by Espinosa. Four interesting paintings, representing an arrival of troops, a battle and two sea-fights; Battles of the Moors and Christians, executed with considerable spirit, by Juan de Toledo. This painter was born at Lorca in 1611, entered the army, made several campaigns in Italy, and is famous for his battle-pieces.

There is also a Supper at Emmaus by Ribalta, the Christ well drawn, and the colouring good. All these palaces and most of the good houses in Valencia have, like this, little gardens fragrant with orange-trees. The palace of the Marquis de la Romana is in better taste, and contains six pretty paintings by Camaron, who was born in Segovia, 1730, and died here

in 1803. The colouring is pale, and some little in the Watteau style; the figures dancing the fandango are graceful. There are also in this collection, two Joanes, and some landscapes and figures by Goya, whose style is often sketchy, and reminded me rather of Taylor's water-colour drawings; but some of them are more carefully finished, and very clever. I cannot enumerate all the private houses I was taken to in search of paintings; in many of them I saw nothing, sometimes a doubtful Ribalta or Espinosa, several paintings by Orrente, but not in his best style. I saw some also by El Greco, in his bad, pale style: they seemed to be the efforts of his mad fits, as the subjects were generally disagreeable. This painter, whose real name was Dominico Theotocopuli, was born in 1558, and died in 1625. He was believed to be a pupil of Titian, and his best paintings are in his style, with paler colours; but sometimes his genius seems to have been quite perverted, and his productions are frightful.

The collection of Signor Campo contains, they say, some good paintings, but we could not see them as the house was in confusion.

## CHAPTER VI.

PRIVATE HOUSES — EL PELUQUERO — BRIDGES — WALLS — THE  
ALAMEDA — STREETS — SHOPS — THE LONJA — LA SALA DE LA  
AUDIENCIA — THE LIMOUSIN DIALECT — CEREMONY AT THE  
PATRIARCA — CONFESSION — CRIMES OF THE VALENCIANS.

ALTHOUGH the private galleries are not very numerous and few paintings are on sale, I managed to make some cheap purchases. It is worth while making a search for paintings, if it is only for the sake of penetrating into the dwellings of the Valencians. It is impossible to judge of the domestic arrangements and habits of a people from the life at an inn, kept perhaps by a foreigner. Having visited with a Spaniard more than a score of houses of all ranks, most of them not in the habit of receiving strangers, but all civil and polite in the extreme, I have remarked invariably the greatest cleanliness and comfort, I might almost say Dutch cleanliness. The floors of the ante-rooms and halls often consisted of beautiful azulejos, and the saloons were generally

covered with mats, except in the best rooms of rich houses, where there was always a carpet, often skins of wild animals, tigers and panthers; and near a comfortable sofa there was always a circle of chairs for the evening tertullia: some of them were covered with damask, and others commoner than we would use in our kitchens. Alabaster clocks, cabinets and marbles, ornament the saloons of even the tradesmen, and often the walls of the rooms I saw were covered with paintings with great names, but not a tolerable one amongst them.

The house Del Peluquero, or barber, who is now dead and has left his pictures to a female servant, will be always visited, being almost the only gallery mentioned in the hand-book, now remaining open; but it contains a vast quantity of rubbish, and a very few good paintings, many called Murillos which Murillo never saw, and not the least resembling his style; some very inferior Joanes, one good Holy Family said to be by that master, but I do not think it is; and one or two good Ribaltas.

The Peluquero had some taste for art, and living at the time that the convents were breaking up, he had great opportunities of acquiring good paintings. When he got anything valuable it was a difficult matter, they say, to purchase from him at a reasonable price; and when he became attached to a painting, which was often the case, he would not sell at all.

He left also a large collection of coins, but the servant has all the suspicion of the Valencians; and the instant a visitor appears to admire a painting or coin, though wishing to sell, she asks ten times its value. The St. John and the Lamb by Ribalta was the only painting in her collection I coveted.

I visited her several times, but she always demanded four times more than I determined to give. At last I went with a Spanish gentleman, and I laid down the money on the table. She looked wistfully at the shining dollars and then at the picture, but she seemed suspicious that I had not offered as much as I would really give, and still refused to sell. It was amusing to see the struggle in her mind, and when I put the money into my pocket, she could not restrain a sigh. I left her, and my Spanish friend remained endeavouring to persuade her; and whether it was his eloquence, or hearing me go out of the court, I cannot say, but I was called back and got a painting which Baron Taylor could never induce El Peluquero to part with.

The gentleman who resides beneath her has some paintings, and an excellent Joanes of the Saviour.

Valencia is a charming place for ten days' residence, or even a winter. The approach to the city is fine from every side, over the stony bed of the Guadalaviar, which is now quite dry; the demand for irrigation in this parching climate scarce leaving water enough for the washerwomen. The bridges which

span the river are however very handsome, and so numerous and near together, that from many points three or four are seen. I found one to be two hundred paces long, and they seemed all to be of the same length. It was supported by ten elliptical arches, and there are recesses on the bridge, and seats, and two statues of Saints under canopies, which add to its architectural effect. These bridges lead to gates, three of which are extremely interesting for their high semicircular towers, with bold machicolated battlements, quite Moorish in their appearance. The walls of the city are of *tapia*-work, covered with cement, which in many places has fallen off, and discovers the masonry. I observed in many parts very large hewn stones, built in the walls, evidently taken from some Roman edifice. The walls have a battlement all round, and at distances towers of hewn stones. The effect of these fine gates and walls, the noble bridges, and domes of old convents which are now usefully occupied, is very picturesque. On one side of the river is the beautiful promenade of the Alameda, extending to the sea, planted with trees, and ornamented with gardens and country places of the Capitan-General and rich Signori.

On the other side of the river there is the small, but pretty Glorietta, with its orange-trees and flowers, and also other gardens. This fine approach leads but to miserable narrow streets; but, as in the East, broader would be intolerable in this hot cli-

mate, and their very narrowness increases their picturesque effect.

The city is a complete labyrinth, the streets twisting and turning in every direction, making it almost impossible for a stranger to find his way. There is only one piazza or square, deserving to be called such; that is the Piazza del Mercado, which is always an interesting scene. It is not the new Doric market-place which interests me, but the fine building of the Lonja, the picturesque Church of St. Jean opposite, the streets in the distance leading from it so narrow, that there scarcely appears an opening; and the thousands of charming peasants selling their heaps of golden oranges, and a variety of fruits and vegetables. Some of the more modern streets have paved footways on each side, but generally there is but one sandy way for tartanas (the covered cart almost the only carriage in Valencia) and the persons on foot; so that in wet weather the streets are almost impassable for mud and water. There are quarters or streets here for the different trades, as in the East; a street for the jewellers, and curious are the ornaments, especially the high silver-gilt combs and the heavy ear-rings, quite Oriental in their form and weight; a street for the linendrapers, a street for the blacksmiths, a street for the shoemakers, &c.; but perhaps the streets where the coarse linens and woollen cloaks and blankets are sold is the most like an Oriental bazaar,

and over each shop door is an oval shield, with the figure of some Saint, which indicates the house instead of a number. In the more modern streets are some fancy shops, which are well stocked, but few things are exhibited in the shop windows. The streets in the less fashionable part of the town are very miserable, except sometimes where the destruction of a convent and its gardens have afforded space, and new streets of good houses are springing up. An excellent residence may be got in Valencia for £30 to £40 a-year.

Some of the entrances into the palaces are handsome, but frequently churrigueresque; and I admire more those of the houses of less pretension, which are always very neat, and often handsome, with marble stairs, handsome balustrades, and courts ornamented with arched colonnades, frequently decorated with statues, and always scrupulously clean. The open arcades under the roofs are very Oriental, and extremely picturesque; charming bits of architecture are continually seen, which are sometimes Moorish and sometimes Gothic. The interior of the houses is frequently paved with the beautiful Valencian tiles, which are tastefully painted, and being glazed, are not injured by being washed, and always look clean and cool.

The Lonja, or Exchange, is a handsome Gothic building, built in the reign of Ferdinand the Catholic. In the interior is a lofty, noble hall, eighty



feet long by fifty feet broad, ornamented with very high, spiral, fluted columns, which have a very graceful appearance. The market for the silk is held here, and besides the benches covered with the golden produce, there were some picturesque groups of peasants, with their treasure upon their shoulders, waiting patiently for purchasers. Adjoining to this hall is the Chamber of Commerce, comfortably fitted up, and a spiral staircase leading to the summit, which, though but small and narrow, is very neatly constructed. There is also a pretty little garden, where the merchants can in a moment retire from the busy scene in the market, and under a canopy of orange-trees, screening them from the sun's rays, enjoy their cigars, with violets at their feet, and the pure elastic air perfumed with the odour of blossoms, fruits, and flowers.

Arragon did not rise to importance until five centuries after the Saracen conquest, most of which time was almost one continual struggle against the Infidels, when indeed the national character for obstinacy and perseverance was meritoriously displayed. Their jealousy of their liberties, and of the authority of their sovereigns, and the extraordinary powers of their officer, the Justicia, who had frequently more real influence than the sovereign, are curious.\* Her union with Catalonia in the twelfth,

\* See Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella, vol. 1, p. 52.

and the conquest of Valencia in the thirteenth century, affording her excellent ports, she soon became one of the principal maritime powers in the Mediterranean—Sicily, Sardinia, and Athens, being amongst her conquests.

La Salle de la Audiencia, where the ancient States of the kingdom were formerly held, is, historically and architecturally, the most interesting room in Valencia. It is very large and lofty, the wood roof is deeply and admirably sculptured, and beneath it is an open gallery, also exquisitely carved, and ornamented with elegant columns, and below the gallery are *bassi-relievi*. The walls are ornamented with paintings, by Cristobel Zañiñena, representing the ancient Cortes of Arragon. On one side are the military representatives, comprising the nobles and gentry, with their decorations; on the opposite, the representatives of the clergy, in their robes; then a group of the deputies of the city of Valencia, and several groups of the representatives of the different cities of the kingdom. In the Cortes, these four orders voted separately; but it was necessary that all should agree before a law was passed. Many of the portraits are excellent, and as works of art they are worthy of observation; but for the costumes, and as a memorial of the ancient liberties, privileges, and independence of Arragon, these paintings are

most valuable. Over the altar, at one end of the room, there are some tolerable paintings by the same artist.

In a small court adjoining I saw three judges sitting, whilst an advocate was reading a document. The public are admitted, but the judges and the barrister had the room to themselves. In the rooms where the records are kept, are some of the richest and deepest carved roofs I ever saw, gorgeous and as fresh as if done yesterday. Justice is not always administered here without the presence of the public. Once a week, all disputes concerning the division of the water are decided in the plaza of the cathedral, without advocates or pleadings, common sense and knowledge of the customs of the country being quite sufficient qualifications for the judge of such a court. There was no business the day I was there, for, in consequence of the extreme drought, there was no water to dispute about.

This caused me little regret, as the trials are in the Limousin dialect, the unintelligible *patois* of the country. During the first half of the fifteenth century, long after the genuine race of the troubadours had passed away, the Provençal or Limousin verse was carried to its highest excellence, by the poets of Valencia.\* It resembles so much the *patois* now spoken near Toulouse, where Mon-

\* Prescott's Ferd. and Isab. p. 89.

sieur L—— resides, that he had no difficulty in understanding the Catalonians and Valencians. This similarity is not surprising, as it was there, in 1323, great efforts were made to restore the Provençal language, and a guild formed for this purpose, called the very gay company of the seven troubadours of Toulouse, and a prize of a golden violet given to a Catalonian gentleman, for the best poem in that language. When Provence became a portion of the dominions of the Counts of Barcelona, and ultimately part of the realm of Arragon, the *gaya sciencia* was greatly cultivated, and kings and princes became poets and patrons of the art; and when Aix and Marseilles were disturbed by dissensions and troubles, especially by the civic persecution of the Albigenses, a safer asylum was afforded them at the Court of Arragon, where the stirring events of the Holy War against the Moors, and the conquests of Don Jaime, would furnish noble themes for the cultivators of the science. The Provençal language soon, however, had to contend with the sonorous and grand Castilian, full of vigour and strength, which chroniclers and even poets adopted. The Gay Saber might suit the sunny south, though as early as 1474, when a poetical contest was held at Valencia, four of the poems were in Castilian; but when Saragossa became the seat of government, and in 1474, when Arragon and Castile were united under Ferdinand and

Isabella, the Castilian prevailed, and, as Mr. Tickler\* observes, what remained of the language that gave the first impulse to poetical feeling in modern times, sunk into a neglected dialect, and without having attained the refinement that would preserve its name and its glory to future times, became as much a dead language as the Greek or the Latin.

The Valencians have an extraordinary taste for processions and religious ceremonies, and as a people, they are certainly inclined to be very bigoted. They joined in the cry to destroy the convents, but very many, finding themselves now no better off, regret to see the noble edifices of the Church turned into residences of the Capitan-General, custom-houses, and even charitable institutions. It must indeed be difficult to be half a Roman Catholic. A sincere man must either be a slave to the mysteries and imposing ceremonies of that fascinating Creed, intoxicated with its incense, delightful music and gorgeous functions, or reject its ceremonies altogether. It is not therefore surprising to see the churches so well kept up, and on the *fête* days crowded. On every Friday there is an imposing ceremony in the Church of the Patriarca, or Colegio de Corpus, a church I have described as full of Ribaltas. The rules of this college are very strict. Ladies are only admitted to this ceremony

\* History of Spanish Literature, vol. I, p. 314.

in mantillas, and never allowed to enter the college. Whilst I was admiring the Ribaltas there, we heard a terrific ringing of a bell, which startled my conductor, as if the building had been on fire. An English lady had followed her husband into the forbidden precincts of the college, and frightened at the solitariness of the large court, and not knowing what animal in the shape of a monk or a student might pounce upon her, or wearied with waiting, or envying her husband's prolonged enjoyment of the Ribaltas, she seized the rope, and gave it such a tug, that priests and scholars rushed out of their rooms to see what was the matter. At first they looked indignant at the intruder, but her triumphant smile, when she saw her husband, restored them to their good-humour, and they merely said *Inglese* (English), that word being an apology for anything.

High mass was performed with beautiful music, after which a curtain dropped before the altar. The chief priest, richly clad, walked in procession up the church, accompanied by about twelve or fourteen others, clothed in the usual purple dresses, with white spencers, and carrying two banners and wax lights. They went behind the curtain, and lighted them at the altar; but the doors being almost closed, the church, always so gloomy that I required candles to see the Ribaltas, was very dark. Then the *Miserere* commenced, the curtain was

drawn, and the grand altar was seen entirely surrounded by the priests in rows, on their knees. The effect was very picturesque, and greatly increased by the striking contrast of the brilliantly lighted altar, and the dark gloom in every other part of the church. In the foreground, a crowd of ladies, and women of all ranks, dressed in black, with their dark but graceful mantillas, apparently kneeling, but, in fact, reposing on their heels in a very Oriental fashion, added greatly to the pictorial effect. The spectacle itself was imposing, but it was increased tenfold by the exquisite Miserere they chanted. It was almost as plaintive, though not quite so well sung, as the Miserere in the Sistine Chapel; the lights, the gloom, the ascending incense increasing the thrilling effect of an admirable Italian composition. I could almost say with Tasso,

“ Pare d' umani sospiri e di singulti  
E un non so che confusa instilla al cuore,  
Di pietà, di spavento, e di dolore.”

The priests, after the Miserere, made a procession to the different altars, chanting in a deep and solemn tone. Then they assembled again round the grand altar, and a crimson curtain above was drawn aside; within was seen a purple covering, which after some time was also drawn, and another curtain was visible; finally, the last veil was rent, and our Saviour exhibited on the Cross.