

subjects, of which the best perhaps, is Christ's entrance into Jerusalem.

Vulgarmente, says Mariano,* se dize de las Iglesias de Castilla. La de Toledo la rica, la de Salamanca la fuerte, la de Leon la bella, la de Sevilla la grande: and certainly it is the size and solemn, often gloomy grandeur of the interior of this splendid cathedral which is so overwhelming. The original mosque was pulled down, and this gorgeous temple, from its extreme width, more the form of a Moslem than a Christian edifice, being four hundred and thirty-one feet long, and three hundred and fifteen feet wide, was opened for divine service in 1519. There are five aisles, besides the two side ones formed into chapels. The effect of these is most imposing, especially the centre one, a hundred and forty-eight feet high, though there is not, as usual, a lofty centre dome. I rambled over the black and white chequered marble pavement, along the aisles and the beautiful transept, lost in admiration at the immense yet elegant columns, and weary with trying to make out the subjects of the innumerable rich stained glass windows, many of them admirable works of art, the *chefs-d'œuvres* of distinguished Flemish artists. A great part of the history of the Bible is depicted upon them, and even Venetian colouring would pale before

* Liv. 13, chap. cvii.

their gorgeous tints, which cast a rich, warm, but solemn light on the architectural beauties of the temple. Never did I feel more reluctant to attempt a description of any place, for I felt the impossibility of giving a correct idea of such a museum of art. It was also a sacrifice of my own enjoyment to attempt to detail what was so delightful in those general views which are not describable. The effect of grand masses of architecture, of towering columns, of splendid arches, of treasures of sculpture and paintings lavished all around, of lights and shadows, an Andalusian sun bursting through the richest painted glass, and the religious feelings such scenes inspire, when combined with the deep swelling solemn tones of the finest organs, all may enjoy here in delightful listlessness, without the bore of the *valet-de-place*, or consulting guide-books, sending for custodi, getting doors unlocked, searching for pictures, often to find that "le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle," sad matters of fact, which destroy the *religio loci* of such a temple as this. There are, however, treasures of art in Seville Cathedral that must be seen and mentioned—but let those who do not care for pictures pass on to another chapter.

In the chapel of San Pedro, entering at the east door, we examined as well as the gloom would admit, some Zurbarans, which fill the retablo: five large paintings representing the life of St. Peter. The Apostle healing the sick is exquisite, and the one

representing him receiving the keys from our Saviour is excellent, as is also the portrait of the Apostle in the Papal robes. In the chapel of the Virgin del Pilar, are two good statues. In the chapel of the Evangelists, on the north side, are six large and two small paintings of female saints; the latter very beautiful, by Hernando de Sturmio or Esturme, a German, who painted them in 1558. In the chapel of the Annunciation is an Annunciation, but not very good, by Carlo Maratta. In a small chapel there is a charming painting of a Madonna and Child, by Alonso Cano; the Child exquisitely beautiful.

In the chapel of San Francisco, is a fine painting of the Saint in glory, by Herrera el Mozo; the Saint is magnificent, the figure looking up very fine, and the composition and colouring admirable. There is an air of dignity in the expression of the Saint, which is quite sublime. This is considered the best painting of the artist, whose works are generally inferior to his father's, Francisco.

In the chapel of Santiago, St. James conquering the Moors, by Juan de las Roelas; the colouring rich, and the Moor in red in the foreground boldly drawn. This artist was born here in 1560, and died at Olivares in 1625. His paintings, most of them very superior to this, are only to be seen in Seville, where travellers are generally too much engaged in examining the works of Murillo to give them that attention which they richly deserve, for

their admirable composition and almost Venetian colouring.

St. Anthony, in the chapel of the Baptism, by Murillo, is a magnificent painting; the play of light on the drapery, the beautiful foot, the exquisite expression of the face, and the fine attitude of the kneeling Saint, his arms extended in ecstasy as the Infant Jesus appears descending from the clouds, combined with the fine effect of light and shadow, and the beautiful little perspective view of the convent, and the group of cherubs, justly entitle this painting to be ranked as one of the best in Seville. It seems to have been injured and retouched, which may account for one of the legs of the Child Jesus appearing rather stiff. Above it is a good painting of the Baptism, also by Murillo.

The St. Jerome, in his chapel, is carved in wood by Montañes, and exhibits wonderful anatomy. Juan Martinez Montañes, was born at Alcala la Real, about 1600, and resided in Seville. He is, certainly, one of the best of Spanish sculptors, and possessed great knowledge of anatomy; but generally his sculptures, which were all painted, are more remarkable for their exquisite grace and deep feeling, than for force or genius. He is called the Phidias of Seville, and when at a loss for a name, every good painted figure is attributed to him. The paintings around it are by Alonso Miguel de Tobar, who was born at Higuera in 1678, and died at Madrid in

1758, and was one of the best copiers of Murillo. The Visitation is very fine, colouring excellent and drawing good. There is also a Holy Family, apparently in Cano's early style.

We then went to the little chapel adorned with the celebrated Guardian Angel by Murillo, which is extremely beautiful, especially the Child.

In the chapel of San Leandro, is a painting representing the Council of Toledo, which I did not admire much, by Don Juan de Valdes Leal, an artist of considerable merit, born at Cordova in 1630, and died in 1691; whose drawing is often powerful, and colouring good.

In the Capilla del Nacimiento, the Nativity, and the four Evangelists, are by Luis de Vargas, who was born at Seville in 1500, and was nearly thirty years in Italy, where he was a pupil of Pierino del Vago. His compositions are admirable, and drawing and colouring excellent. This painting is beautifully drawn and well coloured, almost like Parmigiano's colouring, the Madonna very beautiful. A Virgin and Child, and St. Ann, said to be by Morales, but it is not like that fine painter's usual style, though the painting is a very good one.

St. Joseph and Child, in the chapel of San Josef, is excellent; also a Nativity, by Antolinez, and a Massacre of the Innocents, by a pupil of Murillo's.

In the chapel of San Hermenegildo, there is a fine tomb of Bishop Cervantes, ob. 1453. The cloth on

which he lies, is beautifully carved in marble. In the Sacristia de la Antigua, is a small silver statue, given by Isabella the Catholic, a painting said to be by Morales, and a St. John and the Lamb by Zurbaran, and a still finer painting by that artist, the Martyrdom of a Saint. We then passed into the chapel of the Antigua, where the retablo is good; and there are also some fine old monuments, one to Cardinal Mendoza. We afterwards went to a chapel adjoining, and saw the painting of the Generacion, by Luis de Vargas, but often called La Gamba, because Alesio, a painter, who was born at Italica about 1550, said the leg of Adam, which is very prominent and finely formed, was worth all his St. Christopher, a colossal figure, thirty-two feet high, with the child on his shoulder, at the door close by, and really well executed. Such representations are common at the doors of Spanish cathedrals. They are always carrying the Infant Saviour, who holds the globe in his hand, over a river; and it is said that those who gaze on them escape death that day; barring accidents, a safe superstition, as not many go to church in the morning, and die in the evening, and if they did it would be easy to suggest, that they had not seen the Saint.

Some notice should, however, be given, of this "Coelifer Atlas." St. Christopher was of the lineage of the Canaanites, great of stature, and

terrible of countenance, being twelve cubits long. Now it followed on a time, as he slept in his lodge, he heard the voyce of a childe, which called him and said, Christopher, come out and bear me over the water. Then he arose and went out, but found nobody. Now when he was come again into his lodge, he heard the same voyce crying unto him as before, at the which he runs out, but finds nobody. Againe the third time being called, he comes forth and there found a childe by the river side, which prayed him to beare him over the water. Then Christopher lifted the childe on his shoulders, and took his staffe and entered the water, and the water arose and swelled up more and more, and the childe grew heavier and heavier, and ever, as he went further, the water swelled up higher, insomuch that Christopher was in danger of drowning; but when he came over, quoth he, thou, childe, thou hast put me in great perill, and weighed almost as heavy as if I had carried all the world upon my backe. Quoth the childe, thou hast borne all the world upon thy backe, and him that created it. I am he in this world whom thou hast seeked to serve, and, for thy better assurance thereof, set thy staffe on the ground, and by to-morrow it shall bear, bud, and bring forth fruit; and he did so, and found it accordingly, his staffe bearing flowers and dates; and being thus converted and believing himself, he converted thousands; and, amongst many other

passages of his life, was at last beheaded, and his blood there spilt cured those that were blind.”*

In the chapel of Los Dolores, Christ at the Column is one of the earliest paintings by Murillo, and very fine.

In the Sacristia de los Calices they say there are some good paintings; one a Nun by Murillo, but though often in the cathedral, I never found it open, and the keys were miles distant. The difficulty of getting into these chapels and sacristias is very great.

The Sala Capitular is a beautiful oval room, fifty feet by thirty-four, decorated with Ionic pilasters; between each, some tolerable *bas-reliefs*. A beautiful painting of the Conception, by Murillo, riveted our attention; the expression of the Virgin is truly exquisite. There are also eight portraits of saints and angels, by the same artist. Two female saints with vases, exquisitely beautiful. Passing a magnificent iron reja or railing, we entered the choir, which is elaborately carved, especially the sacred subjects over each stall, and the west front, or *trascoro*, is rich in marbles. There are two paintings, one Christ Bound, and a Madonna and Child, said to be by Murillo, but certainly not in his best style. The *facistol*, which supports the large books, is very beautiful. In one of the chapels of the Choir St.

* A Help to Discourse, 1648. See Southey's Letters.

Augustin, is a beautiful St. John and the Lamb, admirably sculptured by Montañes, and also a Saint and the Virgin. Between the great altar and the choir is the tomb of the son of Columbus, distinguished for his literary tastes and magnificent bequest of ten thousand volumes and manuscripts to the Columbina library. The retablo of the grand altar is magnificent, the general effect rich beyond description. It appears one great mass of sculptured figures, representing scenes from the New and the Old Testaments. There are four rows of subjects, and nine in each, divided by projecting half-circular columns, decorated also with carving. At the back and exterior of the sides of the high altar are imposing rows of statues of saints, the effect of which is very rich and good.

We then went to the Capella Real, which contains the body of St. Ferdinand and the tombs of Doña Beatrix and Don Alonzo el Sabio, also the sepulchre of Maria Padilla, the celebrated mistress of Peter the Cruel, and medallions of Garci Perez and Diego Perez de Vargas. The Sacristia Major contains the celebrated Deposition from the Cross, by Pedro Campaña, who was born at Brussels, in 1503; the colouring is rather livid of the four female figures at the foot of the Cross; but the two figures taking down the Saviour are so full of life, that Murillo might well expect them to reach the earth; the draperies are good, and the composition admirable.

Among the treasures there is a splendid Custodia, by Juan d'Arfe, the Cellini of Spain, weighing forty-three robes: it is extremely beautiful, as well as valuable, consisting of five circular temples of the Ionic order above each other, each temple less in size than the one beneath, and the shafts of the columns exquisitely worked with fruit and flowers. The sacristy contains also (in the large cupboard behind the Campana, which is quite full of treasures) the crown of St. Ferdinand, a crucifix of the first gold brought from America, decorated with precious stones; a splendid viril, with one thousand two hundred diamonds; also the keys delivered to St. Ferdinand, when he took Seville, remarkable for their construction, as well as interesting as historical relics. The wards represent, Mr. Ford says, in Hebrew, "the King of Kings will open, the King of all the Earth will enter;" and the other, of silver gilt, has the words, "Dios abra, Rey entrara." There is also a cross, presented by Clement XIV., with exquisite angels. In the other large cupboards adjoining are images and saints in silver, magnificent rays for the virils, a splendid half crown, and the full robes, for state occasions, of crimson and purple, beautifully brocaded with gold and silver and precious stones. In this room there is also a curious and fine tenebrario, a bronze candlestick, twenty-five feet high, used in the Holy Week.

There are likewise two paintings of Bishops,

by Murillo, in his cold and earliest style; the heads are good, but the colouring, especially of the draperies, wants warmth. The sacristy is a good specimen of the plateresque, though it does not harmonize with the Gothic of the naves; but the incongruity of styles, which would mar the effect of a smaller church, embraced at one glance, is less striking in this immense edifice, where we have something of every kind of architecture—Grecian, Italian, Gothic, Moorish, plateresque, churrigueresque, and the crude abortions of the nineteenth century. There are, however, so many views, without any defects and inconsistencies to detract from their enjoyment, that we were too much delighted and in too good humour to criticize even what was faulty; and not satisfied with this round of sight-seeing, returned again and again to this wonderful temple. Every hour changed the lights and shadows; so that whether at the time of the solemn functions, or in the more gloomy solitude of the evening, when the gay world was on the Alameda, we always felt that Seville Cathedral possessed a charm which can never be forgotten.

END OF VOL. I.

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