

most to be admired in the capitulary hall, are three masterly paintings by Guido; two heads full of truly celestial expression, one of St. Peter, the other of St. Paul; and a Virgin seated, before whom stands the infant Jesus, in a pensive and fine attitude.

The fourth door, which answers to the great lower cloister, is that of the old church of the monastery. This also contains paintings worthy of attention; several by Titian, among others, the great altar-piece, which represents the martyrdom of St. Laurence; three by Spagnoletto, remarkable for beauty of colouring; and one, a wonderful piece, by Raphael, which, for its learned composition, its beauty, nobleness of design, correctness of drawing, and every excellence that characterises the inimitable talent of this great master is superior to all in the Escorial. I have seen connoisseurs view with transport, and shed tears of admiration, before this sublime master-piece, without these de-

licious impressions being weakened by a reflection natural enough, on the fantastical union of persons it presents: these are the Virgin Mary, Christ, and St. Jerom in a cardinal's habit, reading to them the bible, while the angel Raphael conducts to the feet of the divine group the young Tobit, who comes with a timid air to render the tribute of his fish. The last circumstance has given the painting the appellation of *Madonna del Pes* (our lady of the fish).

It is inconceivable how the genius of Raphael could stoop to this strange composition, which, undoubtedly, was prescribed him, and yet that the execution should bear no marks of such compulsion. If his exquisite taste was not disgusted by a dissonance which shocks the least delicate one, what becomes of the rules of art, and the precepts of reason? After such an example, how is it possible not to look upon them as so many chains, which genius in its soarings may shake off with impunity.

punity. Does not it justify all the extravagance which fantastical or ignorant artists have dared to display upon canvass, one arming Abraham with a pistol, with which he is going to shoot Isaac, another representing the Virgin with a chaplet in her hand, and a third introducing our modern artillery in the combat of Satan and the angels?

Let us now leave the old church of the Escorial in which it is easy to forget at sight of the *Madonna del Pez*, that the monastery contains other objects worthy the attention of the curious. After having admired the superb piece of Titian (the last Supper) which takes up the whole breadth of the refectory of the monks, we will ascend to the upper cloister, the walls of which are also ornamented with paintings. There are several not above mediocrity; but some by Luca Giordano are seen with pleasure, as also may two or three by Spagnoletto, and one by Navarette, known

by the name of the dumb, and whom Philip II. called the Titian of Spain.

The stair-case which leads from the lower to the upper cloister, must not be passed over in silence. The four sides of the frize and the cieling are painted in fresco by Giordano, and represent the battle of St. Quintin. the accomplishment of the vow of Philip II. and the arrival of that monarch at the celestial court.

On the first landing-place of the stair-case there are little cloisters, which lead to the library of the Escorial, less remarkable for the number of volumes it contains than for the choice of them, and more particularly the Arabic and Greek manuscripts. All the arts concerned in the decoration; and if there be a defect, it is perhaps that of being too much ornamented. Every vacant space is filled with paintings; the ceiling, which is vaulted, is ornamented with Arabesques, and figures for the most part

part colossal. Tibaldi, the master of Michael Angelo, has here displayed the frequently exaggerated vigour of his pencil; his forced attitudes resemble contortions; his forms are so great as to become gigantic and almost monstrous; these diminish the effect of the whole, by narrowing the fine dimensions of the library and destroying its other decorations. The shelves which contain the books, and which are of precious wood, beautifully carved, appear trifling beneath the colossuses of Tibaldi. Above the shelves are paintings in fresco by Barthelemi Carducho, which also suffer from the cause already mentioned; the subjects are taken from sacred or profane history, or have relation to the sciences of which the shelves below present to us the elements. Thus the council of Nice is represented above the books which treat of theology; the death of Archimedes at the siege of Syracuse, indicates those which relate to mathematics; and Cicero pronouncing his oration in favour of Rabirius, the

works

works relative to eloquence and the bar.

The middle of the library is occupied by globes and tables; upon one of the latter is a small equestrian statue of Philip IV. upon another, a little temple of solid silver, ornamented with lapis-lazzuli and precious stones. Round these are ranged all the ancestors of the queen Ann of Neubourg, wife of Charles II. up to Charlemagne, who is placed in the center of the temple.

In the intervals between the shelves are portraits of Charles V. and of the three Philips his successors to the throne of Spain. Ye philosophers who, after having read what I have written, shall visit this library, stop before the portrait of Philip II. painted with great exactness by Pantoja de la Cruz; contemplate his grave and austere physiognomy, and you will read an abridgement of the history of his reign; but communicate not the result of your reflections

tions to the Monks who accompany you, this would be a bad return for the obliging reception you will receive from them. If you have brought with you to the Escorial prejudices against the Spaniards in general, or against the Monks in particular, you will certainly lay them aside after having passed a quarter of an hour with the Jeronymites of this monastery; you will be convinced that under the Spanish mantle, or even the religious habit, more obliging manners, more complaisance and more real goodness are concealed, than are promised by the elegance of a French dress. For the truth of what I here say, I may appeal to two Danish professors, who, a few years ago, were sent to the Escorial to make learned researches, and were, perhaps, better received by the Monks, notwithstanding the difference of their manners, language, and religion, than they would have been at the university of Copenhagen. They were lodged in the convent, and provided with every thing they could wish with the most generous hospitality.

All

All the treasures of the library were opened to them, and they passed two months in examining and making extracts from the manuscripts which excited their curiosity. They returned home with hearts deeply impressed with gratitude, and port-folios enriched with the fruits of their laborious researches,

The obliging generosity they experienced on this occasion was the more remarkable, as the manuscripts entrusted to their inspection are still unknown to the public, except by a few extracts given of them by a learned Monk named Cassiri. These consist of two volumes in folio, but are far from completing the extensive plan the monk proposed to himself. After his death they were consigned to another of the fathers of the Escorial, and the learned impatiently expect the result of his labours.

The library of the Escorial is open every morning and evening during the

residence of the court, and the librarians refuse books to no person.

The manuscripts are not kept in the great library which is open to every comer, but in a large hall above always shut up, and to which all the books proscribed by Spanish orthodoxy are sent. The portraits of such natives of Spain as have distinguished themselves in the sciences, arts, or in literature are hung round the hall, and the number of the learned in Spain is more considerable than our supercilious contempt for this nation will easily believe.

This contempt may, perhaps, imagine it has found a subject for triumph in the library of the Escorial, on viewing the books placed the contrary way, so that the edges of the leaves are outwards and contain their titles written on them. I have laid it down as a rule, particularly in travelling, never to form my judgment from mere appearances. I asked the reason for this custom; and

was

was told that Arias Montanus, a learned Spaniard of the sixteenth century, whose library had served as a foundation for that of the Escorial, had all his books placed and inscribed in that manner, which no doubt appeared to him to be the most commodious method of arranging them; that he had introduced his own method into the Escorial; and since his time, and for the sake of uniformity, it had been followed with respect to the books afterwards added. This explanation proves nothing but the oddity of one man, and an attachment, common to most men, to established customs especially when in themselves they are almost indifferent.

The large and beautiful stair-case which leads to the great upper cloister communicates with the choir of the Monks of which we have spoken, and has a lesser capitulary hall which you cross in descending to the king's apartment. Those whose admiration has not been exhausted by the noble paintings they

they have just seen, will remark as they pass by, an annunciation, by Paul Veronese, a nativity, by Tintoret, a descent from the cross, and a St. Margaret, frightened by the apparition of a dragon, by Titian; but more especially one by the same master, which is called *the glory of Titian*, either on account of its excellence or because it represents Charles V. and Philip II. admitted to celestial glory, in presence of the principal patriarchs of the ancient law, with characteristic attributes, admirably grouped on each side and in front of the painting.

A small cabinet adjoining to this hall contains several relics, one of the miraculous urns at the marriage of Cana, an old manuscript of the life of St. Theresa, written by herself, &c.

You afterwards arrive at the stair-case which leads to the king's apartment, and in the way to it pass through a kind of gallery hung with paintings. The principal

cipal ones are, a descent from the cross, an exquisite production of the pencil of Spagnoletto; and a large picture representing Lot and his daughters, which a connoisseur would be tempted to attribute to Guido, but which is thought to be by the Chevalier Maxime. Whoever the painter may be it is one of the most admirable pictures in the Escorial. In a corner of the same gallery there are several others worthy of attention; particularly a small picture by Rubens, in which several martyrs, and particularly St. Laurence and St. Sextus, are grouped in suppliant attitudes round the throne of the Virgin. I should never finish were I to give an account of all the curiosities of this kind contained in the Escorial, I have, perhaps, already said too much, both for those who will never see it and for others who are as well acquainted with it as myself. Those who wish for a more complete nomenclature of the curiosities of the monastery, called by some the eighth wonder of the world, may consult the description in folio given
of

of it by father Ximenez, one of the monks, still living, and travels in Spain by the abbé Pons, a man of sense and learning, and a lover of the fine arts, who has employed a whole volume on this subject. What I have said is sufficient to inform my foreign readers that it is the rich collection of pictures which justifies the fame of the Escorial, and that if those whose devotion has embellished it, should despoil it of this part of its riches, if the court should not come to reside there every year, and bring the train of attendants and pomp which accompanies it, the Escorial would be nothing more than a great convent, awful by its mass and solidity, as is the case with nearly twenty others in different parts of Christendom.

The narrow terrace on each side, whence the eye commands, towards the east, a very extensive but little varied prospect, would not be sufficient to rank it above this class. The abbé de Vayrac and Colmenar, particularly speak of its

immense park. For my part I saw nothing in the environs but woods full of rocky eminences, intersected with meadows, which are seldom green, and stocked with innumerable herds of deer. There results, perhaps, from the whole a more agreeable effect, less monotonous and more pleasing than that produced by the wide walks, fountains, and obelisks, so much admired in the parks of the sovereigns of France and Germany; but on the other hand, there is nothing which presents the appearance of grandeur and magnificence, which we naturally expect should accompany a royal mansion.

From the terrace of the convent you descend by steps cut in the side to a garden not very large, much decorated, nor even carefully cultivated. At the end of the terrace, to the west, is a wooden building adjoining to the grand edifice, but of a different kind of architecture. This is perhaps the only part of the Escorial where real elegance attracts our notice.

notice. It communicates with it by a gallery which leads to a new building, parallel with the principal front of the convent; and which serves as lodging apartments to the house of the Infants.

This building, placed immediately at the foot of the mountains which shade the Escorial, and in the direction of the winds which force their way into the narrow passes, contributes to abate their violence. It however does not prevent their effects from being very sensible, especially in the season which the court passes at the Escorial. They are the more troublesome, as they pass along the front to the north, and impetuously sweep the oblong space which separates it from the apartments allotted to the ministers, and some of the clerks in office, and which you are obliged to cross to go from the convent to the village. If the exaggerated accounts given to strangers are to be be-

lieved, these furious winds not only stop those who pass, make them stagger, and sometimes throw them down, but they blow with such violence against the carriages stationed before the palace, that they sometimes remove them from their places to the great astonishment of their drivers.

To avoid this inconvenience, and render the communication from the convent to the village less troublesome, a few years ago a subterraneous and vaulted gallery of hewn stone was constructed, which runs under the whole length of the oblong space called *Lonja*. Those who go to the palace may, sheltered by this impenetrable roof, worthy of royal magnificence, in all weathers, brave the fury of the elements, and disregard the winds which roar above their heads. The idea is said to have been given by M. de Massones, who died soon after the gallery was finished, and whom we have seen ambassador in France,

France, prior to the marquis of Grimaldi.

The situation of the Escorial renders the walks in the environs painful; you may wander with pleasure, however, in a valley between the front to the south and a mountain, which opposes to it its high and woody top. The inequality of the ground produces every moment new points of view, and favours the rapid fall of several rivulets which meander through the copse.

A soft melancholy invades us, while we listen to the distant murmurs of these rills which are heightened by the rustling of the trees, more frequently agitated by the north wind than caressed by zephyrs; to these are added the hollow lowings of the deer, which, during the seasons of their amours, restlessly wander under their shades. This valley is continued by a gentle descent from the *Cazin* of the Infant Don Gabriel to that of the prince of Asturias. These are two little houses,

each a quarter of a league from the Escorial, which are the rendezvous of the two princes for their innocent parties of pleasure. They are decorated within with more elegance than is expected from their modest exterior. That especially of the prince of Asturias contains within a very small space, the richest and most highly finished sculpture, gilding, joinery, and locksmith's work; the prince has also collected a great number of paintings, some of which with respect to their size and subject, might be better placed than in this pleasing habitation, where an amiable luxury should exclusively reign, but which is terrified at the view of the great paintings in which Luca Giordano has displayed his fertile imagination, and especially at that of the heads of the apostles, the melancholy productions of Spagnoletto, whose grave pencil seems to have been destined to penitentiary subjects. We are even less at our ease in the presence of several holy virgins by Murillo, notwithstanding the ingenuous sweetness of their features,

tures, and the soft and delightful colouring which characterises the productions of this amiable artist. But, undoubtedly, these great pictures are only placed there until the prince shall have disposed of them in a manner more agreeable to the dignity of their subjects. After they are taken away, there will remain a number sufficient to complete the embellishment of this palace in miniature. There are five landscapes, and other paintings, more analogous to its destination. Some copies of the masterly paintings at Madrid are also found here, as well as two sea pieces by Vernet, of which the king a few years ago made a present to his highness. We have observed in another place that this prince, a lover and patron of the arts, conceived on that occasion the project of having a cabinet painted entirely by the hand of Vernet, and this cabinet is one of those of the lodge of which we speak. Each of the pannels is a complete painting, one represents the sea violently agitated; another a calm, and [a fine

moon-light; a third a fire in the night. Other paintings of lesser dimensions fill the narrow spaces between the door and the window. The inimitable talent of Vernet is conspicuous in them all, and if posterity should be ignorant of their date, they will be thought to be of his best productions, although he received his orders for them no longer than four or five years ago. It is however to be regretted that the three principal pieces are placed too low, as well as too near, to be in the proper point of view, without going out of the cabinet which contains them.

The little lodge of the infant Don Gabriel is less than that of the prince his brother, and not so much ornamented; but the same observations may be made concerning it. There are three or four of the best pieces of Spagnoletto, especially a St. Peter, remarkable for accuracy and expression, though it might be more admired in another place. But who shall dare to banish from the collection

lection two heads, one by Corregio, the other by Murillo, both ravishing by their grace and softness? The infant Don Gabriel, in whom is united the knowledge of a connoisseur and the zeal of an *amateur*, who, not satisfied with encouraging the arts also cultivates them himself, has hung with drawings by the greatest masters one of the cabinets of his lodge.

We will now take leave of the rocks and mountains of the Escorial, and conduct the reader to Madrid by one of the finest roads, but across one of the most barren countries in Europe. There is, however, as we descend from the hill on which the monastery stands, a small forest which presents agreeable prospects. It is pleasing enough to see numerous herds of stags, paying but little attention to the noise of carriages which pass, and feeding among horses and oxen. Travellers might almost suppose that these animals were sensible of their security, and that they said to them: We are very timid, but fear you not; an
almighty

almighty power watches over our preservation. They are equally amusing, when upon a false alarm they file off, bounding on their elastic feet before the passenger whom they challenge to a race. Some ponds, with their uncultivated banks, are seen through the trees and inspire agreeable reveries. Farther on a solitary little house offers an asylum to lost wanderers. This is the farm-house of the monks of the Escorial, who sometimes pass there the hot-days of summer. It has a simplicity proper to their situation, and nothing within it betrays the opulence they enjoy: for the monastery is one of the richest in Spain. According to a calculation, the exactness of which cannot be suspected, their annual revenues amount to upwards of seven hundred thousand livres (above 29,000*l.*)

After having quitted this forest we meet with no more trees until we approach the Manzanares. This very small river runs at some distance under the heights upon which Madrid is situated.

It

It is almost shallow enough for carriages to ford over. It has, however, two great bridges, that of Segovia and the bridge of Toledo. The latter, built by Philip II, who was fond of ostentation, is so disproportioned to the breadth of the Manzanares, that it was pleasantly said, *that fine bridge only wanted a river*. In passing through Spain several others are met with upon which the same observation might be made; but the reason is thus explained by M. Silhouette, who, before he became minister, had travelled in Spain, and having, as well as many others, been surpris'd at the apparent disproportion between the bridge and the river earnestly sought to discover the cause. Spain is intersected in almost every direction by long chains of mountains, whose summits, notwithstanding the heat of the climate, are frequently covered with snow. The rivulets, and little rivers which descend from their sides, have usually but a small stream of water, because droughts are frequent in the provinces through which they run; but

but when abundant rains, or the melting of the snow increase their little streams, the beds of the rivers are the more extended on account of their not being deep, and of their carrying with them a great quantity of sand; and according to these circumstances, although not common, the dimensions of the bridges were calculated. They are solidly constructed on account of the sudden risings of the rivers, and their apparently disproportionate length is to obviate the inconvenience which might arise from an overflowing.

Whole ages and nations must not be accused of ignorance and stupidity, because we cannot at first discover the reason for certain customs and practices. How many things ridiculous at first sight appear highly reasonable after a proper examination?

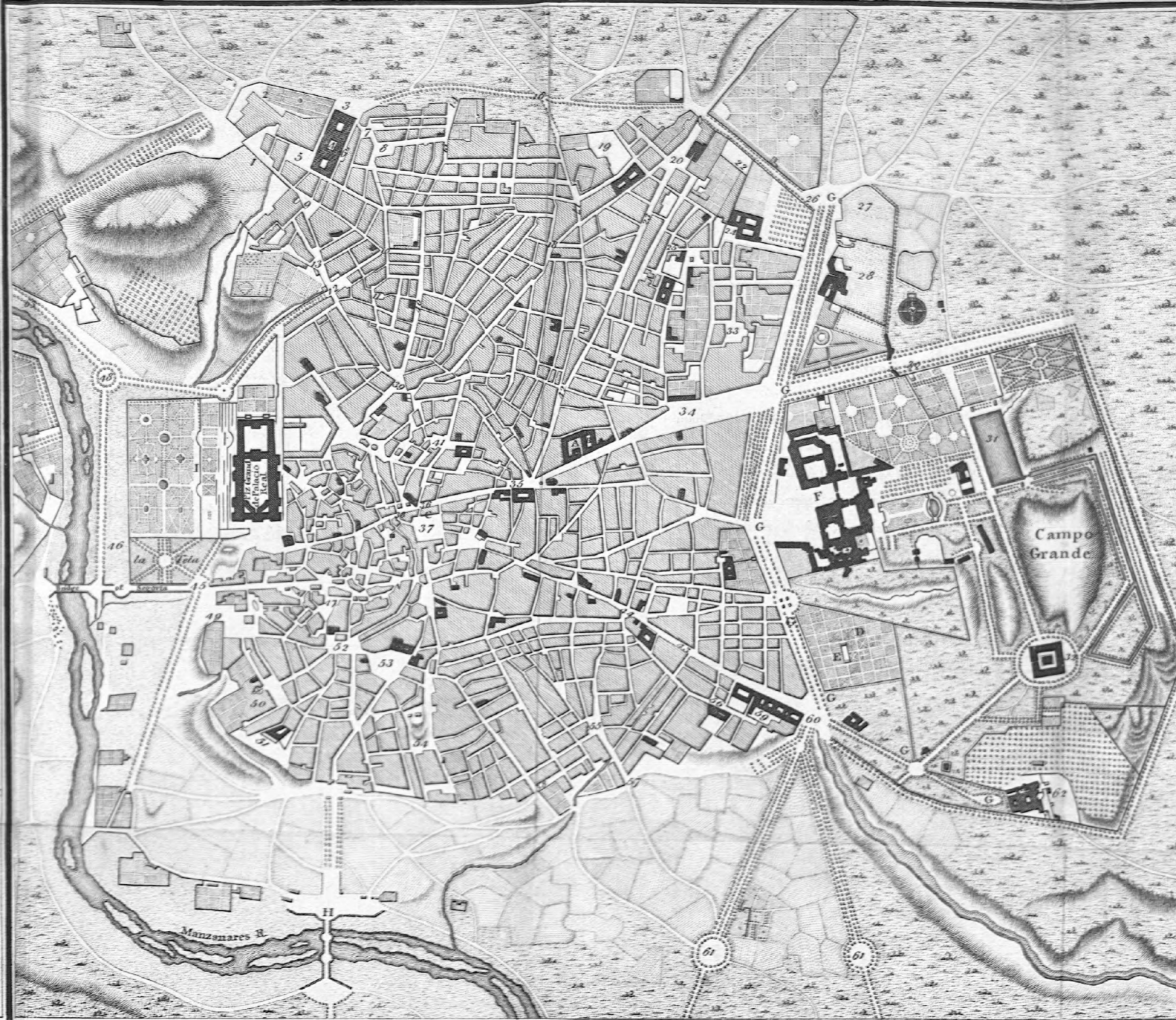
Madrid has a good appearance when approached from the side of the Escorial. After having passed the Manzanares,

REFERENCES

To the Principal Streets,
SQUARES and EDIFICES.

1. Puerta (Gate) de San Bernarđino.
2. Palacio del Duque de Berwick.
3. Puerta del Conde Duque.
4. Quartel de los Guardias de Corps.
5. Plaza (Square) del Duque de Liria y Berwick.
6. Plaza de los Guardias de Corps.
7. Plaza de S^{to} Juan de nueva.
8. Plaza de los Comendadores de Santiago.
9. Plaza de los aŕgidos.
10. Plaza de las Capuchinas.
11. Plaza de los Mostenses.
12. Plaza de Leganitos.
13. Calle (Street) de Leganitos.
14. Puerta de Fuencarral.
15. Calle San Bernardo.
16. Puerta de los Pozos.
17. Calle de Fuencarral.
18. Plaza de S^{to} Ydefonso.
19. Plaza de armas del Quartel de Guardias de Infanteria Española.
20. Plaza de Santa Barbara.
21. Puerta de Santa Barbara.
22. Convento y Sitio de las Monjas de San Francisco de Sales.
23. Calle de Ortaloza.
24. Plaza de la Salesas.
25. Plaza del Duque de Frias.
26. Puerta de Recoletos.
27. Huertas (Gardens) de los Padres de San Phelipe Neri.
28. Huertas del Convento de Recoletos.
29. Plaza de Toros.
30. Puerta de Alcala y Registro.
31. Estanque grande. (Great Pond)
32. Fabrica Real de la China. (Royal Manufactory of Porcelain)
33. Plaza de Chamberi.
34. Calle de Alcala.
35. Puerta del Sol.

PLAN of MADRID.



REFERENCES CONTINUED.

36. Calle Mayor.
 37. Plaza Mayor.
 38. Plaza de Guadalupe.
 39. Plaza de San Domingo.
 40. Calle Ancha de San Bernardo.
 41. Plaza de San Martin.
 42. Calle de la montera red de San Luis.
 43. Calle de Atocha.
 44. Plaza de Anton Martin.
 45. Puerta de Segovia.
 46. Hermita de Nuestra Senora de Puerto.
 47. Plaza de la Costanilla de S^{to} Andres.
 48. Puerta de San Vicente.
 49. Barrio (Quarter) y Plaza de las Vistillas.
 50. Barrio de San Francisco.
 51. Plazuela de Armas.
 52. Puerta de Moros.
 53. Plaza de la Cevada.
 54. Cerillo del Rastro Hill of the Shambles.
 55. Plaza y Fuente de Lavapiés.
 56. Plaza de S^{ta} Isabel.
 57. Puerta de Valencia.
 58. Puerta de Embaxadores.
 59. Hospital General.
 60. Puerta y Registro de Atocha.
 61. Paseo (Walk) de las Delicias.
 62. Convento d^a N^{ra} Senora de Atocha.
 63. Road to the Palace of the Prado.
- A. Cabinet of Natural History and Academy of Painting.
- B. Aduana.
- C. Panaderia, in which the Academy of History meets.
- D. Botanical Garden.
- E. Invernaculo.
- F. Buen Retiro.
- G. El Prado.
- H. Bridge of Toledo.
- I. Gardens of the Palace as yet only planned.

