

To the Infanta he spoke tenderly, giving her as his last gift a precious stone, which had been worn by her mother, Isabella de Valois.

To his son Philip he presented a paper of instructions "by what means to govern the kingdom he was about to inherit," and enjoined him to show especial regard to his sister.

The king then desired that a certain case should be brought to him, out of which he took a scourge stained with blood. Holding it up before all present, he said, "This is the blood of my father, whom may God absolve, who was wont thus to chastise himself, and to the end that all may know the truth of his devotion, I here solemnly attest it."

A paper in his handwriting was now produced from beneath his bed, and read aloud, giving minute directions with regard to his body after death, even to the royal habit in which he willed that his lifeless form should be clothed before being placed in the bronze gilt coffin already made. Then followed instructions as to the order in which the funeral procession was to proceed to the vault below—how the royal standard was to be lowered, the crown veiled and carried before the royal body, which should be borne by eight of his chief servants, with lighted torches in their hands.

So intense was his interest in things funereal, that he now ordered his bronze gilt coffin to be brought into this cell, that he might satisfy himself that his orders had been strictly carried out, with regard to its ornamentation. When the coffin appeared, he desired that it might have a lining of white satin and lace, and a larger supply of gold nails.

After he had received extreme unction, the crucifix of the Emperor, at his request, was placed in his dying hand: he motioned to his children to embrace him, and immediately afterwards became speechless. On the morning of Sunday, September 13th, 1598, Philip the Prudent was dead.

Adjoining his bed-room is a somewhat larger chamber, where the King was used to transact business with his Ministers. In its size and fittings, it is still however the Monk's cell; a couple of chairs, a stool on

which he supported his gouty leg, a table, a book-case with small drawers wherein were thrust his secret dispatches (those illegible scraps of paper by which he was wont to boast that "he ruled both the Old and the New World);" whilst on its highest shelf stood a ghastly skull, adorned with a crown of gold, to remind him of the mortality of kings! As the moral nature of Philip shunned the reproving light, so does it seem to have been uncongenial to his material temperament. Even here in this cabinet, where all the business of the State was transacted, there is no window opening to the clear day, but only a borrowed light from a vaulted corridor looking out on the Quadrangle.

To sit in darkness, overshadowed by this grim image of death, was the strange fantasy of the most powerful monarch in Europe. His vainglory delighted in the thought that "he had built a large house for God, a small cell for himself:" and possibly the obscurity of this cell favored his powers of dissimulation, and better enabled him to conceal what passed within his breast. To the mind of Philip this maxim was ever present, "The man who cannot dissemble is not fit to reign." This was his "golden rule," and such an adept had he become in the art of dissimulation, that when, in this very chamber, he received the intelligence of the destruction of the "Invincible Armada," not a muscle of his countenance moved. He was writing letters, when his Minister, Don Christoval de Moura, entered, and with considerable alarm, acquainted him with the disastrous failure of a plan which had been eighteen years in preparation, and on which the King had spent upwards of a hundred millions of ducats.

Philip listened without the slightest appearance of emotion, and then replied, "I thank God for having given me means to endure such a loss without embarrassment, and power to equip another fleet of equal magnitude. A stream can afford to waste some of its water, so long as its source is not dried up!" After this grandiloquent speech, he quietly resumed his occupation.

In the Sacristy is a picture by the Portuguese painter Claudio Coello, described by our guide as "very important." The scene represented took place at the Escorial, where the half-witted King, Charles II., surrounded by priests and courtiers, knelt before the "Miraculous Wafer," which (according to the popular belief) shed drops of blood when on one occasion it was profaned by heretical hands!

The hall of the Chapter contains the first picture we had yet seen by Velazquez. It has for its touching subject Jacob receiving from the hands of his elder children the blood-stained coat of Joseph, "the son of his old age."

In the face of the old man grief and anger struggle for mastery, as he recognizes the coat which he had himself given, and which his sons now unfold before his weeping eyes.

This is one of the few sacred subjects painted by Velazquez, and deserves a better light than it has here.

In the Refectory is the picture of the Last Supper, on which Titian spent seven years of his life, and which Philip II. (in spite of his appreciation of art) ordered to be cut, being too large for its destined place!

From the Church we proceeded to the library, where is the picture of Philip—frigid in expression, with hard stern lines about the mouth, and a cold lustreless eye which freezes you. Charles V. is also here, in armour, with closely cut hair and beard, and protruding jaw; a face once seen, never to be forgotten; Philip III. and Charles II. are likewise represented; the melancholy face of the last arrests the eye and recalls to the mind the scene in the vault below. In the library are whole shelves filled with Bibles, amongst which, perhaps, is to be found the Polyglot Bible of Cardinal Ximenes—the first published in Spain, or anywhere else, but so little known or read by Spanish Catholics.

Here are also many curious manuscripts,—many of the writings and letters of St. Teresa treasured up by Philip II.—letters said to be "full of cheerfulness and sweetness of nature." We were not permitted however

to examine anything, and were hurried on to the Palace, which is rich in tapestry, from designs by the great Flemish masters; but which hardly compensated for the fatigue of passing through endless suites of rooms, devoid of any especial interest.

Occasionally the Imperial Bee appears on some worthless piece of furniture, to remind the visitor that Joseph Buonaparte once reigned in Spain.

Without the Palace, looking in the direction of Madrid, are terraces with formal box hedges, quaint and wintry. It was in these gardens that our Prince Charles bade farewell to Philip IV., after having spent six fruitless months as a wooer at Madrid. Charles had promised his sister Elizabeth, the unfortunate Queen of Bohemia, that he would regard her interests as his own; and here at the Escorial he made a last effort to influence Philip in favor of his brother-in-law; and received from Philip an assurance that he would do his utmost to obtain the restitution of the Palatinate, and present it as a marriage gift from himself to Charles—words of duplicity, uttered with that imperturbable gravity, which Philip IV. cultivated as “one of the most sacred duties of a sovereign.”

Before leaving the Escorial, we walked again to the Grand Portal, with the figure of St. Lawrence facing the mountain.

A French gentleman stood near us, and with hand extended towards the building, exclaimed, “C'est farouche—c'est le mot—C'est Philippe II!” and truly Philip set at defiance both nature and art, when he fixed upon the tempestuous Guadarrama as the site, and an iron gridiron as the model, on which he would build the Escorial.

The ESCURIAL TO MADRID.—The evening train reaches the Escorial Station at five o'clock, and from thence to Madrid is but two hours and a-half. The train was very crowded. We were placed in the same carriage with the old Frenchman whom we had met at the Escorial, with ruffles to his sleeves, and in look and manner evidently cleaving to the “*vieille cour*,” rather

than to the present age. It was amusing to listen to the easy flow of words, the gay volubility with which he entered into conversation with our Spanish fellow travellers. Full of intelligence, and eager to gain information, without, however, knowing a word of Spanish, he managed to make himself understood by dint of gesticulations. On this occasion he was fortunate enough to find that one of the party could converse, after a limited manner, in his own tongue, and before many minutes had elapsed we heard him put a question as interesting to us as to himself—"Y a-t-il quelque danger à courir, Monsieur, en se rendant maintenant à Séville?"

"Pas du tout; tout est paisible," was the somewhat short reply.

In no way discouraged, our Frenchman elevated his shoulders in that peculiarly expressive manner common to his nation, and in a soothing tone, lingering over his words, remarked—

"Cependant . . . il me semble . . . que l'on . . . parle . . . des républicains . . ."

"Sans doute," broke in the Spaniard, "mais dans l'Andalousie c'est, du reste, comme à Naples, comme partout dans le sud, on parle des républicains, mais dès que l'on aperçoit des troupes, on s'enfuit. Il y a une armée de 15 à 20 mille hommes au sud."

"Pensez-vous," rejoined the Frenchman, in a deprecating tone, "Pensez-vous, Monsieur, que la république s'établira en Espagne?"

"Oh que non!"

"Don Fernando a donc définitivement refusé la couronne?"

"Oui."

"Et le Prince des Asturies, Monsieur, a-t-il . . . quelques . . . chances?"

This was said in the most dulcet voice. We were touching on very dangerous topics in a railway carriage, and the answer came quick and decided—"Certes non; point de Bourbon, nous en avons eu assez!"

Here the train stopped, and the Spaniard withdrew.

"Qu'est-ce donc qu'ils veulent, ces Espagnols," soliloquised the old Frenchman, "ni république ni

monarchie, ma foi, je ne sais ce qu'ils veulent !" and with these words he composed himself to sleep till the train reached Madrid.

The city is hardly seen till you are close upon it, and nothing can be more dreary and waste than the country which surrounds it. It stands on a plateau exposed to every blast of wind from the different sierras, and with no one beauty to recommend it.

HÔTEL DES PRINCES, MADRID.—On awaking the first morning it is difficult to believe that you are not in Paris ; the same confused sounds, the same trembling of furniture from the constant passing to and fro of the heavy omnibuses beneath ; you look down from your window on the Puerta del Sol, the far-famed centre of Madrid life, but it might be a French Place ; there is nothing Spanish about it, and when you see the "Prado" it is but the Champs Elysées on a small scale. To us Madrid seemed but as a small Paris, without its river, without its exhilarating atmosphere, without its fine buildings, but with a gallery which far surpasses the Louvre in interest.

In Madrid we have again Philip II. It is his capital ; built on a table land* without verdure, and on the banks of a river without water ; scorched by heat throughout the day, and chilled by the keen blasts from the Guadarrama after sunset. Such is the position of Madrid.

In the streets no graceful "Mantillas" meet your eye ; but on the heads of the dark-eyed Spanish women Paris bonnets of the last fashion ; no picturesque "mantas" on the shoulders of the men. Nothing (with the exception of the beggars) that can be called Spanish is to be seen in the crowded streets. One feature, however, must be recorded, equally *un-Spanish* in its character, but for which there is abundant cause for thankfulness : in the bookseller's shops were displayed

* The elevation of Madrid is said to be nearly double that of Arthur's Seat—the hill which overhangs Edinburgh.

in large numbers Spanish Bibles and Testaments for sale, *no man forbidding*.

There is a deep religious movement going on in Spain. The work of Evangelisation has been carried on for several years past, but secretly, for fear of the Government. Considerable personal hazard attended it. Nevertheless, men were found willing to become agents of a Society formed for the distribution of the Bible, and through their courage, and the liberality of those connected with this Society, the Scriptures have been circulated, and the doctrines of the Reformed Church made known in all parts of Spain. Steadily, but quietly, these Spanish Reformers carried on their work, but with the Revolution arose the hope of religious toleration, and they at once boldly came forward and claimed the protection of the Government.

On turning to the early pages of Spanish history, we find that in the fourth century Gothic Spain possessed a translation of the Bible in the vulgar tongue, and it may well strike us as strange that the Spanish people should be denied in civilised times, a privilege which they enjoyed in a barbarous age.

It was not till the eleventh century that the old Gothic ritual and Bible were superseded by the Roman Mass Book.

Under Ferdinand and Isabella la Catolica the translation of the Scriptures into Spanish was attempted, but immediately prohibited by the newly-established Office of the Inquisition. When, however, the Reformation advanced with rapid stride throughout the Spanish dominions in the Netherlands, its footprints soon became visible also in the Peninsula, and translations of the Psalms and other portions of Holy Writ were widely disseminated.

In 1543 Francisco de Enzinas dedicated a Castilian translation of the Bible to the Emperor Charles V., who accepted it, provided the book met with the approval of the Church. It was pronounced "heretical," the Bible was burnt, and Enzinas cast into prison.

From this time forth Moors and Jews ceased to be the principal victims at an *auto de fé*, "Lutheran

heretics" were now hunted out, and the progress of Gospel truth was stayed by the flames of the Inquisition. The Grand Inquisitor Valdés was keen in the pursuit of such victims; he discovered error in the teaching of the Emperor's favourite preacher, Cazalla, who for ten years had ministered to him; and also in that of his Confessor. Cazalla and Ponce were accordingly seized and thrust into the dungeons of the Inquisition—the one ended his days by being strangled; the other was burnt in effigy, having died in his prison.

Even Borgia, the great Jesuit Saint, was at one time suspected of holding "justification by faith," and Carranza, the Primate of Spain, was for years incarcerated in a dungeon for his supposed leaning to the "Melancthon heresy." Brantôme even asserts that the Inquisition actually proposed that the body of the Emperor himself should be disinterred and burnt for having given ear to heretical opinions! Perhaps it was the recollection of this which led Philip II. on his death-bed to exhibit the blood-stained scourge, and solemnly attest the Emperor's orthodoxy.

"Give light, and the darkness will disappear of itself;" such were the words of Erasmus, and we can only trust that the nation, which originally received Christianity by the preaching of an Apostle,* may be permitted, in this nineteenth century, to retain its hold of the Book of Life, and that from within the Spanish Church itself, light may arise.

Every day was spent by us at the Museo, and in our daily walk † down the Calle de Alcalá we passed the statue of Cervantes in the Plaza de las Cortes. The author of "Don Quixote" died in the same month and year as our Shakespeare, April, 1616, and were it not for the difference between the new and old style the very day would correspond.

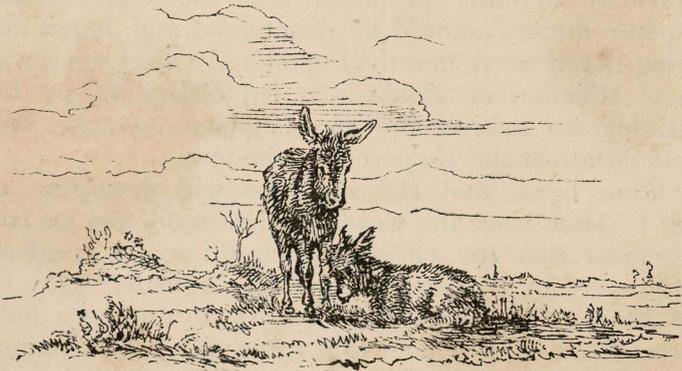
It is said that a friend having congratulated him on the success of his great work, he whispered in his ear,

* St. Paul is said to have preached the Gospel in Spain (See Romans, xv. 28), and also St. James.

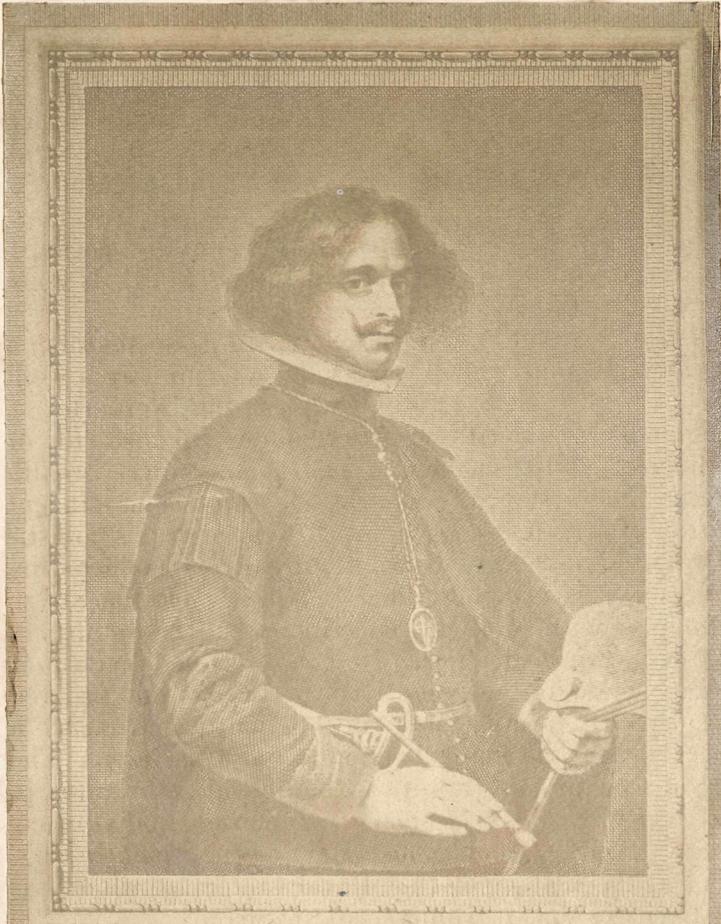
† Walking is, however, a work of supererogation in Madrid, as there is no lack of small carriages.

“Had it not been for the Inquisition, I should have made my book far more entertaining.”

“Don Quixote” was the one book of which Philip III. was fond, and the only thing which brought a smile to his face : nevertheless, the author was allowed to go unnoticed and unrequited by the Court.







D. DIEGO VELAZQUEZ B. SILVA:

Doctor del Rey FELIPE IIII. considerado como el Principe de los Pintores Españoles. Nació en Sevilla en 1599. y murió en Madrid en 1660.

E L M U S E O.

SPAIN is probably the only European country which has not been overrun by Tourists. Whilst the Picture Galleries of Italy, Germany, and even of St. Petersburg are familiar to most English travellers, the Royal Museum at Madrid, which contains, perhaps, the finest collection of Pictures in the world, is comparatively unknown.

To understand how it is that Spain possesses such a Gallery, we must recall her as she was—mistress well-nigh of the world. Italy, Naples, the Netherlands, England, were all at one period under Spanish rule or influence, whilst she had at her command the wealth of the New World. Charles V. was a munificent patron of art; his son Philip II. inherited his artistic tastes, and added greatly to the treasures collected by the Emperor; whilst Philip IV., whose portraits are so numerous in this Gallery, contributed still more largely to the Royal Collection. He commissioned Velasquez to buy works of the great masters in Italy, and ordered the Spanish Ambassador in London to purchase a great part of the fine collection of our Charles I. The gift of a picture was a sure way to royal favour, and in the days of Spanish ascendancy, monarchs and subjects gladly proffered their gems of art to the Spanish king. Such is the history of this Royal Collection which has outlived royalty, it would seem, in Spain.

It was Philip IV. who first conceived the idea of establishing an Academy of Art at Madrid; but the design was not carried into effect until long afterwards; and it is only within the last fifty years that the present Museo has been opened. In 1837, the banishment of the monastic orders brought to light pictures, till then hidden in convents. These are now collected together with those from the royal palaces, and are placed in the Museo, making it a perfect treasure-house of art.

A sense of intense satisfaction, such as can hardly be defined, spreads itself through every chink and corner of the mind, as this Gallery is traversed.

The eye is not fatigued: the light admitted from the centre of the vaulted ceiling is pleasant to the sight, and perfect as regards the pictures. The colour of the walls in the "Long Gallery" is red, and in the "Sala de Isabella" green. The effect of both is excellent as a background. I know but of one drawback to the thorough enjoyment of this Museum: it is the want of a published catalogue.

The keen sense of this want in my own case first induced me to write these sketches; the descriptions being for the most part from rough notes taken as I stood before the pictures; and, slight as they are, they may perhaps serve as a remembrance of the "Museo" to those who *have* visited it, and as a help to those who have this pleasure in contemplation.*

As there are upwards of 2,000 pictures in the collection, time would fail to tell of all, and I have therefore confined myself to those which appeared to me the most important, and the most likely to interest travellers unable to devote many days to the Gallery.

The pictures are not hung in numerical order. I have therefore endeavoured, as far as possible, to notice them in the order in which they come, BEGINNING WITH THE ITALIAN MASTERS.†

Upon entering the "Long Gallery" you have on each side the great painters of the Venetian school—Paul Veronese on the right, Tintoretto on the left: then follows Titian, forty-three of whose works, unsurpassed in beauty even in Venice, are found in this Museo.

I notice first—

* The legends here noticed and the brief lives of the painters have been principally collected from Butler's "Lives of the Saints," Lord Lindsay's "Christian Art," Mrs. Jameson's "Legendary Art," Stirling's "Artists of Spain," Cumberland's "Anecdotes," and Bryan's "Dictionary of Painters."

† The usual entrance was then closed, so that the Gallery was entered at the end devoted to the Italian Masters.

No. 896.—THE FUGITIVE CAIN.
(*Paul Veronese.*)

This picture with its angry sky is full of pathos and grandeur. None can look without pity at the "fallen countenance" of Cain, and the beseeching gaze of his wife, powerless to smooth the brow of the man-slayer. The infant has turned away from its mother's breast, and looks up frightened at its father, who has "gone out from the presence of the Lord," hard and impenitent, a wanderer for ever.

No. 433.—THE WOMAN TAKEN IN
ADULTERY. (*Paul Veronese.*)

The Saviour is here represented as turning towards a vociferating Pharisee, coarse in form and sensual in expression, whose hand is specially directed towards the offending woman. The Saviour seems to address the words to *him*, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast the stone at her."

As we look at those faces, we wonder not that "they went out one by one, leaving the woman in the midst"—mercy and misery left alone together.

No. 453.—THE MARRIAGE OF CANA IN
GALILEE. (*Paul Veronese.*)

This picture belonged to our Charles I. Philip IV. had ordered the Spanish envoy in London to purchase Charles's pictures from the Commonwealth. He was most eager for the arrival of these treasures at Madrid, but a difficulty arose, owing to the English ambassadors from the exiled Charles II. being resident at the Spanish court. One of these was Lord Cottington, who, twenty-six years before, had accompanied Charles I. (then Prince of Wales) to Madrid. Philip was determined to get rid of these envoys, and without further ceremony dismissed them, on the pretext that "their presence in Madrid was very prejudicial to his affairs." No sooner had the ambassadors withdrawn than eighteen mules laden with the pictures of the murdered king entered the city.