

Within the last ten or fifteen years, a great many trees have been planted; this season no frost has nipped their foliage, which is generally the case, so that Madrid is seen to advantage; and I must say the country is anything but the desert travellers generally describe it to be. Houses too are springing up; a great many have been built within the last few years, and some very handsome ones. I observed three immense palaces, which have been lately finished, not far from the Prado. The Spaniards seem to have inherited the Arab fancy for soubriquets; one is called *Luxury*, being the residence of a rich banker, who made a fortune in the civil war, and who is now enjoying all the indulgences great wealth and extravagance can afford him: his neighbour's palace is called *Decency*, for everything is proper and suitable to his station; the third is called *Poverty*, the noble owner being remarkable for his penuriousness.

The *Puerta del Sol*, a small oblong place, is the *Alpha* and *Omega* of Madrid. There you must go for all that you want: for omnibuses, for hackney carriages, and broughams, which are really excellent—for the best shops, for your letters, for news, and for the time, as the clock there regulates Madrid. If a Madrilenian is directing you to any part of the city, the chances are he will begin with, Go to the *Puerta del Sol*, and turn right or left; or if you lose yourself in Madrid, and find yourself

at last in a broad, handsome street, without fail it will end in the Puerta del Sol. It is the heart of the city, and the principal avenues lead from it: the Calle Mayor, which leads to the palace and that quarter of the town; the Carrera de San Jeronimo, which leads to the Museum, from the opposite end of the Puerta del Sol; the Calle de Alcalá, the finest street in Madrid, the grand approach to the principal promenade, and which might almost be called the most beautiful in the world, the palaces or houses are so handsome, ending, with the splendid building where Espartero lived, now used for the artillery; and the fashionable Prado. The good, but smaller and narrower streets, La Calle de las Carretas, where I lodged, La Calle de la Montera, and La Calle del Carmen opposite, are the great thoroughfares to the other sides of the capital. In all the streets I have mentioned, the buildings and houses are often imposing, always handsome, and the general effect very striking.

For those who care more for the people than street architecture, La Puerta del Sol is still more interesting. It is the resort of all the beggars in Madrid, of the picturesque Maragatos, and other strangers from the provinces—of all, indeed, who have found their way to the capital, seeking for office and fortune—of hundreds without any other decent clothing but the Spanish cloak, which they wear all

weathers, to screen them from the cold, when the wind comes down from the mountains, from the sun when it is hot, but too often to hide a multitude of sins, if poverty be a crime; and when discontent rages in the metropolis, it is in the Puerta del Sol the volcano bursts.

The groups of peasants, and of the Madrileneans, are always interesting; the most picturesque groups I saw were in the older parts of the capital, and more distant districts.

Starting at the town-hall, which, unlike every great city in Spain, is here a frightful building, I visited La Plaza de Cebada, and saw some charming groups of brown-clad peasants filling their water-barrels, whilst others were making use of them as seats, and squatted round the fountain in picturesque groups, were discussing in an animated manner the news and politics of Madrid. Then I visited La Plazuela de los Carros, and saw similar groups around the fountain there; afterwards I rambled in the Moreria, and saw the Puerta de los Moros, prout-like houses, and the church of San Andrés, with its dome, the parish church of Ferdinand and Isabella, and a market crowded with interesting groups. I then examined the Calle de Toledo, the most interesting street in Madrid. I visited San Isidoro, the great church of the patron of the city; the *façade* is rather handsome, but the interior is churrigueresque; and I saw no works of art deserv-

ing of attention, except a good statue, over the grand altar, of the Saint, by Pareyra, who was born in Portugal, and died at Madrid, 1667. Passing the Bank of Spain, which is a handsome building, I came to the Plaza of Santa Cruz, and was again delighted with the sight of charming groups, with their water-barrels around the fountain; and ended my tour in La Plaza Mayor, or De la Constitucion, the largest and most imposing in Madrid. It is very handsome and regular, well adapted for the *autos da fê* which used to be celebrated there. In the centre is a bronze statue of Charles IV.; and the spires which ornament the plaza, and the balconies to the houses, have rather a good effect.

I had an excellent opportunity of seeing the people of Madrid, having arrived the day before their great pilgrimage to the hermitage of San Isidoro, which takes place generally on the 15th of May, but the rain pouring down in torrents, the peasants could not contain their indignation, and a crowd of them went up to the chapel to upbraid the Saint for not sending them fine weather; not satisfied with complaining, they burst into the hermitage, attacked the defenceless image of their patron, broke its arm, and would have torn it to pieces if they had not been persuaded to retire. The town-council, to satisfy the people, put off the *fête* until Sunday, the 18th.

Every public carriage and omnibus in Madrid

was required for this great *fête*; the Puerta del Sol was full of men belonging to the carriages and other conveyances, screaming and shouting for customers, and there was such a crowd of vehicles, private and public, broughams, omnibuses, gay *calèches*, and many driving at a great rate, it was very difficult to cross the plaza.

A very long hill leads up to the hermitage, and it was lined on both sides by booths filled with eatables and toys, chiefly little figures of an ordinary description, painted in imitation of the different costumes of Spain; but many of them were very correct, and all looked quite as gay, and decidedly more interesting, than our gingerbread exhibitions. The crowd of the middle classes and peasantry was immense, but the greatest attraction of the *fête*, was a large green meadow between the hill and the river. Here there were innumerable picturesque groups seated on the ground, eating with their fingers, like Orientals, out of the same bowls; some had guitars, others were dancing, though not particularly well. A riotous set of good-looking lads and lasses were playing at the rather rough game of throwing each other down; and when an unfortunate youth was on the sod, the girls cuffed him most unmercifully. Then there were swings and whirligigs, and halfpenny shows without end, creating the usual fun and laughter. Some of the men were very fine-looking fellows, their costumes inte-

resting ; and the effect was very pretty of the various groups on the green sward under the trees on the banks of the Manzanares.

Every one who cares for art should give their chief attention to the museum ; but there are some good paintings in two other collections, the Academy and La Trinidad ; having, however, dwelt with considerable length on the paintings in the museum,* I will notice these briefly. The Royal Academy of San Fernando is in a handsome palace in the Calle de Alcala, and strangers have only to apply, to obtain permission to see it at any time. There are a vast number of paintings, but few of great merit. No. 19. A Crucifixion, by Alonso Cano, is good. 21. Christ's Resurrection, by Murillo ; the soldiers sleeping are excellent. 3. A good Ribera. 9. El Tinoso, one of the grand works Murillo painted for the Caridad at Seville, which was disgorgeed from the Louvre. St. Isabel of Hungary is applying remedies to the bloody, scabby head of a wretched beggar. The Saint is charming, and the old woman she is looking towards is very fine. The blind man in the foreground, the cripple with crutches behind the old woman, and the urchin with his hand to his head, are all excellent. The contrast between the group of poor, wretched, miserable objects, and the stately, but compas-

* See Appendix D.

sionate Isabel and her attendants, is very striking, In the distance a group of figures is seen, and the architecture of the background is well done; altogether it is an admirable painting, and decidedly the best Murillo in Madrid. No. 18 is a tolerable Morales, representing Christ before Pilate. No. 12. A very beautiful Madonna and Child, and other Saints; author not known. No. 15. A fine Conception, by Ribera. No. 5. An excellent Christ at the Column, by Alonso Cano. No. 2. A Coello, much in the style of Rubens. No. 4. A good Magdalene, by Cano.

There are two large superb semicircular paintings by Murillo, representing the legend of El Patricio Romano. The first (No. 1682) and best, represents the dream of the Senator. An exquisite Virgin and Child appear to him as he sleeps, and point out where the new church of Santa Maria Maggiore is to be erected. The patrician is very fine, and the Virgin and Child are perhaps the most sublime figures, the most elevated in style, Murillo ever painted. The companion to this represents the Senator, accompanied by his buxom wife, relating his dream to the Pope, and in the distance is a beautiful procession, probably laying the first stone of the new church. There is a fine broad effect of light and shadow in these paintings, especially the first, which is truly admirable. No. 1036 is a good Ribera. Nos. 26 and 22 are in the early style of

Velasquez, before he had learned to colour. A Dead Christ, by Ribera. Nos. 4 and 5 good Zurbarans; and an immense number of terra-cotta figures, not particularly interesting. In the Museum of Natural History there is little to observe, except a fine Megatherium, and an interesting collection of all the marbles in Spain, with the names of the districts they came from.

The new museum, called Museo de la Trinidad, in the Calle de Atocha, contains some good paintings, and a vast number of indifferent ones. I noticed a Friar, by Alonso Cano; and a good Christ, by Becerra, who was born at Balza, in 1520. There are thirty-four paintings by Vicencio Carducci, who came from Florence, his native place, the same time as his brother Bartolomeo, and worked for Philip II. and Philip III. at the Escorial. The most interesting to us are those representing the exaggerated sufferings of the Carthusian monks, when persecuted by Henry VIII.; La Buena Ventura, by Ribera; some good paintings by Pantoja, Philip II.'s portrait painter; a Christ bearing the Cross, by El Greco; an Annunciation, by Pereda, who was born at Valladolid in 1539; Ladies in a Balcony, by Goya; Sheep, by Murillo; and a reddish Claude. We then entered a handsome saloon, which is used for the Agricultural Society. Magnificent banquets held here, under the patronage of the Queen, were attended by the principal nobility, the

landed proprietors in Spain, and all the intellect of the country, to devise methods to improve the cultivation of the land, and grand projects were propounded. Nothing was more easy for the nobles and members of the Cortes, then at Madrid, to assemble together here; and doubtless they were all sincere in wishing to see their estates improved, and incomes increased; but to carry the projected plans into execution—to quit Madrid, the Court and its pleasures, to superintend the contemplated measures, and to find the necessary capital and energy, alas! these are the difficulties. It is, however, chiefly by agricultural improvements and economy that Spain can hope to redeem her finances. The hills are stripped of their forests, but no one thinks of planting a tree; thousands of acres are now lying waste, which were once cultivated; meadows are become pestilential marshes, for want of draining; and the fine plains of the South want but water-wheels and more oxen, and a better system of irrigation, to be the richest in the world. The land is sometimes let on long leases, even of one hundred years, at low rents; but usually, I believe, from year to year, at moderate rents. The taxes are not very high, but the prices of produce are generally low, and in many places there is little or no demand for grain, commerce being stagnant; and the tenants want industry and capital; but now there is a strong government,

greater certainty that those who sow will reap, and certainly more confidence in the future, it is to be hoped that persons of fortune will find out that they could not lay out their money more advantageously than in agricultural investments.

In this room is an Assumption of the Virgin, by El Greco, the best I have seen of this master; the colouring very rich, and the drawing excellent: the drapery of the Virgin is rather heavy, but it is a fine painting. The Dream of Joseph, by Murillo, is in his vapoury style. A fine Head, by Ribera. The Woman Taken in Adultery, by Titian, is very excellent. The Raising of Christ, by Gherardo della Notte, is good. The Transfiguration, is a fine copy, by Julio Romano; but the Spaniards here and elsewhere will have it this is the original, by Raphael. La Porciuncula, by Murillo; the drawing very good, but having been almost entirely repainted, it is nearly spoiled. A St. Francis, by Ribera; and the same subject, by Murillo, both deserving praise. Samson and the Lion, by Rubens, is very fine. The Israelites collecting Manna in the Wilderness is a very beautiful painting, by Titian. A St. Francis, by Zurbaran; and Nos. 79 and 80 are good Castillos.

The Palace of Madrid is a splendid building, four hundred and seventy feet square, and one hundred feet high. The east front is very handsome and imposing, and the west side is also magnificent;

a noble and very extensive inclined drive, reminding me in form of the approach to the Monte Pincio, in Rome, leads up to a noble terrace before the Palace. The Queen being there, we could only go up to a certain height, but even from that point the view was fine.

The gardens immediately below are somewhat stiff, and the plants too young; but the valley of the Manzanares beyond them is now at least verdant, though in hot weather and in the autumn, they say, it assumes a very different tint. The distant hills beyond the river have a wild, uncultivated, but rather grand appearance; and in the distance, the fine range of the Guadarrama, covered with snow, is such a view as is certainly not enjoyed from a royal palace in any other metropolis; and fortunately it is not spoilt by any straggling, ugly suburbs.

The *façades* and large courts of the palace are richly decorated with pilasters; but it is the general effect which is fine, rather than the details. Over the cornice there were formerly a quantity of statues, which were taken down as dangerous from their weight, and no doubt they added greatly to its appearance. The chimneys are frightful; but, as a whole, it is certainly one of the most magnificent palaces in Europe.

On the east side is a circular flower-garden, surrounded by some of the statues which adorned the

roof, and were never intended for close inspection. In the centre of this garden is a noble equestrian statue of Philip IV., cast in Florence, in 1640, by Pedro Tacca, from a model by Montañes. It is nineteen feet high, and weighs nine tons; and the horse, being in a galloping attitude, rests on its hind quarters; and though the fore-legs of the horse seem too much curled up, the figure of the King is very grand, and it is truly a splendid statue—the finest work of the great Sevillian sculptor.

The royal chapel is as rich as gilding, marbles, and showy but not good frescoes, can make it. The decorations are Corinthian, and the effect is imposing. The music I heard there one morning was not bad; but at the elevation of the Host, when all were kneeling, they were not content with my stooping, which is more than is ever required in Rome; and as they continued to make angry signs for me to kneel, I left the chapel. The King was there, and is better-looking than I expected to find him; but there was a restless expression about his eyes, and his countenance was anything but engaging. He is said to be very bigoted, and there is no saying to what lengths the influence of the priests may lead him, many even supposing it is not impossible he may renounce the Crown for himself and son, if he has one. His rooms are at one end of the palace, the Queen's at the other.

Isabella is not only the Queen of Spain, but,

before she was *enceinte*, the Queen of fun and pleasure; dancing being her delight and perpetual amusement. Balls she gave without end, turning night into day, and day into night. Three o'clock in the afternoon was her hour for rising; and at five o'clock in the morning she went to bed. Expecting her confinement, she retires earlier, but gets up, they say, as late as formerly. She and her husband agree, it is said, better now than they did; but he hates balls, and always avoids them. They never drive out in the same carriage, but dine together every day, and appear on better terms. If she lives, there seems a chance of her changing the character of the nation; for gravity, from all accounts, is not at all to her taste.

It is strange to see the Queen such a votary of pleasure, having been brought up amidst war's alarms, and perils of no ordinary description; though only twenty years of age, the stirring events in Spain during that period would require a volume to describe them. Born in 1830, when the French revolution shook to their foundations the thrones of the Bourbon dynasties, it is curious to see how revolts have nearly every year of her life endangered her crown. The abolition of the Salic law created her enemies from her very cradle. In 1831, Don Carlos was proclaimed, and Mina headed the insurgents. The year following, that party had nearly deprived her of her throne by an intrigue. In 1833, when

her father died, the Carlist revolution broke out, which lasted until July, 1840. For seven years was the country distracted by that terrible war, when enormities of the most fearful kind were committed; and not only were her enemies frequently near the gates of Madrid, but there were also revolts even in the capital.

In 1841, there were insurrections in favour of Queen Christina, and Isabella's person, and even life, was in danger, by an attack on her palace, the balls entering her sleeping-room. In 1842, there was a formidable revolt at Barcelona against Espartero. In 1843, a revolution in favour of Narvaez, which drove Espartero from the country. In 1844, revolts at Alicante, Murcia, and Valencia; and intrigues and conspiracies even in the capital. In 1845, Catalonia raised the standard of revolt. In 1847, the year of her sad marriage, there was a revolution in Galicia; and in 1848, a military revolt in Madrid. Yet Isabella goes on dancing, &c., without a thought for business, careless of the world's talk, and no more anxiety upon her brow than if her life had been one of perpetual sunshine. Her motto might be, "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die."

I did not regret much not being able to see the interior of the palace; fine furniture and French clocks are tiresome sights. All that was really valuable was, they say, removed before the Queen's majority. The palace was full of treasures—gold,

silver, and plate, of the most costly description ; but it is said they vanished in a marvellous manner—*Cosas de España*.

The royal harness-rooms, coach-houses and stables, are worth looking at. There is an iron carriage, presented by the city of Bilboa to Ferdinand VII. in 1828, the machinery of which is curious. The carriage of Isabella's daughter, Juana, is made entirely of beautifully carved wood ; even the spokes of the wheels and the pole curiously carved. There are also some very gorgeous sedan-chairs, splendid harness of the time of Charles V., very rich velvet trappings, embroidered with gold and silver. The state equipages in the coach-houses are almost all French, very grand and very gingerbread.

The carriage presented by the Queen of England is too plain, and has not the merit of being entirely English in style, for though a simple curricule, it is not particularly well built, and is decorated with strange ivory ornaments. Most of these gay French carriages are far too long. I did not see one compact, really well-built one amongst them. The state equipage for the Queen is a gorgeous affair, surmounted with a crown, and is said to have cost a million and a half of reals—more than fifteen thousand pounds. The antiquated conveyances of the time of Napoleon show what a wonderful improvement in the manufactory of carriages has been made in France within

a very short period. In the stables there are about two hundred horses, some tolerable ones from England, a few French and German, and a great number from Aranjuez. The riding-horses from Andalusia, used by the King and Queen, are good, but none very valuable.

On the south side of the palace is (la Armeria real) the magnificent armoury—one of the sights best worth seeing in Madrid. It consists of a noble gallery, two hundred and twenty-seven feet long, by thirty-six wide. The entrance into this splendid room is very striking; down the centre is a double row of fine equestrian statues, thirteen in number, and two rows of armour on pedestals. The walls are lined with similar suits, and above the latter covered with different pieces.

There is, also, along the centre of the room, a row of cannons of the earliest ages; two lines of superb saddles, all differing in their decorations; and curious helmets, under glass cases; while from the ceiling hang gay and interesting banners, trophies of Spanish victories; 2521, is a beautiful helmet, with battles upon it, of the time of Francis I.; 252, a suit of Charles V., inlaid with gold; 1291, of the same period and style; 2308 and 2528, equestrian statues well executed, the armour of Charles V.; 2491, a helmet of the time of Philip III., beautifully worked; 2488, his suit of armour; 1109, one of Charles V., with a Madonna and Child worked

on the breastplate; 1687, also of the same king, very beautiful; 2373, a grotesque helmet of Don John of Austria; 2370, a beautifully chased breastplate of Philip II., with a battle minutely worked upon it; 2469, Prince Philip on horseback, armour and horse, both good; 2462, a helmet of Philip II., with a representation on it of the Greeks dragging the horse into Troy; 2450, a suit of the same king; 879, 869, and 853, armour of the time of Philip III.

At each end of the room, there are cases full of curious guns, swords, and pistols, and some superb shields; 1879, 1918, 1842, and 1868, Charles V.'s armour; 1598, an old sword of King Chico's, an interesting relic; a curious shield of leather covered with feathers, with the war of Granada worked upon it, Ferdinand and Isabella entering at one gate, and Boabdil and his mother leaving at the other; 1733, a jewelled shield of the time of Philip III.; 1694, another splendid one, with the war of the Carthaginians and Romans—Carthage, the prize, with its walls and towers in the background; 1705, the light sword of Isabella, with its handle inlaid with gold; 1702, a splendid one of the Great Captain; 1648, another, with a perfectly plain handle, and much larger, with which, it is said, he gained his victories; banners used at Lepanto, with the Virgin worked on one, and a crucifix on another; splendid scimeters and yataghans, trophies of that great fight.

Returning up the further side of the room from the door, we observed splendid suits of Philip II. and III.; 2412, a fine helmet of Charles V., and there are preserved the chair and travelling-bed of that monarch; 2410, magnificent armour of the same king on an equestrian statue; 2398 and 2388, fine suits of Philip III., the first inlaid with gold; 2490, one of the Great Captain, embossed all over, but still very quiet-looking; 2342, the armour of Cortes on an equestrian statue; 2321, a splendid equestrian figure, with a beautiful open suit of Charles V.; 2308, of the same period, very handsome. Some of the guns are curious, and inlaid with ivory.

There are one hundred and eighty-six saddles, all different in pattern, and about one hundred and thirty suits of armour; 141, is a suit of chain mail of Alfonzo I. of Naples. In a case at the end of the room is the banner of Charles V., and trophies from Lepanto. The armour is kept bright and clean—to a fault, indeed, as it looks too new; yet still it is a magnificent collection, and worthy of this land of chivalry and romance.

The naval museum is adjoining the palace, but the Spaniards have not much of a navy now, and yet one would imagine they had a great one, from the models in this museum of splendid frigates and men-of-war, some of which are really good, particularly the section of the interior of one. There is

a picture of the battle of Trafalgar, and a portrait over it, not of Nelson, who gained the victory, but the Spanish Commander, Gravina, who was also mortally wounded in the engagement.

The models of the different sea-ports of Spain, including Gibraltar, are interesting. There is no cathedral in Madrid, and few churches worth a visit, for their architecture and the works of art they contain. In the church of St. Gines there is a Dead Christ, apparently by Alonso Cano, which is very good, especially the Virgin, with her hands clasped. A St. Joseph and Child, perhaps by Murillo. A Christ seated and stripped, with thorns on His head, is a very fine figure, by Cano.

CHAPTER X.

THE PRADO—BUEN RETIRO—ARTILLERIA—BOTANICAL GARDEN
—PLAZA DE TOROS—BULL-FIGHT—PRIVATE GALLERIES—
HINTS TO COLLECTORS OF PAINTINGS—MUSEUM—GENERAL
REMARKS ON SPANISH ART.

THE Prado is the great and the only promenade in Madrid, for, although there are some other tolerable pleasant spots, such as the Delicias, and one or two of the little squares, such as Bilboa, &c., that have trees in them, they are nothing compared to the Prado. Passing down the splendid street of Calle de Alcalá, which widens as you approach the promenade, you enter, to the right, a fine avenue, about one thousand five hundred feet long and two hundred wide, extending to the museum and Calle de San Jeronimo. This is the principal lounge, called the Salon, and is a simple gravel walk, with an avenue of poor trees, but without flowers or grass, though, in truth, there is no room for such

additions, the living mass of promenaders occupying, on *fête* days, every yard of the ground.

A balloon, a greater novelty in Madrid than in London, ascended from the neighbourhood the last time I visited the Prado, and the weather having been wet for a week and the Sunday evening beautifully fine, it was scarcely possible to get through the crowd of well-dressed people. Almost all the ladies have now the good taste to wear the graceful mantilla, though the Queen and her ladies had bonnets. There was little beauty of a high class, but a great many nice-looking, tall, well-made women, very lady-like and graceful in their appearance, though not so much so as the Sevillians or any Andalusians. They were all remarkably well dressed, but generally in the French fashion, with the exception of the mantilla.

Besides the crowds on foot, the drive was full of handsome equipages; I do not recollect to have seen in any metropolis, except London, so many smart carriages, good horses, and neat liveries, and there were also many gentlemen on horseback. Narvaez, with a countenance expressive of the energy and determination which have subdued Spain, was in a green English brougham, with a pair of horses; his carriage may easily be recognised, being the only one with a chasseur with a plume of feathers in his hat. The Prado extends some distance right and left beyond the Salon, and is orna-

mented with fountains, which are not worth particular notice ; but as a drive or promenade, it would disappoint all, if the gardens opposite be not taken as part of it ; and then the public drive and fashionable lounge, combined with the charming retired walks, are worthy of the metropolis of Spain.

Opposite the Salon is the Garden del Buen Retiro. The part open to the public is extensive and very delightful ; shady walks, flower-gardens, a splendid avenue, ornamented with indifferent statues, and a large piece of water, are its chief attractions. The most enjoyable part is, however, reserved for the Queen, and is certainly pretty. There are summer-houses, luxuriously fitted up, a rustic cottage, with a gorgeous Persian room, where the royal party often breakfast and dine. Pagodas, surrounded with ponds filled with gold fish, a cottage with a representation of the good woman of the house sitting at the fire, rocking (by means of machinery) her baby, while her husband lies pale and emaciated in his bed, and when you enter, suddenly raises himself up in rather a startling manner. With the exception of this cottage, which was more calculated to amuse the Queen in her infancy than now, and the Persian room, the different summer-houses are only places for repose. One on a hill, commands a fine view of Madrid. Nearly thirty spires are visible, but the country around, green even as it is at present, looks dreary from here, appearing almost destitute of trees.