

of their primates, and a chapter consisting of about one hundred dignitaries and prebendaries.

The Mozarabe Chapel, endowed by Ximenes, is very interesting; the neat altar is decorated with a beautiful Roman mosaic of the Madonna and Child, the latter with a spear spearing a saint; but the chief interest of this chapel consists in the paintings representing the landing of Ximenes in Africa, the taking of Oran, and his embarking for Spain. As a work of art, the first, though small compared to the battle scene, is the best; the one representing his departure from Africa being much injured. The Cardinal in his dress, is in the front ranks of his army, determined to succeed on an enterprise which was entirely his own, and paid for out of his princely revenues.

The entrance of La Capilla de los Reyes Nuevos is very rich, and the chapel itself very pretty, with its groined roof and plateresque arch. Under four niches, the ornaments of which are poor and contemptible, are the effigies of Henry II., ob. 1379, and his wife Juana, ob. 1381; Henry III., ob. 1407, and his wife Catherine, daughter of our John of Gaunt, ob. 1419; Juan I., ob. 1390, and his wife Leonora, ob. 1382: and kneeling figures of the two latter are on each side the altar, but none of these royal tombs are worth observing as works of art. The paintings in the church are certainly the chief works of Mariano Salvador

Maella, who was born in Valencia, in 1739, and died in 1819 at Madrid, and generally considered a feeble painter. An Adoration of the Shepherds is beautiful, the Child very well done and the drapery Guido-like. The Nativity is also a good painting, but not equal to the other. The expression of the Saint in the Martyrdom of Santiago is fine. The St. Ferdinand and St. Hermenegild, and the large painting over the altar of St. Ildefonso and the Virgin are good, the Virgin beautiful; but the lower part of that picture is not equal to the upper.

The chapel of Santiago, which is rich and lofty, but not in the best taste, contains several tombs, and amongst others that of the unfortunate Constable Alvaro de Luna, who was executed in 1451, at Valladolid, by the command of a weak King, who owed everything to the talents of his minister. He lies in the centre of an alabaster sepulchre, which is very imposing, with kneeling figures at each corner.

The chapel of San Ildefonso has a beautiful marble tomb of Gil de Albornoz, ob. 1350, in the centre, surrounded with charming niches, filled with statues. The tomb of Don Alonso Camillo d'Albornoz, ob. 1514, is rich plateresque, and very beautiful. There are other tombs in this chapel, and high up on the walls indifferent *bas-reliefs* in marble, representing the most celebrated events of this Saint; among others, the graves opening when he preached,

and the gift of the cassock, but I did not see the slab on which the Virgin alighted for that purpose. Over the altar is a good group of St. Ildefonso and the Virgin in Glory, by Albaroz, 1783.

In the chapel of San Eugenio is a Moorish recess, and in the chapel of St. Lucia are two good paintings of the Martyrdom of St. Peter; the one with both arms stretched out is very fine.

In the chapel of St. Martin are some old paintings, with gold grounds, well drawn, and almost Raphaelesque in colour.

In the next chapel, on the retablo, are similar paintings, with gold grounds, some of the Saints' heads quite beautiful, St. Peter's especially.

In the chapel of the Adoracion de los Santos Reyes, there is a fine retablo, with figures also painted on gold ground; the Dead Christ the best. The Magdalene at our Saviour's feet is very beautiful.

There are other paintings in this style in the cathedral, but the best are in these three chapels, and they may probably be considered the most valuable productions of the oldest Spanish painters. The single figures are better than the groups. The sacristans believe they are Flemish, but that is what they always say when they are at a loss for the name of the artist. Many of the earliest masters worked in this cathedral; amongst others, Juan Alfon, Rincon and his pupils, Inigo de Comontes and his brother; and perhaps these are some of

their works. The custodi suppose all in this style must be Flemish; but in the sixteenth century, the single figures of Christ—the finest paintings of Joanes—are on a similar gold ground.

In the left aisle, on entering the cathedral, are two good paintings, but not, as they say, by Rubens. In the chapel adjoining is one by El Greco, of the Magdalene and Virgin adoring a Christ, carved on a cross, stuck between the two figures, but not very good. In the chapel of St. Leocadia, is a Virgin, nicely done, by Luca Giordano.

The Salon de la Sacristia is a handsome room, but the roof is badly painted, by the same artist. The only subject that can be easily made-out is the Virgin investing St. Ildefonso with the cassock: the sky is muddy, the colouring bad, and drawing equally so—legs dangling in every direction. The large figures underneath, also by Luca, are poor; and yet this painter is thought more of by the Spaniards than many of their fine old masters. Beneath these are portraits of Saints, by El Greco; some of them are good, but the colouring of the flesh of this artist is always too livid. The Taking of Christ, also by him, is well done, but the bad light scarcely allows one to form a correct notion of it. The St. Francisco, a small figure, said to be by Cano, does not seem to me by that artist. It is a good representation of a pale, lanky Franciscan; but the legs are so long, and out of all propor-

tion, that I do not think the figure could have been executed by Cano.

In the Vestuario, I observed a Bassano and a Holy Family and St. Ann, apparently by Puligno, and almost equal to Andrea del Sarto. There is also a fine painting, the Martyrdom of St. Leocadia, by Orrente.

The ochavo or octagon is rich in marbles, and the fresco on the dome is by Luca Giordano, and better than the generality of paintings by that artist. This room is surrounded with relics; but a figure of St. Augustin was all I observed deserving of attention as a work of art. The Virgin's crown and dresses are magnificent, and covered entirely with precious pearls; her image is carved in black wood. In another room we saw, in closets barely large enough to hold them, four large silver globes, with maps and figures of Europe, Asia, Africa and America, which are curious, but not particularly well executed. The sword of Alonso VI., the conqueror of Toledo; and the small cross which Ferdinand and Isabella placed on the Alhambra, after the conquest, are interesting; but the most beautiful of all the treasures is the Gothic Custodia, the master-piece of Henrique de Arphe. It is very large, and made of silver and silver-gilt, a great part of the tabernacle inside of pure gold; and it is truly a charming work of art, the figures delicately executed, and the columns of the taber-

nacle in the centre quite exquisite. There are several missals; one they exhibit in three volumes of the New and Old Testament, with coloured illustrations for every verse, is rich and curious; but they are not particularly well done.

Wearied with treasures of art, we turned into the charming cloisters, which are ornamented with lofty pointed arches, and very noble. The frescoes by Bayeu are very indifferent; some by Maella not much better, and three by Luca Giordano, much injured, but the best.

Over the plateresque door of the Nino Perdido (the child stolen by the Jews), leading from the cathedral, is a painting of the Annunciation, I could not learn by whom; but, as usual, when ignorant, they say Flemish. Bermudez says the archives show it to be by Luis de Velasco; and so Mr. Ford says. The Virgin is generally represented alone, when the Divine message is communicated to her, but on this occasion she has her friends around her. It does not appear to me much like Andrea del Sarto's style, as Sir F. Head states, but it is certainly a very delightful painting, well drawn, and the colouring excellent. The modest, retiring figure of the lovely Virgin is exquisite, and the angel with her, between two columns, is also good. On the left is a group of female figures; the one with a white dress and yellow mantle is very beautiful. On the other side are four male

figures ; and the Holy Spirit and the heavenly choir above are well painted.

The chapel of St. Blas is always closed ; the same may be said of the churches of San Juan de Penitencia and San Roman, which they say are well worth seeing. I was tired of going there in vain day after day to see them. *Cosas de España.*

In the Juderia, or Jews' quarter, is an old synagogue, called *El Transitu*, consisting of a fine long room, with an *artesonado* roof, beneath which are Moorish arches and double columns, and a broad band of foliage and rich work, containing the arms of Leon and Castile, and under it an inscription in Hebrew. At the end of this long room is some beautiful Moorish work, like lace, greatly injured by the insertion of the altar. The honeycomb cornice is excellent.

The once splendid convent of San Juan de los Reyes, dedicated by Ferdinand and Isabella to their tutelar apostle, and destined by Ximenes for his reformed monks, is still worth visiting. You enter by an elegant portal into a room which leads to the exquisite cloisters, which are fearfully injured, and the garden in the centre is now a wilderness. The beautiful pointed arches of the cloisters, the elegant carved foliage, the good sculpture of many of the figures still uninjured, are extremely interesting. The convent is turned into a museum

for all the vile daubs which are given up to the Government because not worth purloining. There was only one good painting, but it was certainly the most pleasing Ribera I ever saw. Joseph with a hatchet and a log of wood in his hand, is a splendid figure; the Madonna, with a noble cast of countenance, and the Infant Jesus, fat, and coloured like a Rubens, and in drawing not unlike that artist, is charming; and the St. John is also good, but much injured.

There are rooms above, full of daubs, and many exquisitely carved frames well worth seeing. The chapel is very interesting, and must have been splendid; the ornaments which were too high for the French soldiers to destroy, are admirable, consisting of capitals, eagles, shields, &c., and an inscription, with the names of Ferdinand and Isabella. The roof is very beautifully groined, and all the windows were full of stained glass, but the French broke all but one. Over the grand altar is a St. Martin on horseback, sharing his cloak with a beggar, said to be by Velasquez. It is lamentable to see so fine a convent entirely destroyed by lawless soldiers. Outside the walls of the church, the chains of the Christians who were captives in Ronda are still hanging.

In the Calle de Cristo de la Luz is a little chapel, once a Moorish mosque, and still decorated with short columns, supporting horse-shoe arches.

The portal of the church is very elegant, and the pinnacles of the tower are good.

The Church of San Tomé has a brick tower with Moorish arches, and contains a painting, considered a master-piece, of El Greco. It represents the burial of the Count de Orgaz, who was the repairer of this church and the founder of the convent of St. Augustin, and therefore the two saints, St. Thomas and St. Augustin, came from heaven to bury him. The livid colouring of El Greco suits admirably the dead body, and the armour in which it is clad is beautifully painted. The heads of innumerable by-standers are finely drawn, but want warmth, and the four burning torches are as livid as their faces. The crosses of the saints are cleverly painted. The Saviour, Virgin, and heavenly choir, all the ideal part of the picture, which ought to be the most beautiful, is abominably bad, wretched drawing, and still worse colouring.

In the Juderia is another synagogue, which was turned into a church, called La Santa Maria la Blanca, but it is now a ruin; application must be made to the Comandante for the key. The form is that of a basilica, with three aisles, divided by short polygonal columns, supporting horse-shoe arches. The lofty roof is plain, but said to be of cedars, from Lebanon. The walls are decorated with honeycomb arches, divided by little columns, and a broad band of lace-like ornaments.

In the convent de Los Silos is a fine room, with rich Moorish work, some of the decorations the most tasteful I have ever seen, and the artesonado ceiling the finest in Toledo. Near there the gate of San Clemente is very elegant. The Hospital de la Cruz, founded by the great Cardinal Mendoza, is now a military college. The portal is exquisite, with Raphaelesque decorations and figures, which are not bad. The patios are beautiful, especially the first, with columns with Ionic capitals, and decorations containing the escutcheons of the Cardinal; the roof of the gallery above is carved, but the great gem is the Berruete ante-room of the chapel. It consists of four magnificent elliptical arches, supported by lofty buttresses, elaborately and tastefully ornamented, and in the spandrels are the arms of Mendoza, with supporters; the lofty roof is beautifully groined. The chapel is low, with a fine artesonado ceiling.

The Alcazar is a magnificent ruin. The Berruete *façade* is imposing, but the patio, with its noble arches, supported by grey granite columns with Corinthian capitals, is truly splendid. Between each arch are the arms of Austria. The upper row of columns of the gallery above is almost entirely destroyed, except on one side. The view, looking towards that part and beyond the arches, of the splendid staircases, is very grand. There is at first one wide flight of stairs, which branches into

two, each eighteen feet wide. Nothing can be more simple, more classical, and more beautiful than the decorations of the lofty hall of the staircase; the windows are charming, from their extreme simplicity; the plain, square, grey granite slabs above them are more effective than the most elaborate decorations could be. The Corinthian pilasters between the windows are admirable, indeed I have seen nothing of Palladio's that I prefer to this part of the palace, which I believe to be by Herrera. There is a fine hall leading out of it, without a floor; for Soult's soldiers set fire to this splendid building when they abandoned it. One is reluctant to rake up old sores, and appear to be reproaching a whole nation for what may have been only the fault of a few, but it is difficult to avoid it when one sees such wanton destruction as this.

An excursion should be made outside the walls. La Puerta del Sol is a picturesque Moorish gate and tower. A pointed horse-shoe arch forms the entrance, and within this three more are visible. The interlacing brick arches above, and also the circular ones, are very rich; a battlement fringes the top of the tower. We then passed the church of Santiago, which is curious for its architecture; the tower is of the time of the Moslems, and ornamented with two small windows, with Moorish arches. Proceeding to the Puerta de Visagra, which is handsome, we visited the old Moorish gate imme-

diately below it, called La Puerta Lodada, which is very picturesque, with horse-shoe arches and perpendicular open slits to shoot arrows out of. Walking along the fine Alameda, we came to the Hospital de Afuera, the *façade* of which is not finished, but the portal is good. It was built by the Cardinal Juan de Tavera, and is one of the many useful institutions erected by the primates of Toledo. The patio is magnificent; the circular arches of the lower colonnade are supported by grey granite columns, of the Doric order; the Ionic columns above sustain elliptical arches. There are double columns at the angles, and the ornaments are simple and pleasing. This fine patio is divided by an open colonnade, which has a good effect, and leads to the chapel, which is lofty and handsome. In the centre is a beautiful tomb, by Berruguete, of the founder, the Cardinal Primate, and his statue lying on the top has a calm and noble expression. The four cardinal virtues are represented at the angles. Beneath the latter are eagles, and between them cherubs, scrolls, and *bas-reliefs*, more commendable for their composition than their execution. The wooden retablo is a clever imitation of marble, and the design, by El Greco, good, but his paintings are bad, and the painting in the chapel adjoining, by the same artist, no better.

Passing by the remains of an ancient Roman circus, the form of which can be distinctly traced for a

considerable distance by some of the arches and gradini, which are still remaining (of rubble-work united by cement as hard as stone), we came to the church of El Cristo de la Vega, in which were buried the tutelars of the city, St. Ildefonso, and St. Leocadia, who was born in 306, and cast from the rocks above by Dacian. The entrance is pretty, through a cemetery destined for the monks, and over the neat entrance into the chapel is a charming marble statue of St. Leocadia, by Berruete. The interior is not worth visiting, but the oval exterior is beautiful, being covered with sunk brick arches. In the lowest row they are double, and circular in their form; in the next, honey-combed, and horse-shoe arches within them; the third row consists of double horse-shoe arches, and the highest of double circular arches, and although they are only of brick, the effect is very good.

The view is fine from here of the ruined palace of Wamba, with its broken walls and windows rising on the rocks, the Puerta del Cambron and the pinnacles of San Juan de los Reyes. Below, close to the river, is an alcoba, a square Moorish tower, with a pointed arched entrance; a finer arch, fronting towards the river; and one opposite similar to it, supported by columns. The lower part is dilapidated, and was, they say, a bath, hence the tower is called Los Banos de Florinda, for here she is said to have been bathing when Don

Roderick saw her through the last arch I have described. Supposing his palace to have been where the ruined walls are still standing, and this arch open, as it is at present, Florinda's charms might be seen. Alas! that the want of a blind should have caused such woes; nearly eight hundred years of Moorish dominion, and so many battles before the infidels were driven back into Africa. On one of the columns of this arch is an Arabic inscription. Below the alcoba is another little tower, and the beautiful Moorish bridge of St. Martin, with its fine centre arch and tower at the end. We returned into the city through the picturesque gate, called Puerta del Cambron, with its vain inscription, that bore *ennui* may be expelled from the now deserted streets of Toledo.

Another excursion should be made over the picturesque Moorish bridge of Alcantara, adorned with towers, and a statue of the Tutelar; turning to the left is the Alameda, with hedges of roses (the Aranjuez road.) The verdant meadow near it is La Huerta del Rey, containing some ruins, called Las Casas de la Reina. Opposite the bridge of Alcantara are the picturesque towers of the Moorish castle of Cervantes. Turning to the right is a fine view of the Alcazar and Santiago, now a military academy; and some charmingly picturesque Moorish arches, all that remain of a splendid hydraulic

apparatus of the Moors, which did the work of scores of donkeys, now employed daily in taking water from the same place into the city. Picturesque mills on the wild and melancholy Tagus, and magnificent rocky, granite hills, which, from their rhomboidal forms and bold appearance, reminded me of the mountains of the First Cataract of the Nile—form one of the most interesting views in Spain. There is a delightful ramble along the river for those who are good scramblers.

It is worth the trouble to walk out to the Fabrica de Armas, less than a mile from the walls, if only to enjoy the view of Toledo. Many points are more picturesque, but from no other side does it seem so capable of containing two hundred thousand souls it once possessed. The distance is very considerable from the Hospital de Afuera to the bridge of St. Martin, and yet it is one continued series of fine buildings, palaces, hospitals, churches, ruined towers and walls. The grandeur of the ancient city is displayed—the poverty of Toledo of to-day, concealed.

The manufactory now employs a hundred men; the blades seem good, and gold well laid on; officers' swords cost a pound; others, ten shillings; the most expensive five pounds. There are models of the different periods of the Bourbon Kings, and some gems of the time of the Moors. The steel seems still of the same excellent elastic nature. The secret of the Toledan blade is not

lost, but the modern forms are very inferior to the ancient.

The Tagus rolls through beautiful meadows, and shady trees adorn its banks; but perhaps the most pleasing view of this famous river is from the parador of the nunnery of Santa Fé, now occupied by only four nuns. In the dark Sala Capitular of their chapel is a good figure of a Dead Christ, said to be carved by Cano; it can only be seen with difficulty, so bad is the light.

Toledo is a charming place for the antiquarian and architect. In every street and corner something Moorish is to be seen, some decorations, arches or windows, to remind us of her palmy days; the ruins and dilapidations all around recall to our recollections the times when her archbishops received annually about thirteen millions of reals, whereas now they have only eight thousand dollars, the income of the canons formerly—when her clergy were the richest in the world, when manufactories of silk gave employment and wealth to thousands, when her plains were cultivated, and not almost a desert as they are now.

Then the twisting, winding streets, are utterly impassable without a guide; never, even in Spain, have I seen such narrow passages, some of the projecting roofs actually hanging over each other, the bright sky, the colour of lapis-lazuli, scarcely visible above. Toledo is dreadfully hot in the

autumn; but even now, only the third week in May, we feel the benefit of these narrow shady alleys, and would not change them for the widest streets and largest squares in the world. Good houses are plentiful, sometimes covered with faded frescoes, every one has their separate residence, and some of the courts are handsome, and always beautifully clean.

The Archbishop's palace is an immense edifice, but, although the portal is good, it seems an unsightly mass compared to the beautiful Ayuntamiento opposite it, with its Doric and Ionic decorations and towers at each end—a work, they say here, of Herrera, and certainly worthy of him. The plazas are generally small and undeserving of notice, except the Zocodover, which is the most Moorish and most picturesque square in all Spain. The *façades* of many of the houses are of wood, with such balconies, such windows, as no pencil could do justice to. I sat down often on the stone benches in the little Alameda in the centre, and was never tired of gazing at these picturesque old buildings, and the equally charming groups of fine-looking peasants, with conical hats, and jackets, breeches and leggings, all of the same brown, tawny colour. The ladies dress well—rich satins and silks, generally black, and almost always walk out in silk stockings and thin satin shoes, though the small, sharp-pointed pavement is little adapted for such

a *chaussure*. All wear the mantilla, and many were very good-looking.

We left Toledo at six o'clock in the morning, and the roads being heavy, did not reach Aranjuez until two. We observed on our right, in the distance, one of the old castles, of which there are several fine specimens near Toledo.* The ride from Aranjuez to Madrid is very uninteresting, until, at Getafe, we came in sight of the fine range of the Guadarrama Mountains; and on our right was, apparently, an old convent on a hill, now turned into a telegraph; the situation is picturesque, but the hill was, like all the country around, without a single tree. Soon we came in sight of Madrid; and its fine situation, on a rising ground, was a great surprise to me. The country around is at present verdant, especially the banks of the Manzanares, which is now full of water. The range of the Guadarrama is magnificent, and the city itself imposing, with above a score of lofty domes, and towers, most of them ending in thin spires.

The approach over the bridge into a plaza, ornamented with obelisks and statues, and through the fine Alameda, is worthy of a great capital. It was eight o'clock when we entered. The well-built streets, lighted with gas, were crowded to excess with a smartly-dressed population pouring

* See Mr. Wells' Pilgrimage to Toledo.



out for their evening walk. Everything had the appearance of a metropolis, but the ordinary European character of the streets, their width and regularity, announce to us we have reached another land, richer, and perhaps more civilized, but not so picturesque.

CHAPTER IX.

MADRID—CLIMATE—PUERTA DEL SOL—PLAZA DE CEBADA—
 MORERIA — SAN ANDRÉS — PLAZA DE LA CONSTITUCION —
 FÊTE OF SAN ISIDORO—SAN FERNANDO—LA TRINIDAD—
 THE PALACE—KING AND QUEEN—THE ROYAL MEWS—
 ARMOURY—NAVAL MUSEUM—SAN GINES.

MADRID, or Majerit, was only a Moorish outpost of Toledo; but Charles V., finding the rarefied air of a place two thousand four hundred and twelve feet above the sea, and near to the high snowy mountains of the Guadarrama, beneficial to his gouty and phlegmatic constitution, preferred it even to Toledo, which, from its splendid and almost impregnable situation, on a river which might be made navigable to Lisbon, ought to be the metropolis of the kingdom.

Philip II. made Madrid the residence of the Court, and now, with its palaces and royal sites and Government offices, it will probably continue

to be the capital, though all complain of the inconvenience of the situation, and the unhealthiness of a climate so fearfully hot in summer, and bitter cold in winter, that the saying is "tres meses de invierno y nueve del infierno." Spaniards, to the surprise of strangers, walk in the streets of Madrid, often when the evenings are very warm, with their cloaks hanging on their shoulders; but subtle and keen is the air which comes sweeping down from the mountains of Guadarrama; and care must be taken, in every season of the year, by those who wish to avoid the dangerous malady of the country—*el colico de Madrid*:

"El aire de Madrid es tan sutil

Que mata à un hombre, y no apaga à un candil."*

Madrid is certainly a fine capital, and worthy of this large kingdom; but those who visit it from the south must not expect to find the white houses, green balconies, and picturesque Moorish architecture. It is almost entirely European; but the wide streets, lofty palaces, well-furnished shops, and crowded streets, are imposing. The Court alone has raised it to its present affluence, and population of two hundred thousand. There are no manufactures, no commerce, but of the necessaries and luxuries of life. The Spanish *grandees* always sur-

* See Handbook, p. 403.

round their Sovereign, not merely for a portion of the year, but every season, seldom visiting their princely domains in the country. Some of them are immensely rich, and though they are not given to hospitality, seldom give dinners, balls or other grand entertainments, yet they spend their money in other ways. Their priest, steward, and family doctor have each their equipage; and, besides an immense number of attendants employed, many of the great grandees have the upper stories of their palaces crowded with old servants and retainers, who live upon their lord's bounty.

Mismanagement is the rule in Spain. There is scarcely a noble who is not the victim of his steward, and a grandee with £60,000 a-year would find it difficult to command £5000. Still there is a great expenditure going on. The Cortes also, if they do no other good, at least spend money. The Queen is generous, and disperses freely all the funds she can obtain; and myriads of officials follow the fashion, as far, and too often farther, than their means will justify. Poverty strikes you at every turn in most of the other large towns in Spain; luxury, and even extravagance, in Madrid.

The spring has been unusually wet, so that the Manzanares is really a river, the country around it verdant and pleasing; and the range of the Guadarrama, with its snow-clad summits, is a fine and unusual sight to see from a metropolis.