

deaux, indeed, or Marseilles, may be called capitals of the west and south of France; and Liverpool is sometimes called the metropolis of the west of England: but these are only small editions of the great capital. The general appearance of all the cities is the same; and in dress and manners, the inhabitants of the smaller cities differ in nothing from the inhabitants of the acknowledged metropolis of the kingdom. But in Spain, one city does not represent the whole nation. In dress, usages, morals, as well as in the general aspect of external things, all those provinces which remained during the longest period subject to the dominion of the Moors, possess essential and characteristic distinctions; and Madrid, although nominally the capital of all Spain, is, in fact, but the metropolis of the two Castiles. Seville is the capital of the south, and Valencia of the east of Spain.

The first stroll which a stranger takes through the streets of Seville, shews him a new order of things: he at once perceives the results of a hot climate, and the traces of Moorish dominion and Moorish customs.

These are first remarked in the construction of the houses, which differ entirely from any thing that he has ever seen before. In place of the wide dark entry to a Castilian house, a passage, scrupulously clean, leads through the building to the interior square, or *patio*, which is separated from the passage by a handsome, ornamented, and often gilded, cast-iron door; through which, every one who passes along the street, may see into the patio. The patio is the luxury of a hot climate; it is open to the sky, but the sun scarcely reaches it; and there is always a contrivance, by which an awning may be drawn over it. The floor is of marble, or of painted Valencia tiles; sometimes a fountain plays in the centre; and a choice assortment of flowers, sweet-smelling and beautiful, is disposed around in ornamented vases: here the inmates escape from the noon-day heats; and here, in the evening, every family assembles to converse, see their friends, play the guitar, and sip lemonade.

There is something peculiarly attractive in a walk through Seville. The streets, though narrow, so scrupulously clean—the white-

washed houses, every one with its range of balconies; those peeps into the patios,—so cool, so luxurious,—the golden oranges hanging over the garden walls, for every third or fourth house has its garden and orangery; and the glimpses of Moorish customs visible even in trifles. Among these, one of the most obvious, is the contempt of chairs: in many of the lower order of houses, and in the artizan's workshop, it is usual to see the inmates squatted upon mats; and even in the most respectable houses, and in the best shops, most persons are seated upon low stools, not much elevated above the ground.

The general aspect of the population of Seville, differs greatly from that of Madrid. To begin with the upper ranks, there is something more eastern in the appearance of the ladies; they are more frequently seen veiled; their cheeks seem tinged with a hue of Moorish blood; and along with the fire of the Castilian eye, there is mingled a shading of oriental softness. Among the lower orders of women, we remark an extravagant and tasteless profusion of gaudy ornaments,

immense earrings, and enormous bracelets, and numerous rings, which I have seen gracing the fingers of a common beggar: all this is a remnant of Moorish custom; and the dress of the Andalusian peasant, is even more grotesque and ornamented than that of the women: his jacket and waistcoat, are almost always trimmed with gold or silver, and a profusion of silk cord and buttons covers every article of his dress.

One striking difference between Madrid and Seville, consists in the number of ragged and wretched-looking people seen in the latter city. This is the almost invariable result of a hot climate, where labour is a disagreeable exertion, and where the temptations to labour are few. It is easy to live in Andalusia:—give a small loaf of bread to one of these ragged sons of idleness; he makes a hole in it, begs a little oil, which is not worth refusing, pours it into the hole, and dipping his slices of bread in it as he cuts round his loaf, he is set up for the day; and if he succeeds in getting a two-quarto piece, about one farthing, he can deliberate between the choice of a *gaspacho*, (the luxury of thousands),

which only requires a little vinegar, oil, and onion,—or, of as many grapes as might furnish forth the desert of a Russian prince: he is therefore idle, because he has no incitement to be busy; and as for his rags and houselessness, these are scarcely felt to be evils in a country where the sun shines every day in the year.

The upper and middle ranks in Seville live more luxuriously, but not better than the inhabitants of Madrid. Things that are justly esteemed luxuries in Andalusia, would not be luxuries in Castile: the luxuries of the Sevillanos, are made luxuries by the climate—iced water, lemonade, oranges, pomegranates and prickly pears; a cool patio to retire to, a fountain and a bath; summer apartments nearest the ground, and winter apartments nearest the sun; these are all luxuries in the climate of Andalusia, and are even necessary to health and comfort. But even in his ordinary diet, the Andalusian has the advantage over the Castilian; it is true that he, like the inhabitant of the northern provinces, dines upon the eternal puchero; but then its ingre-

dients are better in Andalusia than in Castile ; the pigs are fed from the ilex nuts, and the vegetables of the south of Spain are perhaps the finest in the world.

The state of society in Seville, affords farther evidence of the difference between Castile and Andalusia. The true Spanish tertulia is far less frequent in Seville than in Madrid ; and substantial entertainments are more general. In morals, the distinction is still greater ; for, in Seville, intrigue in married life, is not, as in Castile, concealed from the husband : the Andalusian *cortejo* enjoys, at the same time, the good graces of the wife, and the apparent or real good will of the husband. Among all classes in Seville, morality is at the lowest possible ebb. It is almost a derision to a married woman, to have no *cortejo* ; and a jest against an unmarried woman, to have no *amante* ; and the gallantries of the latter, are not unfrequently carried as far as the gallantries of the former. It is forbidden to all women to enter the cathedral of Seville after sunset ; but I have frequently seen this order disregarded, under circumstances too, of the most suspicious kind.

The worst possible example is set by the churchmen: it is a common saying in Seville, that the reason why one sees so few pretty women in the streets, is, that they are all in the houses of the clergy; and those who have had the best opportunity of judging of the truth of this saying, have assured me, that such is the fact; and that it is impossible to enter the houses of the dignified clergy, without finding evidence of it.

The head of the church in Seville, the archbishop, is equally careless of the interests of religion and morality. He never resides in Seville, but most generally in some convent in the country, by which he saves the expense of living at home; and the whole revenues of his see, are sent by him to Portugal, to aid in supporting the party and interests of Don Miguel. Three years ago, the archbishop failed: finding himself in difficulties, he wrote to the king, requesting to know what was to be done; to which his majesty is said to have replied,—“do as I do, pay nobody.” At all events, the archbishop acted upon this advice, by whomsoever given: he promised to pay his creditors by instalments, in ten years, but no

one has ever yet received a dollar. I am myself acquainted with a merchant to whom he owes a considerable sum; but the merchant told me, he should expose himself to persecution of various kinds, were he to proceed to extremities. Every archbishop and bishop is almost forced to incur debt upon his appointment to a see: the first year's revenue belongs to the king, and the new bishop is therefore obliged to borrow money of the merchants, that he may be able to support his dignity the first year. The revenue of the archbishop of Seville is about 35,000*l*.

A very different man from the archbishop, is the Dean of Seville: he is ninety-eight years old; and his house being directly opposite to my lodgings, I had daily opportunities of observing the respect and love which his virtues have secured for him, and the constant acts of his beneficence. He literally gives away all that he has; and were it not for the kindness of those friends who know his character, he might often be in want of the necessaries of life. On the 31st of December, his steward waits upon him with his accounts for the year made up, and pays



whatever surplus may remain; and the whole of this, he immediately distributes to those who are in want: it has sometimes happened that on the first of January, his housekeeper has borrowed a dollar from a neighbour, to defray household expenses. The income of the Dean is about 2500*l.* sterling.

I could hear nothing of the immorality of the convents within the city, though there are several without the walls,—one especially, a female convent,—said to be connected with the contrabandisters; making their convents depots for smuggled goods, and of course receiving a liberal share of the profits. Only three among the eighty-one convents give any thing to the poor, and two of these live upon charity themselves,—the Capuchins and Franciscans; the other that feeds the poor, is the Carthusian convent. Formerly, many more of the convents distributed alms; and, I understand, that since the limitation of convent charity, there has been a sensible diminution in the number of those who seemed to stand in need of it; a result that may easily be credited. Those convents which belong to the orders who live on charity,

want for no luxury which their rules permit them to enjoy. I have more than once followed the footsteps of the Franciscan with his sack, in his morning peregrination through the Seville markets: one gave a handful of lettuces; another, a bunch of carrots; a third, a couple of melons, or a few pomegranates; a fourth, a loaf of bread; and I remarked, that every contribution was carefully picked, that the convent might have the best.

If vice degrade the manners of the upper and middle classes in Seville, crime of a darker turpitude disfigures the character and conduct of the lower orders. Scarcely a night passes without the commission of a murder; but these crimes are not perpetrated in cold blood, from malevolent passions; still less, from love of gain; they generally spring from the slightest possible causes. The Andalusian is not so abstemious as the Castilian; and the wine he drinks, is stronger: he has also a greater propensity for gambling, the fruitful engenderer of strife; and the climate has doubtless its influence upon his passions. "Will you taste with me?" an Andalusian will say to some asso-

ciate with whom he has had some slight difference,—offering him his glass. “No, *gracias*,” the other will reply. The former, already touched with wine, will half drain his glass, and present it again, saying, “Do you not wish to drink with me?”—and if the other still refuses the proffered civility, it is the work of a moment to drain the glass to the dregs—to say, “How! not taste with me?” and to thrust the knife an Andalusian always carries with him, into the abdomen of the comrade who refused to drink with him. It is thus, and in other ways equally simple, that quarrel and murder disfigure the nightly annals of every town in Andalusia, and of the other provinces of the south of Spain. There is an hospital in Seville dedicated to the sole purpose of receiving wounded persons. I had the curiosity to visit it, and ascertained that during the past fourteen days, twenty-one persons had been received into the hospital wounded from stabs: they would not inform me how many of these had died.

Walking late in the evening through the streets of Seville, (for I generally spent my

evenings at a friend's house, situated half a mile beyond the gate), I was frequently startled by the sound of broils,—some of which most probably ended in murder; and although often strongly tempted to approach the scene of contention, prudence always gained the victory over curiosity. Sounds and sights of a more agreeable, or more picturesque kind, sometimes awaited me. Once or twice, the sound of the guitar and an accompanying voice, rose suddenly from the shaded angle of a garden wall. Another time, the lover had been more adventurous, for the serenade rose from within the sanctuary of the garden. The night after, proceeding a little way along a narrow street, in which I heard the thrumming of a guitar, a cloaked caballero stepped from the shade of a wall which inclosed an orangery—the scene of the serenade—and crossed the street towards me. I thought it safest not to interrupt the affair, whatever it was; and returned to my lodgings by a more circuitous road: and once, in passing the garden of a female convent, I am strangely mistaken if I did not see two figures disappear from the top of the wall. It is

certain, that while I was at Seville, there was a strange rumour respecting the arrest and private examination of two Frenchmen, said to have been detected in some forbidden exploit.

Next to Toledo and Murcia, among the larger cities of Spain, superstition and bigotry have the firmest footing in Seville; and from my longer residence in Seville than in Toledo, I had more personal proofs of this, as well as better opportunities of receiving authentic information upon these matters. I will throw some facts together, as they occur to me.

I was surprised, the first visit I made to the cathedral, to observe suspended in the chapels of the different saints, legs, arms, eyes, and other parts of the body, in wax or silver: by the side of one altar I saw a pair of crutches hanging; and by the side of another, the entire body of a child in wood. These are offerings made by devout persons, to the saint whose intercession they believe to have been the means of restoring them to health; and, in token of gratitude, they offer at the altar of the saint, a representation of that part of the body which had been the

subject of disease. Vows of various kinds of penance, or of offerings, are made by devout persons when afflicted. Sometimes in walking the streets, you are startled by the apparition of a nun; but this is only some female who, when dangerously ill, has made a vow to wear a certain habit during one, two, or three years. This, it may easily be believed, is the most genuine proof of devotion and gratitude that a Spanish woman can give; for it is no light sacrifice to throw aside her laces and silks, and shroud her graceful figure in the coarse and inelegant garb of a sister of St. Francis. The most celebrated beauty of Cadiz lately testified her devotion in this way,—she vowed to wear the Augustin habit for two years, and the penance had not concluded when I visited Cadiz. Nor is it at all uncommon to see in the streets of Seville, little boys dressed in the full habit of a Franciscan friar,—this also originates in superstitious vows: when children are affected with a dangerous malady, parents make this vow in their behalf; and the order of friars so honoured, is always one of the most austere. But women sometimes resort to modes of

inflicting penance upon themselves, more agreeable to them than concealing their charms. One day, when strolling through the cathedral, I saw a respectable woman, not thirty years of age, making the tour of the aisles upon her knees. I watched her progress, and saw her complete the circuit of the cathedral. This might possibly have been enjoined by the confessor; though it is more than probable that it was the result of a secret vow, because money to purchase masses would have been a more likely exaction on his part.

It is impossible to turn the eye in any direction, without finding proofs of the superstition of the inhabitants of Seville; every second or third window is decorated with a palm-branch, which is looked upon as a security against disease coming to that house, the branches having, of course, been duly consecrated. The very names of the streets, but above all the names of the inns, savour strongly of religious bigotry. You read Posada de la Concepcion, Posada de la Natividad, Posada de la Virgen, Posada de todos los Santos. In the respect too that is

paid to religious processions, there is a remarkable difference between Madrid and Seville. In Madrid, people only take off their hats when the host is carried by ; in Seville, every one falls upon his knees ; and if this happen to be at night, no sooner is the little bell heard, than every one hastens to throw open the window and place lights upon the balcony, and to drop upon their knees behind them,—so that the carrying of the host always produces a partial illumination. But more marked honours than even these, are paid to the host, in Seville.

If a person driving in his carriage, should be so unfortunate as to meet this procession, he must leave his carriage, and give it up to the host and the attendant priest ; or, if a carriage should drive past the door of a house into which the host has already entered, the carriage must wait at the door, to carry back to the church, or the convent, the consecrated wafer. But I can cite a yet stronger example of superstition than these. One of the convents, the Dominican I think, lay in my way from my lodgings to the Alameda ; and I noticed several times the same new



carriage standing at the convent door; and upon inquiring the meaning of this, I received the following explanation. When a devout person has a new carriage built, it is sent to wait at the door of one of the churches, or convents, until some dying person may happen to send to that church, or convent, for the last offices of religion: and until the carriage has been blessed by carrying the host, the owner would feel himself unblessed in entering it. But even more gross instances of superstition than these occasionally occur in Seville. Only a very few months before I visited Seville, a Capuchin friar died, one who had the reputation of being even more than usually holy; and so great a commotion was excited, by the hundreds, or rather thousands, who besieged the convent doors to obtain parts of his garments, that the aid of the military was required to preserve order. Not six months before this, it was given out, that a certain virgin, who had up to that time honoured the Carthusian convent by making her abode in it, was found one morning upon the summit of St. John's Hill; she was brought back to the convent:

but next morning she was again discovered to be missing, and was again found on St. John's Hill: a third time she was made prisoner by the Carthusians, and a third time she returned to her favourite spot on St. John's Hill. The fathers, no longer able to resist the evidence of the virgin's will, erected a chapel for her on St. John's Hill, where she now attracts the footsteps of the devout. It is scarcely credible that an imposition like this should be practised in the middle of the nineteenth century,—and yet the hoax succeeded,—and thousands in Seville believe, that the Carthusian friars were concerned in the affair no farther than in yielding to the wishes of the virgin, in erecting a chapel for her.

I shall add two other facts that occurred at Seville within the last three years. A sacrilegious thief contrived to enter the Capuchin convent during the night, or more probably secreted himself in it during the day, and stole a diamond ring of great value, from the finger of "the Holy Shepherdess," an image much venerated in that convent, and very richly clothed. The thief, however, was

detected, and the ring found upon his person. He was examined before the civil magistrate, and in presence of the superior of the convent, and of many persons whom the rumour of the thing had collected together; and he gave this history of the affair: while praying with great earnestness at the feet of the Holy Shepherdess, he raised his eyes and saw her stretch forth her hand; and while impressed with awe and devotion, she took the ring from her finger and presented it to him. It would have been most unwise had the superior of the convent refused to credit the miracle; he affected to believe it,—told the thief to keep, and ever to venerate the ring,—but advised him never in future to accept presents from this, or any other virgin.

The other extraordinary fact I have to relate is this. Among the many processions of Holy week, there is one, of the Virgin Mary and St. John Baptist, which issues from the church of St. Juan, and makes the tour of the city, passing by the cathedral. The procession left the church, and it began to rain; the friars and their charge took

refuge in the Franciscan convent,—and the rain subsiding, the procession proceeded. However, just as it reached the Plaza of the cathedral, a tremendous storm burst overhead, and torrents of rain threatening to descend, the procession sought shelter in the cathedral. Here it remained for some time; but the rain increased, and it began to grow dusk. The Virgin and John Baptist were in their best clothes, which the rain would have entirely spoiled; and besides, it would have shewn a want of respect to take them back to the church without the pomp usually attendant upon so important a procession. In this dilemma, it was resolved that the Virgin and John Baptist should remain in the cathedral all night; but now an unthought-of difficulty arose. Could the Virgin and John Baptist be left in the cathedral all night by themselves with any propriety? The canons were sent for, and the difficulty was stated. One said, “*No es decente se quedase St. Juan con ella.*” “It is not decent to leave St. John and her together.” Another, a more jocular canon, quoted the well-known Spanish proverb, “*El fuego junto á la estopa llega el diablo,*

*y sopla.*” “When fire is put to the hemp, the devil comes and blows it.” The result was, that a message was actually dispatched to the captain-general to request a guard; and a captain’s guard, with torches, did accordingly keep watch upon the Virgin and John till morning. These facts I learned from the lips of a lady who had taken refuge in the cathedral, and who herself heard the consultation. I could perceive no symptom of any diminution in the superstitions of Seville, or in the influence possessed by the friars; and the highest public civil authorities lend all the aids of their influence and example to support the delusions. While I was at Seville, it was in contemplation to revive a procession which had not been seen for forty years; this was the burial of Christ; and large funds were required for the exhibition. The Intendente of Seville, — the civil governor, — took up the affair, and sent his son round among the inhabitants to solicit subscriptions; I need scarcely say, that nobody refused. So much for the superstitions of Seville.

The first Sunday after my arrival in Seville, I walked, after dinner, to the Paseo, always an admirable place, in Spain, for making observations upon the population. There is more than one Paseo in Seville; but the most recently formed is the pleasantest and the most frequented: it is a broad paved walk, lying parallel with the river, elevated about ten feet above the surrounding country, and set round with two rows of stone benches. It is the work of the present Intendente, who is also laying out a garden around the Paseo. I found the walk crowded from end to end; and all the benches occupied by friars, whiffing their cigars, and enjoying the cool breeze off the river. The universal dress of the ladies was black, with white silk stockings, and the mantilla; and a few wore veils. At Madrid, when I used to speak without any enthusiasm of Spanish beauty, I was told to reserve my opinion till I had seen the ladies of Seville and Cadiz; but, on the Paseo of Seville, I saw no good reason to alter the opinion I had already formed. If splendid eyes and graceful forms are of themselves sufficient for female beauty,

then are the ladies of Seville beautiful. The step and air of the Andalusian, are even more striking than the grace of the Castilian; but the gait of an Andalusian woman, we should scarcely consider decorous in England: this opinion was well expressed by a French lady at Barcellona, to whom I remarked, that the Spanish women walked *tres bien*. “*Trop bien*,” she replied.

I took care to be on the Paseo before sunset, that I might witness that impressive ceremony, called *oracion*,—now banished from Madrid and the northern parts of Spain, and found only in the provinces last occupied by the Moors. Nothing can be more imposing than this old usage: at the same instant that every church and convent bell in the city, peals forth the signal for prayer,—motion and conversation are suspended; the whole multitude stands still; every head is uncovered; the laugh and the jest are silent; and a monotonous hum of prayer rises from the crowd: but this expression of devotion lasts but a moment—the next, it is past; heads are covered; every one turns to his neighbour, and says, “*Buenas noches*;” and the

multitude moves on. During the heats of summer, the Paseo is crowded till midnight; at that season, it is impossible to stir out till after eight o'clock; and it is not unusual to rise at four in the morning, and ride or walk for an hour or two, and then return to bed.

A more delightful walk than the Paseo, is the *Delicias*: this is situated about a mile down the river, and is, in fact, a grove of flowering trees and aromatic plants. There is here a complete underwood of geraniums, bordering the walks, trailing upon the trees, and spreading over every unoccupied spot. Rows of acacia line the avenues, and form, with majestic weeping willows, a delicious shade; the mingled fragrance of the acacia blossoms, the geraniums, and the adjacent orange and lemon groves, realizes those dreams of far distant and almost fabled lands, that have been the visions of our youthful fancy.

All the left bank of the Guadalquivir is a succession of orange groves,—beautiful to the sight, and filling the air with their refreshing and indescribably delicious perfume. When the wind blows from the east, nothing can be



more charming than an evening stroll down the river side: the broad Guadalquivir gliding by the fertile and richly-wooded banks that lie opposite, rising gradually to the hill of St. John, and diversified by country houses, and convents, and convent gardens; the delightful fragrance wafted from the orange groves on the left, and the sight of the yellow and golden fruit clustering among the broad and bright green leaves of its lovely tree; and, above all, the charm of a balmy air, and the indescribable beauty of Andalusian skies.

I was intimately acquainted with the principal orange proprietor and merchant of Seville, and found his orange groves a delightful resort in hot weather; for, even independently of the shade, there is something cooling in the smell of oranges and lemons. From this gentleman I obtained some information respecting the orange trade of Seville, which I shall make no apology for transferring to these pages.

The oranges chiefly used in England, are from Portugal, Malta, the Barbary coast, and Seville; but by far the greatest number are

from Seville; the export from which, equals that of all these other places. About forty vessels are yearly freighted with oranges from Seville; each cargo consists of four hundred chests, and each chest contains eight hundred oranges, so that the average number exported from Seville, is twelve million, eight hundred thousand oranges; of this quantity, about one tenth part are bitter. The price paid by the London merchant to the Seville exporter, is one hundred and twenty reals a chest, which is fourpence halfpenny per dozen, or one farthing and a half a piece; so that if the freight and other expenses be added, one can scarcely expect a good orange much under a penny. The cargo of each vessel is generally consigned to about ten persons; so that the trade is a secure one, and to the grower, sufficiently profitable. The best oranges are allowed to remain long on the tree; the tree blossoms in March, and the choicest fruit still hangs on the tree when the blossom of another crop begins to appear. The Spaniards do not esteem them as thoroughly ripe till then; but, in this state,

they are of course unable to bear exportation. The chief part of the export takes place in November and December, and a small number is shipped in January: if the fruit shipped so late as this, happens to be detained long on the voyage, the greater part of it arrives in England in a state unfit for use; but if the voyage be short, this is the finest fruit that comes to the English market.

As my lodgings were in the immediate neighbourhood of both the cathedral and the alcazar—under the roof indeed of the latter—it may be supposed that it was not long before I visited both of these stupendous and magnificent structures. The cathedral of Seville is inferior in riches, but equal in size to that of Toledo; and, in the wealth of pictures, it far surpasses every other cathedral in Spain. One of the most esteemed of these, is the great picture of St. Anthony of Padua, which I have already slightly mentioned, in the chapter dedicated to Murillo. This picture, however, although a splendid performance, is not in Murillo's happiest style. In its colouring, it is far inferior, as a work of art, to the pictures in the Capuchin convent, and in the

Hospital de la Caridad; but in the conception of the figure of St. Anthony, and in the celestial expression of his countenance, all the peculiar graces of Murillo are displayed. A picture that pleased me better than this, but which has a less honourable niche, is "An Angel leading a Child;" benign and glorious is the countenance of the angel, as he seems to point out to the little innocent the way to heaven; and the child naturally draws back, alarmed by the blaze of celestial light that shines upon the path. This exquisite composition is only a sketch, and being placed in rather an obscure corner, it is seen to greater advantage; for, with a more favourable light, it would appear defective as a work of art. The cathedral contains several other pictures of merit, both by Murillo and by other artists, particularly Morales, and Louis de Vargas, and Campaña, whose famous Descent from the Cross I have mentioned in my memoir of Murillo. The riches of the cathedral surprised me less, after having seen Toledo; but I believe they are second only to Toledo and the Escorial. As for relics, they profess to have as valuable a store of them as

their neighbours. The organ—the principal organ—is the most perfect in the world: it contains five thousand three hundred pipes, and one hundred and ten stops, being considerably more than are possessed by the organ of Haarlem; nothing can exceed the majesty of the music awakened by this organ. I rarely missed morning service while I remained in Seville; and if, as was sometimes the case, this heavenly music filled the aisles after day-light had deserted them, the effect was almost too overpowering for human senses.

The tower of the cathedral, is one of the boasts of Seville: it is of Moorish architecture—the work of a Moor, and is three hundred and fifty feet high. There are no steps; the summit is gained by an easy ascent, winding around an inclined plain so gradually, that the queen was driven up in a small carriage. The view from the top is superb. An almost boundless plain stretches around Seville, its centre and queen; and the Guadalquivir traverses its whole length. I counted no fewer than one hundred and twenty spires and towers, belonging to the

city and the neighbouring villages and convents. The ecclesiastics of the cathedral do not enjoy a sinecure. I passed through the body of the church many times every day,—for this saved me a circuit,—and I never recollect to have seen it once without some religious ceremony going forward. There are said to be upwards of five hundred masses performed daily at the different altars; and the number of persons directly employed in, and supported by, the cathedral, exceeds six hundred.

The only convent in Seville that attracted me within its walls was the Capuchin convent, famous as the depository of many of the most remarkable works of Murillo. I have already spoken of some of these pictures; but there is still something more to be gleaned. There are here twenty-five pictures of Murillo, any one of which would suffice to render a man immortal. Among these, the most remarkable are, “the Archbishop of Valencia giving alms to a kneeling Beggar;” “the Virgin, the Child, and St. Felix,” which I have already spoken of as beautifully illustrating Murillo’s power of handling the gentler emotions. “The