Academy, in the matter of prevention, except to Professor Espy or the astronomer in Rasselas. The minister, however, seemed quite willing to get what he could out of the weather-makers for the almanacs, and, in addition to the prize, offered to compensate liberally the author of any scheme which might turn out to be effectual. I never was able to ascertain what the result of the *concurso* was. Probably it never had any. Many of the other movements of the Department were of an eminently practical character. New plans of irrigation were attempted. Premiums were offered for successful essays on agricultural subjects, and successful efforts in cultivation. An appropriation of $ 7,500 was made, in 1850, towards the completion of a geological chart of the kingdom, already then in progress. Horses and cattle were imported, and schemes devised for the improvement of the native breeds of domestic animals. Inquiries were instituted into the causes of the failure of particular branches of agricultural production, once valuable but now almost extinct, and plans were matured for their restoration.

It was but lately that the papers of Madrid gave the details of an arrangement, said to have been entered into by the government, with an association in London, for the establishment of colonies of Irish Catholics on some of the waste lands belonging to the crown, — many of which are admirably adapted to agricultural purposes. The capital of the company was said to be £ 500,000, actually paid in, and the scheme, as reported, was a very feasible one. There has always been a decided sympathy between the Irish and the Spaniards; indeed, in many points, the Andalusian

and the Irish character, mental and moral, are strikingly alike. The movement, if successful, would be of infinite importance to Spain, and would furnish the colonists with a congenial asylum, and the opportunity of acquiring a comfortable competence. It is, I believe, a just observation, in regard to the Irish, that, although reckless and improvident in poverty, and of small resource in devising means to escape from it, they are industrious and energetic in prosecuting what they have practically discovered to be profitable, and careful, to a singular extent, in preserving and increasing the proceeds of successful labor. Of this their career in the United States furnishes constant illustration. If the Spanish government and the company having a colonial movement in charge would be careful to bear these traits in mind, and to leave no stone unturned for the establishment of the proposed colonies, from the first moment, on a substantial and permanent basis, there is every reason to believe that such a plan would now have a far different result, than that which attended the *nuevas poblaciones* of poor, persecuted Olavide, in Andalucia.

The traveller visiting Madrid will be quite edified by seeing on many signs, in some of the principal streets, the words "*Casa de Vacas*" (House of Cows), with an accompanying illustration, in oil colors, of a cow in the process of milking. Additional signs will inform him, that "the cows will be milked in the purchaser's presence, if desired," so that it will be his own fault if he labors under the slightest uncertainty as to the orthodoxy of the fluid which enters his household. He will find, too, that from these establishments, or from the

agents of the royal dairy at Moncloa (hard by the city), he can obtain fresh butter at his will, without paying a more than moderately exorbitant price for it. If he desires to be economical, and is not particular, he can procure excellent salted butter, direct from the Asturias, at a very reasonable rate. As a matter of creature comfort, he will not find these facts altogether unimportant to him, but this would hardly justify referring to them in a book, did they not furnish an illustration of the progress making in a material department of rural industry. If he should chance to have been in Spain before, or to have recently sojourned in any of the districts where things continue to be as they were in the beginning, he will rejoice in his deliverance from goat's milk and the butter prepared from it, or that insufferable compound, *manteca de Flandes* (Flemish butter). One who has been exposed to these things will deserve to be pardoned, if, before looking on the promised land as Paradise, he distinguishes in regard to the milk with which it is to flow. Among many of the Spaniards, however, even in Madrid, Capricornus has still a bright place in the Milky Way. Towards sunset, every evening, flocks of goats may be seen descending the streets which lead from the gates into the heart of the city. They have been, all day, upon the arid hills about the neighhorhood, refreshing themselves with what goats only could construe into pasture ; but their distended udders illustrate the moral, of the fulness which a little may bring to an easily contented spirit. As they go by the houses of their customers, the maids run out with their milk-vessels in search of the evening supply. The goatherd seizes

the nearest of his flock, and proceeds to business in the middle of the street, while the rest of his company, immediately conscious of a pause in the march, bivouac on the stones till the milking is over. A signal, which they only understand, then sets their bells in a moment to tinkling, and the procession advances, at its leisure, until the calling of another halt. It is a pleasant little *rus in urbe*, to look at, but, like many other picturesque objects, its appearance is the best of it.

As this work in no wise pretends to give detailed information of any sort, but merely to present, as generally as may be, the results of the author's observation, and of such knowledge as he could acquire from sources which he had reason to believe authentic, — it will not be expected that he should dwell, with any particularity, upon those specific details which would enable the reader to form a precise idea for himself of the present state of commerce and manufactures in Spain. As has before been observed, statistics do not exist which would furnish trustworthy data, to any extent, and accident avails quite as much as industry in the acquisition, by piecemeal, of such facts as bear importantly on these subjects. Enough, however, may be easily ascertained, to satisfy an inquirer, that both of the great interests referred to have profited much by the impulse which the last fifteen years have given to the nation.

It is a very illustrative fact, — and one which ought to have made the suicidal policy of prohibitory duties as obvious as light, — that, while the exportation of Spain has considerably more than doubled itself since the beginning of the century, the increase in imports has

been but little more than one fifth. Not only that, but the amount of exports, which in 1803, or thereabouts, was not more than half that of the imports, is now nearly equal to the latter, with the increase which has been mentioned.* It of course hardly requires to be remarked, in view of these statements and of other facts which have been mentioned in the chapters immediately preceding, that the advancement of Spain in the value of her importation must depend upon the freedom with which her ports are thrown open; and her exportation must be greatly governed by the success of the schemes devised for the improvement of her agriculture, and the perfecting of her facilities for internal communication. That the spirit of the government, in these regards, is what it should be, has been already stated; but the number and magnitude of the obstacles, both moral and physical, to be overcome, and the Spanish proclivity to the *poco á poco* (little by little) policy, in all things, will prevent a more than small delay from being at all remarkable. Some alterations, too, will be required in the navigation laws, which are now far from being liberal; but these will necessarily follow. A robust natural growth is very sure to burst asunder almost any artificial bonds. It is only when that growth is hindered at its sources, that vigorous expansion is prevented. The weakness of the plant has effect in that case, not the strength of the restraint.

The reader, whose interest in the facilities of trav-

* In 1850, the imports were about thirty millions of dollars, an increase of five millions over 1849; the exports were about twenty-four millions, an increase of about half a million.

elling may be blended with his curiosity as to the commercial progress of the Spaniards, will be gratified to know that the whole coast is now visited, almost daily, in its most important points, by excellent steamers, provided with all desirable accommodations for passengers. There is a line established between Malaga and Havre, which touches regularly at Cadiz, Lisbon, and Vigo, and there is constant intercourse, by other lines, between Marseilles, Barcelona, Valencia, Alicante, Cartagena, Almeria, Malaga, Gibraltar, and Cadiz. With Madeira and Cuba there is regular steam-communication also, though of course not quite so frequent. This state of things, in itself, goes to show a most material improvement in the coasting-trade, which cannot fail, in its turn, to develop the interests that serve it. As has been observed in another connection, it is both an effect and a cause, — as significant in the one point of view, as it must necessarily be important in the other.

In the " Glimpses of Spain " I had occasion to note the improvement in manufactures which was making itself conspicuous in 1847. It is in my power to add but few details to those which were there given. The public documents furnish but little precise information, and such matters have not been much inquired into by writers of authority. A good deal of exact and trustworthy statement might, it is true, be collected from the Geographical Dictionary of Madoz, to which reference has already been made; but, from the nature of that work, its details are spread over so wide a surface, as to make the task of grouping them almost endless.

The Catalan cotton-manufacturers were besieging

the Cortes, in 1849 – 50, with memorials and remonstrances of a most doleful character, in which it was set forth that they had been compelled to close many of their factories, and had been brought, generally, to the brink of ruin, by the alteration of the tariff on imports. I had information from a source on which I could rely, that the closing of the few factories in question was a dramatic performance for the benefit of the monopolists engaged in it, and that the looms were straightway set in motion again, when the scheme was found ineffectual with the legislature. As the genuine manufactures of many of the Catalan establishments are really not worth protecting, under any system of political economy, and as a large quantity of the wares which they sell as their own are manufactured in England, and smuggled into Barcelona, with the names of the ostensible makers already on the bales, it would be little short of a blessing to the legitimate production of Spain, if such of them were closed never to be opened. The large capital which the Catalans have acquired, under the restrictive system of so many years, gives them, in a great degree, the command of the home market; enabling them to undersell — and to smuggle *ad libitum* for the purpose of underselling — their more honest and less wealthy competitors. Many of these last, however, have begun to thrive, notwithstanding, under the auspices of the modified tariff, — restrictive as it still is; and all that any of them can require to insure success, is sufficient capital to sustain them against the first onslaught of the monopolists.

There is, in fact, no reason whatever, in the nature

of things, why domestic manufactures should not succeed in Spain. Water-power may be readily commanded, in advantageous locations. Coal is abundant, for all possible applications of steam. Iron is excellent and cheap, for every need of the workshop. Labor can be had upon the most moderate terms, and the cost of subsistence is so trifling, that the operative may thrive and be happy on the limited fruits of his toil. Ingenuity and industry are as accessible as elsewhere, and sobriety and frugality are pervading characteristics of the people. No effort, made with ordinary prudence and backed by sufficient means, has yet failed in turning these natural advantages to account. Should the tariff undergo a thorough modification, — as sooner or later it must, — protective duties, of a moderate character, will probably be necessary, for a while, to enable the new establishments to take root; but legislative aid will not be long desirable. The Catalans ought to be ready to encounter foreign competition at once; for if, with their capital, experience, and energy, they are not able to protect themselves, after so many years of restricted importation, manufacturing industry must be an artificial thing with them, and there is no reason why the rest of the country should be taxed to encourage or maintain it. At all events, the duties which will be proper to develop manufacturing production — in these parts of the kingdom where it does not exist, but in which nature and circumstances indicate the policy of its establishment — will be all that the Catalans can ask, to enable them to hold their own. It is more than likely that they will avail themselves of any protection, to crush their rivals at home; but Spanish taxation has

internal facilities, which may meet even this difficulty, and though they should not, the new establishments must be content to pay the price, which one need not be a manufacturer to know that all experience in this world costs.

Of late years there has been a considerable effort to extend and improve the production and manufacture of silk, and the result has been very favorable. The silk-worm, formerly confined, in a great degree, to Valencia and Murcia, is now an article of material importance in the wealth of the two Castiles, Rioja, and Aragon. The silk fabrics of Talavera, Valencia, and Barcelona are, many of them, admirably wrought, and are sold at rates which appear very moderate. I had particular occasion to note the cheapness of the damasks which are sold in Madrid from the native looms. It is not easy to imagine any thing more magnificent, of their kind. The woollen cloths, too, of home manufacture, are, some of them, very admirable, and the coarser kinds supply, I believe, a considerable part of the national demand. In cheapness, I have never seen them surpassed. The finer qualities do not bear so favorable a comparison with the foreign article; but those who were familiar with the subject informed me, that their recent improvement had been very decided. Many laudable efforts have been made to render the supply of wool more abundant, and to improve its quality, and there has been a considerable importation of foreign sheep, with a view to crossing on the native breeds. The sheep-rearing interest is so very large in Spain, that any material improvement in the quality of the wool must add greatly to the national wealth, as well as to the

importance of the woollen manufacture andits ability to encounter foreign competition.

In the general movement towards an increased and more valuable production of the raw material for manufacture, the flax of Leon and Galicia and the hemp of Granada have not been forgotten. But the article, in which the most decided and important progress has been made, is the great staple, iron. In 1832, the iron-manufacture of Spain was at so low an ebb, that it was necessary to import from England the large lamp-posts of cast metal, which adorn the Plaza de Armas of the Palace. They bear the London mark, and tell their own story. A luxury, for the in-doors enjoyment or personal ostentation of the monarch, would, of course, have been imported from any quarter, without regard to appearances. But a monument of national dependence upon foreign industry would hardly have been erected upon such a spot, had there been a possibility of avoiding it by any domestic recourse. In 1850 the state of things had so far changed, that there were in the kingdom twenty-five founderies, eight furnaces of the first class, with founderies attached, and twenty-five iron-factories, all prosperously and constantly occupied. The specimens of work from these establishments, which are to be seen in the capital and the chief cities of the provinces, are such as to render the independence and prospective success of the nation in this particular no longer matters of question. In the beginning of 1850 the Marquis of Molins, then Minister of Marine Affairs, upon the petition of the iron-manufacturers, directed inquiries to be made, by a competent board, into the quality of the native iron, and the extent to

which the home manufacture might be relied on for the purposes of naval construction. The result was so satisfactory, that in March of the same year a royal order was issued from the Department, directing all future contracts to be made with the domestic establishments. This, indeed, had been the case, since 1845, at the arsenal of Ferrol, which had been supplied altogether from the iron-works of Biscay. The government, however, had determined, for the future, to be chiefly its own purveyor, and national founderies at Ferrol and Trubia, constructed without regard to expense, were about to go into operation, when the royal order was published.

XXVIII.

FINE ARTS. — GALLERIES. — THE NATIONAL MUSEUM AND ITS TREASURES. — ACADEMY OF SAN FERNANDO. — MARSHAL SOULT. — MURILLO. — ARCHITECTURE. — PUBLIC EDIFICES. — DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE. — THE ESCORIAL. — FOUNTAINS OF MADRID. — BRONZE EQUESTRIAN STATUES. — SPANISH ACADEMY. — ACADEMY OF HISTORY. — NATIONAL LIBRARY. — THE ARMORY. — BULL-FIGHTS OF 1850. — MONTES, HIS EXPLOITS, DEATH, AND STORY.

THE state of the fine arts in Spain, at this time, is not such as to deserve particular consideration. Sculpture has hardly any votaries, — none, certainly, of note, — and, with a few exceptions, painting seems to lie under the same ban. The Royal Academy of San Fernando, intended to be the nurse, has proven — as academies will sometimes prove — to be but the stepmother of art; and the pictures of the present day, which hang upon its walls, are, for the most part, as bad as if they had been made so to order. The younger Madrazo is unquestionably a man of talent, and he and a few of his contemporaries are doing what they can to elevate the national standard; but there is, nevertheless, no distinctive Spanish school now in existence, and no

art in any degree worthy even the *décadence* of a people, whose earlier masters stood so near the summit.

There are several private collections in Madrid, which well deserve the traveller's attention; but the National Museum, on the Prado, is such a world of art, — so full of the most remarkable monuments of genius, — that, except for the gratification of a casual curiosity, or for the purpose of visiting the few great works at the Academy or the Trinidad, no man of taste will care to carry his researches beyond it. Some writers complain of the *Museo*, as imperfect in some of its departments, and deficient in the works of particular epochs and painters, Spanish as well as Italian. Yet the collection is so various, and its wealth is so prodigal, — the gems of the masters and the periods represented are so many and so precious, — that it is little short of wantonness, to be dissatisfied because the measure of perfection, in all things, is not filled to overflowing. A collection which (according to Ford's enumeration) can boast of ten Raphaels, forty-three Titians, sixty-two by Rubens, sixty-two by Velazquez, forty-six by Murillo, fifty-two by Teniers, twenty-two by Vandyke, ten by Wouvermans, ten by Claude Lorraine, and more than two thousand pictures in all, — ranging through the most diversified and most exalted walks of excellence, — may well deserve the title, so often conferred on it, of "the finest gallery in the world."* It contains the choicest spoil of church and convent, — the treasures of

* See Vol. II. of Ford's Hand-Book, p. 744, where a great deal of interesting critical and historical matter may be found, in the author's peculiar style.

the Escorial and the Palace. Its riches were gathered from Italy, when Spain ruled at Naples, and from the Low Countries, when she had her viceroys there. Titian and Rubens dwelt at Madrid to paint for it; Velazquez searched the repositories of Italian art, to fill it, and left to it the priceless endowment of his own most perfect works. All that royal munificence could do, was done lavishly, — at times, too, when Spanish kings had taste, with wealth and power to serve it.

The Academy of San Fernando has fallen heir to a few very fine pictures, among which is the celebrated St. Isabel of Hungary, painted by Murillo for the Hospital of La Caridad, at Seville, and carried off by Marshal Soult, with the rest of his precious booty. On its return from Paris, after the visit of the Allies, the St. Isabel, with two other masterpieces of the great Andalusian, was arrested at Madrid, by the intrigues of the Academicians, whose influence with Ferdinand was sufficient to prevent the restoration of all three to the sanctuaries from which they had been stolen. It was by consent of his Majesty, I believe, that the free-booting Marshal was allowed to retain his individual share of the spoil, and thus occurred the singular spectacle, lately exhibited in Paris, of the Queen of Spain bidding, at an auction, for the rescue of works of art of which her country had been barbarously plundered.

The complete and excellent treatises of Head and Stirling have made the works of the Spanish painters so well known to the art-loving world, that it would be idle to comment at length upon the collections at Madrid, even if my familiarity with the subject, or the scope of this volume, would render such details appro-

priate. I may observe, however, that an admirer of Murillo will be more than ever satisfied — after seeing his pictures at the capital — of the entire truth of the remark, that this great master can only be fully understood, and appreciated fairly, at Seville, where he won his fame. It is there that by far the most exquisite of his productions still are, — the most interesting subjects, most ably treated; and it is there only that he can be seen, in his own colors, unspoiled and unpatched by Vandal or Academician. In this judgment, almost every one who has visited Seville will probably concur. The further conclusion of my own, with which I venture to accompany it, will probably find fewer supporters, though it has the countenance of some whose criticism does not lack authority. It is, that, after using the opportunity presented by the *Museo*, of contrasting Murillo's paintings directly with the masterpieces of the greatest artists, — with a vivid remembrance, too, of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the Italian galleries, — I cannot find it in me to place the Spaniard, in point of genius, below the loftiest of them all, Raphael not excepted. In the incarnation of beauty, ideal or merely human, — in a sublimity and dignity which borrow nothing from the Grecian chisel, yet have the purity and grace, without the coldness, of its marble, — in simplicity and tenderness of conception, — in a magic of coloring, where tints blend imperceptibly and warmly, as they melt into each other in the clouds and sky, — I confess that my uneducated taste gives him no equal. There are, no doubt, defects which I cannot see, and details which others may surpass; but in the perfect expression of a poet's highest thought, his canvas is, to me, unrivalled.

With the exception of the Royal Palace, which is certainly one of the most splendid structures in Europe, Madrid has little to boast in the higher walks of architecture. There is not a church in the whole city, with the exception of that of the Convent of Salesas Reales, which deserves to be mentioned as an effective work of art, in a European sense, although to Cisatlantic eyes many of them would seem very imposing, both in style and dimensions. The Custom-House, on the street of Alcalá, and the General Post-Office, in the Puerta del Sol, are large and stately buildings, but both of them, and particularly the latter, derive their principal effect from their size. Substantially, the same thing has already been said of the new Palace of the Deputies, and it may with equal propriety be repeated in regard to the massive edifice, on the street of Atocha, which is dedicated to the *Facultad Medica.* On the roof of the portico of this latter building sits a statue of Æsculapius, reminding one exceedingly, by its position and ponderosity, of the effigy of Queen Victoria, mounted, in like case, upon the Royal Institution at Edinburgh. The crushing effect of both brought forcibly to my recollection the exclamation of John Kemble to the tyro in Hamlet, who did not stare sufficiently aghast at the awful words of the ghost:

"But look! amazement on thy mother sits!"

"Imagine me, Sir," cried the enraged tragedian, "imagine me, sitting on your mother!"

I fortunately had no familiarity with the Medical Faculty of Madrid, which gives me any right to know, from experience, what Æsculapius has done for them

to show his gratitude. The medical school ought to be a good one, and the number of physicians who have had all the advantages of Parisian education must certainly have infused into the Peninsular system the spirit of modern science. I had occasion, however, to obtain some information in regard to the death of a grandee of Spain, which took place but a little while before, and could not help being struck with the extraordinary circumstances under which he was reported to have departed this life. "*Falleció*," says the parish certificate, "*de resultas de un ataque cerebral, con asfixia del corazon, procedente de un espasmo general, segun certificacion de dos facultativos.*" — "He died from the result of a cerebral attack, with asphixia of the heart, proceeding from a general spasm, according to the certificate of two physicians." It is the duty of every man to make what humble contributions he may to the cause of science, — and I report the case for the benefit of the profession and the good of humanity and diagnosis.

Within a few years past (to return to our subject) the domestic architecture of Madrid has wonderfully improved, and some of the more modern palaces, as well as private buildings of less pretension, are in excellent taste and of imposing appearance. I have already alluded to the stately beauty of the street of Alcalá, with the splendid triumphal arch to which it leads; and there are other of the public ways which would do no discredit to any capital. The taste for buildings of immense dimensions has taken complete possession of the Madrileños, so that the number of houses is actually smaller than it was some years ago, although

the population has increased considerably, and household facilities and comforts have multiplied, in a proportion still larger. The sites of many of the suppressed monasteries have been used for the erection of dwellings, and the peculiar taste referred to has been illustrated, remarkably, in the magnitude of some of these. The Casa de Cordero, or *del Margato*, as it is sometimes called, is probably the most extensive of these new structures. It occupies the grounds of the ancient convent of San Felipe el Real, a large square on the Calle Mayor, near the Puerta del Sol, and is distributed into an almost incredible number of suites and establishments, public and private. Its fronts of dressed stone are in admirable taste, and all its appliances are of the most complete and highly finished character. Some idea may be formed of its value and extent, from the fact that its daily rent exceeds two hundred and fifty dollars. The owner, Sr. Cordero, belongs to the singular tribe of *Maragatos*, in Leon, and is one of the wealthiest and most enterprising capitalists of Madrid. He was a Deputy to the Cortes and an ardent *Progresista*. His hand is in every enterprise of public benefit, and no one, perhaps, has done more to awaken and sustain the public spirit, of which Madrid is reaping the advantages so signally.

While on the subject of architecture, I may express the disappointment, in many particulars, which was the result of my visit to the Escorial. That famous edifice is certainly of extraordinary dimensions, but the effect of its size is almost entirely lost, as you approach, in the dwarfing contrast of the mountains which lie behind it; and although, as you wander through the innu-

merable courts and corridors and quadrangles, a wearying sense of vastness creeps over you, it is not one which is at all coupled with an impression of architectural grandeur. Indeed, the building was never intended as a triumph of ornamental art, but merely for the purposes of a monastery, and with the necessary adaptations. It is, therefore, no discredit to the original architect, Juan de Toledo, that he made it what it is, — nor indeed to Philip the Second, that he did not cause it to be made otherwise. The gridiron, it is true, might have been left out of the plan, but it may be doubted whether — adopted as latitudinarily as it was — it did not furnish an excellent mode of arrangement, for a building which required long passages, small apartments, and many and small windows. It is the traveller's mistake, if he looks for a palace, where nothing was designed but a shelter for cenobites.

The disappointment caused by the general aspect of the monastery was lost in a feeling of the deepest admiration, when we entered the great chapel in its centre, — the most impressive adaptation I have ever seen of classic architecture to the purposes of Christian worship. It is, throughout, of dark gray granite, of the simplest and severest Doric. Its dimensions are colossal, as those of a cathedral ; the piers beneath its lofty cupola as massive, in proportion, as those which uphold the dome of St. Peter's. Every detail is in solemn keeping with the austerity of the architect's conception, — the very light, even at midday, seeming to steal with shadowy awe, as into the presence of something holy. It was towards sunset of a stormy evening, that we were conducted, through long galleries

and dreamy cloisters, into the front of the great choir. But for a distant, half-heard chanting, we should have thought ourselves alone with the twilight. There was no painted glass, — no fretwork, — no quaint device or cunning tracery, — to fill the waning light with shapes of beauty or of fantasy. The sublimity about us was that of darkness and silence, in a temple meet for them.

In singular contrast with the simplicity of the chapel is the *Panteon*, — the burial-place of the Spanish kings, far down beneath the high altar, — a work of later days, the florid elegance of which could never have been tolerated, in such a connection, by the chastened taste of Herrera or his master. Every thing that is gorgeous, in bronze and gilding and jasper, is lavished upon the charnel-house. The walls of the descent to it throw back, like mirrors, the glimmering of the tapers that you hold, and you are warned to be careful, lest the polish of the marble that you tread, should afford no security to your footsteps. Save the reverential aspect and bent body of the old monk who is your guide, there is nothing in the sepulchre or its appointments to wake one solemn thought of death, or lift the mind towards the uncertainty beyond it. Were it not for the grandeur of the temple which is above it, — the fame of some few of the monarchs who occupy its urns, — and the dignity and awe with which the genius of Quintana has associated it, in one of the noblest efforts of the Spanish Muse, — the *Panteon* would be but a tinselled chamber, without taste, appropriateness, or moral.

In speaking of the works of art which adorn Madrid,

the attention of the reader may very well be called to the sculpture of the fountains in the Prado, which, though not of the highest order, have, nevertheless, a great deal of merit, both in composition and execution. The size of the groups and figures is so colossal, that they form conspicuous features in the evening view, when the great walk of the capital is crowded with its cheerful thousands; and there is beauty, as well as freshness, in the glancing of the waters which they scatter so copiously round them. The group of Cybele is perhaps the most admired, but I was particularly struck with the great fountain of Neptune, in the winter season, when the breezes blew chill from the Guadarrama Mountains. There was infinite spirit and effect in the gallant style in which the sea-god's horses seemed to be flinging the icicles from their manes and nostrils.

Of the bronzes in the public places it may, I think, with justice be said, that Madrid can furnish one of the best and one of the worst equestrian statues in the world. The latter is the effigy of Philip the Third, in the wide old Plaza Mayor which was the work of his reign. It seems scarcely possible that the sculptor could ever have seen a horse, at all events as the animal exists at present. The monarch's steed is absurdly swollen, and his action, in the sort of amble to which he is condemned, is ingeniously unnatural and clumsy. The whole work would suggest the idea of Bacchus astride a barrel, but that the attitude of the rosy god has generally a graceful *abandon*, of which the awkward and unknightly seat of the king bears not the slightest trace. Yet the statue was modelled, horse

and man, by John of Bologna, who certainly knew better, and was finished by Pietro Tacca, the author of the admirable work with which I am about to contrast it.

The statue of Philip the Fourth, formerly in the Retiro gardens, and now in the Plaza de Oriente, is quite another affair ; but Tacca was aided, in this task, by a drawing from the hand of Velazquez, still extant, and there breathe, throughout the whole production, the fire and spirit, which have made the equestrian portraits of that master perhaps the finest in the world. The attitude of the horse is rendered somewhat artificial, by its conformity with the rules of the *manège ;* but the nostrils are distended, the fore feet beat the air, and even the hind feet, on which the whole weight rests, appear to spurn the earth. The seat of the rider is matchless, — light, graceful, and yet firm as a centaur's. The touch of the bridle-hand is as delicate as the best training for the lists could make it, and the lace-work of the sash seems floating from the armor like gossamer upon the wind. I am induced particularly to refer to this work, not only because it is, beyond dispute, a masterpiece, but because a statement has recently been going the rounds of the American press, in which a projected cast, by an ingenious native artist, is spoken of as the only attempt to make an equestrian statue, depending altogether for support on the hind quarters of the horse. Philip the Fourth, having perhaps the dread of his predecessor's effigy before him, insisted that his charger should be cast as in the gallop, and availed himself of the influence of Christina of Lorraine, then Grand Duchess of Tuscany, to secure the services of Tacca for that purpose. It was not without some remon-

strance on the part of the sculptor, that the will of the king had its way. A full account is given, by Ponz, of the mode in which the difficulties of the subject were overcome; and an artist of the present day would doubtless find matter in it made worthy his consideration by the triumphant success of the Florentine master. The weight of the statue is eighteen thousand pounds, and the tradition is, that the sculptor was aided in his distribution of the mass by the suggestions of Galileo, his contemporary and friend.

If it were any part of my intention to give a narrative or descriptive character to this little volume, there are many interesting public institutions in Madrid to which I might profitably direct the reader's attention. They will all be found mentioned in the guide-books, and a more particular reference to them would be foreign to my present purpose. Those, however, who are interested in the purity and preservation of the Spanish language, will be pleased to know that the *Academia Española* still continues its labors, and that they are about to take a more profitable shape than of late, in the production of a new and complete grammar and dictionary. The latter is not to be merely the republication, which has periodically appeared for some years past, but a thorough and copious work, such as signalized the learning of the Academy in its earlier history. Both the grammar and dictionary are imperatively called for, by the variations in orthography, syntax, and the vocabulary itself, which the last few years have introduced into the works of even the most approved writers. The Academy has many members peculiarly qualified for such tasks, and the result of its labors may therefore be awaited with interest.