him with a "casulla"—*chasuble*—of celestial manufacture, in token of her appreciation of his merits, and of her favour. The story is told from the pulpit and in print, on wood, stone, bronze, and canvas, in various ways, and with different degrees of art-merit, and oft times demerit. But by no one has it been rendered so charmingly as by Murillo in a glorious picture now in the Museo del Prado at Madrid, which will claim special notice hereafter. That the *maiden-mother's* visit was an undoubted event in the belief of Toledans, is shown by the stream of devotees constantly setting toward the shrine to pray, then touching through enclosing bars the sacred relic and kissing from consecrated fingers the blessing thus vouchsafed.

Look into the Sacristia for a fresco of Giordano, works of el Greco, Orrente, Bassano, Bellini, and at a statuette of St. Francisco by Cano. And, if your taste leads that way, at the bejewelled wardrobe of the Virgin, who was truly "blessed" in the estimation of most ladies, by the wealth and the will of her worshippers to gratify her fancy for finery. Then, before turning your steps elsewhere, stroll through the adjoining cloisters; a more attractive spot doubtless than when covered by Jewish market and houses which were burnt down by a Christian mob at the instigation of the priests; whose invention was ever active in coining charges against the Hebrew race whenever cupidity, or intolerance, was to be gratified.

Toledo, from its proximity to Madrid, and the facility with which it could at all times be visited, has had its sights so frequently, fully, and well described, that time

can be better spent in saying something of things elsewhere which have received less attention. Nevertheless it should not be omitted to name objects which should be looked at. And in seeking them let it not be forgotten, that independent of the varying attractions, of the site of the city as viewed in relation to surroundings, there is an inherent novelty and picturesqueness epitomizing its history under a rapid succession of rulers—Romans, Visigoths, Arabs, and Spanish Christians—races distinguished by widely differing characteristics, challenging attention in one's street strolling. Many things may be seen in passing from one object of special interest to another which serve as footprints to show who have gone before, and what was the impress of their being. The wayside will be found rich in reminders of the past, however degraded to the base uses of the present. A hovel, perhaps, curiously wrapped in wrought iron, in every form of fantastic balcony, and grated window and gate, a marvel of magnificence no doubt in its day; sandwiched between a loftier edifice on one side, with sculptured posts and lintels, and doors hung on hinges of vast proportions and elaborate workmanship, embossed all over with huge hemispherical headed nails, and having a colossal iron knocker looking as if it had once been a catapult for battering down defensive walls; and on the other side, an arabesque palace, half hidden in a begrimed or colour washed lace-work, still a monument however, of the beautiful art with which Moorish skill sought to invest Spanish coarseness. But all these are now equally devoted to the uses of charcoal-dealer, cobbler, and coffin-maker. Want is a great leveller of

distinctions. And pride in the past must give way to the necessities of the present.

The one other great Gothic work of Toledo besides the Cathedral, is the Convent of San Juan de los Reyes, built by command of Ferdinand and Isabella—A.D. 1476—and dedicated to their tutelar apostle John. Both church and cloisters are of the florid style. But their original richness may scarcely be sufficiently appreciated since the damage they sustained, first at the hands of French invaders, and subsequently from culpable neglect upon the suppression of Spanish monastic institutions. Superb as doubtless was the church in its palmy days, the cloisters must have been the greater glory of San Juan. Even in their ruin, the transcendent richness of design, and exquisite finish of work, is manifest. No finer example can be named to illustrate the highest perfection attained by Gothic art. They are of two stages in height; the lower having traceried openings, the upper span arches in each bay. One of the lower arcades is in utter ruin—a mournful commentary on brutal war, of which even a boastful French civilization was guilty. But enough remains in the others, of a sculptured unfolding of columns and arches as beautiful as they are diversified; the eye wandering from one to wonder again at another, having bird and bee and quaint animal life, garlanded with leaves and flowers and fruits, in clustered profusion and grace, to show how unsurpassed was the skill which fixed in marble this dream of genius.

Part of the convent is now used as a museum. It is not what it ought to be with mines of antique wealth lying unopened all around.

Two Synagogues remain in the old quarter of the Juderia; both are now places of Catholic worship. The older is a work of the twelfth century—though sometimes said of the ninth—and was violently taken possession of by an excited multitude instigated by that ferocious fanatic San Vicente Ferrer, and dedicated to *Santa Maria la Blanca.* The modernized exterior is unattractive. The interior is better preserved in plan and decoration, and consists of a nave and two side aisles, with two intermediate ranges of octagonal columns and slightly varying but elaborate capitals of somewhat Byzantine intricacy. These support horse-shoe arches of the rounded type, with spandrels above filled in with intricate arabesque ornamentation; and still higher an arcaded wall supporting a roof and ceiling, the beams of which are said to be of the Cedars of Lebanon. The pavement is Moorish—indeed the work bears the Moresco stamp throughout its greater part, however in places Christian plaster and bad taste have sought to change some of its features.

The other Synagogue, now the church of El Transito by Christian consecration, was built by the rich Jew Samuel Levi—for a time treasurer of Pedro el Cruel, but afterwards murdered by his royal master who wanted his money. The building is, within, a single nave about seventy-five by thirty feet in size, with plain unadorned side-walls for twenty to twenty-five feet from the floor; but above this; richly decorated in banded foliage, Hebrew inscriptions, and arcades. The altar-end-wall is covered still more deeply with embroidery and inscriptions, much hidden however by a modern trumpery retablo. The ceiling is a fine example

of Moresco *artesonado;* that is, carved wood in the shape of an inverted trough—from *artesa*, a kneading trough. The effect of the contrast between the plainness of the lower part of the walls of the interior of this old Synagogue, and the great enrichment of the upper part and of the canopy, is very striking, and by no means unpleasing.

When Alonzo VI of Castile and Leon took by assault Toledo from the Moors—A.D. 1085—he found just within the present Puerta del Sol a little Mosque, and turned in, according to the vain custom of the time—followed by the sanctimonious inconsistency of later days—to give thanks to a God of Pity and Peace for his bloody achievement. Thus was this Mahommedan Sanctuary consecrated to Christian uses under the name of *San Cristo de la Luz.* This mere oratory—so small is it, but little more than twenty-one by twenty feet—is emphatically Moorish, and worth running down from Madrid to see by those who cannot, or will not, go further south to look at grander specimens of Arabic art, the mosque at Cordova for example, of which it has somewhat the appearance of a miniature; three little aisles or alleys being separated from each other, by cylindrical pillars without plinths, and crossed by three others at right angles. The capitals of the pillars support horse-shoe arches, four springing from each capital. Above, are string courses, and arcades of varied Moresco designs. And over each of the nine little subdivisions is thrown a half orange-shaped vault, with diversified ribs intersecting each other with beautiful variety and perfection of art. It is really a wonderful example of the dexterity and skill with

which Moorish workmen managed to give simplicity and grace such an air of intricacy, as to magnify this little architectural bijou into something of marvellous importance. They certainly were very superior to their Christian contemporaries.

Fail not to go through the Zocodover to the military school. The former is the lounging place all the year round of idlers and ignoramuses. And what Toledan is not a drone and a dunce? To such debasement despotism has brought them. Hence, one sees here, and may study, the local *rank* as well as the file of human, and animal life, between which little difference will be found and that in favour of the so-called brute. The military school was once the hospital of Santa Cruz founded 1504 by that proud as crafty Cardinal Mendoza, who was the "Tertius Rex" of the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. Its façade, portal, courts, and staircase, illustrate the transitional epoch of architecture, when the florid Gothic barely asserted recognition in the incoming rich chasework chiselling of the renaissance. The elegance of design and delicacy of execution of some of this work seem like the offspring of Arabic inspiration.

Those whose time is brief might stop here their pursuit of objects of interest, but for the pertinacity with which the Alcazar, perched above all else, challenges their attention wherever they go. Not uncommonly the case with worthlessness. Bloated self-importance is frequently a sole distinction. It is a shell of granite, more massive than meritorious of art, occupying the site of fortress-palaces from old Iberian and his Roman conqueror, down to the time when the Emperor Charles V

determined to dignify the spot by building here as at Granada another colossal—Plaza de Toros, it might as well be called as anything else. How it looked exactly when finished for a *palace* by Philip II is not of record. But certain it is that it has since served the purposes of a prison for the widow of Philip IV, and of a poor-house under the primacy of Cardinal Lorenzana; and that it has been twice burnt leaving nothing but the bare walls standing—first by the Portuguese during the war of succession, and being restored, afterward by Soult in the French invasion of Spain. Its vast courtyard is filled with dirt-heaps, fragments of granite, and scaffolding. Restoration is *talked* of. If such should be its fortune, may it never again shelter despotism! As an abode of science, art, and literature, it would better befit the brow of this magnificent hill.

Toledo blades of the Fabrica de Armas—a mile from the city, on the Tagus—are still made of fine temper and polish, doing no discredit to their ancient reputation. But the daggers for sale by hawkers at the railway stations, as *genuine Toledos*, have a very *Sheffield* look, at some hundreds per cent. advance in price.

There are other things in Toledo worth hunting up by those, who, having time and being patient under the inflictions of beggars and an extortionate hotel-keeper, are willing to linger for the love of the rare and curious. There are but few cities in Spain possessing more artistic interest. None perhaps—except Granada—equalling it in picturesqueness of situation and surroundings, and in the novelties stumbled on everywhere in strolling about.

The distance from Toledo to Madrid by railway is fifty-five and a half miles. A little less than half way is

Aranjuez. It became royal property in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. Charles V had a villa there, and Philip II a palace, which was added to by Philip V who gave to grounds and building French features; while Ferdinand VII filled the latter with French finery—clocks without number, chairs, curtains, candelabra, and crockery generally. Gaud, gilt, and glitter, ruled supreme; reflecting, like the mirrors all around the bad taste and silliness of a degenerate royalty—which converted the place at last, under Christina and her daughter Isabella, into an abode unfitted for virtue. Marshal Serrano, the betrayer of his queen, and afterward a traitor to the people, a man true to his selfish ambition alone, it is commonly thought in Spain, could make strange disclosures on this subject if they did not incriminate himself. The grounds are now fast reverting to a state of nature. Groves, gardens, fountains, are deserted by courtly minions and menials. Nightingales alone remain. They seem to sympathize with the long oppressed Spaniard in his present struggle to make good his freedom. Theirs is a rejoicing song as if for the overthrow of despotism. The River Tagus hereabouts has made this the one green spot in the sterile-looking expanse of this part of Castile. But nothing can be said of its attractions to tempt the tourist to stop on his way to Madrid; which, in an hour and a half of time, looms up in the distance on a slight acclivity beyond the River Manzanares—if that can be called a river which is athirst for water half the year.

CHAPTER XXX.

MADRID. PUERTA DEL SOL. PLAZAS. CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES. PAVIA'S REVOLT. AMADEO. SPANISH REPUGNANCE TO FOREIGN RULE. DECLARATION OF A REPUBLIC. CASTELAR—TRIBUNE OF THE PEOPLE—HIS DIFFICULTIES, AND EFFORTS FOR ENLIGHTENED CONSERVATISM. GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES—THE REAL REPUBLICS. EDUCATION THE TEACHER OF TRUE REPUBLICANISM. EMANCIPATION FROM FEUDALISM AND THE PAPACY. STANDING ARMIES—THEIR DANGERS—THOSE IN SPAIN INFECTED BY THE POISON OF CONSPIRACY AND TREASON. SERRANO'S CONSPIRACY AND USURPATION. SPANISH PROSPECTS. NO HOPE FROM A GOVERNMENT OF FORCE, FRAUD, AND FALSEHOOD—ONLY FROM GOVERNMENT RESPONSIBLE TO THE PEOPLE.

MADRID has neither beauty of site, historical or traditional incidents, nor architectural monuments, nothing entitling it to be regarded as the exponent of national characteristics, to give it the attraction usual in a national capital. It lies on the wide, wind-blown waste of New Castile, two thousand five hundred feet above the sea-level, with the snow-capped Guadarrama mountains in sight, to make the winter of what is commonly thought a southern clime, as cold, and more cheerless from scarcity of fuel, than Paris and Vienna.

While in summer heat, a tawny landscape is spread around, with neither verdure, nor embowered villages, to win panting denizens from the scorching glare of the streets, and the suffocating dust of the Prado.

But little more than three centuries ago an obscure hamlet stood, where now stands Madrid with a population of 300,000. Burgos, Valladolid, Toledo, Seville, had been alternately the capital of Spain. Cardinal Ximenes, then Regent during the minority of Charles V, ostensibly because the spot was the geographical centre of the kingdom, but probably to rid himself of the vexatious intermeddling of the nobles, who were identified by preference and proprietorship with more attractive parts of Spain, resolved on making this the seat of government. Charles subsequently confirmed the act; and his son Philip II also establishing here his Court, proceeded with the improvements necessary to make it a fit residence for royalty. Its growth, however, under his successors, was slow. Without neighbouring agricultural capacities, manufacturing industry and trade, or facilities of intercommunication, even despotic sovereignty, with unbounded wealth at its disposal, found it difficult to enforce its decree. And although railways have brought it into freer communication with its distant provinces and foreign countries, and local necessities have developed some measure of local movement, yet do we fail to find here anything of that throbbing life, aud circulating thought and action, which startle a looker-on in the great centres of other countries, and even in the remote parts of Anglo-American being. Indeed but for the feverishness of the little *Puerta del Sol*,

and the feminine flutter on the *Prado*, a stranger might think that Madrid was asphyxiated and about to give up the ghost.

The miscalled *Puerta* del Sol is in fact a *Plaza*, nearly semicircular in shape, and of small size, in the centre of the city. From it radiate streets to the outer limits, intersected by others in such manner as to make a confused network without any sign of plan aforethought, and certainly without present attractions in any sense. A more common-place town is rarely seen. At the extreme limit, west from the Puerta del Sol, are the palace, its appendages, and grounds, with the armory. We have no purpose to describe either the enginery of legalized murder, or the marble halls where lived and schemed those who directed its use for selfish ends, and for the oppression of the people. At the eastern limit of the city are the Prado—the fashionable promenade, the Buen Retiro pleasure-grounds, the Botanical Gardens, and the Museum. North and south of the central plaza there are labyrinths that will not repay a disciple of civilization and progress for getting into—a thing easier to do than to find his way out again. All the pursuits and no-pursuits of life, are sufficiently represented in the Puerta del Sol to satisfy those curious in street customs, costumes, crowds, cries, and crimes. And as the traveller must make his home either at the Fonda de Paris, Fonda de los Principes, Fonda Peninsular, close at hand; or at the Fonda de Rusia, or Fonda de los Embajadores, not far off; sufficient opportunity will be had for seeing these incidentally, without his seeking them in out-of-the-way places. He will find much more that is attractive at

the Buen Retiro Gardens—really pretty and pleasant—where the better classes go for pastime and refreshments; and at the evening garden-concerts, and the evening promenade of the Prado, where the fashionables congregate to see and be seen. There are such here now, for although the wealthy and noble at first withheld their approval and their presence from the new capital, they were compelled at last, to avoid standing out in the cold, to take up their residence the greater part of each year where they could bask in the sunshine of royal favour.

The interest of the Puerta del Sol consists, not in its buildings and adornments—it has none worth looking at; but, besides that coming of the study of things above named, in the material expression given by the masses, of a stand-still existence; which proclaims, "Let the rest of mankind whirl and fret themselves as they foolishly please, so they do not interfere with our prerogatives of God-given superiority, passiveness coming of accomplished perfection, and inalienable right to smoke when and where we please—in my lady's chamber and to the day of doom, if we so think fit." Now and then, only, is it deemed dignified and politic to explode a little fire and brimstone of wrath, to show what the slumbering volcano is capable of if forbearance be trespassed upon too far. And then of course the Puerta del Sol is the active crater of Madrid. No one thinks of seeking other Plazas either for sights or excitements of the present day. None have memories except the Plaza Mayor, and these are too revolting to be re-awakened. For thence it was that the smoke of human sacrifices ascended to heaven, appealing for

that vengeance which finally overtook the priests who adjudged, and the princes who gloated over, the fiery sentences there executed. The most insignificant of all spaces to be called a plaza is the Plaza de las Cortes, fronting which is the building of the Chamber of Deputies. There is nothing in this granite edifice, of the proportions and elaborate embellishment of the British House of Parliament; nothing of the simple majesty of the United States Capitol; it is an impoverished and diminutive copy of the French Chamber of Deputies. Though it should be honestly said, that the guardian lions at the portal are sufficiently truthful to shame Landseer's mockeries at the foot of Nelson's monument — Trafalgar Square, London. Cervantes' statue looks askance from its petty patch of shrubbery opposite as if meditating a mischievous fling; though it would be hard to say, whether at the Chamber's Spanish pretension of importance, or at the affectation of foppishness in which the artist has chosen to clothe him.

Here it was, in front of the Chamber of Deputies on the 3rd of January, 1874, that General Pavia planted his artillery; drove at the point of the bayonet from their rightful place the representatives of the people, by them elected to provide a government upon the abdication of Amadeo; overthrew their lawfully-appointed Executive; and by a *one man pronunciamento* declared an irresponsible Ministry, at the head of which was placed the Duke de la Torre. That Marshal Serrano, who had shown himself false to the obligations of honour by his desertion and betrayal of the young Queen on whom he had brought scandal; by his treason to the people through whom, by pledges of devotion to

their efforts for free government, he and Prim had been enabled to compass their ambitious designs; and by his subsequent abandonment of the Italian Prince he was a chief agent in deceiving, and decoying from a home of confidence and peace to a position of distrust and discord. A more selfish and heartless intriguer, faithless friend, unprincipled politician, and unscrupulous administrator of public trust, cannot be found. Poor Amadeo! It was a sad fate that put one of his honourable character and honest intentions, into such hands as Serrano's and Prim's to be manipulated for their own ambitious and covetous purposes. It was long foreseen by those on the spot, that, having neither national prestige, nor personal popularity from great qualities or achievements, to give him hold on the good will and support of antagonistic parties, or on the confidence and affections of the great body of the people, he would soon cease to reign; either from open revolt, secret intrigue, or assassination. Quicker than all others in feeling even an implied imputation of inferiority, perhaps because merited, and resentful of foreign rule or even of kindly suggestions, it was plain to the observing that Spaniards would not consent to be governed by one not of them, and who had no inheritance in their self-glorified history. And it seemed strange to those who saw in the signs of the present a reflex of the past, that Amadeo could not understand, that a people who would not forgive his own great countryman Columbus for having giving them a New World, were not likely to pardon him for daring to sit on a Spanish throne.

Nor did it surprise the dispassionate student of

history, when Amadeo, finally awakened to a knowledge of his false position which had become encompassed with perils, resigned his trust into the hands of the representatives of the people, that they should in February 1873 declare a Republic. It was a natural, and the only safe proceeding, on the part of those who had suffered from a heritage of centuries of despotism; during which the administration of government had become utterly corrupted by irresponsible power and ecclesiastical casuistry; kings and ministers reflecting each others duplicity, dishonesty, and crimes; and a greedy and gluttonous Church and State, running coupled in the hunt for spoil, and sharing the proceeds in reciprocal absolution and protection. While the victimized masses, hopeless of redress, were left to mourn in misery goading them to madness—for which, forsooth, such, and they alone, when prompted thereby to deeds of desperation, are held responsible by the upholders of the privilege of the few to trample on the rights of the many. The conviction of the faithlessness, falsehood, and dishonesty of their rulers, was deeply rooted in the minds of the people, although they long suffered in silence, had become impoverished and humiliated, nationally bankrupt and a byword of reproach in the mouths of others, and bore and forbore until endurance ceased to be a duty or a virtue. They knew that they could not do worse for themselves than had been done for them by those, whose right to rule was that only of inheritance from original force or fraud. While the chances were, that with understanding of their necessities of being, they should, by honest, patient, and dispassionate efforts, promote the

general welfare and happiness, and redeem the national honour.

To this end there were those among them, enlightened and patriotic, capable of leading others in the right way; and whose vision was not limited by a narrow wall of exclusive privilege, bigotry, and intolerance, but which took in the wider horizon of equality of human rights, liberty of conscience, and freedom in the pursuit of happiness, under a responsible Government. Those, who had looked abroad and seen the mind and soul of other nations, liberated from monarchical absolutism and ecclesiastical presumption and usurpation, and left free to work out a destiny of progress, whose aim is the attainment of truth and human good; whether these be moral or material, physical or spiritual, of this world or that which is to come. Those, who see and appreciate, the results of Protestant resistance to Spanish efforts in the past to give law to Europe; who recognize the triumphs of knowledge and civilization abroad, and the degradation of the Peninsula, even now struggling to throw off the incubus of poverty, ignorance, and superstition, fastened on it by selfishness, corruption, and despotism.

The foremost undoubtedly in ability and in righteous purpose, of those who have longed and laboured for the enthronement of liberal ideas in the government of Spain, is Emilio Castelar. His eloquence, surpassing that of any living orator in power and brilliancy, is armed with a force of knowledge, honest conviction, frankness, fearlessness, and of unvarying consistency in the advocacy of measures for the exaltation of popular privilege, virtue, and happiness, which makes it irre-

sistible to those free from sordid interests and selfish motives. With his great gifts, he might have commanded any office of influence and profit, from rival Governments, and those of adverse political views to his own, as the price of his support. But turning from all temptation, he has preserved his purity of purpose unimpeached, and his independence untrammeled; preferring to live in honourable retirement, on the modest proceeds of his literary labour and professorship of history in the University. All parties concede to Emilio Castelar, transcendent ability, unsullied virtue, unswerving fidelity to his principles of political liberty and spiritual freedom. Bands of robbers as most of them are, nurtured by centuries of despotism, guided by selfish instincts and lawless passions, and conscious that thus they are regarded, yet do they take pride—the pride of Spanish transcendentalism—in pointing to this one above reproach, this inspired tribune of the people, as unmatched by mankind elsewhere.

Castelar

In a position of freedom to select a government by the flight of the old dynasty, and the abdication of the new, the instincts of the people led them to look within themselves for the means of safety not vouchsafed by the inheritors of trust by "Divine Right." In the construction and temporary administration of the Republican Government which a Cortes fresh from the people sought to inaugurate, Castelar, upon whom finally, through public confidence, the chief burthen fell, found himself not merely face to face with difficulties bequeathed by the reign of Amadeo—such as the Carlist war in the north, a disorganized army wherewith to meet it, and an empty treasury—but also confronted by

a formidable insurrection of socialist malcontents, *intransigentes* as they are called, in the south, whose proceedings were destructive of the law and order essential to the safety of society. It was a combination of adverse circumstances co-operating from opposite political and social points. Monarchical absolutism and agrarian radicalism were aiding each other in pulling down the safeguards of the State, that they might scramble amid the ruin, for spoil. And to these adverse circumstances were added the embarrassments coming of parliamentary factions, each intent on the promotion of its own selfish ends, at a time when the national existence was endangered, and demanded for its preservation united legislative efforts, and support of the legally appointed executive. A self-sacrificing sense of duty, and faith in the righteousness, and eventual enthronement in government, of political equality and liberty under constitutional law, could alone sustain one in such difficulties. These were Castelar's. He faltered not in his trust. Nor did he who had always said the truth to monarchs, hesitate to say it to the people, and emphatically to those of their leaders who endangered the Republicanism they professed, by passionate impulses, instead of maintaining it by judicious zeal: who risked its overthrow by substituting for reasoning patriotism, an armed demagogueism. Reminding them that though he confidently believed that there was no other government but that of a Republic possible in Spain, and fitted to promote the elevation and permanent welfare of her people, yet he was assured that it must suffice for the occasion to inaugurate it, by substituting responsible and transferable powers for irre-

sponsible and hereditary; trusting to future generations, and an era of peace and freedom from at least the agitations of passion, to perfect the work. What was then wanted was unanimity of action to put down insurrection in the interest of an effete dynasty, fostered by foreign Legitimists and Ultramontanes on one hand, and revolutionary madness on the other. When the safety of the ship was threatened by tempest from without, and it became necessary to lash the helm and head her in only one direction, it was worse than folly to refuse co-operation of service, and engage in a war of words about the course to steer if saved from wreck. Monarchy, through abuse of power, fell, from alienation of the people: the aristocracy, from excess of privilege, pride, and presumption: and the democracy, now maturing, would also perish, if, under the leadership of demagogues it failed to recognize the justice due to all; and that wisdom of conservatism, which, *under the guidance of justice and knowledge*, and especially knowledge of the wants of the governed and duties of governors, *insists* on public and private security, and the right of discussing and determining the safeguards of these against tumult, usurpation, or unlawful force from whatever source it may come. Not the stand-still conservatism which practically retrogrades when it refuses to advance in obedience to the summons of that Spirit, which, since it first "moved upon the face of the waters," an unproductive waste, has looked forward, and under slow, but sure, and beneficent laws created better things. But that conservatism, which, maintaining the Supreme gifts of life, liberty, and the fruits of industry, as inalienable as those of air, light,

and water, yet regards them but as the means of reaching still higher happiness. That democratic conservatism seen in the practical working of the two great Republics—Britain and the United States of America. For the former is essentially such, whatever called. Those who think that the pageant of royalty, a somewhat costly bauble it is true, yet one thought by the recipients of its patronage to have certain social, and, in its proximity to the continental political system, international uses; those who think that this show of royalty gives them a time consecrated blessing of living under a monarchy, are very easily contented. The British throne is not the seat of the national administration. Its occupant is a nominal Sovereign, and understood to have no partialities for measures, no opinions in politics. It would be as great a breach of decorum, under English usage, for a Sovereign to betray a preference, as for others to intimate that it was felt. The throne may answer some unessential purposes; but it gives no direction, no unity, no force to the administration of the Government. A public attempt by it to influence legislation against the will of the nation, would bring an end to the dynasty; and the exercise of even a legal veto by it in Great Britain would not be tolerated as it is in the United States. Even the one apparent exercise of power by the nomination of a new Ministry on the resignation of its predecessor is really at the instance of the outgoing chief. Nearly all officials are appointed by the Ministry. Parliament is its master; and the House of Commons in fact is the Sovereign authority, and comes directly from the people and by their will alone. All true

power is vested in the elected, not in the hereditary chamber. Hence the country has really ceased to be an aristocracy, however perpetuation of titles may seem to sanction an opposite opinion. Every question and detail of administration is discussed and determined with reference to the public welfare. The notion that there are any rights paramount to this, the British mind could not conceive of. And without parliamentary sanction and support, the Ministry is powerless and must retire, giving place to one which will execute the mandates of the Representatives of the people. Power is thus the gift of the people, and to be used in their service and subject to their will. This constitutes a Republic, not a Monarchy; however fossilized error, incapable of adapting itself to the realities of change, may hug the absurdity that it is living under the latter. And that, although the first place in the State being that of Prime Minister, the struggle for it is of a character like that which moves the American people on their election of President. He who has seen the election of a British House of Commons, which makes or mars the Premier, well knows the agitation of the public mind, and the sometimes fierceness of its passions, when called on to exercise its right of political sovereignty. Party platforms and pledges are the order of the day; caucusing and wire-pulling flourish, and their experts are at a premium; candidates for the Commons canvass counties and boroughs, stump-oratory sways the multitude hither and thither, buncombe is blatant; even the chiefs of rival parties looking forward to the first place and power of the State, mingle in the *melée*, going far or

near as occasion demands, to sound the battle cry and encourage their men-at-arms; riot also sometimes stepping in to add unwelcome pungency to endurable spiciness. Every where in England, as with her cousin across the water, animated by a similar progressive civilization, the proofs stand forth, that *the people are in fact the Lords Paramount.*

And then comes calm. The storm is over. The agitations of the political atmosphere cease, until the spirit of a steadily advancing social faith announces, that a new point of departure is reached in the movement of events. That advancing social faith which follows unfettered education; and then calls for change in the social state, and a further equalization of human privilege and position. Europe, at this time, monarchial as most of it is in its exterior being, is becoming in its spirit, its faith, its social, and political life, slowly but surely republican—through education. That there is not a palpable correspondence between form and spirit in all parts, depends upon a yet immature development of realties from ideas. It is not a paroxysmal innovation, but a normal transition. And it is better that ideas should not be hastily incorporated into institutions and laws, ere the public conscience is thoroughly satisfied. Thus reactionary disturbances are guarded against.

In less enlightened times, centuries back, it became manifest to discerning and thoughtful minds, that Roman Catholic religionism as administered, no longer furnished standing ground on which any nation could live a manly, prosperous, and righteous life. Feudalism, as a social institution was destructive of the energies of

the people it enslaved and humiliated. England, first to proclaim, was also first, thenceforward, to establish every man's right to think and to speak as taught of his own conscience, and to become the teacher of others who were willing to listen. Great actions were to come not of titles but of the stuff in a man. The England of the Baron and the Papacy, emancipated herself from the curse of bondage of soul and body, and became the England of free thought and free labour, of manufactures and commerce, and of the colonization of a progressive civilization from the rising to the setting sun. And in this work she is aided by all who have sprung from her loins. Her great kinsman of America, holding with her the right of self-government inviolate at home; and like her too, bearing abroad on untiring wing, the blessings of knowledge and commercial intercourse.

Castelar, looking at the prosperity and power of these countries, might well long to see enthroned in his own land principles of government leading to such results. His eloquence in the Cortes, and his patriotic administration of the Executive trust confided to him, were inspired by that hope. But when on the eve of achieving the first great step toward that end, by capturing Carthagena, thus crushing the revolt of the Intransigentes and putting an end to a revolution of violence and anarchy, he was suddenly confronted by factious opposition in the Cortes itself, which became the pretext for a more formidable revolution of force and usurpation. A band of conspirators, headed by Serrano, the enemy to all governments but that in which he holds, or directs, the supreme authority,

awaiting the moment when Castelar had reorganized the army, and having secretly sown the seeds of discord among rival parties of the Cortes to paralyze resistance in that body, as well as to furnish excuse for interposing, proceeded to disperse the Deputies by force of arms. Their tool in this act of violence was General Pavia, who had shortly before, under orders of the Republican Government, put down a socialist insurrection at Seville, and been appointed Military Governor of Madrid. His acceptance of that office, however, whatever might be thought by honourable men, did not in his opinion involve any obligations of fidelity to the government that conferred it. He was in position to serve those who could not do without his aid, and who were willing to pay him the price of treason. The question of a profitable speculation was the only one for consideration, and Serrano was not the man to leave that open, when, the cards once in his own hands, his winnings could stand any draft for the moment—however he might repudiate obligations when it suited him in the future. Long corruption in highest places of Church and State had undermined the foundations of national morality. With few individual exceptions, a right sense of truth and integrity had perished among the controlling classes.

In all nations the most dangerous engine to liberty, the cancer of national wealth and welfare, is a standing army. The plea of self-protection from neighbouring aggressions to justify the creation, but makes the truth more glaring by constantly increasing the sphere and force of the evil. If free from vices, and incapable of wrong, they are still burthens on the industry of others.

And apart from the evils of war to which they tempt, the treadmill drill and discipline of peace, cherishes habits of inertness, and a loss of independence, sure to bring failure in the after competitions of industry. But because of the sapping of public and private virtue in Spain—that legacy of a royalty now seeking to restore itself to power—her army, is penetrated through all its grades of office, from commander to corporal, with the poison of conspiracy and treachery. The first duty a Spanish officer feels that he owes, is to himself. His first, last, and only effort, is to get promotion; and that by whatever means may fall in his way. Every step is an addition to his means of power and plunder. Patriotism he considers an *ignis fatuus* leading to sterility. And Virtue a Goddess, to be worshipped by crossing himself and passing by on the other side. There is scarcely a General in Spain who does not owe his successive promotions to successful treasons.

Now when it is remembered, that the Spanish army having been long used for purposes of monarchical and ministerial ambition, is out of all proportion official—a result of rewards for service, more or less criminal, to employers—in the time of the triumvirs of a triple treason, Serrano, Prim, and Topete, the officers rising to the proportion of one, to seven of the rank and file, it may readily be seen how huge the machine is, ready for revolution by violence, whenever the voice of ambition, however unrighteous, couples the word *upward* with *onward*. The danger to the State of such an instrument was recognized by such men as Figueras, Pi y Margall, Orense, Salmeron, Castelar, and others. Some were the advocates of dispensing with it, and trusting

for security altogether to the popular arm. But that involved a change of military system demanding for its inauguration a more propitious moment. The necessity of meeting the force of destruction by a force of self-preservation was pressing. Military knowledge and experience could not be improvised. The country was not without them; but previous acts of administration had driven them from service to a great extent, and disaffected the possessors of much that remained. Castelar, above all others responsible for the public safety confided to his keeping, saw the wolves of a hungry Bourbonism gathered in the fastnesses of the Pyrenees, and birds of prey from their eyry of Carthagena ready to spring upon the trembling quarry of the State. It was not a moment for doubt, but for decision. That was, to cling to his country in faith of her lingering patriotism to work out her salvation for the present, and her redemption from political error in the future; and to these ends to use all lawful aid that conciliation without compromise of principles would command. He instantly placed the army on a basis of efficiency by increasing its numbers, and putting at its head experienced officers. The result is known—Conspiracy, usurpation, a self-created dictatorship. Lawless ambition found in it the instruments of gratification. Faithlessness was again proved to be the rule of all official grades: fidelity the exception.

Serrano, and his co-workers in this iniquity doubtless think, that the great statesman they overthrew is now powerless. But he has a might of propagandism over which treachery cannot triumph permanently. His words of wisdom and warning have gone forth, and

carried conviction to the minds of millions of his countrymen; while his patriotic appeals, fired by passionate eloquence, have warmed their hearts to send forth the life-currents of faith and hope, and give fresh impulse to effort. The seeds of political enlightenment, and rightful inheritance of freedom from oppression, have been, and are still being sown. The harvest will come in due season.

It must not be expected that the evil growths of centuries of misrule can be extirpated at once. And it is doubted by some that they can ever be uprooted, and the moral soil of Spain be brought to a condition fit for the fruits of public and private virtue. Such have read the history of other countries to little purpose. We are not of those who despair. As has been before shown in these pages, the spirit of change has in later times asserted and compelled in Spain, reforms, which, under the fostering example of other peoples, will surely move on to a consummation of still better things. The present, must not be judged of by a past when nations shut themselves within a limit of exclusiveness, which refused to give way to influences elsewhere abroad on the earth. Steadily progressive means of intercommunication are breaking down barriers to knowledge, thought, and action. They are assimilating the moral to the material world. Light, and air, and heat, cannot be chained. They are the blessings of universal nature. The seas are theirs, and the dry land welcomes them everywhere. Even polar realms, when hidden from the genial sun, acknowledges the auroral glory of its reflected beams.

This better state of things cannot be secured to Spain

by the present government of conspiracy, force, and usurpation. Serrano's is the true gambler's spirit, looking only to selfish gains, whoever else may be ruined. He is guided by neither moral, nor political truth, honesty, or consistency. If he could have made terms to suit his own ambitious projects in the secret interview of Somorrostro, there are many who think, that Don Carlos would have ascended the throne of Philip II to re-invest it with the curses of oppression and bigotry. Alfonso, an ignorant and inexperienced boy, would suit to bear the name, while Serrano exercised the functions of king. But he might in time, be reminded of his mother's private and public wrongs, at the hands of her betrayer. And then—what then? Foreign princes can scarcely so far forget the unhappy experience of him of Italy, as to be tempted by one so base as again to put his country's crown on the market of Europe and barter it for personal ends.

It is well for Spain that a project for restoring monarchy is next to hopeless. Brought in, and counselled by the existing coalition, any king would be powerless to put down existing abuses. The old, iniquitous rule of bribery and corruption, intrigue, fraud, and falsehood, would still be followed, to strengthen himself with those whose support would be necessary to uphold him against the steadily onward movement of liberal ideas. A standing army would drain the Treasury, and unendurable taxation for its maintenance would destroy incentive to labour beyond the supply of merest necessaries of life: or else barracks would become pest-houses of revolt, and officers the always ready leaders in insurrection and revolution. An im-

perious priesthood would again engage in a propagandism of intolerance and constraint of conscience, and insist on ecclesiastical privilege and obedience to its decrees. What royal ruler in Spain would dare to alienate, by opposition, the boldest and most consistent partizans and advocates of "divine right?" And how could he be expected to strip himself, in the uncertainties of power, of any portion of the inherited patronage of centuries, however wickedly obtained, when all would be necessary to keep the needless horde of office-holders from preying on the throne itself?

Will Serrano, when Carlism succumbs—it must come to that from mere want of men, and means, and sympathy from seven-eighths of Spain—declare a permanent dictatorship? Or will he redeem his pledge to convene a Cortes fresh from the people, to determine upon a form of government? Who can say? "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth." It will be well for him to remember that Parliaments had birth in Aragon. That Spaniards still remain jealous of their rights, however stricken by despotism into submission. That in parts of the country where certain long-cherished municipal privileges known as *fueros* were absorbed by an arbitrary central government, the people even now demand their restoration. These are facts pointing to popular thoughts and impulses, not to be overlooked by those who are weighing the eventualities of the future. Nor should it be neglected, in judging of the adaptation of political privilege and power, to bear in mind, that Spaniards, proud as they are nationally, have yet, perhaps in

fuller force, a pride of individuality, personal dignity, responsibility, and self-respect; a soberness, frugality, and a spirit of compromise and concession when rightly approached, and justly appealed to, fitting them, as many who have studied them at home believe, for self-government. We speak of the masses of the people, the peasantry and villagers; not the place-hunters and time-servers of the capital, and the official staff in the provinces, of a centralized power. It is not reasonable to suppose, that a government framed by the people, for the people, and administered by agents responsible to the people, can be as destructive of their interests as that of the sceptred brutes and boobies, and booted and spurred bandits, who have robbed and ruined Spain heretofore.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Church and Virgin of Atocha. Museo del Prado—Refuge from a National Nuisance. Spanish Side-Saloon — Its Paintings. Italian Side-Saloon. Great Gallery—Vestibule, Paintings by Goya. Historical Sketch of Spanish Art. Murillo—Rebecca and other Mesopotamia Damsels—The Child Jesus—The Child Shepherd—Conception El Purisima—Conception of Sublimity—Christ Crucified—Virgin and St. Bernard—Holy Family—St. Anne and the Virgin—San Francisco de Paula—St. John the Baptist—Virgin of the Rosary—Conception of the Virgin—St. Ildefonso—Adoration of the Shepherds—Children of the Shell.

Madrid has no Cathedral, and of its many churches not one possessing architectural claims to notice. That of *Atocha* attached to the Convent of the same name, the Court Chapel, and enriched by princely gifts, is without merit of plan, and in the worst taste of superstitious decoration. There is nothing to distinguish it from the most provincial places of worship but its being the shrine of the Virgin—the patroness of the city, and especially of the royal family; whom, however, it seems from recent events, she does not always protect. Even Isabella Segunda, her most munificent devotee, and her

"mistress of the robes," she allowed to be driven from throne and country. This Virgin is a little black doll, attired in queenly fashion, decked with brilliants, and occupies the place of honour above the high altar. Black seems to be a favourite complexion of this Spanish divinity; which may account for the claim lately set up for negro *superiority* of race. That she is believed to be a great worker of miracles is shown by the votive offerings, in token of gratitude for services rendered in illness and accidents, hung in cart-loads all around. Compared with her triumphs, those of the ablest surgeons and physicians of our day are insignificant. Let them go to Spain and study psychological therapeutics under the Virgin of Atocha, and take a back-lock in the wrestle with infinitesimal medicine. They may find *nothing, more* "potential" than *next to nothing.* If so, *something* will come of it. At least such has been the experience of the little black Virgin, from whose treasury the French drew at one draft, to the amount of a hundred thousand pounds sterling, in gems and plate. She is not content with *acts*, however, but is a great *talker*, too—a special gift of the sex—and calls her worshippers to account for deeds done, or proposed, of which she disapproves; as in the case of Pedro Nicholas Factor, distinguished in the early part of the sixteenth century, and the only *artist who ever received canonization.* He became a Franciscan in a convent near Valencia when only seventeen years old; was very humble and devout, and so sensible of sinful promptings, which no one else perceived, as to cause him to seek such frequent flagellations that he became famous for sanctifying scourgings. How far these were means of

awaking his genius is not said, but he is credited with having become a great preacher, *and painter*. His high reputation for piety led to his appointment of Confessor to the Sisterhood of Barefoot Nuns at Madrid —of royal foundation. But longing to return to Valencia, and stopping, on his setting out, to offer a parting prayer at this shrine of the Virgin of Atocha, greatly was he startled when the little idol took him to task by saying—"Porque te vas, y dexas solas las esposas de mi Hijo?" *Why dost thou depart and forsake the brides of my Son?* But he was speedily reassured before he could recover sufficiently to make his excuses, by the pitying wood tenderly adding—"Vete in buen hora"—*Go in peace:* when he went on his way rejoicing. He had lived to learn, that the Psalmist was wrong when he said "the work of men's hands have mouths, but they speak not." St. Luke's hands are credited with the carving of it. Though others say he only painted and varnished it. But a richer entertainment awaits those who have first spent time in looking up the things just mentioned. And it is that which is almost the only real attraction of Madrid.

The Museo del Prado—so-called to distinguish it from the National Museum, and the academy of San Fernando—is the great picture gallery of the capital. It is a shelter full of interest in wet and windy weather, when exercise cannot be taken out of doors; to the wearied a welcome resting-place, where one is refreshed by spiritual influences; a refuge from demonstrative excitements, when paroxysmal fits upset Spanish gravity elsewhere; and the only place of escape from the filth and offensiveness of tobacco—for everywhere

else, in the street, salon, and places of amusement; during and after dinner, alternating with teeth-picking and spitting even at the table of fashionable fondas and restaurants; in carriages, and on the Paseo where ladies in full feather are taking their airing; and in the family circle to which strangers are invited; in all these, the atmosphere is constantly polluted by phosphorous and sulphurous gases of matches, mixed with cigarette-smoke of every degree of offensiveness. Spain uses more matches than any nation of double its population. Smoking is the chief business and pleasure of a Madrileno's life. Yet such is his repugnance to constrained attention to anything, that he will let his cigarette go out and relight it a dozen times before throwing away the stump. Disregard of the plainest principle of politeness, not to make one's-self disagreeable to others, is a Spanish characteristic as relates to smoking. We have said this before, and further observation confirms the belief. In other countries there is a conventional politeness, and in some public places and conveyances, rules, prohibiting smoking. Not so in Spain. Here the smoker has it all his own way—everywhere, and at all times, except in the picture gallery. Puff, puff, puff, is the Spaniard's pastime and pursuit, from the time he awakens until stupefied at night by the narcotic weed. Tobacco has contributed its full share to the physical degeneracy of the Spanish people. Most of them become prematurely shrivelled and look bloodless. One might reasonably look for the spontaneous growth of the weed on a Spaniard's grave, did he not prefer to be hermetically sealed up above ground.

The Museo del Prado is a large brick building with

granite embellishments, situated on the east side of the Paséo del Botanico—one of the divisions of the fashionable drive and promenade called the Prado. There are two portals, one at the north end, the other at the south. Opposite the south door, in the midst of a flower-adorned space between the Museum and the Botanic Garden, stands a fine bronze statue of Murillo. Here, as at Seville, his statue is deemed the fittest embellishment of Spain's great art-treasury. Each door of the building gives access to a rotunda. To the right and left of each rotunda is a saloon, about eighty by thirty feet in size. The saloons at the north end are devoted, one to Spanish, the other to Italian paintings. While in corresponding saloons at the south end, in the intermediate rotunda, and in rooms below these, are French, Flemish, and German paintings, and some statuary. Between the two rotundas, stretches the chief gallery, more than four hundred feet long, nearly forty feet wide and high. This contains the great masterpieces which Spanish monarchs, from the time of the Emperor Charles V, coveted and compassed. From the middle of the east side of this main gallery a door opens into a large room also containing many precious pictures. It was formerly known as the Hall of Isabella II. Since her dethronement it is called the Oval Saloon, from its shape. This, and the great gallery, are well lighted from above.

The north portal, that reached by the street called Carrera de San Geronimo, is the customary entrance; and having been passed by the "open sessame" to Spanish favour and privilege, the ring of silver—for here alone in any of the Latin countries is an entrance-fee to a public gallery *demanded*—the room to the right of

the rotunda should first be taken; for the slap-dash pictures in the Rotunda itself, by the Neapolitan, Luca Giordano, nick-named Luke Work-Fast, need not detain one. This first room is appropriated to Spanish paintings exclusively. Immediately to the right of the door is, by *Velazquez*,—No. 1064—Philip III on horseback; excellent, no doubt, as a portrait, and highly finished as a painting, especially the half-armour dress, and crimson scarf floating in the wind. But the horse is clumsy; redundant in mane, tail, bone and body; and his presumptuous attempt at curvetting on the seashore is well rebuked by the sullen look of the waters, and a general frown on the rest of nature. Velazquez is thought the chief of realistic painters, by many. The first impression of his works in Madrid, where he is seen to best advantage; where he long ruled over the realm of art, revelled with royalty, and pampered its vanities; is, that his naturalism was in the line of personal portraiture.

No. 1065.—To the left of the door, is a life-size portrait of Doña Margarita of Austria, wife of Philip III, by the same artist—a companion equestrian picture of the last-mentioned. Her wide-spread dress, the rich fabric of which is well shown, conceals the horse nearly entirely. This is a merit of the composition; for Velazquez could not have known either make or mettle of the noble beast. Perspective and colouring of surroundings fall below the standard of present art.

The numbers on the pictures in the Museo del Prado herein given, are those of the new catalogue—published 1873. There are but few of the two thousand two hundred and three paintings in this gallery, retaining

the numbers by which they were formerly known. Such an extensive alteration makes publications of the past relating to this collection, nearly useless. Foreign Hand-books are much complained of by the Director of the Museo del Prado, for their misstatements. In the preface of the present catalogue, the author, Señor Medrazo, says—"Mr. Ford, in his Hand-book for travellers in Spain, supposes that nearly all the pictures in this museum have suffered deplorable and barbarous restoration; that the French set the bad example of this abuse in the pictures of Raphael carried to Paris, and that the example charmed the Spanish professors into imitating it; that the Director Don José de Medrazo declared war to the knife to the whole gallery, and began to lay waste picture after picture, allowing scarcely one Murillo to remain untouched; and that the work of destruction had been going on for twenty years previously to the time of his (Ford's) writing." Señor Medrazo then "protests against the caluminous accusation of the lying Hand-book." And adds, that the pictures of this collection "are the least restored of any to be seen in the public galleries of Europe." Señor Medrazo says further, that in the early part of the present century bad restorations were made in all countries. But he claims that it is "one of the most glorious characteristics (of the Directorship of this Museum) that it reformed the vicious manner of the old restoring; and introduced a national system praised by all connoisseurs; and by which, not only the precious enamel of works, but even the tone of time, does not suffer the least injury, when the canvas, or board, requires some repair." It is but simple justice

to let the Directorship be heard in its own vindication, against what it considers an unfounded charge of wide-spread, and wanton destruction of the old masters.

No. 1070—Is a full length of Philip IV, by Velazquez. No. 927—A portrait by the same, of the Emperor Charles V in half armour. Physical characteristics are strongly marked. Once seen, they cannot fail to be recognized afterwards wherever met, and by whomsoever presented, as signs of heartless, determined, and uncompromising purpose. Nos. 1177 and 1178—Again and again Philip IV. No. 1179—Doña Mariana of Austria. No. 925—Doña Isabel of Valois wife of Philip II. These all show Velazquez's power as a portrait painter. But one gets wearied with the repetitions of royalty, however embroidered, puffed, and tricked out. In a vista at Aranjuez, Velazquez's pencil paid homage to worthier models; earth garnished with vernal beauty, serene sky, and a grand old forest through which a shadowy avenue stretches in gradually fading perspective. One fancies he hears the old gate creak on its hinges a welcome to the coming carriage and cavalcade, which seek the inviting shade within.

No. 1021.—Moses striking the rock in the desert, and giving drink to the Israelites—probably, the original, by *Roelas*, of Murillo's subsequent treatment of the same subject. It is a vivid expression of the vehement demand of thirst. The Hedrew leader with upraised hands and face, stands in act of thanks to the God of his people; while the multitude, intent alone on gratifying imperious nature, press passionately forward to the stream as it leaps forth—a miraculous sign of divine favour. The flesh-tints and drapery are fine, though

the general tone seems somewhat too dark. The composition is scarcely as varied, and the expression not so emphatic, as the great Andalucian's in the Seville Caridad.

871 No. 874—Conversion of Saul of Tarsus. *Murillo* has here flung upon canvas the "light shining round about from heaven," in the midst of which is seen Jesus; while Saul is thrown, blinded and conscious striken, to the ground from his falling horse. Attendants, and a dog, partake of the panic. The gloom enveloping these, and shadowing earthly things, is in wonderfully effective contrast to the celestial radiance; but not to the extent of veiling too much the splendid composition and colouring. No. 889—Jerome by Murillo—an expressive representation of the ascetic saint. No. 858—Another St. Jerome by the same master of marvellous composition, drawing, and colouring. The kneeling hermit, with clasped bands, before a crucifix whose altar is the imperishable rock, is a touching picture of humility. Open volumes lying around call to mind his learning and research made tributary to the maintenance of Christian faith and doctrine. The flesh tints are wonderful renderings, which time has served to tone still more with truth. This room is unfortunately side-lighted; and many of the pictures—as is this—are with difficulty studied, from being placed too much in shade.

No. 952—A Singer, ravished by his own music, illustrates well the style of the old master *Ribalta*; who ably seconded the efforts of his immediate predecessors in founding the Spanish school of painting.

Nos. 957, 961, 965, 968, 973, 975, 976, 998—A

series of saints by *Ribera*. These pictures exemplify that master's decided drawing and laying on of colours. They are the "line upon line, and precept upon precept" of a bold and original painter. St. Philip—961, St. Andrew—973, and St. Peter—975, have a depth and tone of substratum demi-tints, and a daring stroke of final unfolding of lines, lights, and shades, which give a power of expression as of living being. Fearless finishing up, with Ribera, was the unmasking of truth. These pictures are fit studies for masters; who may look, and learn of them the mystery of breathing life into dead canvas. We shall have more to say of him hereafter.

A great many of the paintings in this room are early works of Spanish masters—interesting only as such. Others are injured beyond possibility of restoration. The saloon on the opposite side of the Rotunda, to the left of the main entrance, contains Italian pictures. These, like those in the room just left, are not the greatest works of the masters whose names are attached to them. The visitor will not be disposed to linger long here. Passing again through the Rotunda, the vestibule of the great gallery will be found opposite the north portal of the building.

This vestibule contains paintings by *Goya*, who flourished at the end of the last, and the beginning of the present century, and who was thought to have restored the naturalistic Spanish school, after its long decadence. His pictures here seen cover a large surface. Charles IV, his prolific wife Maria Louisa, and her crowd of popinjay children, furnished Goya with a set of graceless, half idiotic looking models, to clothe in