

IX

THE PALACE AND ARMORY

A ROYAL RESIDENCE — MORNING MUSIC — THE LITTLE KING OF SPAIN — GUARD-MOUNTING — HORSES AND CARRIAGES — ARMOR OF KNIGHTS — SWORDS OF HEROES — THE GOOD TIME COMING

THE first place of interest in Madrid after the Prado is the royal palace. It is one of the finest in Europe, and stands upon the site of the Alcazares, which date from the eleventh century, and were destroyed by an earthquake. Another palace was built here by Henry IV., and enlarged by Charles V., whose successors, Philip II. and III., embellished and finished it in royal style. On Christmas night in 1734, fire consumed this splendid edifice, with its countless treasures, and Philip V. determined to build upon its ruins a new structure which should eclipse Versailles. It was begun in 1737, and not completed so as to be habitable till twenty-seven years had passed. It cost nearly five millions of dollars, and drew from Napoleon the remark to his brother Joseph, whom he had made king of Spain, in 1808, "My brother, you will be better lodged than I am." The building is of white marble, and forms a square of four hundred and seventy-one feet, and is one hundred feet in height, containing three stories, the lower massive and

the upper ones lighter, with Doric and Ionic columns. A wide cornice runs around the top, over which is a stone balustrade, whose pedestals are crowned with vases, in place of the heavy statues which once ornamented the railing, but were removed to the Plaza Oriente, on account of their weight. The southern façade has five noble entrances to the extensive patio or courtyard, which is one hundred and forty feet square and is surrounded by an open portico of thirty-six arches on the first story, and the same number above. The second gallery is inclosed with glass windows, and doors open from this gallery into the royal apartments and the magnificent chapel. A grand staircase of white and black marble ascends to this gallery. There are four statues of Roman emperors who were natives of Spain in the court: Trajan, Adrian, Honorius, and Theodosius. On the first floor are thirty salons, with frescoed ceilings and elegant furniture, including a multitude of clocks collected by Ferdinand VII. and Charles V. The latter monarch wittily observed that if the king could not make any two clocks go alike, it was foolish to expect that he could make men's heads think alike.

The situation of the palace is superb, dominating the town, overlooking the palace garden along the channel of the river Manzanares, which is dry for a great part of the year, and commanding a splendid distant view of the Purdo and the Guadarrama range of mountains, which are often covered with snow. We went up to this royal residence on a bright May morning to see the guard-mounting. The royal band,

one of the finest in the world, marched into the courtyard and up the marble staircase, playing martial airs, and then gave a morning concert of half an hour for the benefit of the queen regent and the little king, who were supposed to be at breakfast. A crowd of strangers and residents thronged the patio and the lower galleries. When the programme was ended, the band marched away as it had come, the squadrons of cavalry and squares of infantry manoeuvred in the open space on one side of the palace, while the royal carriage stood in waiting for the morning drive of the little king. We had not long to wait. Troops were drawn up in line at the main entrance, through which the carriage passed. The queen, veiled like all high-class Spanish women, sat on the back seat, and beside her a pleasing blond boy in sailor costume. As they drove away he got up on the seat and kissed his little hand to his sister, who waved her handkerchief from one of the upper windows of the palace. It was pleasant to see this bit of home life in the centre of the magnificent display which environs the life of a king.

The stables and coach houses of the palace are situated upon its northern side, and occupy a vast space. There are many beautiful horses of rare and costly breeds and rich and rare colors, and finer mules than are to be found elsewhere. No one who has seen these tall and high-bred animals, would ever speak disrespectfully again of that neutral gender of quadrupeds, in spite of their long ears and uncomely tails. The carriages are of all sizes and shapes, gilded and bronzed, inlaid with pearls and gems, adorned with

costly painting and invested with traditions and memories which add to their interest. Among them is the carriage in which Crazy Jane, the wife of Philip I., carried about with her the body of her husband. She was mad with jealousy while he lived and would not let his corpse be buried till she could lie beside him in the grave. There are saddles here of embroidered velvet and embossed leather, chiefly in the style which we call Mexican, raised before and behind, with huge metal stirrups highly ornamented, and bridles to match. Though not equal to the Russian exhibition of equine caparisons, this Spanish horse show was a very handsome affair.

But the great museum of the place is the Armory, which is considered the finest in the world. All armories have a general resemblance; but that of Madrid, besides its size, is celebrated as containing armor and swords which belonged to many of the greatest knights and personages in history, and whose value from an artistic point is also very great. Here are the swords of the Great Captain Gonsalvo de Cordoba, of Francisco Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru, and of Hernan Cortez. Here is the complete armor of Charles V., in which Titian painted him, and his sword brought from the monastery of Yuste after the emperor's death, a weapon which was wrought by Juan de Toledo. In one place we are shown the suit of armor which was worn by Boabdil, the last king of Granada, who surrendered the Alhambra to Ferdinand and Isabella, and not far away the authentic armor, weighing forty-one pounds, which incased the gigantic form of Christopher Columbus, who, in

the reign of the same monarchs, "gave to Castile and Leon a new world." There are beautiful inlaid Toledo blades, helmets and shields, crowns of gold, sceptres and crosses, the iron inkstand of Charles V., and, strange to say, revolvers of Spanish workmanship, made two centuries before Colonel Colt was born, and a breech-loader which is equally ancient.

We realized, as we reviewed this great arsenal of killing implements, that man was truly "a fighting animal," and that the power of that gospel which can change such a nature and bring the precept, "Love your enemies," into practical operation, seemed, in the midst of such a museum, indeed superhuman. In spite of wars and rumors of wars, the principles of peace and brotherhood which Christ taught do make progress; the very front of war is less horrid than it used to be. The great armaments of nations and the inventions for the destruction of life are often guarantees of peace and arbitration, and we believe that the time will come when swords shall be beaten into ploughshares, and spears into pruning-hooks, when men shall learn war no more, and the Prince of Peace shall rule in righteousness over a redeemed world. Some things besides wars must cease before that blessed epoch, and among them are the cruelties and barbarities of men to the lower animals, which find dreadful and degrading expression in Spain, especially in the brutal bull-fights.

X

A BULL-FIGHT IN MADRID

WHAT WAS SEEN BY THOSE WHO DID NOT GO — OUR
MINISTER IN SPAIN AND HIS GOOD WORK

THERE was a great bull-fight, the first Sunday afternoon that we spent in Madrid. Of course we did not go to such a performance on Sunday. I do not think it would tempt me on any day, for I am not fond of cowardice and cruelty, which are the two prominent features of the performance. I have no special sympathy for the bull as an animal; but if I cared to see him dexterously killed, I would choose a brawny Chicago butcher, who hits the bull with his club, and kills him in a minute, in preference to the splendidly decorated iron-incased blackguards, called *picadores* and *espadas*, who worry the unfortunate animal for twenty minutes, allow him to disembowel a dozen horses, and then plunge a rapier into his heart, all for the amusement of a crowd of cowards, who, if the bull leaps the railing, as he sometimes does, run shrieking from his onset. All the advantage in the fight is on the side of the fighter; the bull is doomed from the moment that he enters the ring where mounted spearmen, and their attendant footmen, and the final slayers are leagued for his death. Sometimes a fierce bull makes havoc of the company, and

this year seven men have been killed or maimed by being thrown against the sides of the ring; but in general only horses are killed. Six bulls were killed on the Sunday we were in Madrid, and twenty horses were either killed or mangled so that they had to be shot. No man was hurt, and the immense crowd that thronged the bull-ring, to see the cowardly cruelty, had the satisfaction of a gory spectacle without a particle of danger.

It has been said that the sight of the brilliant audience crowding the benches of the Plaza de Toros attracts the English and American visitors to the bull-fight. It does, no more and no less than the audience in any theatre or circus attracts itself. The foreigners who go in Spain to a bull-fight would go in England to a prize-fight, and in America to a base-ball game; and they would go in each case to see the game more than to see the people. The Spaniards attend the bull-fight, because they are educated to enjoy it; little Spanish boys play at a game in which one of their number personates the bull, and their mothers and fathers take them when young to the bull-ring. The habits and tastes of the people must be changed before this national amusement passes away, although it is so cowardly and cruel, and so hostile to civilization and Christianity.

It has been recently said that the bull-fights were declining in interest. Of course I cannot form a comparative estimate, for I have never been in Spain before; but I will describe Madrid on the Sunday afternoon of the bull-fight, and leave the reader to imagine what the interest must have been in former

times, if this is "declining." It was a bright and dry afternoon in Madrid, and the city was full of color. Flags waved from all the public buildings and hotels, and window-sills were covered with silk and velvet hangings. The shops were closed, except the cafés and cigar stores, and a vast crowd filled the streets. Hundreds of men in the Puerta del Sol, and the streets leading from it, were hawking programmes and tickets for the bull-fight, which was to take place in the great amphitheatre about four o'clock. Carriages were to be had only at the most exorbitant rates, and vehicles of every description were in great demand. "Not going to the bull-fight?" said the maid at the hotel to a lady of our party; "why, it is the greatest thing in Spain. Do get your father to take you." All the ladies in the hotel were going, the ladies of the different embassies were to be among the spectators, the members of the Cortes and their wives, the best of the Madrileños, perhaps also the worst, were to be there. As the afternoon advanced, the city became wild with excitement. The broad avenue leading to the Plaza de Toros began to be crowded with people. Thousands were on foot; men in companies of ten and twenty, all smoking cigarettes, and working-women carrying children or baskets with food and drink, boys as numerous as though the schools had suddenly been turned loose, swarmed up the avenue. All the railway omnibuses, trams, carts with extempore seats and drawn by two, four, six, eight, ten, and twelve horses or mules, were packed with men as thick as they could stand, and a few women in each. Some wagons were drawn

by ponies and asses, covered with trappings and hung with bells. Hundreds of people were mounted, sometimes two or three on one horse or ass; and there were cabs with six people, and a driver sitting on the shafts or astride of the horse. This motley mass of animals was galloping and tearing along at a furious pace, drivers beating and encouraging their horses, the huge, unwieldy, and overloaded vehicles swaying dangerously from side to side, men yelling and waving canes and scarfs, women screaming with fright or excitement, and an army of mounted and armed police in uniform, successfully laboring to prevent accident and diminish danger.

Scattered through this moving mass were to be seen sometimes a long line of elegant carriages, sometimes a single superb equipage, with horses than which no finer exist in the world, and liveried servants, and gorgeously dressed ladies, beautiful to look upon, with their dark hair and eyes, and flashing jewels, and rich lace mantillas, and costly fans. Here and there was a "picador" incased in steel, which made his attitude on the horse that he rode stiff and ungainly, though over his steel he was clothed in velvet slashed with gold, and gayly trimmed leather trousers. On to the bull-fight they hurried, and rushed headlong in a wild, confused race, workmen, rowdies, ladies, horsemen, footmen, swells, noblemen and beggars, fifteen thousand people, the devil and all his host, in one grand jumble and mêlée.

For two hours Madrid seemed hushed to an unwonted quiet, the Prado was deserted, the Retiro

was like a private garden, the broad avenues slept in the sunlight, except as the hose-men were making yellow mud of the deep dust which had gathered since morning. At six o'clock the scene had changed again. The six unflinching Andalusian bulls had been harried by the "chulos" and "banderilleros" with barbed darts and explosive arrows that wounded and tortured them, till the time came for the "espada" to slay; they had been allowed to tear and gash the terrified and maddened horses till they fell, and were dragged from the arena, and now their turn had come suddenly with a stroke, and they have fallen one by one, pouring out their life-blood on the sand. While the thousands of spectators huzzaed, and the killer was idolized by the crowd, a splendid team of mules whirled the dead bulls out of the ring, and the tragedies were over for the day. The multitude returned to town — the fashionables to drive around and around for an hour in the promenade of the Retiro and then go to dinner, and the long evening of Spanish society in its "tertulias" and gayer assemblies, the lower class to gamble at dominos and cards in cafés and saloons, and the working-people to sleep in their dirty and smoke-scented dens. This is the bull-fight, as I saw it outside of the bull-ring on a Sunday in Madrid. There were others in Seville, at Cordova, and Granada while I was in Spain, but the Madrid spectacle was said to be the finest and drew the greatest crowds.

It was a pleasant contrast to go from a noisy hotel to the bright and beautiful American home of General Grubb, the successful and honored minister of

the United States at the Spanish court, and, while enjoying his elegant hospitality, to talk of mutual friends and recall memories of other days. Our country has been well represented in Spain from the time of Washington Irving onwards; and though the present minister has not devoted himself to literary work as some of his predecessors, he has shown a practical sagacity which has been mutually beneficial to Spain and the United States, has successfully engineered a valuable treaty, and maintained the embassy in a style and character eminently befitting the representative of a great country. A soldier and a patriot, beloved and honored in his own State of New Jersey, he has added laurels of peace, during his official residence in Spain, to the bays which he earned in battle for his country.

XI

SPANISH ART

EARLY PAINTERS — RIBERA AND HIS SUBJECTS — VELASQUEZ AND HIS ROYAL PATRON — MURILLO — THE GEMS OF THE MADRID GALLERY

ONE who travels in Spain expecting to see such displays of art as are to be found in Italy and the Low Countries is sure to be disappointed. There are multitudes of pictures in Spain, and some of the finest works of art are preserved there, along with many inferior productions. These fine paintings must be hunted out from a mass of rubbish in the cathedrals and churches of the large towns, except in Madrid, where the Royal Gallery contains an almost unequalled collection of masterpieces by painters of all schools. The earliest paintings are poor imitations of the Italian and Flemish schools, sombre in color and monotonous in treatment. They date back to the fifteenth century, and are often found in "retablos," large carved altar-pieces of wood, gilded and painted, where also interesting works of art are sometimes to be found. Rincon and his son Fernando of Salamanca, Juan de Borgogna, who decorated the walls of the chapter-house at Toledo in fresco with a "History of the Virgin," and Alonzo Berruguete, who studied under Michael Angelo,

were the earliest Spanish painters. Antonio Moro, a Dutch master, founded the Spanish school of portraiture in 1552, and there are splendid portraits by him in the Madrid gallery. Coello, whose portraits of Philip II. and Philip III. are in the same place, and Juan Pantoja de la Cour, who succeeded him as court painter, have left many specimens of portrait painting, but their pictures are poor.

There are many pictures of the sixteenth century by Luis de Morales and Juan de Juanes. The former has been called "the divine Morales," as has been wittily said, "more because he painted subjects of divinity, than from any divinity in his painting." He is remarkable chiefly for the painful nature of his pictures, which embody physical suffering and strong emotions. Juanes is called the Spanish Raphael, and by comparison with other Spaniards he may merit the designation, for his colors are brilliant, and his compositions are much more harmonious and graceful than any of his Spanish contemporaries', though far behind the great Italian's.

The next century is the period of Spanish art. José Ribera, who was born at Valencia, in 1588, was a pupil of Francisco Ribalta, became more celebrated than his master, and was known in Italy, where he studied and painted, as the "Spagnoletto" or little Spaniard. His pictures are chiefly religious, flavored with the bigotry of the times, and terrors of the Inquisition, and abound in tortures and martyrdom, and suffering saints. There is a large collection of his paintings in the Madrid gallery, among which "Jacob's Dream" and "St. Bartholomew's Martyr-

dom" are justly celebrated. He lived and died at Naples, and though Spain has the majority of his pictures no gallery in Europe is without specimens of his art. Velasquez and Murillo are the two great Spanish painters. They had contemporaries, who were lesser lights, Zurbaran, Herrera, Cano, Rodas, and others; but the judgment of time has stamped Ribera, Velasquez, and Murillo as the great masters of Spanish art.

Whoever would know Velasquez and Murillo thoroughly must go to Spain to see their paintings. The Madrid gallery has forty-six Murillos, and sixty-four paintings by Velasquez. There are, besides these, fifty-eight by Ribera, threescore pictures by Rubens, more than fifty by Teniers, ten by Raphael, twenty-two by Van Dyck, forty-three by Titian, twenty-five by Paul Veronese, and numbers by other celebrated artists. The authenticity of the ascription of these paintings is undoubted, as the most important were painted by special order for the palaces of Spain, whose inventories designate them by number and description. There are more than two thousand, and they belong to the Crown of Spain. No wonder that the Madrid gallery is often considered the finest in the world, a collection of gems of art from all lands. It is also a delightful place in which to enjoy and study art: the atmosphere of Spain is dry and clear; there is always light, which adds so much to the charms of color; the picture gallery is admirably arranged, well catalogued, and never crowded. Even the untrained and purely amateur lover of art can spend the better part of a week in visiting this gallery for

a few hours each day, or if he has only a forenoon at his disposal, can be well repaid for travelling to Madrid by such a morning's treat.

I had seen every gallery in Europe except that of Madrid, and desired chiefly to see the works of Velasquez and Murillo. The former was born in Seville in 1599, and died in Madrid in 1660. His wife was the daughter of a painter, who was also a writer on art, and from his father-in-law the young man received much valuable instruction. He had a genius for painting from childhood, copying from nature and models, and in his twenty-third year came to Madrid, and was taken into the service of Philip IV., an enthusiastic lover of art, and himself a painter. He formed a friendship with Rubens, who was in Madrid as a diplomat, and studied in Italy at two different times. His "Crucifixion" is one of the most solemn and sublime conceptions that was ever placed upon canvas, and his "Surrender of Breda" has been considered "the finest representation and treatment of a contemporary historical event in the world." As a portrait painter, and in his representation of animals, he is almost without a rival; his works are equal in quality, his light and shade, gradations of tone and color, and perspective have been the admiration of artists, and his pictures are the delight of many who are able to enjoy, though not competent to criticise them. One of the most famous of his pictures is "Las Meninas." On the left of the spectator stands the painter, brush in hand. In the foreground and in the centre, the young princess, daughter of Philip IV., is being amused by her

female "meninas," or favorites. On the right are two dwarfs, worrying a beautiful old dog, who bears it patiently. In the background, a looking-glass reflects the faces of Philip IV. and his queen, who are standing for their portraits; an open door admits the light. When the picture was finished, Velasquez showed it to the king, and asked, "Is anything wanting?" "One thing only," answered Philip; and, taking the pallet from his hands, he painted on the breast of the painter in the picture the Cross of the Order of Santiago, the most distinguished in Spain.

Bartolomé Esteban Murillo was born in Seville in 1616. From boyhood he painted pictures, which were sold in the market-place, bought by dealers, and sent to the Spanish colonies in America. He went to Madrid and studied, and then returned to Seville, where he established himself for the rest of his life, painting with the help of his scholars a multitude of pictures for churches and convents in Spain and her colonies. French invaders and picture dealers have carried many of his pictures away; and from Russia to England, in all the great galleries, there are specimens of his work. In Madrid and Seville it is still best seen. At Madrid, in the academy of St. Fernando, are his wonderful pictures of "St. Elizabeth of Hungary, Relieving the Sick," and "The Patrician's Dream"; in the Royal Gallery, several of his "Conceptions," among them one very like the famous one in the Louvre at Paris, the "Holy Family," the "Adoration of the Shepherds," and other beautiful compositions. Seville contains

a choice variety of Murillo's pictures, of which I will write later on.

The pictures of Raphael in the Madrid gallery are all noteworthy. Titian is nowhere more characteristically represented, and Rubens is illustrated both in the number and style of his paintings, which are here preserved. If there were nothing else in the city worth seeing, it would well repay a journey from Paris to study and enjoy the great gallery of pictures at Madrid.

XII

TOLEDO

A MEDIÆVAL CITY — WHERE “DON QUIXOTE” WAS WRITTEN — PAST AND PRESENT — THE CATHEDRAL AND ITS GLORIES — A MIRACULOUS CHURCH — TWO ANCIENT SYNAGOGUES — JEWS AND THEIR PERSECUTIONS — THE ALCÁZAR — POLITE SOLDIERS

A FEW hours' ride from Madrid, by the Delicias line, through an unattractive country, brings one to the ancient city of Toledo. This “crown of Spain,” the “light of the whole world,” as it has been called in the extravagant words of patriotic writers, has a grand position upon rocky hills beside the river Tagus. The rock upon which the city stands is more than eighteen hundred feet above the sea, and the gorge through which the river foams and tears sweeps around its base, so that the main approach is by a bridge. This is the bridge of Alcantara, with gate-towers at either end, crossing the deep cavern of the Tagus upon a single broad and lofty arch, from the castle of San Servando to the steep roadway which leads to the Puerta del Sol. This way is defended by Moorish walls and towers. Few cities in Europe compare with Toledo in the magnificence of its situation. We found, as we explored it, that there were also novelties at every turn, quaint old