

wife, which took place some time previous to the year 1670, he retired for a time to the Capuchin convent; for it is impossible to believe that he was never an inmate of it. The event which really took place in the life of Herrera (*hermoso*) may perhaps have given rise to the false version of the story of Murillo. Herrera was forced to take refuge in the church of the Jesuits at Seville; and his genius has adorned its walls.

I must not omit the mention of an anecdote that is generally related of Murillo. At the time that he lived near the church of Santa Cruz, it contained, in one of its chapels, the well-known "Descent from the Cross," by Pedro Campaña, now adorning one of the altars in the cathedral. It is said that Murillo was accustomed to spend much of his time in that church, in admiration of this painting; and that one day, the Sacristan being about to close the gates, and finding Murillo there, asked him what detained him so long in that chapel; to which Murillo is said to have answered, "*Estoy esperando que estos santos varones acaben de baxar al Señor de la Cruz.*"—I am waiting until these holy men

take down the Lord from the Cross ;—a compliment, perhaps, scarcely merited by the picture of Campaña, and therefore probably never paid by Murillo.

The last picture that engaged the hand of Murillo, was one which he undertook for the Altar Mayor of the Capuchin convent at Cadiz. This was in the latter end of the year 1681 ; but he did not live to complete the work. While engaged upon this picture, he fell from the scaffold, and was so much injured, as to be obliged to return to Seville. But the shock he had received, aided by declining years, produced disease ; and his illness increased until the evening of the third day of April in the following year, when he expired in the arms of his friend and disciple, Don Pedro Nuñez de Villavicencio.

From the will of Murillo, preserved in the Franciscan convent of Seville, it appears that he left little property besides that which he acquired by his marriage. This was bequeathed to his sons ; for his only daughter had taken the veil early in life. In this will, there is also contained an inventory of his pictures, among which one of himself is men-

tioned. This picture, now in the possession of Mr. Williams, of Seville, represents Murillo about the age of thirty, nearly the time of his marriage, and conveys a very pleasing idea of the appearance and character of the painter. The proprietor, himself an excellent artist, and an intelligent man, has made a masterly drawing from the original: the drawing is in the possession of Mr. Brackenbury, his Britannic majesty's consul at Cadiz; and from that gentleman's admiration of Murillo, it may be hoped, that an engraving from it may soon enable every admirer of that illustrious man to have the gratification of possessing his likeness.

The character of Murillo, as a painter, can scarcely be separated from his character as a man: humility, kindness, benevolence, were conspicuous in him; and these are also seen in the choice of his subjects. Undoubtedly one of the greatest among the many charms of Murillo, consists in the beauty of his invention; his subjects seldom fail to interest the benevolent feelings: we have affection in all its varieties—charity—under its many forms;

and even in subjects purely divine, he contrives to throw over them a human interest. Never was affection more touchingly delineated, than in the picture of St. Felix, the Virgin, and Child, in the Capuchin convent of Seville; in which the virgin, after having put the infant into the arms of the holy man, that he might bless him,—stretches out her own, that he may be restored to a mother's embrace. Nor were ever love and benevolence more beautifully blended, than in the picture of "Santa Isabella, Queen of Portugal, curing the sick and wounded," wherein the old woman watches, with a mother's anxiety, the cure of her wounded son. And where shall we find charity, and its reward—the favour of Heaven—more impressively displayed, or more powerfully conceived, than in the picture of "John of God." This has always seemed to me, one of the happiest illustrations of the genius of Murillo. "John of God" is supposed to have gone, as was his usual practice during the night, to seek and succour objects of distress. The picture represents the Saint, carrying on his back a wretched being, whom he had found in his

walk, and bending under the weight of his burden; but suddenly, feeling himself relieved of a part of his load, he looks round, and sees by the miraculous light that encircles his heavenly visitant, that an angel has descended, to assist him in his work of charity.

Innumerable examples might be given from the works of Murillo, of that peculiar charm which consists in investing spiritual subjects with a human interest. Murillo never painted a virgin and child without blending a mother's human love, and the pride of a mother in her human child, with the expression of divinity, and with the loftier pride of having given birth to the Son of God. Nor in any representation of scenes in the life of Christ, did Murillo ever forget to unite the human with the divine character. In the great painting, also, of "Moses striking the Rock," in the Hospital *de la Caridad*, there is a fine exemplification of the excellence of which I have been speaking. This miracle is not made a mere display of power; Murillo has introduced into it many varieties of human feeling—the anxiety of those who wait for the ac-

complishment of the miracle—the burning impatience, and eager importunities of thirst, and its contrasted satisfaction.

This peculiar charm of Murillo, consisting in his choice of subjects, has made him a painter for all men; for all, at least, who have human emotions to be excited, and human affections to be touched. But this is only one excellence of Murillo; and standing apart from others, it might belong to any man of benevolence and fine imagination, however indifferent a painter he might be. Murillo possesses, besides, that rare union of high qualities, some of them pre-eminently his own, which has made him one of the first of painters in the eye of the learned, and of all those who have loved and studied the divine art.

The most striking excellence in the conception of Murillo's figures is Nature, accompanied by Grace; but never, as in some of the Italian masters, grace running into affectation:—and what is there to desire more in the conception of a picture, than perfect nature and perfect grace, without any alloy of affectation? In the combination of these excellences, Titian, among all the Italian masters,

most nearly resembles Murillo; but if a picture of this eminent master be placed beside a picture of Murillo, executed in his ripest years, the former appears feebler; this is probably owing to the unapproachable excellence of Murillo's colouring, which combines the brilliancy of the Flemish, with the truth of the Venetian. Looking at the greatest efforts of Murillo's pencil, there seems nothing left to desire. An invention noble and touching; a conception natural and graceful; a composition just, elegant, correct; a colouring rich and true; and over all a delicacy, a spirituality, a beauty,—arising from the blending of the whole,—that leave the mind satisfied, but which never satiate the eye.

There are few painters so difficult to copy as Murillo; although, perhaps, few masters have had more copies attributed to them. The greater number of these are said to be pictures in Murillo's early style; but the colouring may always be detected; for it is that which constitutes the chief difficulty to him who desires to copy this master. The Italian masters are, almost without exception, easier to copy than Murillo, because their colouring is more

simple. Murillo's colouring, although appearing simple, is extremely artful; and this the copyist speedily discovers. Many pictures of the Italian schools convey an idea of a marbly surface; but the pictures of Murillo, executed at the epoch of his greatest excellence, convey the idea of flesh and blood. This effect cannot be produced by one colour, or one lay of colours; nor even in perfection by the glazing, of which Titian used to avail himself: the effect is produced by one colour shining through another; and by the skilful use of these, Murillo has often given to his ground, or back colour, the effect of air, in place of an opaque body; and the artist who attempts to imitate Murillo by a mixture of colours, will find it impossible to equal the effect of the original.

It is a common idea, that in Spain, the pictures of Murillo are scarce; and that the galleries, churches, and convents, have been despoiled of their greatest treasures. This idea is very erroneous. Spain has, no doubt, been robbed of some of her choicest paintings, and some have found their way into other countries as objects of traffic; but the Penin-

sula is still rich in the works of Murillo. In the gallery of Madrid, of which I shall presently speak, there are thirty pictures of Murillo's, two-thirds of them at least, undoubted originals. In the Cabinet of Natural History, three of the greatest productions of his pencil are found. In private collections in Madrid, particularly in those of the Duke of Medina Cœli, the Duke of Liria, Sir John Meade, and some other individuals, there may be nearly an equal number. In Seville, the twenty-five pictures painted for the Capuchin convent, are all in their places. In the hospital *de la Caridad*, there are four of Murillo's greatest productions. The collection of Mr. Williams of Seville, is distinguished by twelve Murillos; and in other private houses in Seville, perhaps as many more may be found. In the cathedral there are six or eight; and in Cadiz, in the possession of Mr. Brackenbury—in Murcia,—and particularly in Valencia, Murillos may be discovered by any lover of the fine arts, whose inquiries are directed towards that object.

The present government of Spain watches over the works of Murillo with a jealousy, that

is not shewn in any thing else that concerns the prosperity or the honour of the country. By a late government order, the works of Murillo are prevented from leaving Spain; but as bribery is able to conquer many difficulties in that country, the exportation of pictures is not impossible.



JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife  
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

## CHAPTER VII.

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### MADRID.

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The Picture Gallery; the Works of Murillo; the Annunciation; the Virgin instructed by her Mother; Landscapes; Velasquez and his Works; Meeting of Bacchanalians; the Forges of Vulcan; Espanoletto, and his Works; Villavicencio; Juanes; Alonzo Cano; Cerezo; Morales; Juanes' Last Supper; the Modern Spanish School; Aparicio; the Famine in Madrid; Italian Gallery; Flemish School; the *Sala Reservada*; Statuary; Cabinet of Natural History; *Sala Reservada*; the Patrician's Dream; the *Desengano de la Vida*; Private Collections; the Duke of Liria's Gallery; Churches and Convents; Church of San Isidro; San Salvador; Santa Maria; San Gines; Santiago; San Antonio de Florida; Convent of Las Salesas; de la Encarnation; the Franciscans; Santa Isabella; Hidden Pictures; San Pasqual; Santa Teresa; the Palace.

SINCE the erection of the splendid building dedicated to the reception of pictures, most of those which formerly adorned the palaces, have been transferred to it; and Madrid can

now boast of a gallery equal in extent, and perhaps little inferior in excellence, to any of the other great galleries in Europe. To the lover of the Spanish school, the gallery of Madrid possesses attractions which no other can offer. Besides forty-two pictures of Murillo, it contains fifty-five of Velasquez, twenty-nine of Españoletto, seventeen of Juanes, six of Alonzo Cano, and many of Ribalta, Cerezo, Villavicencio, Moralez, &c.; other saloons contain between four and five hundred pictures of the Italian schools, and about three hundred of the Flemish school; and in the *Sala Reservada*, there are several *chef d'œuvres* of Titian and Rubens. At present, I return to the Spanish school, to notice first, a few of the most distinguished works of Murillo.

The first we remark is "A Holy Family," a picture taken away by the French, and afterwards restored. The invention in this picture is in the highest degree original: we have not a mere uninteresting group; but life and feeling. The infant Jesus—Jesus, but yet a human child—holds a bird in his hand, which he raises above his head, to save the little favourite from a dog that tries to seize it: Saint

Joseph holds the child between his knees; and the Virgin, who is engaged in some female employment, lays aside her work, that she may admire the playfulness of her son. This picture is admirably suited for shewing Murillo's chaste and charming conception of female heads and children.

Passing over "An Infant Christ," "A John Baptist," and "The Conversion of St. Paul," all three, but especially the second, admirable pictures, the next strikingly fine work of Murillo's is "The Annunciation." This is considered, and with justice, a very finished composition. The angel Gabriel announces his heavenly message while the Virgin is reading; and in her countenance, as she turns to hear the announcement of Divine will, Murillo has happily displayed the blending of human surprise, with the sudden illumination of divinity that fills her mind.

A "Mother of Grievs," and a "Magdalen Seated in the Desert," the latter, a picture in Murillo's best style of colouring, might be next named; but I pass to "The Martyrdom of the Apostle St. Andrew," which may vie with the most celebrated pictures of this

master. While the Saint is extended on the cross, the heavens open and the seraphim descend, bearing the palm branch and the crown of martyrdom. The blaze of celestial light which shines upon the martyr, and its contrast with the *chiaro scuro*, are unrivalled in their effect. In the design and conception too, there is great beauty of thought, particularly in illuminating the martyr with the same celestial light that encircles the heavenly hierarchy.

“The Adoration of the Shepherds,” and the “Infant Jesus and St. John,” are both worthy of an eulogium; the one for its force and harmony of colouring, the other for its charming simplicity. But one more beautiful than these is “the Virgin receiving a Lesson in Reading from her mother, Saint Anne.” This possesses in a peculiar degree, Murillo’s excellences of nature and grace. It is all human, as it ought to be; and the divine calling of the Virgin is only known by two heavenly cherubs hovering above, and dropping a crown of roses upon the head of the unconscious child.

Besides these more striking pictures of Murillo, there are several others of great merit.

“Eliezar and Rebecca,” two or three “Conceptions,” heads of St. Paul and of John the Baptist, the Vision of St. Bernard, and two landscapes. The landscapes of Murillo are at least curious. His proficiency in this department was probably acquired in his early years, when, at the fair of Seville, he painted whatever his customers demanded.

“A Gipsy and a Spinster,” also in the gallery, are specimens of that other class of pictures by which Murillo is known to many who have not been in Spain. These pictures being smaller, and not preserved by the jealousy of the convents, more easily find their way into other countries; accordingly, in this style, we find some of the choicest morsels of Murillo in foreign galleries; in Munich, in the Dulwich gallery, and elsewhere.

This slight enumeration affords but a very imperfect glimpse of the pleasure which the admirer of Murillo will find in the gallery of Madrid; but in other collections, and especially in Seville, I shall have occasion to return to the works of this head of the Spanish schools; and at present I must proceed to

notice briefly the pictures of Velasquez, and others, in the Madrid gallery.

Velasquez, the worthy rival, and, in many points, the equal of Murillo, whose master he was, differs in many respects from his pupil. He studied in Italy; and there acquired that knowledge of the antique, which is by some esteemed above the greater simplicity and unaffected grace that distinguish the works of Murillo. In Velasquez, thought and invention are not so spiritual as in his pupil, but his composition is more learned; and in his colouring, he is not excelled even by Titian. His colours often disappear under his brush, because they become in reality the thing which he desires them to represent.

One of, but not the most extraordinary composition of Velasquez in the Madrid gallery, is "A Meeting of Bacchanalians." One in the midst of his companions, is seated across a barrel, which is his throne; he is crowned with vine-leaves, and presents a similar crown to another, who receives, with a kind of mock respect, this order of knighthood. There is extraordinary truth in this picture; in fact,

the painter makes the spectator one of the party; he laughs in spite of himself, and almost feels as if he too had drained some bowls to the memory of Bacchus.

“The Infanta Margaritta-Mary of Austria,” is one of the most splendid compositions of Velasquez. Velasquez is himself represented with his pallet and brushes, painting the Infanta; and to distract the attention of the infant princess from the portrait, two dwarfs, and her favourite dog, are made to enter the apartment. This picture, in composition, design, and colouring, is absolutely perfect.

Several portraits of Philip the Fourth, the friend and patron of Velasquez,—particularly one upon horseback,—and one exquisite portrait of the Duque de Olivares, his prime minister, deserve the highest eulogium: a magnificent portrait also, which has obtained the appellation of “Esop;” “a Suitor for a Place,” who, in a garment of worn-out black, presents his memorial; a portrait of a “Dwarf and a Great Dog,” the “Surrender of the Town of Breda,” and a “Manufactory of Tapestry,” in which the painter has introduced a charming female countenance, are all excellent in their

kind; but the most striking of all the pictures of Velasquez in this gallery is, *The Forges of Vulcan*. The god of fire is at his forge, surrounded by his Cyclopes, when Apollo brings him intelligence of his wife's dishonour, and his own. The attitude and expression of Vulcan, are in Velasquez most powerful manner. He turns round as if scarcely crediting the message of infamy; but his dark countenance, which seems to grow darker as the spectator looks upon it, expresses that jealousy has taken possession of him; his hammer rests idle in his hand, and the Cyclopes, also, suspend their work to listen. The scene is the more striking from the true and brilliant colouring; the red light falling upon the group, and contrasting with the darkness of the subterranean world beyond. It is a pity that such a picture should contain any striking fault; and yet it is impossible to avoid perceiving that the Apollo is weakly conceived.

I have not even named the titles of the greater number of Velasquez pictures; but these few, although not better painted than many others, are more striking, owing to their subjects. The lover of portraits also, will

find ample gratification in the many excellent works of this master, which adorn the gallery of Madrid.

Of the works of Españoletto, the Madrid gallery contains several *chef d'œuvres*. This painter was born near Valencia, in the year 1589; he was first the pupil of Ribalta, and afterwards, at Rome, of Caravaggio. The style of Españoletto is, perhaps, more than any other painter, opposed to that of Murillo. Simplicity, and the graces of nature, are nowhere to be found in his works, which are forcible,—often verging upon the terrible; and whose object seems to be, rather to seize the imagination than to touch the heart. But the painting of Españoletto, after he had seen the productions of Correggio, lost much of that exaggerated manner which the lessons of Caravaggio had taught him; and in his later styles, he has produced pictures which unite force with many other excellences. Among the best of this master's works in the Madrid gallery are, St. Peter the Apostle weeping for his sins; in which the design, the composition, and the colouring, are all excellent;—Jacob's

Ladder, in which the author shews that he has profited by a study of the works of Correggio;—"The head of a Priest of Bacchus," full of character and vigour;—and "Saint Sebastian," in the last and best manner of the painter. Besides these pictures, there are many in the author's first exaggerated style; such as "Prometheus bound," "a Magdalen in the Desert," and "Christ in the Bosom of the Eternal;" which, if not pleasing, are at least interesting, as contrasts with the improved style of Españoletto's later compositions.

There are still other pictures in the gallery which must not be passed over; but I shall not classify them. "Children Playing at Dice," by Villavencio, the disciple of Murillo, and in whose arms he died;—a picture full of nature and naïveté, and charmingly coloured.

"The Visitation of Saint Elizabeth," by Juanes. Juanes is, undoubtedly, one of the greatest of the Spanish painters after Murillo and Velasquez; and this, as well as others of his compositions, is entitled to rank immediately after the works of these two masters.

"Saint John the Evangelist writing the

Revelations in the Isle of Patmos," by Alonzo Cano.

A "St. Francis in ecstasy," by Cerezo, who was an excellent painter; and who, in design and colouring, sometimes approached VanDyk.

"The Virgin and the Infant Jesus." By Morales, sometimes called "The divine."

An incomparable "Head of Christ, crowned with Thorns," by Juanes.

"A Dead Christ," by Alonzo Cano.

"A St. Francis," by Ribalta.

"The Entombment of St. Etienne," by Juanes, a picture which partakes largely of the graces that distinguish the school of Raphael and his followers.

"The Supper," by Juanes. This is considered the *chef d'œuvre* of the author, and was taken by the French, and afterwards restored. Love and devotion have seldom been more beautifully painted than in this picture.

"Jesus Interrogated by the Pharisees, touching the Tribute," by Arias.

A saloon is dedicated to the modern Spanish school; containing the pictures both of the living masters, and of those who have lived within the last forty or fifty years. It is im-

possible to look upon these pictures without feeling more and more the excellences of those painters, who now live only in their works; for in the modern Spanish school, there is little to remind us of Murillo and Velasquez; or even of Juanes, Cano, or Morales. Difficult as it must be admitted to be, to imitate the unapproachable excellences of Murillo, it is surprising nevertheless, that the attempt to do this should scarcely ever be made. After the death of Murillo, as well as during his lifetime, there were innumerable artists, who, although conscious of the immeasurable distance at which they followed, yet, thought it wisdom patiently to seek the traces of his footsteps: and it is a merit of no ordinary kind, if a painter can earn the character of being a follower of Murillo; because this at least proves, that he is able to appreciate, even if he cannot approach, his excellences. But in looking through the gallery of the modern school, not one picture can be found, of which it may be said, "this is in the style of Murillo."

Aparicio and Lopez are the painters who at present enjoy the highest reputation; but neither of these will suffer a comparison with

Bayeu, who died thirty-five years ago, or with Goya, who has long since retired from a professional life, but who still lives at Bourdeaux. As little can the pictures of Bayeu or Goya be compared with the compositions of the ancient school.

The two great pictures of Aparicio are, "The Glories of Spain," and "The Famine in Madrid,"—and both are more in the style of the modern French, than of the ancient Spanish school. The latter of these is intended to represent (as the author of it says), "The Triumph of Spanish Constancy." During the time of the French invasion, in the winter of 1811-12, the famine that raged in Madrid, almost realized what we read, of ancient Numantia; and many examples of heroic patriotism are recorded of this time. The painter has chosen the following:—an old man, emaciated, and apparently dying, is stretched upon the ground; and the dead bodies of his daughter, and his grandson are at his feet: three French soldiers passing by, touched with compassion, offer him food; but he, disdaining to accept food from the enemies of his country, covers his face with his hands, that he may

not be tempted, and prefers death to what he considers dishonour.

The subject is undoubtedly fine, and the picture has many merits; but it is impossible, in looking at any picture, the moral of which is intended to convey an abhorrence of French dominion in Spain, not to feel that we cannot give our sympathy to it; and the same feeling has led me, in walking over those fields of battle that have been fields of glory for England and Spain, to ask "where are the fruits"? They are nowhere to be found: the purchase-money was the blood and treasure of England: and what did they purchase?—the deeper degradation of Spain.

That part of the gallery which is appropriated to the Italian schools, I shall pass over almost without notice; not because there is nothing in it worthy of being mentioned, but because I could hope to add nothing to what is already universally known of the character of the great Italian masters. In the Italian saloons, there are many copies, and many re-touched pictures: but there are also a considerable number of sterling compositions. Guido, Andrea del Sarto, Giordano,

Guercino, Leonardo da Vinci, Bassano, Alexander Veronese, Sachi, Salvator Rosa, Tintoretto, Titian, and Raphael, all contribute of their abundance. The most remarkable of these pictures, is the portrait of *Mona Lisa*, a lady of incomparable beauty, and the wife of Francisco Giocondo, a gentleman of Florence. This picture cost 180,000 reals.

In the saloon dedicated to the Flemish, German, and French schools, there are also some fine originals; particularly, two *Claudes*; a Bacchanalian piece, of Nicholas Poussin, remarkable for the excellence of its design, and its inimitable harmony; "David and Goliath," also by N. Poussin; and "The Adoration of the Angels and the Shepherds," by Mengs.

To be admitted to the *Sala Reservada*, requires an order from the Director of the institution; but this is always politely given upon application. In passing to the Sala Reservada, the visitor is conducted through a large apartment, in which a picture of the King's landing at Cadiz occupies one of the walls. The painting contains upwards of twenty figures as large as life,—all portraits: this

room is a favourite lounge of his majesty, who, it is said, contemplates with much complacency, the picture that records his restoration. In this Hall, the attention is speedily withdrawn from the picture, by two tables, that well merit admiration. At a little distance, they appear like exquisite flower-pieces, painted on glass,—but upon approaching, you discover that they are of marble; the ground black, and the flowers Mosaic. Upwards of eighty different flowers are represented: and, among the marbles of Spain and her late colonies, is found every variety of colour necessary to give perfect truth to the representation.

In the Sala Reservada are two “Sleeping Venuses,” by Titian, both too good to be seen by every one; “Adam and Eve,” by Rubens; and eight other pictures, by the same master. An excellent *Tintoretto*, “Andromeda and Perseus,” by Titian; “The Three Graces,” by Albano; and two delightful compositions of Breughel, in which trees, flowers, nymphs, and fountains, are charmingly mingled.

In the Hall of Statuary, I found tables quite equal in workmanship to those in the king’s apartment, but in value, far exceeding them.

One represented a landscape, another a marine view—and the effect was produced, not merely by marbles, but also by innumerable precious stones, especially emeralds and sapphires; these tables were executed by a Spanish workman, about fifty years ago. Several good statues adorn the Hall; and it seems to me, that the state of modern sculpture in Spain, is more promising than that of its painting. A “Venus,” by Alvarez, and another, by Gines, are both excellent. There is also, connected with this Hall, a workshop, called the Hall of Restoration; there, many artists were employed in repairing the ravages of time. Venuses lay on the ground without arms; and Graces without noses. An Apollo was getting fitted with a new foot; and a Calliope with another knee.

There are two public days in the week, upon which all have access to the galleries; but I had permission to go at any time, and very frequently availed myself of it; most frequently upon the days that were not public. I generally saw a considerable number of artists engaged in copying; and all, in the galleries allotted to the Italian masters. Op-

portunity must not be confounded with encouragement. The artists of Spain have sufficient opportunities, but there is no encouragement; and both are needed, that the fine arts in a country may be flourishing. Spain, as well as Italy, produced her great painters when the art was considered necessary, and was therefore encouraged; when the adornment of the temples of religion was deemed essential; and when the different orders of friars, perceiving the effect of externals upon the minds of the people, vied with each other in multiplying these helps to devotion.

Another building, dedicated to the reception of works both of nature and of art, is the Cabinet of Natural History. The public galleries are allotted to mineralogy chiefly; in which department, the specimens are numerous, and many of them fine. I particularly remarked the very fine specimens of native gold; but above all, the extraordinary number and beauty of the precious stones, in which, I believe, the cabinet of Madrid excels every other in Europe. I noticed nearly forty emeralds upon one piece of rock, many of them of great size, and almost all of the purest

quality. The specimens of crystal and of sulphur are also numerous and fine; but the native marbles are perhaps the most interesting of all. I counted no fewer than two hundred and seven different kinds. Other saloons in the building are appropriated to Conchology and Zoology, in which the most perfect department is considered to be that of the Butterflies.

But the Salas Reservadas are more interesting than the public rooms. One of the Salas is entirely filled with precious stones, and vessels made of them; it would almost fill a volume to enumerate the riches contained in this Hall. In the lower part of the building, also a Sala Reservada, is the Hall of Pictures; and here are preserved some of the choicest specimens of Murillo's pencil. I could not understand why these, and other pictures in this Hall, are not deposited in the great picture gallery; the more exquisite they are, the better reason there seems to be for increasing the facilities for seeing them,—especially as there is nothing in any of these pictures improper to meet the public eye; the only excuse for a Sala Reservada.

Among the paintings here, is that exquisite one of Murillo, "Santa Isabella Queen of Portugal, curing the sick and wounded," which I have already noticed in the memoir of Murillo. Another in this Hall, which ranks among the highest of Murillo's productions, and which is less known than some others of his works, is "the Patrician's Dream." A Roman noble asleep, is supposed to have a vision, in which a celestial message commands the building of a temple. The Patrician is seen buried in deep sleep, and an angel is near, pointing to a single column. The colouring in this picture is exquisite; and a spirit of the most perfect repose is thrown over the whole composition. In the same Hall hangs the companion to this picture, in which the Patrician is seen recounting his dream to the Pope.

A "Mary Magdalen Penitent," by Murillo, and a "St. Geronimo," by Españoletto, are also found here; but one of the most extraordinary pictures I have seen in Spain, is preserved in this Sola; it is by Antonio de Pereda, and is called "the Desengaño de la Vida," which cannot be literally translated into Eng-

lish, but which means "the Discovery that Life is an Imposture." A Caballero, about thirty years of age, handsome and graceful, is represented asleep, and around him are seen all those things in which he has found enjoyment. Upon one table lie heaps of gold, books, globes, and implements of study; upon another are the wrecks of a feast; musical instruments are scattered here and there; magnificent mirrors and paintings adorn the walls; and on the floor lies a jewel-box, which has dropped from the hand that hangs over the couch where he reclines; and a miniature of a beautiful woman has fallen out of it. But in the air, opposite to the sleeper, is seen the vision of an angel, who holds a scroll, with certain words inscribed upon it, which the painter has left for the imagination to decipher, and which may be naturally interpreted, "Let all pass,—eternity lies beyond;" and the countenance of the sleeping figure shews not only that he sees a vision,—but there is something in it so placid, so resigned, that it seems to express an acquiescence in the advice of the angel,—"Yes, it is all a cheat."

I have perhaps dwelt too long upon this

picture ; but I was strongly impressed with its excellence, both in design and execution.

There are few private collections of great value in Madrid. Those of the Duke of Liria, and of the Duke of Medina Cœli, are the best. The former of these collections adjoins the duke's palace in the *Plaza de Liria*; and having carried an introductory letter to his Grace from the Marquesa de Montemar, the duke did me honour to accompany me round the gallery. I found three good Murillos,—“St, Roch,” “Santa Teresa,” and “Murillo's Son,”—the latter only in his best style; several pictures, which may or may not be Salvator Rosa's; but generally believed to be originals; two of Rubens: a “Battle of the Amazons;” and “Ruben's Wives,”—the latter in his best manner; “Adam and Eve chased out of Paradise,” by Paul Veronese, in all the grace and sweetness of that esteemed master; “A Holy Family,” by Gaspar Poussin; three landscapes, by Nicholas Poussin; a charming portrait of Mengs, by himself; two or three delightful gems of Berghem, full of beauty and repose; three Titians, “A Holy Family,” the female head singularly beautiful; “St.

John in the Wilderness," a picture of great richness and finish; and "A Boy playing with a Lion;" a "Venus," by Brencino; two Canalettos, but neither of them in his best style; "The Children of Velasquez," by Velasquez; and "A Holy Family," by Perucini, the well known *élève* of Raphael,—for which the present possessor paid 10,000 sequins.

The Duke of Liria's gallery also contains some statuary; a Venus, by Alvarez, the Spanish Canova; and the Mother of the Duke by the same sculptor. The Duke of Liria, although not himself a great connoisseur in the fine arts, is their liberal patron, which is better. The chapel in the Duke's house contains some good fresco, by Antonio Callione de Torino, a very promising Spanish painter, but who, by his bad conduct, was forced to exile himself, and who lately died in France.

The collection of ancient armour in the residence of the Duke of Medina Cœla, is more interesting than his pictures. It contains, among other things, the armour of Gonsalva de Cordova. The Duke of Medina Cœli possesses immense revenues; but, like the greater number of the grandes in Spain, he is en-

cumbered with debt, being robbed by those to whom he has delegated the management of his property. It is a certain fact, that several of the Spanish nobles whose property lies in Andalusia, and other southern provinces, have never seen their own estates.

The lover of pictures will be disappointed in his search among the churches and convents of Madrid. The collegiate church of *San Isidro* contains the greatest number; but they are not of first-rate excellence; and this church, as well as all the others in Madrid, are so dark, that it is impossible to obtain a proper view of any thing which they contain. The church of *San Isidro* is not worthy of being the metropolitan church. The interior is in the ornate taste of the Jesuits, to whom it formerly belonged; but it has taken a higher rank since the real body of the patron saint of Madrid, and the ashes of *Santa Maria de la Cabeza*, have been deposited within its walls. There are, however, some pictures in this church which, with a favourable light, are worth visiting. Among the best are "the Conversion of St. Paul," and "San Francisco Xavier baptizing the Indians," by Jordan; a Christ,

by Morales; another Baptism of the Indians, by Jordan; and several others of Cano, Coello, and Palomino. In one of the chapels are two urns, wherein are deposited the ashes of Velarde y Daoiz, and the other victims of the 2d of May, 1808, in memory, as it is recorded, of "the glorious insurrection of Spain."

The church of San Salvador is only interesting as containing the tomb of Calderon; that of Santa Maria is honoured by being the depository of the miraculous image of our lady of Alameda. San Gines has a Christ by Cano, and the Annunciation by Jordan. Santiago contains two or three pictures by Jordan; and San Antonia de Florida boasts of a fresco by Goya. This limited interest is all that the churches of Madrid possess.

Among the sixty-eight convents in Madrid, few possess great interest from the treasures of art which they contain. It is in Seville, and in the other cities of the south, that the convents offer the chiefest attractions to the lovers of painting.

The greatest and the richest among the convents of Madrid, is Las Salesas. It was

founded by Ferdinand the VIth., and is adorned with a profusion of the most beautiful marbles and porphyries of Cuenca and Granada. I noticed several columns of green marble, upwards of sixteen feet high, and each of one piece. Both in the church of the convent, and in its sacristy, there are some good pictures; and a fine marble monument, raised by command of Charles III. to the memory of the founder, does credit to the taste of Francisco Sabatini, who designed it, and to the powers of Francisco Gutierrez, who executed it. The morning service in the church of this convent is enchanting; the nuns, all of noble family, and well educated, — chiefly in the same convent, — seem to have made music a principal study. I have never heard an organ touched with so delicate a hand, as in the Convento de las Salesas.

The church of the Convent de la Encarnacion, also a female convent of bare-footed Augustins, contains beautiful marbles, and some pictures perhaps worth a visit, by Castillo, Bartolomé, Roman, and Greco.

The Franciscan convent is worth visiting, only on account of its great extent; it contains

ten courts; and dormitories for two hundred monks. Every where the Franciscans are the most numerous. It is said of Cirillo, the chief, or general, as he is called, of the Franciscan order,—he who is now exiled from Madrid,—that he boasted of his power of putting 80,000 men under arms: a force almost equal to the king's. The head of the Franciscan order used formerly to reside in Rome; but the present head has made choice of Spain.

The convent of Santa Isabel was robbed by the French of many choice works of *Españolito*; but it still possesses some pictures by Cerezo, Cœllo, and others,—these are in the church of the convent; but it is said that there are others in the interior, which it is difficult, if not impossible, to see. There cannot be a doubt, that among the many hundred convents in Spain, in the interior of many of which no man has ever been,—no one, at all events, whose object has been to search for pictures,—there are hidden, many productions of the first masters. These may have come into their possession in many ways; they

may have been the individual property of distinguished persons previous to taking the veil ; they may have been bequeathed to the convent by the founder ; the gift of the painters themselves ; or offerings of the devout : but it is certain, that pictures of value and merit are shut up in convents. I am acquainted with a gentleman at Seville, who himself purchased "Joseph's Dream," by Juanes, and a portrait by Giordano, from the abbess of the Dominican convent at Seville,—who sold them in order to purchase certain ornaments for one of the altars.

The convent of San Pasqual was, previous to the French invasion, the richest in paintings of any of the convents or monasteries in Madrid. It possessed the compositions of Van Dyk, Veronese, Titian, Da Vinci, Jordan, and many other eminent painters. The greater number of these have been removed ; but there are still several left, that well repay the trouble of a visit to the church of the convent. There is the "Taking of Christ in the Garden," by Van Dyk ; a "Conception," by Españoletto ; "St. Francis in Prayer," by Veronese ; and one or two others by Espa-

ñoletto. Several more valuable than these, among the rest, "Jacob Blessing his Sons," by Guercino, have been removed from the church into the interior; but the porter informed me, that it was intended shortly to restore them again to the different chapels in the convent church. These paintings were bequeathed to this convent by its founder, the Duke de Medina y Almirante de Castilla; affording another example of the manner in which pictures may come into the possession of nuns.

There is reason to believe that in the convent of Santa Teresa also, there are paintings of value. During the time of the scarcity in Madrid, several pictures that used to adorn the church of the convent, were openly sold; and these have since been replaced by others,—several of them, works of merit, which could not have come from any other quarter than the interior of the convent. But in the church, there is yet preserved a picture of great beauty and value: this is a copy of the "Transfiguration of Raphael," by Julio Romano; one of the most successful disciples of that great master. This picture, also, was left to the

convent by its founder, the Prince Astillano, under the condition that it should never be parted with.

The only other convents worth visiting, are the Las Salesas Nuevas, which contains a Crucifixion of Greco; and Las Descalzas Reales, in which will be found a good statue of the Infanta Doña Juana, daughter of Charles V., from the hand of Pompeyo Leoni.

I regret much that I was not able to see the palace with so much attention as it deserves. I delayed from time to time making any application for admission; and in the mean while, the situation of the queen bringing the court from La Granja two months sooner than usual, the palace was only to be seen at short intervals, when the king and queen left it; and as the hour of the *sortie* was uncertain, the interval between obtaining the order, and their majesties return, was very limited.

The new palace, although but a small part of the original plan, is nevertheless one of the most magnificent in Europe. It was begun in the year 1737, and was built under the direction of Don Juan Bautista Saquete, the disciple of Jubarra. It is a square, each front

being 470 feet in length, and 100 feet in height; a balustrade runs round the whole, to hide the leaden roof, and the walls are relieved and adorned by innumerable columns and pilasters. The interior of the palace corresponds with its external magnificence; every thing within it, is of the most costly and most sumptuous kind, bespeaking the habitation of monarchs who once owned the riches of half the world. The paintings have been mostly removed to the gallery, but some yet remain; particularly "the Rape of Proserpine," and some others, by Reubens; "a Magdalen," and some others, by Van Dyk; several exquisite paintings, by Mengs; and among others, "The Agony in the Garden;" two Cattle pieces, by Velasquez; and several charming pictures, by Tintoretto, Carlo Maratti, and Andrea Vacaro. The ceilings also, by Bayeu, Velasquez, and Mengs, may well excite admiration. In the apartments of the Infantes likewise, I understand there are some valuable paintings; but these, I had not an opportunity of seeing. The great license that is allowed the public, has sometimes surprised me. The royal apartments are of course

guarded; but any person may walk up the stairs, and along all the corridors, and even through the ante-rooms without being once questioned.

In the neighbourhood of the palace, is the royal armoury, which contains many ancient relics; among others, the arms of Ferdinand and Isabella, of Charles V., of King Chico, the last of the Moorish kings, and of several kings and warriors,—those hardly-used Americans, who took the Spaniards for gods, and found them worse savages than themselves.



P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife  
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

## CHAPTER VIII.

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Literature; Difficulties to be encountered by Authors; the Book Fair; Digression respecting the Claims of Spain to Gil Blas; Public and Private Literary Societies; Libraries; Obstacles to Improvement, from the State of Society; Female Education; Education for the Liberal Professions; Course of Study for the Bar; Course of Medical Studies; Charitable Institutions; Consumption of Madrid; Prices of Provisions.

A priest, with whom I was acquainted in Madrid, telling me one day, that he had thoughts of going to London or Paris, to print an English and Spanish Grammar, and a German and Spanish Grammar, which he had written; I asked him why he did not print them in Madrid, since they were intended for the use of his own countrymen,—especially as they could contain nothing political? His answer was, that nothing was so difficult as to obtain a license to publish a book, even although it contained no allusion to politics:

and "the better the book," said he, "the more difficult it is to obtain a license, and the more dangerous to publish; because Government does not wish to encourage writing, or even thinking, upon any subject: and the publication of a good book sets men a-thinking."

This comprehensive reply explains, pretty nearly, the present state of literature in Spain; judging of it by the number and merit of published works:

The number of books published, from 1820 to 1823, was very considerable. The energy then communicated to letters, from the removal of almost all restriction, was extraordinary: books upon all subjects issued from the press; and the best proof, perhaps, that can be given, that many of these were books of talent, is, that most of them are now prohibited. Literature, however, then received an impetus, which still continues in some degree to affect it, notwithstanding the difficulties to be overcome: for there is a considerably greater number of books published now, than previous to the revolution; and no reasonable doubt can be entertained, that another removal

of the restrictions which press upon literature, would bring into the field a large accession of native talent.

Even after a license has been obtained to publish a manuscript, its publication is still a dangerous speculation; because it frequently happens, that when the book is printed, and partly circulated, some great man, even more fastidious than the censors, discovers a dubious passage, and the book is prohibited. There are four difficulties, therefore, which an author must resolve to face, before he sits down to prepare his manuscript:—the probability that he may be refused a license; the probability that, before being licensed, his manuscript may be mutilated—a probability that, I am told, amounts almost to a certainty, unless the work be upon one of the exact sciences; the probability that, after the work be published, some caprice may forbid its sale; and the certainty, that if the work be a talented work, the author of it, whether obtaining his license or no, will be looked upon with suspicion; and, if in Government employment, will almost certainly lose his appointment.

These are sad drawbacks upon literary

exertion. But there is yet another: men are afraid to read, as well as to write; and the sale of a work is therefore insecure. Booksellers do not care to venture upon the publication without some guarantee; the consequence of which is, that almost every book published in Spain, is published by subscription, or in numbers, or both in numbers and by subscription; by either of which modes the risk is lessened. What should we say in England of bills posted about the streets, announcing a new novel to be published by subscription, and in numbers? Yet I saw an announcement of this kind, of a novel to be called *El Dissimulador*—the *Dissembler*. But the greater number of books at present published in Spain, are translations from French and English, adapted, of course, to the Spanish censorship. I noticed the following announcements, by bills posted on the walls:—“*Universal History*,” from the French, in numbers: “*the History of Spain*,” a new edition, in numbers: “*the History of Spanish America*,” an original work, in numbers. This manuscript I should think must have been sadly carved. The following were an-

nounced by subscription :—" Selections from French and English Literature ;" " Church History ;" " Chateaubriand's Holy Land ;" " the History of the Administration of Lord North," a singular enough choice ; " the History of the English Regicides ;" " the Works of Fenelon ;" a new edition of " Gil Blas ;" " Evelina ;" and while I was in Madrid, proposals were circulated for publishing by subscription, and in numbers, the whole prose works of Sir Walter Scott. I heard of one voluminous, and rather important work, about to be published by a society called " the Academy of History," viz., all " the inscriptions in Greek and Latin, now extant, throughout Spain." The Arabic inscriptions are not included in the work, these being already collected and printed.

Although the Spanish government endeavours by every means to repress intelligence, and thwart the progress of knowledge, there is no lack of books in Spain, to those who will, and dare to read them. This is indeed done under the rose ; but it is done. There are two libraries in Madrid, which contain the best French authors ; and persons who are

known to the librarian; or recommended to him, may obtain almost any prohibited book. I had personal proof of this. Sitting one morning with a lady connected with the royalist party, but a woman of very liberal views, and one of the few blue-stockings of Madrid; I was compassionating the situation of those who, like herself, were lovers of literature, but who were denied the means of gratifying their taste. The lady assured me she had no need of my compassion upon this score, for that she might have any French author she chose, and many English authors, from the library of ——. And when I expressed some surprise at this, she desired me to fix upon any celebrated books that occurred to me, and they should be put into my hands in less than half an hour. I chose accordingly; and in ten minutes, I had in my hands a Paris edition of "the Social Compact," and the Basil edition of "Gibbon's Historical Work." Books, therefore, may be had; but persons are afraid to have and to read them.

A considerable number of prohibited books slip into circulation at the time of the fair. I was then in Madrid, and spent a few hours

each day strolling among the booths and stalls, and talking with the vendors of goods. Every kind of article is exposed at this fair,—clothes, calicoes, jewellery, toys, hardware, china, but especially books and pictures. The books were innumerable; and their high prices seemed to be an index to a good demand; and yet I thought that, on the last day of the fair, the shelves were but little relieved of their burden: probably, however, the book merchants had other copies to replace those that were sold. The books were of all descriptions; but the most numerous class, was theological and religious; particularly the lives of saints, who have all their biographers. The next most numerous class was history; chiefly histories connected with Spain and America. Then followed Spanish plays, and Spanish novels. After these, Spanish translations from French and English works. And lastly, books in foreign languages. Among the Spanish translations from English works, I noticed many copies of Blair's Lectures, Clarissa Harlowe, and Goldsmith's Roman History. Among the books in English, I observed Bell's Surgery, the Life of Wellington, and Lady

Morgan's Italy, whose English dress had blinded the eyes of the Inquisitors, who looked very scrutinizingly at the stalls. I saw several copies of Machiavelli,—a prohibited book, I believe,—and one Bible in 14 volumes, with notes by a Dominican friar, which I have no doubt are sufficiently curious.

I questioned the book-vendors, as to the demand, and in what current it ran. They informed me, that the demand for religious books was on the decline; and that the lives of saints especially, were almost unmarketable. Translation from French and English, especially the former, and even works in the French language, were asked for; the demand was also large and constant, for the Spanish dramatists and novels; especially Don Quixotte and Gil Blas, which were to be seen on every stall, in great numbers, and of various editions. I opened several copies of Gil Blas, and found the title-page invariably in these words,—  
“ Aventuras de Gil Blas de Santillana, robadas á España, y adoptadas en Francia por M. Le Sage; restituidas á su patria y à su lengua nativa per un Español zeloso que no sufre se burlen de su nacion.” This is a point upon

which the Spanish nation is very jealous; every educated person stoutly maintaining, that to Spain belongs the honour of having produced Gil Blas. It is evident, that in the dispute between France and Spain, regarding their respective claims to Gil Blas, the proofs must be drawn from the internal evidence afforded by the work itself. The only direct proofs that could be obtained, would be the production of the original manuscript. This however must lie upon the French; because if any plausible reason exist for supposing, that the Spanish manuscript got into the hands of Le Sage, the Spanish manuscript of course cannot be produced; and the French must produce their French manuscript. That this has never been done, seems to afford a *prima facie* evidence in favour of the Spanish claims; especially if, as I believe to be the case, the internal evidence be also in favour of Spain. The belief that Gil Blas is a French work, and the work of Le Sage, is so universal, and I feel so perfect a conviction that this belief is erroneous, that I cannot allow this opportunity to escape, of introducing a short digression upon the subject.

The Spanish statement is this; that Don Antonio de Solis, a well-known Spanish author, wrote in 1665 a romance, entitled "Aventuras del Bachiller de Salamanca, ó Historia de Don Querubim de la Ronda;" that Solis could not publish this in Spain, owing to its containing many allusions to persons then existing; and that Hugo, Marquess of Lionne, ambassador from France at the Spanish court, who was a man of letters, purchased not only a library of Spanish poets and dramatists, but also many manuscripts, which were afterwards seen in the library of the Marquess's third son; that it is known that this son, Julio de Lionne, was intimately allied in friendship with M. Le Sage, and by him the manuscript of the Bachelor of Salamanca, "Don Querubim de la Ronda," was confided to Le Sage, who divided the work, making from it the Adventures of Gil Blas, and the Bachelor of Salamanca. These assertions afford a presumption; but no more. At the same time, it cannot escape observation, that a complete refutation of these assertions, or at least of the result drawn from them, would be, the production by the heirs of M. Le Sage, of the

manuscript, either of Gil Blas, or the Bachelor of Salamanca. But there are many proofs drawn from the work itself, strongly supporting the presumption afforded by the tale told by the Spaniards. Of these I shall state a few:—1st. There are many French words and phrases, which do not correspond with the usual elegance of Le Sage's style, and which have the appearance of being literal translations of Spanish words and phrases. 2nd. There are innumerable Spanish proper names in Le Sage's work, and particularly small villages, of which no foreigner could know the names, still less their geographical position. 3rd. We find in Gil Blas a variety of particular circumstances, usages, and habits, peculiar to Spanish provincial life, of which no stranger could have a sufficient knowledge. 4th. There are in Le Sage's work innumerable errors in names of persons and towns, seeming to prove, that errors have arisen in copying the Spanish manuscript. The proofs of each of these might extend to a chapter: none of them, taken singly, amount to much; but when considered along with the story told of the manner in

which the MS. came into the possession of Le Sage, unanswered, as it is, by the production of any French manuscript; and along with the admitted fact, that several of the incidental stories introduced into Gil Blas are to be found in old Spanish romances,—a strong conviction is produced, that Gil Blas is a Spanish, and not a French work.

A strange enough answer was made by the Count de Neufchateau, member of the French academy, to the assertion that Le Sage had availed himself of the Spanish manuscript: He said, Le Sage would not have taken to himself the merit of having written Gil Blas, if the work had been composed from the manuscript of another; and the reason he gives for his confidence in Le Sage's honour is, that he did not hesitate to acknowledge his other plagiarisms. He acknowledged that he took from Spanish authors "the New Adventures of Don Quixotte," published by him in 1735; "The Devil upon Two Sticks," published in 1732; "The Adventures of Guzman de Alfarache," published in 1707; "The Life and Doings of Estavanillo Gonzalez," published in 1734; and "*The Bachelor of Salamanca*," pub-

lished in 1738. What the force of this argument is, I leave the reader to judge.

But to return from this digression. Private literary associations are out of the question in Spain: several were set on foot in 1821-22; but after the return of the king, any thing of this kind was known to be so obnoxious, that these societies dissolved themselves, without waiting for any express order to that effect. Two public institutions only, connected with literature, exist at present. Like every other institution in Spain, they are *Real*, and therefore under the surveillance of government;—their names are, “The Royal Spanish Academy,” and “The Royal Academy of History.” The object of the first of these, is to perfect the Castilian language; and with this view they have published two excellent works, a Dictionary and a Grammar, besides a treatise on Orthography, and several smaller writings. The object of the Academy of History is to separate truth from falsehood in the history of Spain, and to collect all that may throw light upon the ancient and modern history, as well as geography, of that country. This society has published an excellent Geographical Dic-

tionary, which has gone through several editions; and is now on the eve of publishing the collection of Inscriptions which I have already mentioned, accompanied by notes.

There is no want of public and valuable libraries in Spain, particularly in Madrid. The two principal of these, are the Royal Library, and the Royal Library of San Isidro. The former, founded by Philip V., was enriched in the reign of Charles III. by the accession of the library of the cardinal Arquin- to, purchased in Rome; and in the reign of his successor, Charles IV., by several other libraries; and now amounts to 200,000 volumes. The Royal Library also contains many valuable manuscripts, particularly Arabic; and a rich collection of coins and medals, illustrative of Spanish history. The Spanish press has produced some fine specimens of printing, which are preserved in this library, particularly Don Quixotte and Sallust, both from the press of Ibarra. Besides the library of San Isidro, which contains about 60,000 volumes, there are some excellent libraries in the possession of private persons, particularly the Duke of Osuna, the Duke of Infantado, and

the Duke of Medina Cœli: the latter of these was formerly open to the public; but so great public spiritedness looking too much like liberalism, it is now closed.

I have already spoken of the obstacles thrown in the way of knowledge, by the regulations respecting the schools and academies; and the fetters thrown upon education of every kind: these chiefly affect the rising generation; but I may mention, as another cause of the backward state of literature in Spain, *the tone of Spanish society*. Every Spanish house has its *tertulia*; and every man, woman, girl, and boy, is a member of one *tertulia* or another. The introduction to the *tertulia* begins at a very early age. I have seen boys who, in any other country, would have been in a school-room, or at play, present themselves regularly at the *tertulia*, and throwing off the character of boys, act the part of grown-up men. This necessity of resorting every night to the *tertulia*, not only interferes greatly with habits of study, by employing much valuable time,—but the preparatory education for the *tertulia*, if I may so express myself, is of the most unimproving kind.

The foundation of the tertulia is gallantry,— here it is that the Spanish woman, after having reaped a harvest of admiration on the Prado, retires to receive that nearer homage which is prized still higher; and here it is that the Spaniard makes his prelude to future conquest. Gallantry is the business of every Spaniard's life; his object in frequenting the tertulia, is to practise it; and his principal study, therefore, is that frivolous and gallant conversation that is essential in the first place to captivate the attention of the Spanish woman. The Spanish ladies, with all their agreeable wit and affability, are ignorant almost beyond belief; and in a country where, more than any other in Europe, the society is mixed,—the extreme ignorance of the female sex, and the channel into which conversation must necessarily run every evening of every day throughout the year, cannot fail to have its effect upon the mind, and to act as a drawback upon the desire of knowledge, and literary distinction.

I understand that female education begins to improve; and that besides embroidery and music, a little history and geography are now

taught in the schools, but not in the convents; so that the highest classes, who are mostly educated in the convents, are worse educated than the middle classes. While in Madrid, I had the pleasure of being conducted to a girl's Lancastrian school by its directress, Donna Hurtado de Mendoza, a lady every way worthy of the trust. During the time of the constitution, there were also two Lancastrian schools for boys; but these were suppressed upon the return of the king, who was prevailed upon, however, to allow the school for girls to continue. In the Lancastrian school there are at present 163 pupils, and the system pursued is precisely similar to that followed in England; part of three days every week is dedicated to instruction in the tenets of the Roman Catholic faith.

There is one fact I had nearly forgotten to mention,—a fact somewhat opposed to the narrow policy of the government in its hostility to the progress of literary knowledge. Eight young men, of promising abilities, were lately sent by the Spanish government to different cities to study the various branches of chemistry, with a liberal allowance from

the public purse; and his majesty's gilder was also dispatched to England to make inquiries as to the manner of gilding buttons, and gilding bronze, with an allowance of 18,000 reals; and with another stipulation as to a farther and much larger sum, to be put at his disposal for the purchase of secrets.

In Spain, the education for the liberal professions is tedious and strict, but not expensive. The course of study required of a barrister includes no fewer than thirteen years, besides a previous knowledge of Latin, in which the student is examined before entering any of the law universities. The branches of study which occupy these thirteen years, are, three years of philosophy, which consists of logic, physics, metaphysics, and ethics; and in the first of these years, the outlines of mathematics are taught; but this branch of study is never pursued farther: after this course of philosophy, the theory of Roman law is entered upon, which occupies two years; one year of Spanish law then follows; next, Ecclesiastical law, which occupies two years; and this is all that is required to take the degree of bachelor: but rhetoric, theology,