



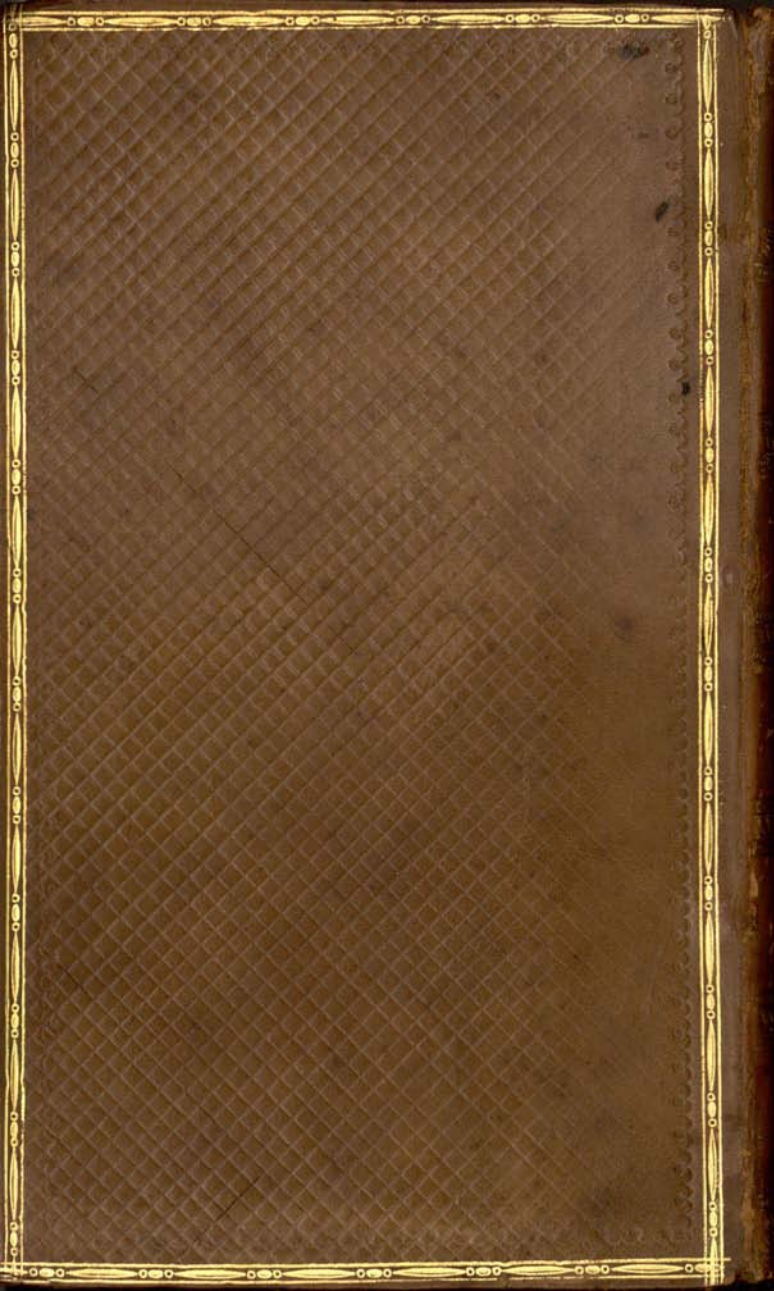


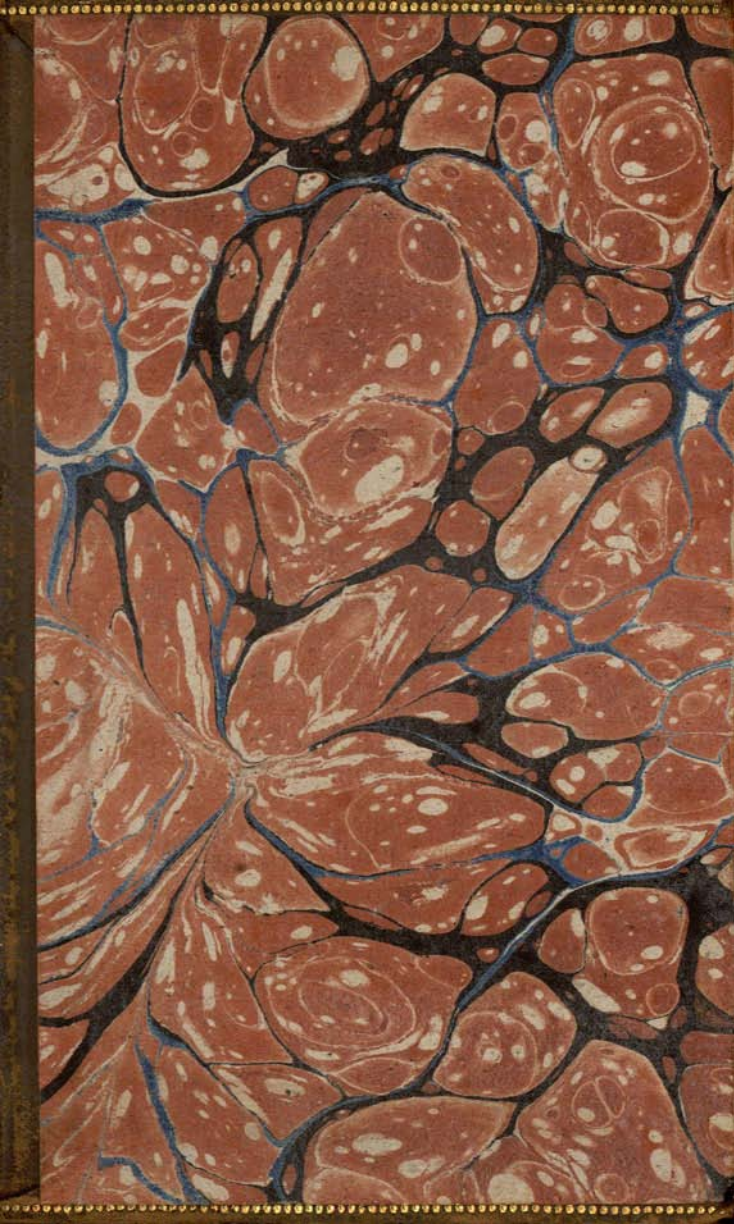
TRAVELS  
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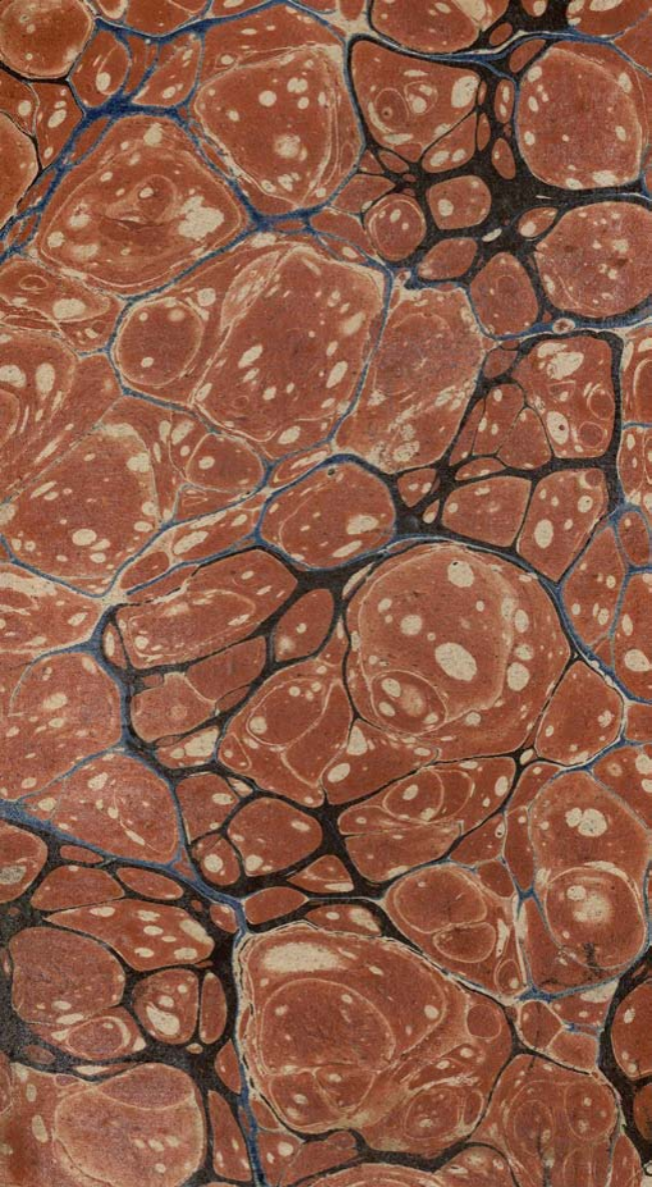


VOL.  
II









Will. Knott Dunn.

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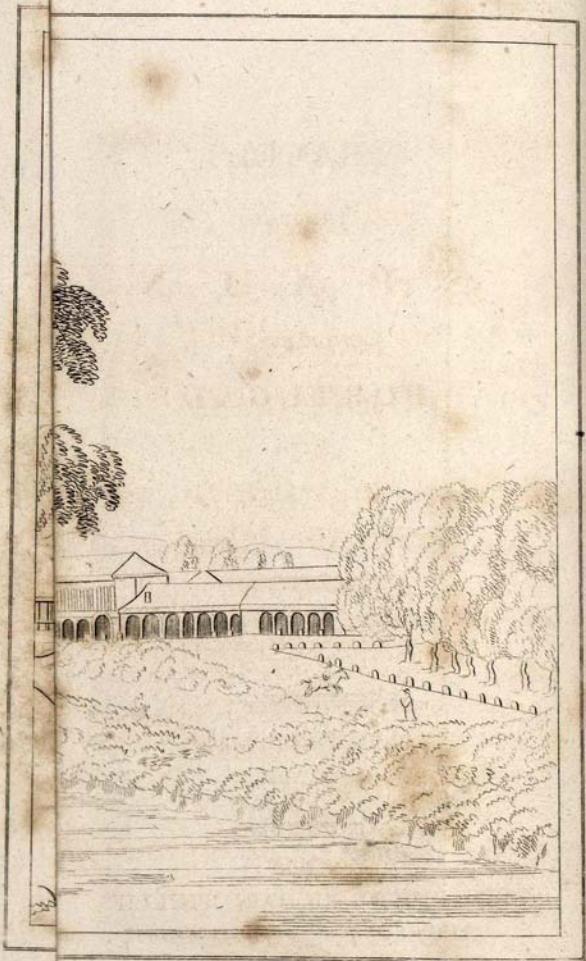






ROYAL PALACE OF ARANJUEZ.

Published July 2, 1808, by R<sup>d</sup> Phillips, Bridge Street, Blackfriars, London.



JUEZ.

*London.*

TRAVELS  
THROUGH  
S P A I N  
AND PART OF  
PORTUGAL,  
WITH  
COMMERCIAL, STATISTICAL, AND  
GEOGRAPHICAL DETAILS.

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“Half a word fixed upon or near the spot, is worth a cart-load of recollection.”—GRAY’S LETTERS.

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IN TWO VOLUMES:  
VOL. II.

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LONDON:  
PRINTED FOR RICHARD PHILLIPS,  
BRIDGE-STREET, BLACKFRIARS.

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1808.

T. Gillet, Crown-court.

TRAVELS

E. P. L. N.

PORTUGAL

GENERAL STATISTICS AND

OF LINGUISTIC STATES



T. 101. 11.

PRINTED FOR RICHARD PHIPPS,

PRINTING OFFICE, CHANCERY-LANE,

1808.

T. GALE, Crown-court.

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ROYAL ARMORY.  
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meter at two o'clock was at 92 in  
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June 18th. We were disappointed.

**TRAVELS**  
**THROUGH**  
**SPAIN, &c.**

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**CHAP. VI.**

Madrid.—Heat.—Royal Armory.—Plaza Mayor.—Cabinet of Natural History,—The Younger Foster.—Theatre.—Prince of Peace.—Buen-Retiro.—The Prado and striking spectacles there.—New Palace.—Bull-fight.—Comedy of Lope de Vega.—General view of the Metropolis.

June 17th. **THE** hot weather has come in this year with the solana or African wind, which has blown for the last day or two. The thermo-



meter at two o'clock was at  $92^{\circ}$  in our rooms and in the shade out of doors at  $87^{\circ}$ . In the evening we endeavoured to walk on the Prado, but though the sun was set, the air which breathed in our faces was so impregnated with heat, as to cause an oppression and relaxation that repressed almost every feeling of curiosity.

June 18th. We were disappointed to-day in not being able to see the New Palace; as for the purpose of keeping it perfectly cool for the royal family, who will soon arrive, the shutters are only open from five till seven in the morning: but we were more fortunate at the Real Armeria, which is contained in an old building near it. This greatly gratified us; and began to reconcile us to Madrid. The room, which is spacious, is hung

round with armour and arms, and a row of horsemen, cased in steel, line the middle. We found ourselves at once among the worthies of Spain. Charles V, Philip II, Ferdinand and Isabella, Gonzalvo of Cordova, King Chico of Grenada, Hernando Cortes, and a long succession, which will be better specified in the following DESCRIPTIVE LIST :

The carriage of the mother of Charles V., the first made in Spain :—it is of a square shape, carved over, and has open windows all round. The chair of Charles V :—The bed and travelling cart of Charles V ; a machine something between a cradle and a tilted cart. The armour of Ferdinand the Catholic, worn at the conquest of Grenada ; it is ornamented with alternate stripes of bright steel and flowered gilding. Three

suits of armour of Queen Isabella, like men's armour, of bright steel, with a little gilding. Steel armour with gilt nails, of John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster and king of Castile; the mark of a ball is indented in the breast-plate. A rich suit of unpolished armour, embossed with figures and ornaments, made at Pamploña, and given by Sebastian of Portugal to Philip II.—The armour of Charles V. in which he retired to St. Just. The virgin is engraved on the breast-plate; the helmet has the representation of hair, beard, mouth, and ears. It is perforated for the eyes; and the hair and the beard are gilt.—Large Moorish targets of leather, with inscriptions.—The armour of the great captain, Gonzalvo of Cordova, which is like, but richer than, that of Ferdinand the catholic. It

is embossed all over, and has alternate stripes of gilt and bright steel.—Turkish presents, guns, pistols, &c. from Constantinople; some of the barrels were made at Barcelona, the mounting is very curious.—Swords of Charles V., of Gonzalvo, and of Francis I. The latter was worn at the battle of Pavia, when Francis was taken prisoner; a small dagger is attached to the sheath; it has a cross handle, with the inscription, “in brachio suo.”—A Moorish collar, for torturing Christians, taken by Montemar.—Maces for wrenching off armour,—Lances. Arrows curiously barbed.—A breast-plate, with an embossed representation of the battle of St. Quintin; made for Philip II. at Pamplona: it is well executed.—A shield sent by the Pope to Don John of Austria; it bears a

crucifix; the field on each side of which has the impression of a bullet.—Several coats of mail of bright steel, for females of the court of Philip II. each with a short steel petticoat.—A rich suit of armour, worn by Philip III. made at Pamplona.—A long gun, with the earliest kind of lock, and the handle inlaid with ivory, belonging to Philip II.—Armour of Hernando Cortes, of plain steel.—Armour of king Chico\* of Grenada,

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\* “The nineteenth king of Grenada was Muley Hasen; others call him Albo Hasen. He had a son named Boaudillin. Many of the nobles being at variance with the father, elected the son for their prince, calling him Chiquito the boy king. Thus Grenada saw itself under the dominion of two kings.” Guer. Civil, chap. ii. After his father’s death, Boaudillin, or, as he is commonly called, El Rey Chico,

of bright steel; it has more joints than any of the others. The helmet is very large, and curiously fashioned: it is perforated by two small holes for seeing, and above them is a long slip for breathing: on the side a sort of door can be opened for the purpose of speaking; a small shield is attached to the left breast, and a piece of steel projects to rest a spear upon on the right. Another suit of Moorish armour, the helmet like that of Chico.

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defended the city against king Ferdinand, to whom, in the end, he was obliged to surrender it. El Rey Chico has been generally translated the Little King; but the armour above-mentioned does not favour that interpretation. The meaning seems to be, the younger king, or the boy king, which accords with the Spanish custom of calling the king's sons infants, even after they have obtained the age of manhood.

—The ring armour of Charles I. of Naples —Japanese war dresses, with frightful masks.

#### HORSE FIGURES.

Alfonso IX. father of St. Ferdinand.—Philip II. as he appeared at the battle of St. Quintin : his sword ; the gift of the city of Saragossa.—Charles V. as he entered Tunis : he carries in his hand a bright steel halbert.—All these figures are in bright steel armour, with high plumes on their heads ; the horses richly caparisoned, and more or less armed.—Charles V. as he was crowned emperor of the Romans ; on which occasion he assumed the Roman habit and wreath of laurel. His robe is red, edged with ermine.

At the end of the room, in a glass case, with a curtain before him, like

our waxen kings in Westminster Abbey, sits Ferdinand the catholic. His shield is hung behind him; the crown on his head; the sceptre and ball in his hands. A board is suspended to assure the faithful that if they will say a pater-noster, and an ave Maria, and pray earnestly for the extirpation of heretics before this reverend image, they shall receive many hundred days of indulgence; for which purpose many of prelates have subscribed their sums of time. I was sorry to find Lorenzana's name in the list. A velvet cushion is prepared for those who are moved by this holy invitation. The walls of the room are hung all round with armour; and the ceiling with tilting lances, Moorish banners, &c. Some very curious specimens of ancient cannon are to be found in this collec-



tion; which, although it is not so large as that at the Tower, must certainly be allowed to be as interesting as any in Europe.

The Plaza Mayor of Madrid, presents a very curious spectacle. It is a square of old brick houses, with arcades (or, as we call them, piazzas) below; the houses are full of windows, and each window has a balcony, and a curtain or mat hung out to shade the rooms. The sides of this square are not broken by streets; and, standing in the middle, we seem to look in vain for an egress, which is by a low arch on one side: opposite this is the town-house; an ancient building, but without dignity or effect. They are at present engaged in preparing scaffoldings and seats for the bull-fights which are to be exhibited here next month,

in honour of the marriage of the Prince of Asturias.

In the evening we visited the Gabinete de Historia Natural; which occupies a suite of ten rooms, in a large stone building, in the Calle de Alcala, in which there is also an academy of arts\*. It is a collection of great interest, as it contains from Spanish America and the Manillas, curiosities which cannot be possessed by any other museum in Europe; but it is not so complete as these immense sources of treasure would lead us to expect, nor is the disposition of the specimens they have procured so perfect as it ought to be.

The principle foundation of this

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\* The inscription over the gate is very neat:  
CAROLVS III. Rex, Naturam et Artem sub uno  
tecto in publicam utilitatem consociavit, anno  
MDCCLXXV.

museum was the valuable collection of minerals, bought by the king from the famous Foster, who for many years had the direction of it. A large sardonyx, of a rich purple and brown colour, with lucid yellow veins, is shewn, before which this enthusiastic collector used frequently to fall on his knees; but the minerals from America are the principal objects of attention: and the splendour of some specimens is beyond description. Among the other rarities are, immense snakes from Oronooko;—extraordinary fish;—curious birds;—virgin silver and gold;—specimens of the pottery of the ancient Peruvians, highly curious; some representations of idols; rude, but very much in the Egyptian manner, particularly several vessels, on the exterior parts of which are the images of deities,

exactly like the Canopus pots of Egypt.—Models of pagodas; Chinese boats, &c. extremely beautiful; —a Japanese drum, the most sonorous I ever heard.—Peruvian cloth.—Pictures of the intermarriages of the Spaniards and Indians, with the offspring, to mark the gradations of colour.—Moorish ornaments, gold rings, necklaces, &c. dug up at Grenada.—Chinese and Japanese dresses and models. The valuable bequest of Louis XIV. to Philip V. is preserved in this museum, which consists of a number of precious stones and antique cameos, rich and beautiful to the last degree, made up into vases and ornaments in the most tawdry and detestable French taste.

The spar of the Asturias is like that of Derbyshire: superb rubies, opals, and emeralds are to be found

in this collection; but the officer, while he shewed us the models of the Great Mogul and other famous diamonds in crystal, complained that the king was far from liberal in this particular, and that he had only given two small specimens to the museum.

The most remarkable and interesting object in this cabinet, is the skeleton of the non-descript animal which was discovered some years ago, buried about forty feet in a mountain near Buenos Ayres. The length from its rump to its nose is about thirteen feet, its height a little more than six. The breadth and size of its body are very astonishing; and the collar and blade-bone are not unlike those of the human species. The legs are uncommonly stout, particularly those behind, which are of such prodigious and wonderful

strength, that they must have been designed to support upon occasion the whole body of the animal reared up; an idea which is rendered more probable from the length of the claw and the solid piece of bone which projects behind, forming a basis to the leg.

Whether it was a carnivorous animal or not, is still, and will probably always remain, in great doubt. The enormous claws are in favour of such a conclusion, but the evidence of the mouth is against it, which is merely furnished with common grinders, without fangs, or any traces of them, though that part of the skeleton is entirely perfect: it is not wide. The neck is long enough to touch the ground. A skeleton of an elephant is placed in the adjoining room for the sake of comparison;

there is little similarity between them; this being, it is evident, of the cat kind, and appears to have been a sort of gigantic tyger. The breadth of the animal, and the solidity of its bones, are wonderfully striking. This museum may be considered at present in its infancy, and it is about to receive a vast addition, and undergo a complete renovation, from the hands of the younger Foster (the son of the celebrated collector), who has been travelling, by order of the king, for the last eleven years in South America, where he has collected a vast number of new and rare specimens, which are all arrived, and deposited for the present in the palace of Buen-Retiro. Foster himself is on his return to take the direction of the institution, which is to be removed, as soon as he comes, to

a new building, which has been erected for the purpose, near the botanic garden, a large structure; which affords a new instance of the wretched taste in architecture prevalent at Madrid. The museum, after receiving Foster's additional specimens, and directed by his intelligence, will become a primary object of attention among the mineralogists of Europe. At eight o'clock we attended El Teatro de los Canos de Peral, the first of the two theatres of Madrid: externally it presents a shew of poverty perfectly surprising; its brick front, with three little doors, and a few broken windows, seems that of an house given up to decay. The interior is ornamented in an ugly and grotesque manner; the predominant colour is dirty brown, on which lozenges are painted at in-



tervals, containing heads, not after the antique, but in the style of the fashionable dresses for the year in an English pocket-book : it is four stories high, containing seventy-three boxes, which are piled one over the other without columns or architecture. A gallery with one row of seats, projects before the lower boxes ; the *salle* is lighted by five small chandeliers : the stage is about the size, and the house nearly the same width, with Colman's theatre in the Haymarket ; but of a different shape, and much longer. The audience were very scanty ; but we found the band, the performers, and the decorations very respectable. The entertainment consisted of *La Viage in Grecia*, translated from the little French opera of *Palma*. The chief singer is an Italian, but the operas

are all performed in Spanish, by the king's order : after this followed a minuet fandango, and afterwards the fandango performed with castanets by a male and female dancer ; it is a mixture of dignity and passion which well accords with the Spanish character, and though its approaches to indecency must be allowed, it has considerable grace, and in spirit and effect it cannot be surpassed. The boxes of the grandees are ornamented with curtains of various colours ; the royal family never visit any other theatre but that of the bull-fights. The Prince of Peace was in his box to-night ; towards the close of the performance he was so heated, that a bason of water was brought him, in which he washed his hands. His figure is dignified, not unlike the

Prince of Wales, but his countenance is remarkably dull and heavy.

June 19th. The palace of the Buen-Retiro is a low straggling building of plaister, with four towers and spires, surrounding a large court: it has rather the air of a barrack for soldiers than a royal residence. The suites of rooms are numerous, but neither handsome in their furniture or proportions; the walls, for the most part, are covered with indifferent pictures. Luca Giordano has done a great deal in this palace in his easy but expressive style. The anti-chamber, and the principal apartment called El Cason, are painted by him, the former representing the conquest of Grenada, the latter allegorical emblems of the grandeur of the Spanish monarchy. There are

also several pictures of Rubens, some extravagant, some few hunting-pieces well done: a painting or two by Peter Boert, highly pleasing; a fool, by Velasquez, admirable! The rest of the collection, which is immense, consists of stiff, ancient, and insipid modern, works; among the former, the portraits of Ferdinand and his queen are to be remarked on account of the likeness. One of the halls contains a number of wooden models of Cadiz, Figueras, Gibraltar, Vera Cruz, &c. which are not generally shewn to foreigners; here too is the famous attack on Gibraltar in model.

The theatre is of a considerable size, and the stage well placed; but the chief ornaments, which are balustrades of brown wood, with glass between them, are in a wretched taste. Italian operas were perform-

ed here at a vast expense, in the last reign; but since the fête given on the marriage of the present king, it has never been used.

The Bueno-Retiro, which, though of different materials, resembles, in many respects, the old part of Fontainebleau, certainly ranks below every other royal palace we have seen on the continent. In a small garden adjoining is an equestrian bronze statue\*

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\* On the girth of the horse is inscribed—  
“ Petrus Tacca f. Florentiæ, anno salutis  
MDCXXX.” Tacca was a pupil of the celebrated John of Bologna; he was in great repute, and enjoyed many favours from the grand Dukes Ferdinando II. and Cosmo II. I saw his tomb at Florence, in the chapel of his master, in the church of the Anunciata. The whole statue, which weighs 18,000 pounds, rests upon the hind legs and the tail: the mode by which this has been accomplished is, by making these perfectly solid, and the other parts hollow.

of Philip IV. The poisoning of the mass is ingenious, as the horse is represented in the act of curveting; and the whole has considerable merit, though not without stiffness. The gardens of the Buen-Retiro are open to the public; they consist of alleys of low trees, maintained with infinite care and waterings; but notwithstanding every possible attention, they are not, nor do they promise to be, luxuriant; they are, however, a delightful resort for the citizens of Madrid. In the neighbourhood of these the royal porcelain manufactory is carried on in a large white

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The statue of Peter the Great, executed by Falconet, at Petersburg, is in a similar attitude, and is constructed in the same manner. The inventories of the Retiro rate Tacca's work at 40,000 doubloons, which is a much larger sum than it cost originally.



building; and near it is the national observatory.

The Prado was crowded this evening with company on foot and in carriages, the latter passing slowly in succession on one side of the broad walk. I have never seen so many together since I left England. They are of all tastes and fashions: the old Spanish, the open, and the Parisian; some with landscapes painted on the pannels, others awkwardly encumbered with gilt ornaments; all drawn by mules, the postillions dressed in long coats and cocked hats. The dust they create, in spite of previous watering, almost chokes the walking company. The view of this wide Prado, filled with people and carriages, and surrounded by trees and fountains, must certainly be

ranked among the fine spectacles of Europe.

The Prado is admirable in all its parts, being a broad walk, adorned with handsome fountains, and divided into avenues by rows of trees; it bounds the whole of one side of the town, being terminated at each end by one of the gates of the city. The streets leading down to it are the broadest and finest in Madrid, and on the opposite side, are the gardens, pleasure-grounds, and palace of the Retiro, worthy of the residence of a prince, although at present only used by the king as a shooting ground during his stay at Madrid. The fountains of the Prado are in general formed after antique models, and the water of one of them is the purest in the whole city, and the only kind of which the present king drinks, water



being his sole beverage. One very broad walk adorned with these fountains, is thronged every fine evening with the best company, and on Sundays, the king, queen, and royal family, ride up and down the carriage road, and salute the people constantly as they pass. It is on the Prado that the stranger may study with advantage the dress, the air, and the gait of the Spaniards; for then all pass in review before him, from the prince to the beggar. The nobleman alights from his carriage, and saunters among the throng, seemingly careless about his fine dress, and the ornaments at his button-hole, although nobody glances at them so often as himself; the citizen dresses in the mode general throughout Europe thirty years ago; whilst the lower classes that venture

on the Prado, still wear their clothes thrown over the shoulder, and thus preserve the last reliques of the ancient toga. All the men wear large cocked hats, and all smoke çigars; for this latter purpose boys run up and down the Prado with a kind of slow torch, which burns without flaming, and serves to light the çigars. In opposition to them, water carriers, with their porous earthen vases and goblets, vend the cool water of the neighbouring fountains; and the various cries of fire, fire, and fresh water, water, are heard above the buzz of the mingled crowd. But the women principally attract the eyes of the stranger. Their simple and elegant dress, their veils, which serve any purpose but that of concealing their faces, the freedom of their walk, and their looks attractive,

but not immodest, tend to make an Englishman forget for a moment that they are greatly inferior in point of real beauty, to the women of his own country.

There is one custom which pleased me much, and which no where produces so striking an effect as on the Prado. Exactly at sunset the bells of the churches and convents give the signal for repeating the evening prayer to the Virgin. In an instant the busy multitude is hushed and arrested, as if by magic. The carriages stop, the women veil their faces with their fans; the men take off their hats, and all breathe out, or are supposed to breathe, a short prayer to the protecting power which has brought them to the close of another day. After a short, a solemn, and not unpleasant, pause, the men

bow and put on their hats, the women uncover their faces, the carriages drive on, and the whole crowd is again in motion as before. This is one of the few Catholic customs which appears to partake of piety without superstition, and divested of altars, candlesticks, tapers, and images. I felt no reluctance to uncover my head among the crowd under so noble a canopy as the vault of heaven, where some of the stars already begin to appear. Those around me mutter a petition or a thanksgiving to their favourite saint, or to the mother of God; but I have only a heretic though heartfelt prayer to offer for those far distant from me, a parent, a brother, a sister, or a friend.

June 20th. We were obliged to rise at a quarter past five this morn-

ing to see the New Palace, according to the regulations I have lately mentioned. The exterior is one of those tasteless compositions of windows and pilasters of which the last century was so fertile, and which can only strike from their size, or dazzle by the multitude of their parts: columns and simplicity, the grand characteristics of ancient architecture, have, according to the practice of modern taste, been totally disregarded; nor has the architect by this deviation attained that richness which sometimes imposes on the mind in the absence of classical proportions. This new structure, however, has neatness, uniformity, and extent, to recommend it, and is in a commanding situation: in fact, it looks like a palace, and has in consequence an

host of admirers\*. The building is square, and surrounds a court-yard,

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\* Madrid in ancient times, before it became the seat of government, contained an Alcazar or Royal Palace; the first foundation, attributed to Alonzo VI. was destroyed by an earthquake. A second was erected by Henry II. which was enlarged and embellished by a series of monarchs, particularly Charles V. when he brought his court to Madrid. This curious edifice was reduced to ashes in 1734. It was proposed to rebuild it on a plan which should rival the first palaces in Europe. For this purpose, the Abate Felipe Invarra, a Sicilian, who had been employed by the king of Sardinia at Turin, was engaged to form a model. He was a disciple of Fontana, but he seems to have surpassed his master, since he proposed a number of insulated columns; though it must be confessed that he preferred the composite order. The principal front of his plan extended to 1700 feet; and the chief court was to be 700 by 400. The king, however, (Philip V.) insisted that the new palace should exactly occupy the site

into which there are two approaches ; from one of them rises the grand staircase, which is wide and lofty ; a very noble work, and only second to that at Caserta\*, which is without doubt the finest in Europe. The suite

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of the former ; and death prevented Invarra's forming a second design. The business now devolved upon his pupil, Giovanni Baptista Sangueti of Turin, who produced the present fabric ; in which, it is said, he kept his master's style in view : but the praise of the stair-case is due to Francisco Sabatini. The palace is built of the white stone of Colmenar ; with a basement of granite ; the whole arched over, to prevent its being again destroyed by fire. The four fronts are each 470 feet ; and the height of the cornice is 100. The court is about 140 feet square.

\* Caserta, the principal palace of the king of Naples, is the production of Vanvetelli, an architect of great merit, and the last Italian name in that line which can be mentioned.

of rooms is very numerous, all handsomely furnished; but the reflection is striking, that after an extensive tour in France and Italy, this is the first royal palace we have found *furnished*. Versailles, Fontainebleau, the Palazzo Pitti at Florence, the Vatican, Monte Cavallo, Caserta, and Naples, are all plundered and desolate.

The state-apartments are large, well proportioned, and handsomely decorated: but it contains no vast gallery, and no instance of superior magnificence. The Sala de los Embaxadores, is the finest room of the whole, but it is not particularly striking; indeed the grandeur of this palace entirely consists in the continued suite of handsome and well-furnished apartments. Its principal and most valuable ornaments are its



pictures; of which it contains a noble collection. The glasses of St. Ildefonso, and porcelain wares of the Madrid manufactory, decorate some of the rooms. Paris clocks, and others made at Madrid, are placed for ornament on some of the chimney-pieces; we did not however fail to observe above a dozen sturdy kitchen-clocks from London, received for use into different apartments. Among the pictures are some excellent Titians; two old men, by Velasquez; Christ betrayed, by, Rubens; Silk-spinners and peasants at the vintage, by Velasquez; Charles V. in his old age, in armour, on horseback, by Titian; Mercury and Argus, by Titian; Philip II. by Velasquez, a most admirable and characteristic portrait; two pictures from Saints' histories, by Mur-

illo, well painted, but without dignity; Sketches, by Rubens. Mengs has done a great deal in this palace pictures, pannels, and ceilings. The Descent from the Cross, is the finest work I have seen of this artist; the Virgin in Tears, and the Dead Christ, could not be better: yet among his paintings here, we have instances of insipidity and stiffness; and his general fault of finishing too highly is almost always discernible. This palace has no gardens, and the view from its windows stretches far over the barren plains of Castile; the few trees which fill the hollow where the scanty Manzanares flows, are the only verdure in the prospect. No wonder that the green retreat of Aranjuez is the daily topic of wonder and admiration.

The Spanish bull-fights are cer-

tainly the most extraordinary exhibition in Europe; we were present at one of them this morning. The amphitheatre is just without the Puerta di Alcala; a very mean building for the metropolitan seat of the national amusement. The places were nearly all filled at half past nine, and at ten the corregidor came into his box; upon which the trumpets sounded, and the people rose and shouted; not I believe from affection towards Senor Don Juan di Morales Guzman y Tovar, but from delight that the shew was to begin immediately: after this the mayor of the alguazils, and two of that body, in black dresses, long wigs, Spanish hats and feathers, with a guard of cavalry paraded the arena. Four men in black gowns then came forward, and read a proclamation, en-

joining all persons to remain in their seats: upon their going out, the six bulls which were to be fought this morning were driven across, led on by a cow, with a bell round her neck. The two piccadores now appeared, dressed in leathern gaiters, much padded about the legs, thick leathern breeches, silk jackets covered with spangles and lace, and caps, with nets and tails behind, surmounted by broad-brimmed white hats; each rode a miserable hack, and carried in his hand a long pole, with a goad at the end. As soon as they were prepared, a door was opened and the first bull rushed in. We were soon undeceived as to the prevalent notion, that, from dexterity and other safeguards, the Spanish bull-fight is no longer a service of much danger: in the course of the contest I felt first alarmed for the

men; then for the horses, having witnessed the adroitness of the one, and the sufferings of the other : soon the accidents of the men withdrew my pity from the beasts, and latterly, by a natural and dreadful operation of the mind, I began to look without horror on the calamities of both. The manner of the fight is thus :— the bull rushes in, and makes an attack severally upon the piccadores, who repulse him, he being always upon these occasions, wounded in the neck ; after a few rencounters he becomes somewhat shy, but at the same time, when he does rush on, he is doubly dangerous. He does not as before turn aside when he feels the goad, but endeavours to conquer it ; he follows up the attack, and frequently succeeds in overthrowing both horse and rider. When this happens,

and I felt first alarmed for the

the attendants run up to carry off the latter, and, if possible to draw away the bull (by means of red cloaks) from the horse, which generally receives fatal wounds before he can rise up again. As long as the horse has strength to bear the picador, he is obliged to ride him. This morning one of these wretched animals was forced to charge with his guts hanging in festoons between his legs! His belly was again ripped open by the bull, and he fell for dead; but the attendants obliged him to rise and crawl out! This seems the cruellest part of the business: for the men almost always escape, but the blood and sufferings of thirteen horses were exhibited in the short space of two hours: four men were hurt; one, who was entirely overturned with his horse upon him,

was carried out like a corpse : but the spectators, totally disregarding this melancholy sight, shouted for his companion to renew the attack : another was overset against the partition-boards ; a third had his horse and himself so completely tossed over, we thought he must inevitably be killed, but he saved himself by crossing his hands behind his head. The horses are all blinded, and their tameness under their agonies is astonishing. A rider never throws himself off till the horse is past recovery ; he then falls on the opposite side from the bull, so that the horse acts as a sort of fortification to him. The bull, after his first rage and subsequent fury during many rounds, begins to feel weakness, and declines any further attacks on the horsemen ; he even retreats before them : upon this

a loud shout re-echoes through the theatre, and some of the attendants advance and stick his gored neck full of arrows, which cause him to writhe about in great torment: one this morning nearly overleaped the barriers. When the efforts he makes under these sufferings have considerably spent his strength, the corregidor makes a motion with his hand, and the trumpets sound as a signal to the matador to dispatch him. This is a service of great skill and bravery; for though the bull may have no inclination to attack the horsemen who have goaded and wounded him, his madness prompts him to destroy every one else. The matador advances with a red cloak in one hand and a sword in the other; he enrages the bull with the cloak, which in case of a failure assists his escape;



at length getting opposite, the bull he rushes forward and the sword pierces his spinal marrow, or what is more common, is buried to the hilt in his neck, upon which he turns aside, at first moaning, but a torrent of blood gushes from his mouth, he staggers round the arena, and falls; the trumpets sound, three mules ornamented with ribbands and flags appear to drag the wretched victim out by the horns, and the horsemen prepare for the attack of a fresh animal.

In the evening the shew began at half past four, and ten bulls were brought forward; but the sport was not reckoned so good as in the morning; only two Andalusian bulls appeared, the rest were Catalans, who, being accustomed to feed in the same pastures as horses, do not like to at-

tack them. Many of these, after entering, stared at the piccadores and kept aloof: to tame them, (as they had not been brought down by bleeding or exercise) before the matador approached, a new expedient was resorted to, most infamously cruel, namely, the covering the darts with sulphur and fire-works; the torments of these were so dreadful, that the animals, whose strength was fresh, raged about terribly, and the assistants were forced to use great agility to get from them. There were several hair-breadth escapes; one of the animals in pursuit of a man leaped the barrier of the arena, which is about eight feet high. Their strength by such efforts being gradually exhausted, they at last yielded to the dagger of the matador. The two

Andalusian bulls made up for the others: in the first round a horse was killed, and the piccador was thrown forwards and disabled. But the second Andalusian was still more furious, and made more tremendous attacks. In one of these he pinned the man and horse against the barriers, got his horns under the horse, and lacerated him dreadfully; in a moment afterwards he lifted him up, and threw the man with such force through one of the apertures (made for the escape of the attendants when pursued by the bull) as to kill him on the spot. He was borne past the box in which we were, with his teeth set, and his side covered with blood; the horse staggered out, spouting a stream of gore from his chest. The remaining piccador re-

newed the charge, and another came in with shouts to take the dead man's place. One of these had his horse's skin dreadfully ripped off his side, and when he breathed, the entrails swelled out of the hole, to prevent which the rider got off and stuffed in his pocket-handkerchief. It was too plain to escape observation, that the men fought shy after the horrible accident of this evening.

They have tin casings to their legs under the padding of their gaiters, the saddles rise before and behind in the ancient manner, and the stirrup is a sort of iron box for the foot. The amphitheatre was better attended in the morning than after dinner.

We were attracted this evening to the theatre de los Canos by the revival of *La Buscona* (the Female Sharper), a comedy of Lope de Ve-

ga, altered and modernized. We found a very numerous audience assembled, who were throughout remarkably attentive. The play was well got up in all the respects of performers, dresses, and scenery; it contained no buffoonery, and there was less laughter than I expected: but when a burst took place it was loud and general. The plot of the piece was a good deal after the English fashion, though with fewer incidents.

The chief characters were a lover with a comic servant, and a woman (La Buscona) who makes love, and disappoints another of her sex.— There were five acts, and each act had its unity of scene: it lasted about two hours and a half, and was followed by a *tonadilla* (a duet) and *saynete*, which is a bad imitation of French dancing. The respectability

of the performance of this evening, and the numbers and attention of the audience, shew that the drama has its admirers even at Madrid; yet the state of this amusement in the metropolis is very disgraceful to the national taste, which seems to look for no other gratification than what is afforded by bull-fights and religious mummeries.

June 21st. We walked this morning about a quarter of a mile from Madrid to the Puenti de Segovia, and from an eminence beyond it surveyed what is esteemed the finest view of the city. Madrid can only claim magnificence in two quarters, namely, the Prado and the Calle di Alcala, the breadth of this street, and its advantageous situation on the slant of a hill, give it a very striking appearance. The town in general is com-

posed of brick houses, which are often plaistered over. They are seldom higher than those in London, and do not seem to be built with any great solidity. Many of the public edifices are of plain stone, but where architecture is attempted, it is always of the worst kind. The shops are mean, but not ill supplied with the articles they sell. The grandees of Spain live in hotels in every respect inferior to those of the upper ranks in France and Italy; and indeed, are often smaller than the common houses of our nobility in London.

The large palace of the duke of Alva must of course be excepted, which is four stories high, has twenty-seven windows in front, and seventeen on the side; and is, after the king's palace, the largest building in Madrid; it stands near the Prado,

distinct, and walled round: the marks of fire and destruction are on it. It has been twice burnt by the mob; and the duchess now lives like her peers in the Calle di Alcala.

The duke of Medina Celi, who is the oldest title, and before the rise of the Prince of Peace, was the richest subject in Spain, has an immense house, without architecture, which not being more lofty than the common buildings in Madrid, has the appearance of a long street of houses. The palace of the duke of Grenada is more ancient: it is built of brick, two stories high, and though somewhat larger, is not unlike Winchester-house at Chelsea. Every window in the town hangs out linen and mat blinds, which form a principal feature in its prospects.

The two best general views of



Madrid, are from the terrace near the Buen-Retiro, and from the high ground near the bridge of Segovia. In the former you have the foreground of the Prado, and in the latter the trees about the river and the new palace.

The great peculiarity of this metropolis, is its numberless little spires; at a distance they are insignificant, but on a nearer prospect they have a striking and very picturesque effect. We counted in the view from the bridge of Segovia, above seventy of them. Looking at the city on this side, notwithstanding the adequate splendour of the palace, which makes up about one fourth of the line of building in the prospect, we can hardly believe it to be the residence of the court, and the seat of government of so vast an empire. But the dulness

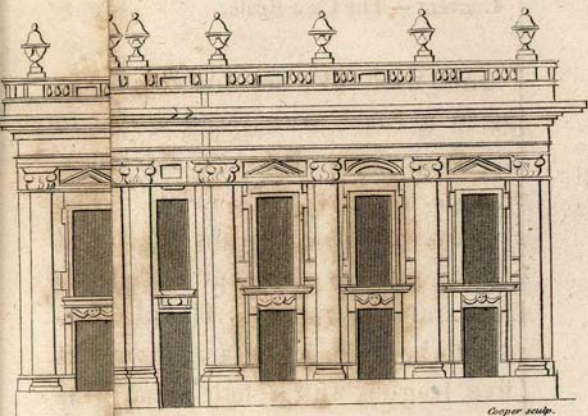
and want of magnificence of Madrid, arises more from private, than from political causes; and is rather to be attributed to the apathy and unenterprising genius of the Spanish nobles, than to the absence of trade, or the poverty of individuals.

## CHAP. VII.

St. Ildefonso.—Old Castile.—Segovia.—Cathedral.—Alcazar.—Aqueduct.—Guadarama Mountains.—Park of the Escorial.—The Convent.—The Casa Reale.

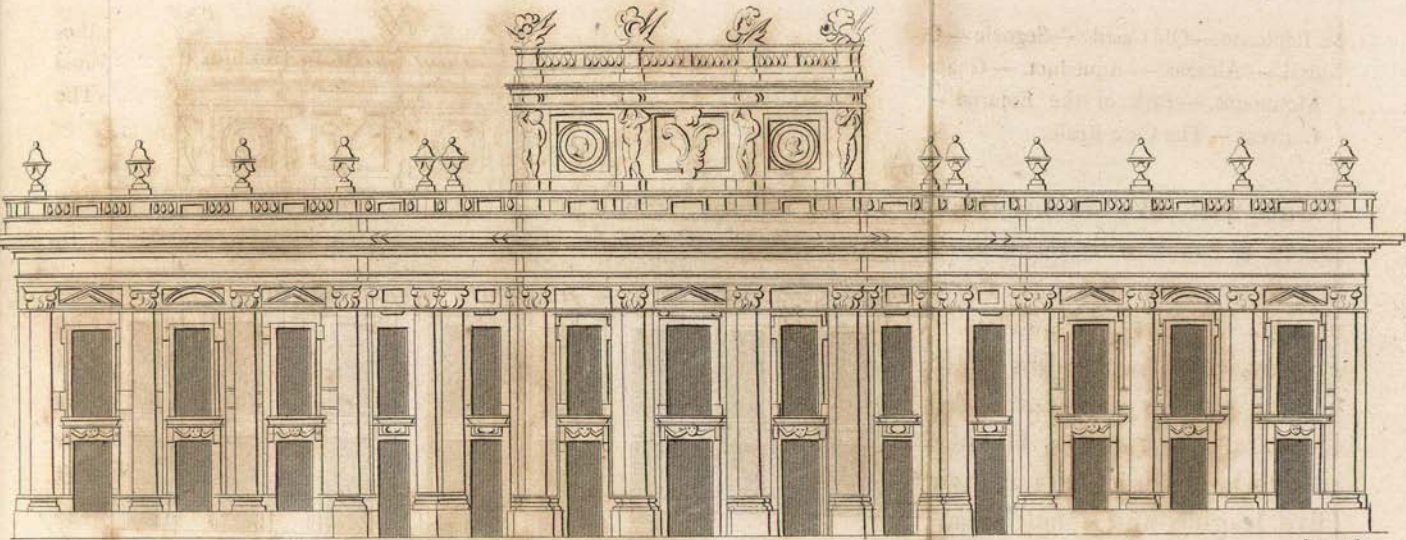
June 21st. WE set out this evening in a coach with seven mules, to gratify our curiosity at St. Ildefonso, Segovia, and the Escorial. The evening was pleasant, but the night became cold as we approached the Guadarama mountains. Having rested two hours in a venta at their feet (five leagues and a half from Madrid), at four o'clock we began to ascend by an excellent road: the hills are on this side bleak and barren, often shewing excrescences of rock,

PLATE VII



Cooper sculp.

O.



Copper sculp.

ROYAL PALACE OF S<sup>T</sup>. ILDEFONSO.

Published July, 2 1808, by R.<sup>d</sup> Phillips, Bridge Street, Blackfriars, London.



and in many places covered with large patches of snow. After passing the highest part which the road traverses, we descended into a vast chasm or valley, entirely clothed with a forest of pines; fine trees, and assuming more fantastic shapes than any I have seen before. The road continues to wind, among grand views of woods, hills, and snow, towards a lower rock, where the royal seat has been built: in our way to it, we passed several groves of sapling oaks made by the king; but the approach to St. Ildefonso is totally without grandeur or dignity. A narrow avenue leads at once to the antique façade of the palace; the effect of this is peculiar and striking, and well accords with the ideas the imagination forms of an old Spanish palace. In the centre is the church, with a dome and spires;

and on each side, long wings of brick stretch forward, low, but extensive. We breakfasted at a neat posada, (Fonda de los Cabaleros), and proceeded to inspect the apartments and gardens.

The palace contains no fine rooms or furniture, but has a numerous collection of pictures and statues. The queen's apartments are a suite of small rooms, which have lately been decorated with the best efforts of the paper manufactory of Madrid; in general, in ornamental compartments, and in some of them are imitations of drawing in Indian ink; the taste and execution of them advance as high as any thing of the sort I have seen any where. The rest of the apartments in the same story, have their white walls hung with pictures; principally family portraits, which



are stiff and ill done. Indeed the whole collection is very indifferent, though it contains some works of the great masters: among these is the portrait of our Charles I. by Vandyke, which has been greatly damaged. We remarked a highly finished French picture of Louis XIV. when duke de Berri, full of the expression of feeble mildness. There are also indifferent portraits of Louis XVI. Philip II. and V. and Charles III.

The principal rooms have London clocks, like those we observed in the new Palace of Madrid.

On a table in the bed-chamber of one of the *infantas*, we saw a representation of the nativity in wax, with two large altar candles on each side; and in the anti-room a confession-box is placed near the door. Below stairs,

(the palace is only two stories high) is a long suite of unornamented rooms, with white plaister walls, in which the celebrated collection of statues is arranged. Here I experienced a greater disappointment than in the pictures, having heard much more of them. The gallery would hardly support a comparison with any of the Roman palaces. It has, however, a few fine things. The groupe of Castor and Pollux, as it is called, is well known by the numerous casts dispersed throughout Europe; it is pleasing and graceful, though I think it has been too much praised. A Faun has considerable merit; we also admired a statue which is like, but inferior to that which bears the name of Cleopatra, at the Louvre. Danaë, the mutilated remains of the muses, with beautiful drapery, and Faith

veiled, are all worthy of praise. There is a good bust of Gordian ; and an altar, handsomely sculptured, which is supposed to have contained the ashes of Caligula. A bas-relief of a head, with the name Olympia under it, has a very mild pleasing expression. The rest, among which are several modern works, are below mediocrity. In the bust room is a collection of Egyptian deities in black basaltes ; and a statue of Abundance, who is represented in an advanced state of pregnancy.

The front of the palace next the garden has been modernized with larger windows, and four slices of Corinthian columns ; but no grandeur has been accomplished : indeed, it would have been nearly impossible to have produced much effect from this long brick building, only two



stories high. The gardens are said to have cost seven millions, from the barrenness of the spot, and the distance from which the new earth was brought. Some persons have compared them with those of Versailles, which, though detestable to the eye of taste, must certainly be allowed to be the perfection of stiff French gardening. Indeed they are not only the perfection, but, I believe, the sole effort of the kind, that has any claim to magnificence and grandeur of effect. There is no medium ! Without vastness of extent and ornament, which are accompanied by the ideas of great labour and extent, this style falls at once into a contemptible mixture of dulness and meanness. The gardens of St. Ildefonso have a number of fountains, and a stair-case for a cascade; but the only pleasing part

of it (for it has shady and pleasing walks), is where you get out of sight of these, and see, "while the dog-star rages," through the overhanging trees, the side of the mountain patched with snow. It was not very cool at twelve o'clock, the day being remarkably calm; but every gale that breathed partook of the snowy influence of the mountain. The fountains are situated in centres, whither the straight walks tend: they are all inferior in size to the largest at Versailles; but one of them, a figure of Fame, is said to raise water higher than any in Europe. But with regard to fountains, it is the column of water they raise, and not the height to which a slender stream can be squirted, that renders them stupendous or beautiful; and on this account, those of St. Peter's, and the

Fontana di Previ, at Rome, have been preferred before all the *jets d'eau* in the world. The gardens are not more than two miles in circumference. Many of the flowers were now in bloom; indeed, the King almost meets a new spring when he seeks refuge here in July; and notwithstanding the want of extent, brilliancy, and magnificence, he must consider this shady retreat in the mountains of Guadarama, as supplying him with more real pleasure than half the appendages of his crown. The glass manufactory of St. Ildefonso has produced much larger glasses than any other in Europe; but they are complained of as being of a dead and black colour.

The road to Segovia, the tower of whose cathedral we already discovered, is over a slanting plain, which

is excellent for sheep pasturage; having left the mountains behind, we entered on a flat and open country.

The face of Old Castile presents an arid appearance, very seldom variegated by groves of pines.

Segovia is a little city, with three prime curiosities: a perfect Roman aqueduct, a Moorish castle, and a large cathedral, besides a shew of antiquity in almost every street. As we entered, we observed a new amphitheatre for bull-fights, building principally, no doubt, for the court of St. Ildefonso; and a battery, a place of exercise for the cadets of artillery, whose school is established in the Alcazar. The suburb is almost as large as the city; we passed through it eagerly, had a glimpse of the aqueduct, entered the gates, and soon after landed at the best inn we have seen

in Spain: it is built round a large court, with galleries supported on ancient pillars. We lost no time in beginning with the antiquities: the cathedral came first, a building which would puzzle any connoisseur in Gothic architecture extr mely, being a piece of modern Gothic of the 16th century; it is large and lofty, with an high tower and little domes, retaining in its outline much of the Gothic character, but very plain and unlike any particuar style of that species of building, and perfectly dissimilar to the florid manner which obtained in England during the 15th century.

The Alcazar, situated on a small rock, next the river, at the end of the town, is the most picturesque object in the world. The great tower has been lately cleaned, which rather mo-



dernizes its appearance ; but the effect of the whole mass of turrets, chambers, and spires, as viewed from behind, beyond the foss, is as romantic as possible. The front of the castle is covered by rings worked in the plaister with which it is covered, an ornament of Moorish origin. We visited three chambers within, which are well worthy of notice for their splendour and peculiarity ; the roofs having been gilded by order of Ferdinand and Isabel<sup>2</sup>, who kept their court here at the time when the first gold arrived after the discovery of America : one of them we could not see perfectly, on account of a false ceiling which is suspended below it ; but it appeared to be very magnificent, though in a heavy taste. The second is perfectly beautiful ; the pattern is Moorish, and consists of

twisted and plaited bands, such as are seen in the illuminations of korans, and on the capitals of Moorish columns. Nothing can surpass the splendour and gracefulness of the effect. The third chamber has a rich roof, with flowers in compartments; beneath which, round the sides, are magnificent gilt niches, containing the figures of the Kings and Queens of Castile till the time of Ferdinand. The room is large and sumptuous, and the splendour and admirable preservation of the gilding remarkably striking. Here are some models of figueras and other fortifications; and two excellent likenesses of the present King and Queen. Beyond this room is a passage with a hanging gilt roof, in the Moorish style. We were shewn the room where the cadets dine, and the kitchen. At length the iron grate

and internal door of the great tower were unlocked, and we ascended, looking at every story into prisons rendered famous by the fictions of La Sage. The great tower is surrounded at the top by hanging turrets; from its leaden roof we reviewed the city by the splendid tints of sunset; it is an interesting spot, but the country around it is bleak and desolate; and without being in the melancholy humour of Gil Blas, I must perfectly subscribe to his opinion of the prospect. *L'Erema ne me parut qu'un ruisseau; l'ortie seule et le chardon paroient sur ses bords fleuris; et la pretendue vallée delicieuse n'offrit à ma vue que des terres, dont la plupart étoient incultes.*

June 23. We this morning surveyed the celebrated aqueduct of Segovia, which stretches across the

suburbs to the higher ground on which the city stands. It consists of two ranges of arches; the lower very lofty, and about twelve feet wide. When seen in profile, it is particularly striking; but Swinburne could not have reflected, when he preferred it to the Pont du Garde. Aqueducts, independent of their situation, attain magnificence from their extent, the grandeur of their arches, and the massiveness of their materials; in all these respects, this work is inferior to the famous remain of the south of France. The arches are narrower, and the granite, though of a grey colour, is divided into too many small parts to produce an equally striking effect. The upper stories of the houses of Segovia project over the lower, and are supported by ancient pillars, made in a barbarous taste,

with capitals carved into leaves, flowers, animals, &c. which might probably have been prevalent when Ferdinand kept his court here in the fifteenth century. Several of the churches of this city are built in a manner resembling our Saxon style. On leaving the town we traversed the wide sheep walks in the neighbourhood; across which, the towers of the cathedral, and the roofs of the Alcazar, were to be discerned for a long time. To the left we observed the cadets practising manœuvres according to the French system, with the flying artillery, which has lately been introduced. At length we arrived at the Venta di San Rafael, at the foot of the Guadarama mountains, where we obtained an indifferent dinner; and afterwards ascended among groves of sapling oaks and

pinces, though we observed that the greater part of these hills are bleak and without trees. Pillars are placed at certain distances, to shew the direction of the road when the ground is covered with snow in winter. We passed the summit, where a statue of a lion is erected, and descended into a pleasant valley full of verdure, and ornamented with trees, which afforded a striking contrast to the barren face of Old Castile. In this pleasant spot, surrounded with pastures, stands the poor and dirty village of Guadarama, which gives a name to the mountains. Passing this, where we bought some bread of an old woman, who told us "to live a thousand years," we entered the park or chase of the Escorial, a considerable tract, covered with cork, carob, and small oak and ash-trees. It cannot vie

either in the beauty, or the picturesque grouping of trees, with an English forest; but it has a fine wild look, especially where the mountains come into the prospect. We observed several herds of deer, and a large wolf was seen by the muleteers. As we approached the nook in which the convent stands, the trees and verdure gradually left us.

It was late when we arrived; our curiosity for the present, therefore, was rather excited than gratified, by the appearance of some dimly-seen towers, and a dome rising over the little town, where we found a very comfortable posada. The bell of the monastery roused us after dinner, and we made a moonlight expedition to see this famous structure. We reached it through a narrow and dirty street, and our eyes wandered

over a vast expanse of dull unornamented buildings; but we returned fully assured, that we should be better pleased in the morning.

June 24th. *The Escurial*.—Eight o'clock found us surveying the exterior of this celebrated edifice, which, after all the puffs of the Spaniards, and the boasts of travellers, must be confessed to be nothing more in appearance, as well as reality, than a vast dull convent; and if the four towers at the corners, and the dome, which is not more considerable than those to be seen in the smallest towns in Italy, were to be removed, it would have the look of a great barracks or manufactory.

The walls of grey granite are perforated with thousands of little windows; and no ornament is attempted except about the chief entrance,



where some clumsy half columns of the Doric order are plaistered against the building. A square form is the worst that can be chosen for a building of expence and grandeur; but the extent of this fabric is not only wasted and lessened to the eye, by the adoption of this shape, but a great part of its structure is entirely hid, from its having been modelled in the figure of a gridiron, to gratify the caprice or superstition of Philip II. The only place from whence an idea can be gained of its vast extent, is from the mill above it, where all the roofs are perfectly visible. It has been characterized with great justice, as a quarry above ground. The buildings here compacted together in a lump, would, if stretched into a line, or formed into a body with wings, have even now astonished, by

their extent, a traveller who had visited other countries. We must account for the excessive admiration of the Escorial, by considering the era in which it was constructed, when Versailles, St. Peter's, and many other vast fabrics of later times, were as yet unknown to Europe.

Passing the great gate we entered an oblong court, not very large, having the front of the church at the end of it, ornamented with some half columns of the same order as the entrance; with the further addition of some wretched statues of the kings of Israel. The church itself is a plain solid fabric, of considerable grandeur; the strength with which it is built, and indeed the whole of that edifice, which is composed of Guadarama granite, is amazing. The Doric pilasters within the church are

fluted; but the painted ceilings of Luca Giordano, &c. little accord with the solidity and plainness of the structure. All the cupboards of the treasure and relics were open to-day, it being the festival of St. John the Baptist. The choir, as is common in Spanish convents, is raised above the door. The grandest objects which present themselves upon entering the church, are, the high altar, and the monuments within its precincts; these have indeed a very striking effect: the altar-piece consists of the four orders of architecture, erected according to the taste of the time one over the other, richly carved, with paintings between them. On each side of the sanctuary in which this is placed, are the cenotaphs of Charles V. and Philip II. on which the kneeling figures of those monarchs and

their families are represented as large as life, dressed in gilt robes, with their faces devoutly turned to the altar. The friar appointed by the King for the purpose of attending strangers, carried us through the church, and the other parts of the convent; he at first took us to the upper cloister, where the finest part of the whole building is discovered: from its windows we looked into a court, called *El Patio de los Evangelistas*, which is perfectly regular, and has an air of considerable grandeur. The architecture is not unlike the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, but the effect of this is more striking, from its extending round the four sides of the court. The collection of paintings distributed in different parts of this convent, is sufficient of itself to reward a jour-

ney to Madrid. Raphael shines here in more than usual pre-eminence: after him Vandyke and Rubens have high claims on our admiration, as well as a number of other masters, whose names and works I will notice as shortly and distinctly as I am able.

The upper cloister contains many paintings by Luca Giordano; they are not, however, entitled to much praise: in ceilings this artist is sufficiently clear, brilliant, and pleasing; great force and expression are not particularly required; but in his easel pictures he necessarily aims at these, and falls unfortunately into an extravagance, which reminds me of some of the worst efforts of Spagnolletto, though without his strength of light and shade. The murder of Innocents is the best of Luca Giorda-

no's labours in this convent, and the ass in his picture of Balaam seems absolutely to speak. An Holy Family, by a Spanish artist called Mudo, from his being dumb, is painted with some vulgarity, but with great expression. Lot and his Daughter, by Guercino, Jacob and his Flock by Spagnoletto.

Two chambers contain a Virgin and Child, in a very free and admirable style, by Leonardo da Vinci. The same subject by Raphael. A Crucifixion, with considerable spirit, by Albert Durer. Saviour's Head, as highly finished as possible, by Leonardo da Vinci. Virgin and Child by the same.

The chamber of the prince of Asturias.—A portrait of Philip II. by Pantoja, which is unlike the celebrated picture of Valasquez, in the

palace at Madrid; but it probably is a more exact resemblance, as Pantoja was contemporary with this subject. There are in the same room good likenesses of the king and queen, and a picture of a Monk writing, by a Spanish artist.

The anti-room to the treasury—contains a large Allegory, by Titian, which has some fine parts; and a dead Christ, by the same master.

The cabinet or treasury is full of miniature wonders and curiosities. The miniature Nativity, attributed to Buonarotti, is clearly designed, but inexpressive. A small ivory head of Christ, ascribed to the same, is excellent! Miniature of the Virgin and dead Christ, on marble, by Annibal Caracci, a companion (a Monk and Vision) by the same. A rich Cross, ornamented with an immense

topaz. The body of one of the Innocents murdered by Herod, in a glass-case: this seems rather to have been a foetus than a child of two years' growth, as our guide asserted. Another remarkable relic is also preserved here, namely, one of the Vases presented to Christ by the three kings. We were shewn also a MS. parchment book on Baptism, and an autograph of St. Augustin.

A very solemn mass, accompanied by a fine organ, began as we were descending into the anti-sacristy and sacristy, where the monks were robing themselves to make a grand procession into the church. Here we remarked St. Peter and Paul, by Spagnoletto. A Madonna, by Andrea del Sarto. Christ disputing with the Doctors, by Rubens; and St. Jerome, by Vandyke. The altar-



piece of the sacristy is a representation of Charles II. of Spain kneeling before the host at the Fête Dieu. The King, the Nobles, the Priests, &c. are all portraits. It is an excellent painting, the work of Paulo Coello, a Portuguese, who has some others of considerable merit in the church. But it is hardly fair for these or any other pictures to be hung in the same apartment with two of the best efforts of the inimitable Raphael, in which he seems almost to have surpassed himself, and arrived at the highest perfection of the art. The paintings I allude to are, the Visitation of the Virgin, and the Madonna de la Perta; which was purchased, with some others of Charles the First's collection, in England, for 40,000*l.* by the ambassador of Philip II. I will enlarge further

on these interesting subjects, when I have mentioned the other famous Raphael in possession of this convent.

In an interior room there is an highly worked *ciborium* of gold and precious stones — We now began to discover, that whatever were the merits of our reverend *Cicerone*, he could not have been selected from the brotherhood for his taste or knowledge in the fine arts; he carried us immediately from these glorious Raphaels into the lower cloister, where he shewed us some wretched daubings, by Romulo Cincinnato, upon which he dwelt for a considerable time, and told us that we should esteem ourselves particularly fortunate; for had it not been a festival, the shutters which inclose them would not have been open. The great

staircase which ascends from the cloister, is built of massive granite; but it is neither remarkable for its beauty or grandeur. The roof is painted with representations of the Battle of St. Quintin, the Building of the Escorial, and the Apotheosis of Philip II. executed in a brilliant and pleasing manner by Luca Giordano. From this we proceed along a number of passages, from whence we had views into the smaller and more dreary courts of the Gridiron Building, and after many turnings and windings arrived at the door of the library. This is a large apartment, in which the ceiling makes as great a figure as the books; it is coved and painted; but it is too much of an arch to accord in proportion with the walls of the room. The printed

books are here arranged on shelves, which abound, as usual, with folios of scholastic divinity. The MSS. are kept in a chamber above. The catalogue of those in the Latin and Greek languages has long been known to the world; and an account of the remains of the invaluable Arabic collection which escaped the fire of 1671 (at which time the greatest part were consumed), was edited about thirty years ago, at the expence of the court, by the learned Casiri. Europe is not therefore, as is frequently asserted, entirely without light respecting the treasures of this celebrated deposit; and the plan of gradually translating the Arabic works, is still carried on by the government.—The Treatise on Agriculture, written by an Arabian of the

twelfth century, which is mentioned by Gibbon\*, has lately been published: it contains much curious matter, and shews that the mode of irrigation which promotes the astonishing fertility of the plain of Valencia, has descended to the modern Spaniards, from the practice of the Moors, who probably derived it from Egypt. It were to be wished here, as well as in the Herculaneum MSS. at Portici, that more persons were employed, and that the publications succeeded each other with greater rapidity, that the present generation might have some chance of benefiting from the smothered lights which they have perhaps on their possession. The convent libraries of Spain are often represented as objects of the

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\* Hist. vol. v. page 380.

greatest curiosity ; but I much doubt whether a search into them would tend much to the information of mankind ; though the archives of Valladolid, towards which Robertson turned a wistful eye, would throw a strong light on a most interesting part of the History of the World.

The library of the Escurial contains portraits of Charles V. and Philip II. and several models of ships of their ages.

We now repassed an hundred passages, descended the stairs, and entered a long room, which is fitted up with an altar and stalls, and was used as a chapel before the great church was finished.

La iglesia vieja. The altar-piece, representing the martyrdom of St. Lawrence, is by Titian, but has not any very distinguished excellence ; a

Dead Christ near it, by the same master, is of considerable merit; a portrait of Philip II. the same countenance as that in the chamber of the Prince of Asturias, but at a more advanced age; and another of Charles V. by Pantoja, A. D. 1599. Our guide now undrew a curtain, and revealed to us the admirable painting of Raphael, which is known all over Europe by the name of La Madonna de la Pesce. But it was now eleven o'clock, which called him to the refectory; we were therefore hurried away from a spot to which we felt almost rooted, with a promise that he would be ready for us again at two. Having ordered our dinner at twelve, we took a fatiguing walk to the hill above the convent, and round its walls; dined most sumptuously at the posada, and as the clock struck

two, were awaiting the friar at the place of rendezvous: he had stationed a person there to inform him of our arrival, who in a few minutes brought him to us, rubbing his eyes and yawning, just awoke from his siesta. He carried us round the upper cloister into the chapter-room, and the two adjoining apartments. The ceilings of these are covered and prettily painted with arabesque ornaments: among the pictures we distinguished a Madonna, by Vandyke; Holy family, by Raphael; the same groupe, but an inferior painting to that in the Louvre gallery. Conversion of St. Paul, by Palma Vecchio. Virgin gazing with delight on Christ, by Vandyke. Dead Christ, with the Virgin and Mary Magdalen, by Reubens: this is one of the finest groupes and finest paintings in the world;



the Virgin is quite the *mater dolorum*; her pallid face and agony could not be better expressed; the colour of Christ's flesh is admirable. There can be no doubt that this picture ranks immediately after the three glorious Raphaels in this collection. The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian, expressed naturally, but without much dignity, by Vandyke; a Madonna, by Guido; The Crown of Thorns, by Vandyke; St. Paul's Head, by Guido; St. Peter's Head, by the same; a whole length of St. James, by Spagnoletto; St. Jerome, by Guercino; the sons of Jacob shewing their father the bloody vest of Joseph, full of force and good painting, by Velasquez; Christ and Peter, by Vandyke; a Magdalen, by the same; St. Roch, by Spagnoletto; St. Sebastian, by the same; the bind-

ing of Christ, by Peligrino Tibaldi, has some good parts. These apartments are used for the levees, and the ministers, when the court is at the Escorial.

We now descended to the Pantheon, the burial-place of the sovereigns of Spain, which is constructed under the church, in the centre of the building; it is approached by a marble passage, on one side of which is a vault, where the bodies are left to decay before they are placed in the sarcophagi which are destined to receive them. The Pantheon of Escorial has been absurdly supposed to be a copy of the Pantheon of Rome, whereas no two buildings could hardly be more dissimilar; this being an *octagon* building, entirely of marble: six of the sides have shelves, with sarcophagi on them, each side con-

taining four: the two remaining sides are occupied with the altar and the door, which has two sarcophagi over it; the whole is decorated with pilasters and carving, but it is too small to justify the magnificent descriptions which travellers have given of it. The kings are to fill one half of the sarcophagi, and the queens the other; seven of the former, and the same number of the latter, among whom is Anna Regina, who the friar told us was our queen Mary, have already gained their stations. Charles III. still remains in the adjoining vault. The present king has visited this place; but it is said the queen has never been prevailed upon to see it. Her character does not, perhaps, lead her to contemplate the idea of mortality with peculiar complacency; and the spot, and the very receptacle

of our bones being shewn, must renovate the certainty of death in the most awful manner.

We were permitted for some time to enjoy the three great pictures of Raphael. I was not long in making a preference; and yet, upon turning to the others, my resolution was sometimes staggered. The finest feelings of love and admiration, and almost of adoration, are excited by the inimitable representation of the Visitation. In this picture the Virgin expresses a modesty which cannot be surpassed; and her face glows with a beauty perfectly celestial: as a contrast to this, the aged and finely marked countenance of Elizabeth, adds every effect possible, and her lips are indeed speaking words of high import.

The Madonna della Perla, is far

more brilliant in its colouring than either of the other pictures. The leading trait of the last was *modesty*; this has *maternal tenderness*. The Virgin's face is admirably fine, and fully gives the intended expression: the aid of contrast too is, as before, afforded by the figure of Elizabeth, old and haggard, who sits by her side, while the infant Jesus, more beautiful and smiling than I can express, is springing from her arms, to play with John; in fact, he appears leaping from the canvass: the effect of light and shade was never more inimitably managed: the light resting on the Virgin's forehead, is finely conceived; and the richness of colouring throughout, adds greatly to the effect of the whole.

The Madonna della Pesce expresses majesty. It is a transcendant pic-

ture, on a most extraordinary subject: St. Jerome is reading the bible to the Virgin, and has fixed upon that part which relates the adventures of Tobit and the fish; by way of confirming the history, or for some other reason, an angel introduces Tobit with the fish in his hand, who, as may be supposed, is a little frightened to find himself suddenly "in such a presence;" especially as the Virgin assumes any thing but a gracious air to receive him. During this action the child is employed in stretching out his arms to catch the fish as a plaything. This picture has, without doubt, more good points about it, than either of the other two, arising from the greater variety and complication of the subject, and the greater number of figures introduced. The Virgin's face is very fine, but it

rather expresses *hauteur* and disdain, than calm and beneficent majesty. The countenance of the angel is the best in the picture; it is perfectly of a "celestial mould." Fear and hesitation are admirably portrayed in the features of Tobit; and a fine contrast is exhibited in the venerable person of Jerome, to the youth and beauty of the other objects. The colouring is excellently managed, and the grouping is admirable, but the subject is awkward, and somewhat worse than uninteresting: in reviewing it, the eye is gratified, while the mind feels confused and disappointed. As all the subjects are fully accomplished by the wonderful hand of Raphael, I cannot, for an additional point of painting or two, prefer that in which I only admire the painter, to that where, as in the Visitation,

his art co-operates with the subject to affect me with the most sublime emotions of intellectual pleasure. It seems extraordinary that as yet we are not possessed of any good engraving of any of those interesting works: that by Bartolozzi, which is published in Twisse's Travels, is miserably deficient in every part of the expression of the original, and seems rather to have been an engraving from a work of Cipriani, than from Raphael. At present a Spanish artist is engaged in preparing plates of them; but excepting Molés, there is no one upon whose talents any great expectations can be formed.

The friar with difficulty withdrew us from these invaluable treasures; and taking us to his chambers, where he refreshed us with wine, he offered to accompany us to the Casa-Reale,



the royal pleasure-house, which is situated in the park of the Escorial, at a little distance from the convent. The friar's apartment was what the Spaniards call a sala con alcova—a room, with a recess for a bed in it. The windows command a noble prospect of the neighbouring country; immediately beneath them is a wide terrace, ornamented with a garden set out in the old fashion of stiff parterres; and beyond this the eye ranges over a free and extensive park, every where covered with masses of short trees, shewing in several parts, ponds and reservoirs of water, and backed by a bleak ridge of the Guadarama mountains; the whole forming a wild and very grand view, which announces the residence of a monarch much more than any part of the building itself. Accompanied by the

friar, we descended the hill from the convent, and soon after entered the garden which surrounds the Casa-Reale; it is full of young trees, which, like those at Madrid and Aranjuez, are regularly watered every evening. In other respects, it has nothing remarkable, except the hot-house, which is one of the shabbiest I have ever seen. The exterior of the villa promises nothing either of extent or magnificence; but upon entering we were astonished at the number of rooms it contained, all of which are fitted up in the most elegant and perfect taste. The walls and ceilings are painted after patterns which have an excellent general effect; and the whole house unites an air of comfort with its splendour, which, according to our guide, rendered it an object of envy to every Englishman he had

shewn it to. The rooms, excepting two, which are of handsome proportion, are small; the walls ornamented with a profusion of cabinet pictures, the greater part of which are of the Flemish school; in the chief apartments there are several of a larger scale. In the first room, near the entrance, is an admirable portrait of Velasquez, by himself; and another of Murillo, by himself; a Head, by Moralez, called *El Divino*. I have seen but few of the works of this artist; his finishing is very high, like Carlo Dolce, but he seems deficient in force and expression. A Head, by Vandyke. A Magistrate, by the same, has a fine mellowness of colour, and is one of the best heads I have any where seen. An Empress of Germany, by the same. A Madonna, by Murillo; the same subject,

by the same artist. These are well painted, but without characteristic dignity. Murillo is an excellent painter: his view of nature seems to have been as true as possible; but of ideal beauty he had hardly any notion. This judgment is formed from what I have seen at Madrid and the Escorial; but the great treasury of his works, is the Hospital de la Caridad, at Seville, where he painted after his last visit to Rome. Among the other pictures of the Casa-Reale, I remarked a winged figure of Prodigality, by Mengs; a graceful and pleasing work, though deficient in expression. The Conversion of St. Paul, and Death of Julian, by Luca Giordano, exhibits a boldness which reaches to extravagance; Apostles, copied after Spagnoletto, by Murillo. A Vision, by the same: near

this we remarked, as a representation of the most ordinary vulgarity, St. Catherine, by Dominicino. The Casa is two stories high; the upper rooms form a suite of cabinets or boudoirs, ornamented with the most exquisite elegance: one in particular should be noticed, which contains most beautiful and exact copies in miniature, of all the celebrated paintings of Europe—the Madonnas della Leggiola della Pesce, della Perla; the Transfiguration of Raphael; Guido's Magdalen; the Holy Family, and Notte of Corregio; the Communion of St. Jerome, by Dominicino, &c. &c.: and the adjoining room is fitted up with the celebrated coloured prints from Raphael's Loggia, pilasters, &c.; slabs of Biscay, Arragon, and Grenada marble, are distributed in different apart-