threw down under the feet of the bearers as they carried the image down the steps of the church; literally they "cut down branches from the trees and strewed them in the way." This image of the Virgin of Sorrows is one of the most famous in the south of Spain, and half the women in Granada are christened Angustia, to place them under her protection; indeed the name is so common as to cause inextricable confusion amongst the number of Angustias. The figure is of the size of life, and is better as a work of art than most worshipped images of saints. It is dressed in black velvet robes spangled with golden stars, wears a crown on its head filled with precious stones, and has a sad, pensive expression in its countenance, which is bent over the dead figure of the Saviour—for it is, in fact, a Pietà. Its jewels are most magnificent, and such is the enthusiasm and courage it is known to inspire, that when the French came to Granada they never ventured to plunder or even enter this church, though the people, in defiance, had decorated the Virgin with all her jewels, lighted the church by night and day, and left the doors always open.

As the image left the church, carried by the principal citizens of Granada in full dress, a blare

of trumpets and crash of drums greeted its appearance. Guns were fired, and rockets sent up; the noise was deafening. As the procession entered the Alameda, with one impulse the whole people fell upon their knees. Many women wept and sobbed as they stretched out their hands in eager supplication. At each step of the procession fresh fireworks rose from the houses on either side of the way; it was like a march of fire, and the appearance of the tall black figure slowly advancing up the green avenue between the throng of kneeling people, was certainly most striking.

A very different scene was enacted upon the evening of Holy Thursday, when, in an upper chamber, seventy earnest Protestant converts met to receive the sacrament of the Lord's Supper at the hands of a Protestant Presbyterian minister. The liturgy used was almost entirely that of the English Prayer-Book, which is translated into Spanish. The elements were received seated, according to the Presbyterian custom. In spite of the power of the Virgin of Las Angustias, Protestantism is making strong advances in the town where Matamoros suffered. Nothing has a greater effect upon the Spaniards than our Burial Service; its reverence, its encouragement of Christian hope,

contrasting so strongly with the indecent indifference with which the Romanist funerals of the lower classes are conducted at Granada, where no ceremony whatever takes place at the cemetery, and where the bodies, carried unattended to the grave, are buried like dogs, generally ejected from their coffins (which are used again!), and with only a little earth scraped over them. The hollow way between the red towers of the Alhambra and the green slopes of the Generalife, torn by a torrent, and filled with hundreds of pigs which are herded there, is called "The Way of the Dead," because by that rough path the bodies are generally carried from the town to the cemetery. We witnessed several of these saddest of funerals. Once it was a beautiful little girl who was to be buried. She was borne upon an open bier, her waxen features, smiling in the sleep of death, were crowned with white roses and jessamine, her little hands were folded, she was dressed in white, and other white flowers were sprinkled over her. All had evidently been done by the tender care of loving friends. Yet no one followed but the grave-digger smoking a cigar, and the little bier was jerked jauntily along by six rough boys of thirteen or fourteen years old, some of whom were smoking,

the rest whistling and singing. We could hardly bear to think of the fate which awaited that little child at the cemetery, where, when these uncoffined funerals take place, the gipsies, by an ancient custom, fall upon the body on its arrival, and tearing off all its dress and decorations, fight and scramble for them amongst themselves, leaving the poor corpse to be tossed, naked and desecrated, into its grave amongst the docks and nettles.

The savage insolence of the gipsy population, their coarse language and manners, and their brutal immoralities, are the great objection to a lengthened residence in Granada. They are absolutely uncontrolled either by the laws or the police. Their swarms of children are brought up systematically to beg without ceasing, and to steal whenever they can. They are utterly without shame. If an English lady ventures into the gipsy quarter alone, a troop of young women and children will not scruple to fall upon her, and while some carry off her shawl, parasol, &c., others will force their hands into her pockets and seize all it contains. Gipsy beggars never ask, they always demand, in the most violent and imperious tones, and wherever a number of gipsy children are encoun-

tered together, the shouts of "ochavito, ochavito," are more than deafening. Unfortunately the view from San Nicolao, one of the grandest in Granada, is in a stronghold of the gipsies, who must be encountered to visit it. Their chief residence, however, is in the hillside of the Albaycin, leading to the Monte Sacro, where innumerable caves are perforated in the living rock, beneath immense prickly pears, which serve at once as food, shade, and protection. The mouths of these caves are whitewashed, and the entrances generally guarded by a piece of old carpet. There the savage families bask all day in the sun, and make the air resound with their harsh guttural cries and songs. The women who do not steal, earn money by telling fortunes and selling amulets; the children who are not busy begging, roll in the dust in front of their caves, often quite naked, and without any distinction of sex.

It is impossible not to be struck by the originality and cleverness of the gipsies even in their vices. A gipsy-man was at confession one day, and, whilst he was confessing, he spied in the pocket of the monk's habit a silver snuff-box, and stole it. "Father," he said, immediately, "I accuse myself of having stolen a silver snuff-box." "Then,

my son, you must certainly restore it." "Will you have it yourself, my Father?" "I, certainly not," answered the confessor. "The fact is," proceeded the gipsy, "that I have offered it to its owner, and he has refused it." "Then you can keep it with a good conscience," answered the Father.

At Seville a stranger, wishing to see the manners and customs of the gipsies, may, on paying one real (2½*d.*), be present where they dance their national dances and sing their national songs in their own picturesque costume. At Granada a few women in tawdry white muslin gowns extort five francs from every individual of the large assemblies who have the folly to meet to see them. Their principal dances are the Malagena and the Romalis. A woman generally dances alone at first, in slow motion, more with her arms than her feet, and her attitudes are often very picturesque and graceful. Gradually, by her gestures, she invites a partner to join her; thenceforth the dance becomes more animated. They chase one another, they circle round one another, they throw a whole story of passionate eloquence into their gestures, and all is accompanied, in the way of music, by the clapping of hands of all the other gitanos and gitanas sitting round in a circle, who keep ex-

cellent time together, occasionally bursting into loud outcries, which reach a pitch almost of frenzy when any especially complicated figure is successfully executed.

For the last few days of March it was very wet and stormy. They say it is always so in Spain, and concerning this there is an old Spanish story. A shepherd once said to March that if he would behave well he would make him a present of a lamb. March promised to deserve it, and conducted himself admirably. When he was going out, he asked the shepherd for the promised lamb, but the sheep and the lambs were so very beautiful, that the shepherd, considering that only three days of restraint remained to March, answered that he would not give it to him. "You will not give it to me," said March, "then you do not recollect that in the three days which remain to me, and three which my comrade April will lend me, your sheep will have to bring forth their young;" and for six days the rain and cold was so terrible that all the sheep and all the lambs died.

With the beginning of April, we were persuaded, by glowing accounts of its scenery, to make from Granada the long excursion to Llanjaron, a mountain citadel, the last stronghold of

the Moors in Spain. But the distance is so great and the long diligence journey so fatiguing, that this expedition is not worth while, except in summer, for the sake of ascending the Veleta, one of the highest peaks of the Sierra-Nevada. The road runs along the high bleak uplands beneath the chain of the Alpuxarras, which are by no means the rich, verdant, smiling hills they are generally represented, but volcanic, bare, and arid in the highest degree. The name Alpuxarras is an Arabic word, meaning "Land of Warriors." Amid these fastnesses, according to the ballad, fell the famous Christian knight Alonzo de Aguilar, as he was endeavouring to accept the challenge of Ferdinand to his bravest warriors that they should plant his banner on the highest peaks of the mountains:—

"Qual de vosotros, amigos,
Ira à la Sierra mañana,
A poner mi real pendon
Encima de la Alpuxarra."

Here Alonzo's brave boy Don Pedro de Cordova fought by his side covered with wounds, and refused to attend to his entreaty—"Let not the hopes of our house be crushed at one blow; go live as a Christian knight, go comfort your desolate mother"—till he

was forcibly carried out of the battle by the attendants.

We reached Llanjaron by a terrible road along precipices and through torrent-beds, but it is an oasis in a hideous desert, and its orange gardens, hanging on the edge of the mountain-side over a dismal ravine, are amongst the most productive in Spain. On a high outlying spur of the hills is a ruined Moorish castle; but the village, chiefly frequented for the sake of its medicinal waters, contains few traces of its former occupants; the population is savage, the posadas miserable, and beyond bread, eggs, and oranges, there is no food to be had.

X.

ARANJUEZ AND TOLEDO.

IT is almost a blur upon the entire pleasure of a visit to Granada, that all arrivals and departures by train are necessarily in the middle of the night, and that the hotels are consequently in a chronic state of disturbance from one to four in the morning. Even though we decided upon taking the diligence to evade the long railway détour by Cordova, we had to leave at four A.M., when our last drive to the town through the dark woods of the Alhambra seemed a solemn farewell to one of the most beautiful places upon earth.

In a whirlwind of white dust, ten horses carried us quickly along through a sterile, treeless, hideous country. At one P.M. the scenery improved a little, and the great white cathedral of Jaen rose before us at the foot of its jagged mountains. The

diligence waited for an hour in the market-place, which gave time for its driver and mayoral to dine, and for us to see the inside of the cathedral, a Græco-Romano building of 1532, but very handsome of its kind. Behind the Coro is a silver Custodia with seven keys, only opened three times in the year, and containing one of the many pieces of linen, honoured by the Roman Catholic Church as the *authentic* handkerchief with which Santa Veronica wiped the face of our Saviour on His way to Calvary, and upon which His image remained impressed. This especial relic, however, is of historic interest, as having been carried by St. Ferdinand at the head of his troops.

At four in the afternoon we reached the quiet station of Mengibar, a lonely shed on a bank above the Guadalquiver, seeming a strange termination for a long diligence journey, but a very convenient spot for joining the train from Cordova to Madrid. We passed our waiting time in a tea-garden, surrounded by a hedge of oleanders, which grow wild in profusion all over this neighbourhood.

Before daybreak we had reached Aranjuez, and were walking across its white dusty squares and through the long corridors of its deserted palace, something like a very miniature Versailles, to the

pleasant little quiet hotel of Los Infantes, which may be strongly recommended to travellers as both clean and economical. The host, too, is a pleasant kindly person, who, in the evening, sate in his open wooden gallery, playing on his guitar, with his men and maid-servants singing around him, in happy patriarchal fashion. It is desirable to know of this resting-place, because the Hotel de Paris at Aranjuez is one of the worst man-traps in Spain; and an English lady with her two servants, lately captured to wait there between two trains, found themselves locked in till they had consented to pay 230 reals for their luncheon and waiting-room. Another place to be avoided is the wretched and only posada at Mengibar, which extorts fifteen francs for a single egg. Such thieves are rare in Spain, but there is no redress from them.

We spent a day in seeing the sights o. Aranjuez, which is the first place where we have been persuaded to take one of the guides, who are generally the greatest bane of a traveller's comfort, but who are, perhaps, desirable here, as saving time where many silver keys and permessos are required. For, strangely enough, in this place, which the railway renders almost a suburb of Madrid, and

where the miles upon miles of parks and gardens would be most grateful to its parched citizens, as well as to the residents of Aranjuez itself, the government, though the present court never visits the place, is sufficiently careless of popularity to keep everything closely shut up; so that gardens, such as at Carlsruhe or Stutgard form the delight of the whole population, are here entirely unused except by the thrushes and nightingales.

The larger of the two palaces, a rambling French château, is little worth seeing, except for china-fanciers, who will be delighted with a wonderful room entirely walled and ceiled with beautiful Capo di Monte. This was one of the extravaganzas of Charles III., who did not scruple to waste £3,000 of gold by mixing it with the brass rails of a back staircase in his other Aranjuez palace. This, which is most inappropriately called the Casa del Labrador (the Workman's Cottage), is about a mile distant from the town. Its rooms, though low, are most gorgeously fitted up with exquisite silk embroidery and hangings. Both palaces are filled with reminiscences of curious court scandals and crimes, but especially those connected with Charles III., Maria Louisa, and her lover Godoy, the Prince of Peace, whose posi-

tion was so easily accepted by the dissolute court, that his being represented, with the king, in a fresco which still remains in one of the principal rooms, was no matter for offence. The extraordinary trio had a passion for clocks, and no less than forty-eight clocks adorn their small apartments in the Casa del Labrador, five or six in each room. All the royal residences of Spain are decorated in this way. The mania which Ferdinand VII. had for clocks is amply shown in the palace at Madrid, and even Charles V. made a collection of them, and remarked how absurd it was to try to make two men's heads think the same, when he could not make two of his clocks go alike.

Aranjuez is an oasis in the wilderness. The Tagus and Xarama, meeting almost beneath the palace walls, keep its island garden fresh and verdant, even through a burning Spanish summer. The fine old English oaks and elms were brought over by Philip II., and were, perhaps, the only good which accrued to his native land from his marriage with our Mary. They still attract as much notice in Spain as a wood of palms and prickly-pears would do at Hampton Court. The beauties of Aranjuez have been a constant theme with the poets of Castile: Calderon and Garcilasso

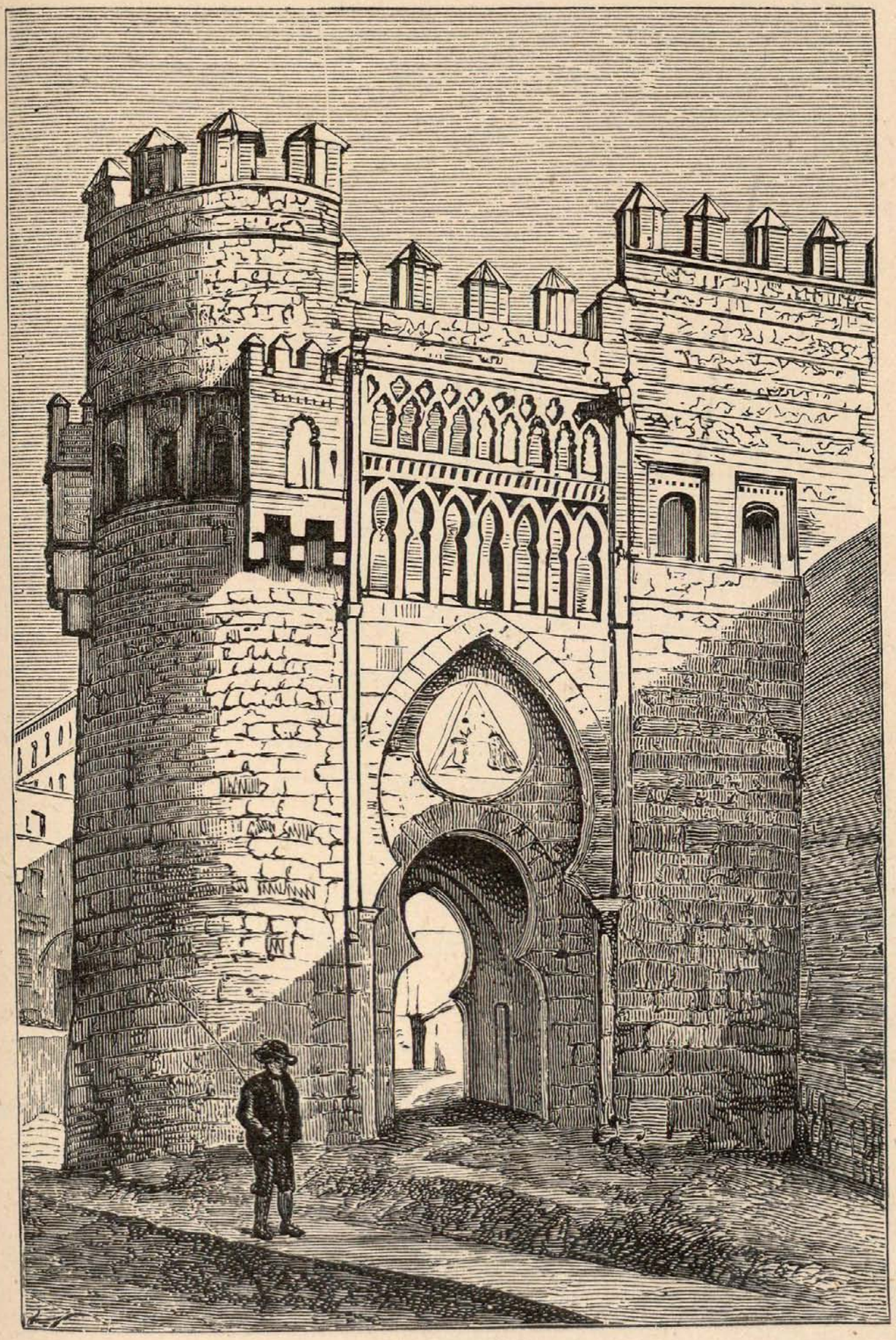
have written in their praise, and even Fray Juan de Tolosa, the Augustine prior of Zaragoza, when he published a religious treatise in 1589 for the benefit of the young knights of the period, called it "The Aranjuez of the Soul," in order the better to entice them to read it. The gardens remain as we see them portrayed in the faithful pictures of Velazquez in the Museo at Madrid, and as they are described by Lady Fanshaw, English ambassadress in Spain during the reign of Philip IV. Long shady avenues of elms and plane-trees lead through closely-planted woods, and have been the scene of countless intrigues, both of politics and love. Even down to the late revolution, all old customs of the place were kept up, even to the breed of camels, introduced here by Philip II., to perform the garden work, and their oriental forms, slowly parading through the shady groves, were a well-known characteristic of the place. Isabella II. never failed to spend the spring months at Aranjuez, but now it is the picture of desolation; fountains without water, beds without flowers, promenades without people: truly one may say with Schiller, "Die schönen Tage in Aranjuez sind nun zu ende."

A short journey by rail, and a long wait in the

wretched junction station of Castillejo—where the only accommodation is a miserable room, open at both ends, and a prey to beggars and dirt of every description—brought us to imperial Toledo. At a distance the town rises grandly, not distinguished by any one marked feature or building, except its great Alcazar, which is chiefly of the last century, but an irregular line of towers, battlemented walls, and ancient houses, crowning the black precipitous rocks, which rise abruptly from the yellow Tagus, and backed by rugged hills, scorched and parched into every shade of orange and brown by the tropical sunshine. The general views of Toledo have no beauty, but are solemn and affecting beyond those of all other places, so huge and historical does it stand, without any vegetation whatever, girdled in from the living world by the indescribable solitude of its utterly desolate hills.

Guarding the entrance of the town stands the ruined castle of Cervantes, on a projecting spur of the mountain. At its foot is the bridge of Alcantara, "the Bridge of the Bridge," closed at both ends by gate towers, and striding with high arches across the Tagus, as it rushes through the deep chasm in the rock upon which it is built.

Hence one ascends to the town by a terraced road, from which there is a glorious view over the Vega. The atmosphere is so clear that every fissure in the distant hills can be counted, and each building on the line of the horizon stands out against the transparent turquoise sky as if seen through a microscope. Where the terrace makes a zigzag to a higher level, is the grand Moorish gateway called Puerta del Sol, richly embossed with tracery, and of a splendid orange-red colour. Now we reach the Zocodover, a Moorish square overhung by many ranges of balconies, whence a tolerably wide street, the only one in Toledo, winds along the irregularities of the hill to the cathedral, which unfortunately stands so low that its fine spire can never become a conspicuous feature. Diving thus into the heart of the town, the quaintness of everything is increasingly striking. Here a beautiful Moorish or Gothic fragment breaking the line of white-washed walls, there balconies adorned with clustering vines and jessamine, hung with bird-cages, and with handsome dark-eyed women in lace mantillas, leaning over their railings. Near the cathedral, at 16, Calle Santa Isabel, is a house of this kind—the pleasant Casa de Huespedes (board-



PUERTA DEL SOL, TOLEDO.

ing-house) of the three excellent sisters Figuerroa —where we spent five days very comfortably. Our sitting-room had the pleasantest of balconies, filled with birds, and common but luxuriant flowers, and looked across a quiet little garden, with a tree—a valuable possession in Spain—to the cliffs on the other side of the river.

Of course our first visit was to the cathedral, and our first sensation was certainly one of disappointment, but perhaps partly because we had heard so much, and expected so much, and because the beggars are so tiresome, and their perpetual whine, with their mischievous, even malicious, tricks, such a constant irritant to the temper. Much also of the building has been whitewashed, and the fact is commemorated in a triumphant inscription on one of its walls!

Still, the beauties of the cathedral of Toledo are such as grow upon one at each sight of it, and surely no church interior was ever more entirely picturesque than this, where the coro, filled with wonderful carved stall-work, divided by jasper pillars, breaks, but does not block, the view of the five naves and their eighty-eight columns, through which the ancient glass sparkles with colours of sapphire, ruby, and emerald, and where the painted

and gilt retablo, toned but uninjured by age, rises from pavement to ceiling in an indescribable labyrinth of niches, statues, and sculptured tracery. Around the altar are glorious tombs of some of the earlier kings, Alonzo VII., Sancho del Deseado, Sancho el Bravo, and the Infante Don Pedro. Here also is buried Cardinal Mendoza (ob. 1495), who obtained the name of Tertius Rex, from the degree in which he shared the sovereignty with Ferdinand and Isabella.

Behind the high altar, in a large chapel of their own, are magnificent tombs of a knight and a lady. He is Alvaro de Luna, Master of Santiago, Constable of Castile, and Prime Minister of John II., whose mind and counsels he completely ruled for five-and-thirty years. He lived with royal state, and when he rode out was followed by thirty knights, and he held three thousand lances in his pay. His interference brought about a marriage between his king and Isabella of Portugal, who became his bitterest enemy, and whose ascendancy over her husband was the cause of his ruin. He was executed on an accusation of high treason in the square at Valladolid, his last words being, "And this is the reward of faithful devoted service to my king." In his lifetime he had prepared

beautiful bronze tombs for himself and his wife, but when he was disgraced his relentless master had them broken up, and they were made into the two pulpits which still stand at the entrance of the Capilla Mayor. The existing tombs, of alabaster, are due to the filial piety of his daughter Maria.

Close by is the entrance of the Capilla de los Reyes Nueves, built by order of Juan II., and

houses like the rest), the balconies with their gay hangings, the number of beautiful ladies, the magnificent Court, the guards, and in short, the whole square, present one of the most beautiful sights I have ever seen.

* * * * * *

"When there are in the town horses which have served and are skilful in a bull-fight, even without any knowledge of their owner, they are borrowed from him, equally if he does not wish to sell them, or if there are no means to buy them with, and they are never refused. If the horse is unfortunately killed, and a proposal is made to pay for it, it is not allowed, and it would be shewing a want of Spanish generosity to receive money in such a case. It is nevertheless sufficiently disagreeable to have a horse, which you may have taken great pains to bring up, and which any adventurer may kill in the most unconcerned way. This kind of combat is considered so perilous, that indulgences are open in many of the churches on those days, on account of the slaughter which takes place. Many Popes have wished entirely to do away with such barbarous spectacles, but the Spaniards have been so urgent with the court of Rome to leave them untouched, that it has

given in to their wishes, and up to this time they have been tolerated.

* * * * * *

"The fêtes are beautiful, great, and magnificent; it is a very noble and costly spectacle; it is impossible to depict them fairly, and one cannot imagine them without seeing them. But I confess that all this gives me no pleasure, when I think that a man whose safety may be dear to you, has the rashness to expose himself to a furious bull, and that for love of you (for this is generally the motive), you may see him return bleeding and half-dead. Can one approve any of these customs? And suppose even that one has no special interest in them, can one wish to be present at these fêtes, which nearly always cost the lives of many persons? For my part I am astonished that in a kingdom, whose kings bear the name of Catholic, such a barbarous amusement should be allowed. I know it is of great antiquity, as it dates from the Moors, but it seems to me that it ought to be quite abolished, as well as many other customs derived from these Infidels.

* * * * * *

"A cavalier of merit was in love with a fair young girl, who was only a jeweller's daughter;

but she was perfectly beautiful and a great heiress. This young nobleman having learnt that some of the fiercest bulls of the mountains had been taken, and thinking that he would derive great honour from their conquest, resolved to fight with them, and asked his mistress's permission. She, horrified at the very idea of such a proposition, fainted away, and forbade him, using the whole force of her influence over him to prevent his risking his life. In spite of this prohibition, he thought he could not give her a higher proof of his love, and secretly prepared everything which he required. But notwithstanding the care which he took to conceal his design from his mistress, she discovered it, and left no stone unturned to change his resolution. At last the day of the fête arrived, and he conjured her to be there; assuring her that her very presence would be sufficient to make him a conqueror, and to acquire for him a glory which would render him more worthy of her. 'Your love,' she said to him, 'is more ambitious than tender, and mine is more tender than ambitious. Go where glory calls you. You wish that I should be present, you wish to fight before me; yes, I will accede to your wish, and perhaps my presence will cause you more trouble than encouragement.'

"At last he quitted her, and went to the Plaza Mayor, where all the world was already assembled. But he had scarcely begun to defend himself against a fierce bull that had attacked him, when a young peasant threw a dart at the terrible beast, which pierced it, causing great agony. It instantly left the young nobleman who was engaged with it, and rushed bellowing against the person who had struck it. The young man aghast tried to escape, when the cap which covered his head fell off, and the most beautiful long hair in the world floated over his shoulders, and revealed that it was a girl of sixteen. So petrified was she with terror, that she was unable either to run or escape the bull, which gave her a terrible wound in the side, at the very moment when her lover, who was the *tocador*, and who recognised her, came to her assistance. O God! what was his anguish, at seeing his dear mistress in this terrible state! He became beside himself, life was valueless to him, and more frantic than the bull itself, he performed incredible feats. He was mortally wounded in several places . . . That was indeed a day when people considered the fête delightful."

The Plaza Mayor, now no longer used for bull-fights, is occupied by an open garden, through

STATUE OF PHILIP IV., MADRID. P. 208

which, in pleasant contrast to London squares, people are allowed to circulate freely. In its centre is the grand equestrian statue of Philip III., cast by John of Bologna from a drawing by Pantoja. A still grander statue is that of Philip IV., where the bronze mane and scarf literally float on the air, and which is historically interesting from the important persons employed in its design; Velazquez supplied the drawings, it was cast in Florence by Pedro Tacca, and Galileo shewed how the great weight of the horse could be sustained in its prancing position. This statue, moved from the gardens of the Buen Retiro, now ornaments the centre of the Plaza del Oriente, one side of which is occupied by the palace. This is certainly one of the most magnificent royal residences in the world, imposing in itself, and striking from its position at the end of the finest part of the town, on the edge of a steep bank. The nearer detail of the surroundings is wretched, rugged slopes and ragged shrubberies, walks and gardens alike hopelessly neglected, but, beyond these, it looks upon the snow-capped range of the icy Guadarrama. Below, in the hollow, dribbles the Manzanares, which can scarcely be called a river, and which has been compared by

Tirso de Molina to that dreariest of things, a university town during the long vacation.

"Como Alcalá y Salamanca,
Teneis y no sois Colegio,
Vacaciones en Verano
Y curso solo en Invierno."

In the reign of Charles II., the Court used to amuse themselves by driving up and down in the dry bed of the river, and Madame de Villars gives Madame de Coulanges an amusing account of the scenes which took place there. She also mentions, apropos of the enormous bridge which there crosses nothing at all, that a wit of the time suggested to Philip IV., that he had better buy a river, or sell his bridge.

The royal family of Spain of the house of Austria, of which we read so much in memoirs of the period, which was such a strange chaos of beauty and ugliness both mental and physical, need not remain even personally strangers to any one. In the Royal Gallery, where many delightful and profitable mornings may be spent, Titian, Pantojo, Coello, and Velazquez, have handed down to us their living forms so vividly that we may still walk and live amongst them. The family procession begins with Charles V., first standing with his favourite

dog; again, as an old man, with a grizzled beard, upon his war-horse. Here also (hung too high) is the portrait of his beautiful queen Isabella of Portugal, which he carried with him to San Yuste; and near it is Titian's strange picture of the Apotheosis of Charles V. and Philip II., in which they, kings on earth, kneel as suppliants before the throne of the Redeemer. This was the last object which met the dying eyes of the Emperor; and, by his own desire, was long hung over his grave. In connection with his portraits we should look at those of his daughter, Juana of Austria, who, as widow of a Prince of Portugal, was Regent of Spain during the absence of Philip II. in England; of Catherine, Queen of Portugal, sister of the Emperor; and of Mary of Portugal, the unnatural daughter of his other sister, Queen Eleanor.

Philip II. is portrayed for us, in several distinct stages of his life; and it is most interesting to trace from youth to age the progress of the handsome features that never smiled except when he heard of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, when he laughed outright. Three of his four wives may be seen with him; Mary of Portugal, Mary of England, and Isabella of France, the daughter of Catherine de Medicis. The grand portrait of the ugly Mary

Tudor, by Antonio More, is especially valuable, as being that sent over to shew her bridegroom what she was like before their marriage, and it is wonderful that, after gazing upon her sour features, he should have decisively thrown over a charming princess of Portugal to marry her. Near the queen, is the portrait of Antonio Perez, the cruelly persecuted minister of Philip II. Then come his children, —Don Carlos, whose birth cost the first Mary her life, and whose own sad life is supposed to have been closed by his father's cruelty; and Clara Eugenia Isabella, the beautiful daughter of his third wife, whom her father spoke of as his "mirror" and "the light of his soul," and to whom he bequeathed the Netherlands. Then Philip III. and his wife Isabella ride by on their magnificent horses. Then begin the endless portraits of Philip IV., with those of his first wife Isabella, daughter of Henry IV. of France, and their little son Balthazar, who died before he was grown up, represented with a gun at six years old, and again riding splendidly on his little pony; of the minister Duke of Olivares; of Don Ferdinand of Austria, the king's handsome brother, with his beautiful dog; of the second Queen Mariana, who never could help laughing, in spite of the stiff solemnity of the Spanish court,

and who looks as if she must herself have provoked laughter by her extraordinary coiffure and costume as a bride; of her little daughter Maria Margherita, a charming child, in the most enormous of hooped petticoats, repeated again and again, at prayers, in full costume, and playing with "Las Meninas," her maids of honour, while her father and mother, looking in at the door, are reflected in the opposite mirror. Here also is Charles II., the last lineal descendant of Charles V., and his charming wife Marie Louise d'Orleans, of whom he was so enamoured, that he exclaimed on seeing her dance, "My queen, my queen, thou art the most perfect in all creation."

Upon the other treasures of the Madrid gallery it is impossible to dwell here. They cannot be studied enough, from the rich colouring of Raphael, Titian, and Pordenone, to the cold skies and almost too truth-telling figures of Velazquez. Never was there a more delightful collection, though there never was one worse arranged, or in which it is more difficult, almost impossible, to find what you want.

The interest in the royal portraits must be carried on to the Armeria at the other side of the town, where, in a great hall, stand, as if marshalled in

battle array, a grand troop of suits of armour, which include many of those in which the kings were painted. Perhaps the most interesting armour here is the suit worn by Isabella at the siege of Granada; the most interesting individual specimen, the weird Norse-like helmet of Jaime el Conquistador. Charles V. is again brought home to us in his camp bed, and his portantina, brought from San Yuste. In the suits of armour which belonged to him, the figure of the Virgin is always engraved upon the breast, that of St. Barbara, his patron saint, upon the back.

In the Academia are preserved three splendid Murillos taken from the Caridad at Seville by the French, and never sent back there when Waterloo restored them to Spain. The finest represents St. Elizabeth of Hungary (Santa Isabel in Spanish) caring for her lepers, the others tell the story of the fall of snow which led to the foundation of Sta. Maria Maggiore at Rome. Here also may be studied the extraordinary pictures of Goya (ob. 1828) king's painter to Charles IV., and justly called the Rabelais of painting; they are wonderful representations of Spanish life, or of wild dreams of witchcraft, effected by scratches, plunges, lunges of pen and pencil, with dabs, splashes, and blots of colour.

Modern Madrid has deserted the gardens of the Buen Retiro, in which the Austrian court so delighted, and goes to amuse itself on the promenade of El Prado, which is something like the Champs Elyseés, though a bad imitation. Here, the dusty road between the avenues is rendered supportable by perfect volumes of water being squirted over it, and the trees are enabled to grow by having little ponds dug round their stems. It is quite worth while to go here late in the afternoon. The costumes of the nurses are really gorgeous, brilliant scarlet, orange, and purple, slashed with broad stripes of black velvet, and forming perfect rays of colour as they dart in and out after their children under the acacia trees. Here groups sit on the stone seats discussing the last pictures in *La Carcajada*, a capital newspaper of political caricatures; and young legislators of from eighteen to twenty, got up excessively smart, consider that they are the only power which has a right to direct the affairs of the world. At the gay little wooden stalls all varieties of cooling drinks—"Bebidas"—are sold, the prince of which is "Horchata de Chufas," a kind of snow-milk flavoured with the juice of a little nut which comes from Valencia. "Confituras" are also sold here—

a great favourite being that known as "Cabello de Angel," or "Angel's Hair." Picturesque groups of peasants gather around these stalls, not Mayos and Mayas here, but "Manolos" and "Manolas," a corruption from Manuel and Manuela. Up and down, between the passers-by, flit the water-carriers, and make the air resound with their sharp cry of "agua, agua, quien quiere agua; agua helado, fresquita como la nieve."

The upper end of the Prado is lined on one side by little gardens. This is the aristocratic part of the promenade, where society must always go *de rigueur* as far as a certain fountain, and where "the language of fans" is talked to an amazing extent. Descending the other way, one comes to Atocha, a monastery with a church, raised into a basilica by the present Pope to please Queen Isabella and Don Francesco d'Assis. These "Catholic sovereigns" always came once a week to worship a hideous idol-Madonna (another of poor St. Luke's); and on March 22, 1854, solemnly decorated it with the collar of the Golden Fleece. For centuries the image had been celebrated. In 1562, when the whole kingdom was in suspense during the alarming illness of Don Carlos, heir of Philip II., it was carried to his sick-room at

Alcala, and shares the honour of his cure with the dead body of the monk Fray Diego, which was dug up and laid upon his bed. Ferdinand VII. came hither especially to invoke the assistance of the Virgin of Atocha, when he conspired against his father; and, when he was carried off by the French, he transferred the ribbon of the Immaculate Conception to its breast from his own. To this church also came the Italian king Amadeo, straight from the station, to look upon the dead face of the murdered Prim.

The other churches of Madrid are all modern and little worth seeing. San Isidro Real, however, may be visited, as containing the relics of the ploughman's saint, invoked in wet weather by the peasant, in the popular couplet—

> "San Isidro Labrador
> Quita el agua y pon el sol."

San Isidro was a common labourer who neglected his work to make meditations upon the virtues of San Isidoro, which is supposed to have been considered so meritorious above, that angels were sent down to do his work for him, and wolves were unable to devour his oxen. He died in 993, and was canonised because Philip III. was cured of

some trifling illness upon touching his body. When Queen Isabel came to pray by it, one of her maids of honour, pretending to kiss his toes, bit one of them off, feeling sure that her health would be benefited by swallowing so great a relic; but she instantly became dumb, and did not recover her speech till she was able to vomit forth the delicious morsel. The festa of San Isidro is greatly observed on May 25th, at Madrid, and the pilgrimage on that day to San Isidro del Campo is a very pretty sight. But, on the whole, saint-worship has been on the wane here for some years past, and Protestantism making great ground. Large shops full of Bibles are no uncommon sight now in the streets of Madrid, and have a great sale. It is interesting to remember that when the first Spanish translation of the Bible was made in Spain by Francisco de Enzinas in 1543, Charles V. did not oppose it, and even promised to accept its dedication to himself, if only the Church would approve it. The Church, however, was furious, and it was condemned to be burnt, and its author was cast into prison.

For the last few years "society," in the generally accepted sense, has almost ceased to exist at Madrid, having been so divided by political

estrangements. Don Carlos has many friends, the Prince of Asturias ten times as many, "the inoffensive Italian," as the aristocratic Spaniards contemptuously but pityingly call him, scarcely any; indeed, the Italian queen, Vittoria, has only found two ladies willing to take office in her court. Many rules of ancient etiquette are preserved which are curious. Everything in Madrid counts by nine days. For instance, after a death in a family, the Novenário must take place: the widow and daughters, or whoever the nearest surviving relations may be, are expected to hold the *Duélo*, that is, to close their windows, and remain solemnly seated for nine days in their reception rooms to receive the condolence of all their friends, who visit them in mourning; and as it is the correct thing for all the friends to repeat their visit during every one of the nine days, though the first two or three times they are all very solemn and sad, it is impossible to keep up the strain, and the party naturally glide into a degree of gossip and chatter which is a desecration alike of the occasion and of the feelings of those who have to go through the ordeal. Widows, however, may be thankful to escape all they had to go through at Madrid in the last century, when they were

compelled to pass the whole first year of their mourning in a chamber entirely hung with black, where not a single ray of the sun could penetrate, seated on a little mattress with their legs always crossed. When this year was over, they retired to pass the second year in a chamber hung with grey. They could have neither pictures, nor mirrors, nor cabinets, nor any ornamental furniture, during the whole of their widowhood. They were never allowed to wear jewels, and still less, colours. However modest they might be, they must live so retired that "it seemed as if their souls were already in the other world;" and, according to a writer of the time, this great constraint was partly occasioned "because some ladies who were very rich and especially in beautiful furniture, were often induced to take another husband, in order to have the pleasure of using it again!"

In the Royal Gallery, poor Mariana, wife of Philip IV., the laughing queen, whom we have seen tricked out in all her bridal bravery, is introduced to us for a second time in her widow's dress. It consists of thick black stuff, with a tunic of fine muslin made like a surplice, descending below the knees and following all the lines of the figure. The head and throat are covered with a

coif of white muslin, concealing all the hair like the dress of a nun. Over all is a great mantle of black taffetas falling to the feet.

A visit to Madrid finds its natural close in the Escorial, where the kings and queens of whom we have seen so much, have found a ghastly sepulchre. It is so profoundly curious that it must of necessity be visited, though it is so utterly dreary and so hopelessly fatiguing a sight, that it requires the utmost Christian patience to endure it. Well may Théophile Gautier exclaim, that whatever the other ills and trials of life may be, one may console oneself by thinking that one might be at the Escorial, and that one is not.

The Escorial may be undergone upon the road northwards, or may form a separate excursion from Madrid. The station of the name lands you at the foot of the hill on which this colossus of granite is placed. It is generally described as standing in a mountain wilderness, but this is not quite true. You ascend through woods which are pleasant enough, and where Charles IV., wisely declining to inhabit the "architectural nightmare," built a pretty little toy palace of his own. But behind the Escorial all is a bleak solitude, blue black peaks, capped with snow, and furrowed by dry torrent-

beds, or sandy deserts sprinkled over with boulders of granite. There is no softening feature. The dismal streets of granite houses which surround the huge granite palace and church have the same lines of narrow prison-like windows, the same harsh angular forms everywhere. The main edifice was thirty-one years in building, and is three quarters of a mile round, but each wall is just like the other, they have no distinguishing features whatever. It has thirty-six courts, and eleven thousand windows, in compliment to the virgins of St. Ursula, but they are all the same size, and all exactly alike. The architect, Herrera, was tied down to the most hideous of plans, that of a grid-iron, because it was the emblem of St. Laurence, upon whose day, the 10th of August, the building was vowed after the successful siege of St. Quentin. The whole is justly looked upon as a stone image of the mind of its founder, Philip II. And the interest which encircles this cruel yet religious, this superstitious yet brave, character, lends a charm even to the Escorial. Except the extirpation of heretics, it was the one object of his earthly ambition. The seat is shewn—*Silla del Rey*—high among the grey boulders of the hillside, whence he used to watch the progress of the huge fantatics

plan, as court after court was added, each fresh wing forming another bar of the gridiron. When it was finished, he deserted his capital, and made it his principal residence, devoting himself to an eternal penance of fasting and flagellation, but at the same time boasting that he governed two worlds from the heights of his mountain solitude. Hither, when he felt the approach of death, during an absence at Madrid, he insisted upon being brought, borne for six days in a litter upon men's shoulders, and here, during his last hours, he was carried round all the halls, to take a final survey of the work of his life.

The main entrance is so featureless as almost to pass unnoticed. It leads into a vast gloomy court-yard, at the end of which are huge statues of the kings of Judah. These decorate the façade of the church. Its interior is bare and dismal, but the proportions are magnificent, and though the effect is cold and oppressive, it is not without a certain solemnity of its own. In high open chapels on either side of the altar, kneel two groups of figures in gilt robes. On the left are Charles V., his queen, his daughter, and his two sisters; on the right are Philip II., three of his wives (the unloved Mary of England being omitted), and Don

Carlos. Down a long flight of steps you are led by torchlight to the *Panteon*, an octagonal chamber surrounded by twenty-six sepulchres of kings or mothers of kings, arranged one above another like berths in a ship. Charles V. occupies a place in the upper story. Brantôme declares that the Inquisition proposed that his body should be burnt for having given ear to heretical opinions. It remains, though curiosity, not heresy, has twice caused the coffin to be opened; the last time in 1871, during the visit of the Emperor of Brazil, when hundreds of people flocked forth from Madrid to look upon the awful face of the mighty dead, which was entire even to the hair and eyebrows, though perfectly black. Philip II. fills the niche below, lying in the coffin of gilt bronze which he ordered to be brought to him that he might inspect it in his last moments, and for which he ordered a white satin lining and a larger supply of gilt nails, with his last breath. Each of the Austrian kings seems to have loved to pass hours here in meditation over his future resting-place. Philip IV. used to sit in his niche in his lifetime to hear mass; Maria Louisa scratched her name upon her future urn with a pair of scissors. The last funeral here was that of Ferdinand VII., whose coffin was too big for the royal hearse, and

had to be brought hither in a common *coche de colleras*, its end projecting from the front windows, the attendant monks riding round it on mules, and the empty hearse following, for the sake of decency. His widow, Christina, though the mother of a sovereign, will never be buried here, even if the Bourbons return to power, as Spanish aristocratic feeling would not allow the honour to a queen who has formed a mésalliance in her second marriage. Isabella II. heard midnight mass in the Panteon whenever she visited the Escorial.

A separate chamber has the dreadful name of *El Pudridero*. Here lie sixty members of the royal family, including Don Carlos, Don John of Austria, and the many queens-consort who were not mothers of kings.

Through the bare cold passages of the convent one may reach the Coro, which contains a celebrated crucifix by Benvenuto Cellini. The stall is still shown which Philip II. occupied, and where he was kneeling when the messenger arrived breathless with eager haste from Don John of Austria to announce the victory of Lepanto, but could obtain no audience till the monarch had finished his devotions. From hence it is but a few steps to the low bare rooms which the bigot king occupied as a

dwelling. They are full of interest. The furniture is the same, the pictures, the table, the chairs, the high stool to support his gouty leg. At the bureau which still exists he was sitting writing when Don Christoval de Moura came in to announce the total destruction of the Spanish Armada, the scheme on which he had wasted a hundred million ducats and eighteen years of his life. Not a muscle of his face moved. He only said, "I thank God for having given me the means of bearing such a loss without embarrassment, and power to fit out another fleet of equal size. A stream can afford to waste some water, when its source is not dried up."

The inner room opens into the church by a shutter. At this opening the ghastly figure of the king was seen present at the public mass during his illness, following the prayers with an agonized fervour of devotion. Here also he sate on the morning of the 13th of September, 1598, and, having summoned his children, Philip and Clara Eugenia Isabella (so well known to us from their pictures) to embrace him, received extreme unction, and, even after the power of speech had departed, remained with his hands grasping the crucifix which his father Charles V. held when he was dying, and with his eyes fixed upon the

altar of the church, till those eyes were closed in death.

All the other sights of the Escorial are of little importance compared with those which are connected with Philip II. One set of apartments was prettily decorated with inlaid woodwork by Charles IV. The endless corridors were once filled with fine pictures, now removed to Madrid. Only three of any consequence remain. In the chapter-house is a Velazquez of Jacob receiving from his elder sons the coat of Joseph; in the Refectory is a grand Last Supper of Titian; and in the Ante-Sacristia is a fine historical scene by Coello, representing the half-witted Charles II., with his court, upon their knees before the miraculous wafer, which bled at Gorcum, when trampled upon by Zwinglian heretics. Every Spanish sovereign is expected to make some offering to St. Laurence and the Escorial; that of Isabella II. was a gorgeous golden shrine for this very wafer, preserved behind the picture. The library contains several interesting pictures of kings, and some fine illuminated manuscripts. All the books are arranged with their backs to the wall.

Upon the south and east sides of the building

are so-called gardens—broad terraces with trim box edges, but on the whole possessing more architecture than vegetation. Here, from the angle of the terrace wall, one may best examine one of the external curiosities of the building, a glittering plaque of gold an inch thick and a yard square, which Philip II. built into the wall when the building was nearly complete, as a bravado to the world which expected it to become his ruin. Fortunately for its preservation it is near the top of the pyramid above the dome, where it glitters inaccessible, and reflects all the rays of the sun.